#### THE WORSHIP OF JOSS.

INTERIOR OF A CHINESE CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY.

Now t e Joss Houses Are Maintained. Prayers Must Be Short or Else Paid for. Joss Sticks-A Prayer Translated-The

There are two houses of worship here in New York. They are called Joss houses, though what gave rise to the word Joss is not known. It is not a Chinese word and is probably a birth of the pigeon English dialect, The word meaning God in Chinese is Quong Hee Say Gong. In the two Joss houses, as in every other one all over the world, he is pictured as the central point of attraction, hanging, as the picture does, behind the altar. It is painted with more or less magnificence and represents a man of ideal beauty, according to Chinese standards, in the prime of life. On either side of this picture, in all Joss houses, hang portraits of the great powers of the universe, one as the destructive, represented by a hideous soldier armed to the teeth. The other is the ideal productive woman, bearing in her arms a sack of gold and quantities of flour and grain. In the two Joss houses in New York the central pictures are about six feet by four in dimen-sion and artistically executed.

HOW THEY ARE MAINTAINED.

To the maintenance of these Joss houses all the wealthy Chinese and many of the poorer subscribe with more or less liberality. Every one will take a flyer in fan tan or a lottery and pocket his gains or losses without scruple, and no one is bound by Occidental notions of chastity. They are very pious and devoted men, according to the tenets of their cred. They officiate at the simple ceremo-nies which obtain in these two temples with-out pay unless the wo-shiper protracts his devotions. High Priest Ah Moy said the other day: "A man can say all the prayers | ing, and as I contemplated the crowd of anihe needs to say in a minute. If he polongs the matter he is simply what you would call

in English a Pharisee and a hypocrite. For luduries of this kind we make a charge, and so if a man remains before the altar more an a minute he must pay for the privilege. One migute costs him nothing, the second costs him twenty-five cents, the third fifty tangible, and so seated myself on the charcents, the fourth \$1, the fifth \$2, and so on in | coal with a firm clutch at the ropes. There

What the worshiper does is interesting, although it is so brief. Entering the Joss house without ceremony he distributes a quantity of Joss sticks which he has purchased outside. There are six little bowls of sand in which he sticks them; four are in front of the altar, one is under a table in the corner, and the sixth is on a table or stone in another corner. In each he puts six sticks, or a multiple of six, according to the fervency of his religious notions. Six is a sacred number among this people. The first bowl manner, and turn their attentions to Allah. represents devotion; the second the past of the worshiper; the third his future; the fourth the present for him and his relatives and friends. The one under the table goes for luck, and the last for his domestic relations. Having placed and ignited these sticks he kneels upon the prayer cloth, which is sprend before the altar, and there makes twelve genuflexions.

A PRAYER TRANSLATED.

All this is done quickly, as has been stated; but the estentations will remain reciting prayers from the books of the Chinese classics, bumping their foreheads on the ground and acting the Pharisee's part. The short prayer that is said may be freely transr lated as follows: "Make me better; make me more courteous; make me kinder; bless my parents and my grandparents; bless my children and my wife; bless my cousins, my uncies, my ancestors, my country, my ser-vants and my friends; keep away from all of them any disease and give them all pros-

The house itself or room deserves description, and yet it would be hard to give one that would carry the picture to the reader's cyl. Tinsel ornaments abound; ornamentation is profuse, but little or nothing of real value is to be seen. The room is used not exactly as a club house, but as a pleasant place of resort. Conversation, smoking, games at cards and dominoes, sometimes for stakes, go on without a question, and the general air of the small crowd that may be found at any hour of day or night within the walls is that of jollity and social enjoyment rather than that of what we western

people call religion. High Priest Ah Moy said to a pretty actress who visited his temple while studying New York; "You think that this is all irreverent, and that we should not pray and laugh and sing in the house of our God. Do you not believe in letting children enjoy themselves wherever they are! You would not send them away from home to play in a bar room. We think the same. We are all the little children of our God; and we enjoy ourselves in his house rather than go away.'

Perhaps the most curious institution in the Joss house or temple is the luck book, so called. There are standing in front of the altar two vases, in each of which are two or three hundred bamboo leaves. On each of these is inscribed the number of a page and verse in the sacred book that lies on a table near by. The worshiper, after paying a small fee, will either shake the vase himself or get the priest to do it until one of these leaves is shaken up on top. This is picked out and the verse looked up, as it indicates the fortunes of the devotee.-New York

### A Little Mountain Storm.

Though the sky was perfectly clear et starting, we soon detected another of those peculiar little mountain storms coming tearing down a deep gorge ahead of us. There was the same chug, chug, chug as before, and the rain came down with such cutting force as to make it impossible for our horses to face it; so we were obliged to bout face and wait till it had passed-not over, but on, for these storms literally roll along on the surface of the arth. A mile or two farther on we mat its twin brother, with a similar experience, and still farther up the valley we met various and sundry other members of the family.

My observation of these and other mountain storms in the far northwest has led ma to believe that much of our popular science regarding clouds and the formation of rain is sadly at fault. When one of these peculiar clouds meets with an impassable obstruction, as when reaching a sudden turn in a canyon or bringing up against a jutting mountain, it simply gets so mad it "bursts," and the water then rushes down the narrow valleys with such violence as to carry everything

The people of this section, some of whom are highly educated, and all of whom have acquired habits of the closest observation, invariably speak of these sudden deluges as "cloud bursts," and scientifically accurate or not, the term certainly describes the appearance of the phenomenon. In some way or other the onward motion of the cloud, when suddenly arrested, is changed into a force which almost instantly liquefies it, and then good-by to the hopes of the unfortunate ranchman whose crops of growing skirt the borders of the brook,—Wilop in Overland Monthly.

TRAVELING IN MOROCCO.

Crossing the Shou River-Arab Stupidity.

Praying and Cursing. For ages this spot has been the crossing place of all the caravans which come from the desert, and yet all the means of getting over is upon an abominable cross between a raft and a flatboat, with sides built high to keep fractions animals from jumping out during the passage, as any animal of sense would be tempted to do. I should say the sides of these rafts were three feet high, and there is not now nor has there ever been any sort of plank or gangway upon which the animals could walk aboard. The men commenced to pray before they got in sight of the boats, and by the time they arrived alongside there was nothing to be heard above a tearful howl for Mooley Indrees and Allah to come down from their high place and give the mules a boost into the boat.

The river, the praying and boats got the mules into a proper state of fright even before the time came to embark them, and the men had to change from prayers to oaths, which seemed to have a better effect. The mules were unpacked, led to the boats and invited to jump in, which, of course, on the slippery bank of the river, was impossible. Then all hands would stop coaxing and swear awhile, interlarding each remark with a shower of blows for the animal, until exhausted, after which they would turn upon each other, shake their fists, call bad names, and finally quiet down and go to praying again, until seeking a change, two of them would go down, lift the forelegs of the mule into the boat, and then twist his tail until he kicked, when at the moment his heels were high in the air they would give him such a shove that he either would fall into the boat or into the mud on the bank, when they would have to start all over again.

It took just two hours to load ten mules into the boat, where they stood huddled together, with bruised legs and evil glances, watching for the moment to come when they could get even with the man who got them into the scrape. Then came the fun of crossmals, looking as if at a moment's notice they might commence to kick and plunge at each other, I edged toward the bow and centered my affections on a pack saddle which contained charcoal, for the others had Mooley Indrees to give them a life preserver if necessary, while I felt more drawn to something was something charming and at the same time interestingly exciting about that trip across, for of course the current was too swift to admit of landing anywhere but where chance took us, as the sweeps in the boat were too clumsy to do more than keep headway on the raft. When we got almost across, the men would see some spot on the bank where they wished to land, and implore Mooley Indrees to land them there, and as soon as they saw they would be carried by, commence to curse him in a most outrageous I ferget whether it was Allah or Indrees who finally landed us, but in the course of time we grounded on the other bank, almost a mile below where we started.-Morocco Cor. Boston Transcript.

Where the Tourists Come From.

Some pains have been taken of late years by statisticians and parties interested to ascertain approximately how many tourists annually enter Switzerland. While the figures are found to vary somewhat from year to year, owing to financial depression, political uncertainties or the existence of | 1540, 1640 and 1731 have any virtue in them, temporary attractions, such as the French even if they be genuine wines of those dates, the Victoria jubilee, etc., else where, yet it is pretty accurately determined that the yearly number of pilgrims to this Alpine Mecca averages about a quarter of a million. Of this enormous army of tourists four-fifths come from England, Germany, the United States, France and Italy, England alone sending 35 per cent, of the whole number and the other countries proportionately in their order as given.

About thirteen in every hundred are from the United States, which, considering the long journey across the Atlantic, is a large ratio as compared with the ten in every hundred sent by adjacent France. How steadily the percentage of American tourist travel in Switzerland has grown of late years is evidenced by the fact that, in 1861, the United States was tenth on the list of countries represented; in 1871 the fifth; in 1881 the fourth, and now, as above stated, the third. and a close second; Germany and England being the only competitors in excess. It is also of interest to know that in every thousand summer tourists who pass through Switzerland, far off Australia is represented by ten, Africa by eight and Asia by six. But John Bull is largely in the majorify everywhere. On the quays at Zurich, Lucerne or Geneva, along the dizzy footpaths of the Jungfrau or the Metterhorn, on the steamer decks at Vevey or Thun, in the railway restaurants everywhere, he jostles you at every turn, and challenges your mute admiration by the sublime assurance with which he addresses everybody or anybody, no matter who, be it a railway conductor or the veriest peasant, with good broad English, and then grows red in the face with rage that they don't understand him.-Consul Catlin's Switzerland Letter in Philadelphia

A French Banker's Yacht. A strange looking craft is visible on the Seine just at present. It is moored at the little island of the Vert-Galant, close to the Pont-Neuf, and in general appearance looks like one of the ordinary river lighters, or gabares, which carry goods through the waterways of France. On nearer inspection, however, the gabare turns out to be a most carefully constructed and sumptously decorated specimen of its class of craft. It is, in fact, a well appointed "junk" which has been built by a rather eccentric provincial banker for himself and his family. Around its sides are fron rails and hooks for awnings and in its interior are a salon, a dining room, two bedrooms, a bathroom, a kitchen, and, most wonderful of all, a stable and coach house. The cabins, or rather rooms for private use, are fitted up not only comfortably but artistically, and there is even a piano in the drawing room. The stables hold four horses, the animals being as comfortable in their stalls as if they were in a big stable in

a chateau or in a town house. The boat is built of iron, is of about 200 tons burden, and can be navigated on most of the French rivers. The cost of the craft was £2,400. Its owner, a M. Bareton, disdains railways and ordinary means of locowhere his big "junk" cannot go. Wherever there is a river or canal he journeys along it fresh air and quiet away from the shriek of engines or the bustling life of big termini. He never has a hotel bill to pay, and he in-tends to live with his family in his boat during the great exhibition, when he is to spend two or three months in Paris. People have already begun to speak about" Diogenes in his tub," but M. Bareton goes along in his gabare and heeds nobody.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph

Maid to order-A servant girl.

don Telegraph.

#### ABOUT OLD WINES.

ONE OF THE DELUSIONS OF MODERN GASTRONOMIC ART.

The Mistaken Notion That Age Enriches Wine Illimitably-A Test Case-Wines of the Ancients-Pompeli's Wine Jar. Flavoring and Drugging.

There is probably no greater delusion in the modern gastronomic art than the notion that age enriches wine illimitably. If a three or five year wine is better than the crude juice, the process must go on forever. and the wine of 500 years must be the veritable nectar of the gods. It is a myth of the poets. Wine is an organic product, and to every organic there is the immutable law of growth and decay, life and death. There is no exemption. Dosing with foreign substance, fortification with brandies and alcohol, care of temperature and other devices may stave off the fatal decline, but for only a little. An item is going the rounds of the press that the wines of the late king of Bavaria, some of them a century old, have been bought by English speculators at enormous prices to resell to English gourmets. Upon this remarks a writer in The Paris Register:

What the item says about the wines of the excellent vintages from 1822 to 1884 is doubtless true, and possibly it may be true of the Johannisberg of 1811, but I have no hesitation in doubting if there is any truth or good-ness whatever in the vintages of 1540, 1640

THE REAL FACTS

Now, what are the real facts about wines as old as the above? After fermentation, which is a process of decay, wine will deteriorate unless preventive measures are taken, such as keeping the wine in a cool or even temperature, the addition of alcohol, boiling (the vinum cottum of the Romans and the vino cotto of modern Italians) and the complete exclusion of the ordinary atmosphere by good corks, by sealing wax or by oil. The most common method for preserving wine in modern times is by adding alcohol and by corking and scaling. The alcohol in wines prepared for England is often in such proportions that the wine ceases to be anything like the juice of the grape, and too often is as strong as a glass of brandy and water.

In 1871 Mr. Rabello, the Brazilian consul at Oporto, made me a present of several bottles of port wine of the vintage of 1793. Mr. Rabello had heard of the breaking up of an old Portuguese family where, from father to son, a certain number of bottles of famous vintages had been handed down, I sent several of these aged wines to the late William Cullen Bryant, remarking that the bottle of 1793 was, according to the encyclopædia, of his own age; but the poet, in acknowledging the reception of the wine, stated that it was his senior, and that he should look up to it with reverence. When I came to open my bottle of 1793, I found it (which once had the dark red of port) about the color of water, and the most insipid stuff. Up to the beginning of this century it was not the custom in any part of Europe to put a lot of flery alcohol into any kind of wine, and when they did add spirit to port wine it was a little of that which had been distilled from port. This 1793 wine had probably been thus treated, but with all the scaling wax, and a once good cork, the beverage was as unvinous and tasteless as if it had been water dipped up from a pond and bottled. Therefore, I doubt if the Bavarian wines, so sedulously advertised in England as those of

WINES OF THE ANCIENTS The ancients, having no distilled spirits, were wanting in one of the great remedies which prevent wines from decaying, or turning to vinegar. Homer represents old Nestor, in the "Odyssey," drinking ten year old wine. Athenseus incidentally mentions a wine kept sixteen years; but, in the days of the empire, connoisseurs considered Greek wine a perfection when six years old. Horace tells his friends, when they come to see him, that he will give them "three-year-old" wine. But the ancients evidently did keep wine, either by boiling, or by very tight corking and putting plaster upon the corks, or by burying it, for twenty and thirty years. There is one wine jar (amphora) in the museum in situ at Pompeii, which, if the label is to be believed, and if wine was in it at the time of the destruction, must have been over forty years old in the year 79 A.D., when Pompeil was destroyed. But we must remember that ancient wine dealers could cook up labels, and give fictitious names just as wall as the modern descendants of their craft.

As to the wines of the ancients, I believe, in general, they were, for the upper classes, much more artificial than in this present age of adulteration, because it was a fashion for centuries to mix wines, and to flavor and drug them to such an extent that we moderns would never drink them, and would not take them except as medicines. Not only were spices, fragrant roots, leaves and flowers steeped in the wine, but myrrh, cassia, nard and pepper were put in, and, as if even there were not enough, flour and grated goat's milk cheese were sprinkled over the wine just before drinking.—Home Journal.

Courtesies of Olden Time.

Father Alcott had a happy saying that politeness is such an easy virtue that every one could afford to have it in abundance. Yet there is a general complaint of the deadness of fine manners. The trouble seems to be that manners change more rapidly than in olden time. The old school of politeness reintroduced would be jeered at by those who mourn its loss. How would our girls look practicing the courtesies of fifty years ago? The "good old gentleman of the good olden time" lived in a slow age, when there was time for infinite infinitesimals. We might keep them up one day in the week. Go ahead six days as go you can; but the seventh look to wigs, and knee buckles, and stately courtesies, and all sorts of little personalities. That, indeed, was one good thing about the old fashioned Sunday that it was a day of nice clothes and nice manners. People dressed and acted well out of respect to the Lord. They might keep up the babit out of respect to themselves and each other. - Globe-Democrat.

The Japanese Hanging Picture.

There are now on view at a London gallery a splendid collection of 1,200 Japanese kakemonos or hanging pictures. The hanging picture is the Japanese equivalent for the ordinary oil and water color pictures, but motion. He merely uses his horses and car- are unlike them in this particular, that they riages for traveling in cities and other places are not placed on the walls of a room and retained there all the year round, but are only on view at certain seasons and fesquite comfortably in his gabare, and enjoys tivals, each kakemono being supposed to convey some meaning in respect to the various times and events. For instance, when a marriage takes place the subjects exhibited are chiefly a representation of the god "Jurojin," signifying a desire that the couple may spend a long and happy future; also sets of three kakemonos, depicting first, pine tree; secondly, bamboo; third, prunus, with, in addition, figures of takasago (an old couple gathering fir cones), a stork and a tortoise, each and all of these having reference to long life. - Home Journal.

MY LADY OF DREAMS.

Last Sabbath morn I listen'd in the church: The organ whisper'd music, soft and low, Pierced through with half hushed wallings, till it

seemed,
I heard silk draperies lightly near me sweep
Or felt the breath of some one standing by.
But vain in shadow and half glooms the search For shape or vision: veiled to outward eye, Soft as the sighing of a babe in sleep, The gracious Presence came, of one I know. My dream, too dear to put aside, I dreamed With far set gaze, within my carven stail. Wavering the dim air down, the sweet sounds

Then joined and gathered in a winsome form So near, it seemed the living likeness stole To nestle in my arm, against my heart, The dear, old fashion that I know so well, Pulling with tender trust, shy, pure and warm. Thus, best beloved, love is all in all,

And love, the silver music of thy soul: And thy life, my life, though we breathe apart. -Archibald Macmechan in Queries.

Exhibition of Live Ants.

The feature of the meeting of the British Royal society last week was an exhibition by Mr. Henry Burns of a class of nests of live ants. These were so arranged that all the elaborate internal economy of the insects could be fully observed. A cable dispatch says that "in one cell was the queen, with servants attending upon her. In another were the aphides, or cows, watchfully berded by their keepers, and a party of workers were engaged in walling up an intruding queen which had been placed in the nest that morning. The state of ant civilization was so remarkably high that nobody would have been much surprised at a party of scientific ants in spectacles taking notes on the Royal society. - Science.

Notes on the Abyscinians.

The expedition made a few notes on the Abyssinians, which may or may not be of value to the ethnologist. They noted that all the people go bareheaded, even the Negra and the great chiefs. The men all wear the "shama," a red striped garment, and the women long red crosses on the back and front of their dresses. Those who can afford it are fond of anointing themselves with oil, balsam and musk. Both sexes wear rings on the arms and legs. Women wear earrings, and make a cross on the temple or forebend. Tho skin is also tattooed with a cross, and, in addition, such as have made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem bear the sign of the cross and Virgin on the back of their hands.-St. James' Gazette.

How a Horse Sleeps.

It is a fact not generally known that at least four out of every ten horses do not lie down to sleep. The horse that sleeps in a standing position rests one leg at a time, depending on the other three to sustain the weight of his body. The habit is a very dangerous one, for the equine as well as the human somnambulist. Only last week a fine horse in the stables of a big manufacturing concern in this city went to sleep while standing in his stall and fell heavily to the floor, breaking one of his legs. A great many horses are permanently injured as a result of somnambulism, and there is no way of curing them of the disease. - Horseman in Globe Democrat.

The Commercial Travelers.

The commercial travelers of this country now number over 250,000, and reach in their journeyings every town and hamlet in this country: they are the greatest distributors f goods, shipping about 300,000,000 tons out of 460,000,000 tons now carried yearly by the spend over \$1,750,000 per day, or about \$382,000,000 per traveling year of nine months, which is distributed among the carriers, hotels, shopkeepers and producers.-Public Opinion.

A Very Serious Omission. Little Gotham Maid (reading)-And the

fairy prince and Blue Eyes were married and lived happily ever after. Little Boston Maid-Where did they live? Little Gotham Maid (consulting the last page carefully)—It doesn't tell.

Little Boston Maid-That was a serious omission on the author's part. As we do not know where the prince and Blue Eyes lived we have no way of establishing their social status.-Town Topics.

Died in Distilled Water.

Dr. N. A. Randolph, an English physician, mentions that minnows which throve in brook water and remained alive in it without food for many days, died in a few hours when placed in distilled water properly aerated. He holds that one of the chief dietetic advantages of salads and uncooked vegetables in general is that the mineral elements have not been removed out of them .-New York Graphic.

Growth of Kansas City.

A visitor from the east recently gave a Kansas City reporter an interesting illustration of the way the town has grown. In 1854, only thirty-four years ago, Kansas City consisted of a steamboat landing and half a dozen insignificant huts, while Indians prowled along the river banks and occasionally made a raid on the settlement.-New York Evening World.

A Summer Vacation.

Minister's Wife-I am so gladathat you are going to Europe for the summer, Jasper, I think it was so noble of the church to give you this delightful trip. Of course I should like to go too, but that is out of the question. Minister-Oh, yes,

Wife-What is your sermon for today? Minister-"The poor ye have always with you."-The Epoch.

Death Rate of Dectors.

Among the policy holders of a German life insurance company the death rate of medical men in 1877 was 11.58 per cent. above the total average. This was due to diseases of the respiratory organs, consumption and infectious diseases. There was only one case of post mortem poisoning out of 1,052 deaths. -Arkansaw Traveler.

Hadn't Got to the Meat. Husband-What is that you are reading, my dear? Wife-It is a letter from mother.

Husband-Is there anything important Wife-I don't know yet, dear. I haven't got to the postscript.—Boston Courier.

Married a Tartar. De Wiggs-Old fellow, I am truly sorry for you. You seem to have married a tartar. De Biggs-It is true. But, then, she's

beautiful and wealthy. De Wiggs-Ah! a sort of cream of tartars.
-Pittsburg Bulletin.

Victoria has reigned longer than any of her predecessors excepting Henry III, who reigned fifty-six years, and George III, who was on the throne for sixty years.

Lightning can be seen by reflection a dis-

# The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its

### DAILY AND WEEKLY

EDITIONS.

### 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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