

### KRAPOTKIN DISCUSSES THE QUESTION AT LENGTH.

From His Essay in the Nineteenth Century—Must Great Britain Starve? Agriculture in Belgium—Results of High Cultivation—The "Orchard."

Great Britain now buys from foreign countries one-half of the food she eats, and pays for it in manufactures. What will she do when other nations decline to buy the produce of her looms and mills? Must half her people starve? This is the question Prince Krapotkin discusses:

"It is possible that the soil of the United Kingdom, which at present yields food for one-half of its inhabitants, could provide all the necessary amount and variety of food for 25,000,000 human beings, when it covers only 78,000,000 acres, all told—forests and rocks, marshes and peat bogs, cities, railways and fields. The current opinion is that it by no means can; and that opinion is so inveterate that we even see a scientist, like Mr. Huxley, who is always so cautious when dealing with current opinions in science, endorse that opinion without even taking the trouble of verifying it. It is accepted as an axiom. And yet, as soon as we try to find out any argument in its favor, we discover that it has not the slightest foundation, either in fact or in judgment upon well known facts."

The prince thus compares the agriculture of Great Britain with that of Belgium:

"Belgium also grows an average of 27 8-10 bushels of wheat per acre, but her wheat area is relatively twice as large as that of the United Kingdom; it covers one-seventh part of the cultivated area, one-twelfth of the aggregate territory. Besides, Belgium cultivates on a larger scale industrial plants, and although she keeps the same amount of cattle on the acre as the United Kingdom, her aggregate crops of cereals are five times larger with regard to the cultivated area, and seven times larger with regard to the aggregate territory. As to those who will not fail to say that the soil of Belgium is certainly more fertile than that of this country, let me answer, in the words of Lavelays, that 'only one-half, or less, of the territory offers natural conditions which are favorable for agriculture; the other half consists of a gravelly soil, or sands, the natural sterility of which could be overpowered only by heavy manuring.' With this soil and labor, Belgium succeeds in supplying nearly all the food of a population which is denser than that of England and Wales, and numbers 514 inhabitants to the square mile. If the exports of agricultural produce from Belgium be taken into account, we can say that Lavelays' figures are still good, and that only one inhabitant out of each twenty requires imported food. But even if we double his figures, we still find that the soil of Belgium supplies with home grown food no less than 460 inhabitants per square mile."

"I might quote like examples from elsewhere, respecting countries, not only without even going as far as China. But the above will be enough to caution the reader against hasty conclusions as to the impossibility of feeding 25,000,000 people from 78,000,000 acres. They also will enable me to draw the following conclusions: (1) If the soil of the United Kingdom were cultivated only as it was thirty years ago, 24,000,000 people, instead of 47,000,000, could live on home grown food; and that culture, while giving occupation to at least 750,000 men, would give nearly 3,000,000 wealthy home customers to the British manufacturers. (2) If the 1,500,000 acres on which wheat was grown thirty years ago—only those, and not more—were cultivated as the fields are cultivated now in England under the allotment system, which gives on the average forty bushels per acre, the United Kingdom would grow food for 27,000,000 inhabitants out of 25,000,000. (3) If the now cultivated area of the United Kingdom (80,000 square miles) were cultivated as the soil is cultivated on the average in Belgium, the United Kingdom would have food for 37,000,000 inhabitants; and it might export agricultural produce, without ceasing to manufacture, so as freely to supply all the needs of a wealthy population. And finally (4), if the population of this country came to be doubled, all that would be required for producing the food for 70,000,000 inhabitants would be to cultivate the soil as it is cultivated in the best farms of this country, in Lombardy and in Flanders, and to cultivate the meadows which at present lie almost unproductive around big cities in the same way as the neighborhood of Paris is cultivated by the Paris maraichers."

But Prince Krapotkin goes farther, and shows how, as population increases in density, the command of man over the productive power of the soil becomes proportionately greater, until it really seems impossible to set a limit to it. Here is his description of a single marais, or "orchard," near Paris:

"His orchard covers only 27-10 acres. The outlay for the establishment, including a steam engine for watering purposes, reached £1,136. Eight persons, M. Ponce included, cultivate the orchard and carry the vegetables to the market, which purpose one horse is kept, when returning from Paris they bring in manure, for which £109 is spent every year. Another £100 is spent in rent and taxes. But how to enumerate all that is gathered every year on this plot of less than three acres, without filling two pages or more with the most wonderful figures? One must read them in M. Ponce's work, but here are the chief items: More than 20,000 pounds of carrots, more than 20,000 pounds of onions, radishes and other vegetables sold by weight, 6,000 heads of cabbage, 3,000 of cauliflower, 5,000 baskets of tomatoes, 5,000 dozen of choice fruit, and 151,000 pounds of salad—in short, a total of 250,000 pounds of vegetables. This soil is made to such an amount that every year 250 cubic yards of loam have to be sold. The gross income is estimated at £280, which pays the £109 of rent and taxes and £570 of working expenses."—The Standard.

### The Story of "Annie Laurie."

The famous song that is sung by all singers of the present day, I am informed, is a very, very old one. I was raised on the next farm to James Laurie, Annie Laurie's father. I was personally acquainted with both her and her father, and also with the author of the song. Knowing these facts, I have been requested by my friends to give the public the benefit of my knowledge, which I have consented to do. Annie Laurie was born in 1827, and was about 17 years old when the incident occurred which gave rise to the song bearing her name. James Laurie, Annie's father, was a farmer, who lived on and owned a very large farm called Threelock, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He had a great deal of help, and among those he employed was a man by the name of Wallace, who acted as foreman, and while in his employ Mr. Wallace fell in love with Annie Laurie, which fact her father soon learned, and forthwith discharged him. He went to his home, which was in Maxwellton, and was taken sick the very night he reached there, and the next morning, when Annie Laurie heard of it, she came to his bedside and waited on him until he died, and on his death-bed he composed the song entitled "Annie Laurie."—Chicago Herald.

### INGENUOUS APPLIANCES USED IN THE BOSTON POSTOFFICE—LABOR SAVED.

These canceling machines are very ingenious devices indeed, and remarkable labor savers. Each one of them does work equal to that of four of the quickest men in the department. It is their business to cancel the stamps of the letters as they are received. And thereby hangs a tale. The Boston office is the only postoffice in the United States that has the canceling machine. These ingenious appliances were invented and perfected some three or four years ago, and they were placed in the postoffice for the purpose of demonstrating their practicality and their powers as labor savers. As has been said before, each of these machines does the work of four men, and, consequently, a great saving is effected for the public service. Letters and postal cards, as they fall upon the table aforesaid—Niagaras of them are continually streaming through the apertures—are taken by the men and "faced" directly into the hopper of the machine, where they are automatically adjusted, stamped, packed and propelled toward the sorting cases, ready for distribution to outgoing mails, all by one continuous mechanical operation.

These machines are speeded to run a little faster than the fastest operator can "face" letters into them, the average speed being from 100 to 150 letters per minute. The machines, of course, save all the time and space necessary by the old hand process. The Boston postoffice pays a yearly profit of nearly \$1,500,000 to the government. The people who contribute to this profit, and are thereby entitled to quick service, will see that here is the vital point in the transmission of mails, of greater importance even than the increased speed of fast mail trains, because fast mail trains are not especially valuable if the mails are left behind through the inability of the clerks to prepare such vast masses of matter for transportation. The demands upon the postoffice department for more rapid transmission of mails are frequent and pressing. The working forces have been doubled, and the demand for still greater haste increases. Vast quantities of mail matter are deposited in postoffices only a few moments before the closing of mails, and upon each separate letter the stamps must be canceled and the postmark impressed before it can leave for its destination. The work when done by hand is a source of great delay, and often is so imperfect that it is difficult to read the postmark.

The postoffice department has accepted the ten machines in the Boston office at a yearly rental of \$300 each, including care, repairs and renewal. Ten more machines are about to be placed in position, and 2,500 more will probably be required to supply all the large postoffices in the country. Strange as it may seem, the postoffice, although of the greatest importance to the public, is, perhaps, the last field in which labor saving machinery has been adopted. It may be well to say that these canceling machines were invented by a Bostonian, Mr. Eberly, and that they are owned by Bostonians, and the machines have now become absolutely indispensable, and the ten now in operation save the labor and salaries of forty men. Their operation is amazingly quick, and they will cancel 1,000 letters in the time it takes to write this paragraph.—Boston Herald.

### A Cunning Class of Peddlers.

The city is the rendezvous of a cunning class of peddlers who live on the neighboring country. You will see in certain parts signs of "Peddlers Supplied," which reveals the locality where such men congregate. They form a colony, all the men being in the business. The majority are Germans of an ignorant class, who are, however, very shrewd in their way. They make peddling trips of a week or two; that is, they remain away until their stock is exhausted, and what they make is not profit, as their expenses are almost nothing. When they wish to make a day trip and return home at night they take in the city, but they find the country most profitable. At one time they will take out shoes, at another knickknacks, but at this time of the year they generally carry tinware.

The country is infested with the tin peddler, and he is the most persistent visitor the people have. He starts out from home on foot with a stock of tinware strung upon his person. It represents a small outlay, and means from \$5 to \$10 profit. When he gets beyond the suburbs he enters every farm yard, despite dogs, and offers his wares. He generally pretends to be stupid in order to hang around longer and offer tinware. When he gets hungry he goes to one of the better class of houses and asks for something to eat, which saves expenses. At night he boldly asks for lodgings at houses where lodgers are not taken, and either gets a bed in the stable or goes out and sleeps in a haystack. The only thing he has to pay for is his beer, and the greatest wear and tear are on shoe leather. One who has not been in the country cannot appreciate the number of these visitors. I have been living near the city two weeks, and at least ten tinware men have called.—"M. J." in Globe-Democrat.

### George Sand, Young and Old.

I never knew Mrs. Sand in her youth. I have only a recollection of having seen her five or six times on the arm of De Musset, masquerading as a man, in the theatres, at Tortoni's or on the boulevards. It was in such a dress that Eugene Delacroix painted her; but the art of the painter softened what was grotesque; the melancholy expression, the "raggedness" of the costume were not fatal to all illusion. In reality this mannikin, aping rakishness, mounted in boots, with a flaring red necktie, in stays and furbelows, came in one hand, glass in eye and cigar in mouth—it was worse than grotesque; it was pitiable. I am glad that I never knew her. George Sand the matron, George Sand as Calpurnia has painted her, with two tufts of hair on each side of the face.

Serious, dreamy, she scarcely took part in the conversation. Beside her armchair was a species of altar upon which was arranged an apparatus for cigarette smoking, with a lighted candle; the idol disappeared behind a cloud of tobacco smoke. She said little, and scarcely answered; her answers were sometimes not pleasing, but this was due not to ill humor, but to distraction, for she was naturally polite and knew "how to live."

One night at Buloz's house, Mme. Reybaud, the author, was presented to her and at once went in ecstasies over the works of genius which George Sand had given to the world, reciting the whole category. George Sand smiled silent and unmoved. At last, when something had to be said: "I am sorry, madame," she murmured, "that I cannot return these compliments, never having had the pleasure of reading any of your books."—M. Blaze De Bury's "Souvenirs."

### A Successful Medicine.

Doctor—Well, is your brother still troubled with sleeplessness?

"No, sir; not in the least."

"Ah, then the opiate I gave him a week ago put him to sleep?"

"I should say it did. He's been sleeping ever since, and I am just going to see the undertaker. You will meet the sheriff up the street. Good day."—Lincoln Journal.

### THE MONKEY TALE.

#### EX-CONSUL NICHOLAS PIKE GIVES PASSAGES OF EXPERIENCE.

#### He Talks About Baboons—Their Cleverness and Almost Human Traits—Shooting a Thief—Freaks of a Pet Baboon—A Sad Fate.

I was calling on Col. Nicholas Pike one evening recently, when, our conversation turning on the peculiarities of the monkey tribe, he gave me the following bits of his experience gained while United States consul at Mauritius in the Indian ocean:

"When on the voyage to my post of duty in the United States steamer 'Monterey,'" said the colonel, "we called at the Cape of Good Hope. I made a pedestrian trip down the coast, covering thirty to forty miles. While traveling along and making observations which would in any way aid me in the study of natural history I came across a Scotch missionary named Capt. Miller, who was the only white man for many miles, his neighbors being all Hottentots. He showed me about the place, and when he came to his garden said that it was unfortunate that all the vegetables and fruit had been carried off by the baboons. He made up his mind at one time to put a stop to their depredations, and so he crested a ratchet hat overlooking the garden and placed a man in it with a loaded rifle.

CARELESS THROUGH SUCCESS.

"The baboons, however, were very cute. They would watch until the man went to dinner, and then they would post sentinels of their own to the number would seize his many ripe vegetables as they might carry and make off with them to their mountain retreats. One day the baboons, having become careless by success, were filling their cheek pouches with pumpkins when the man crept back to his lodge and, firing, wounded one which stood about four feet high. Capt. Miller told me that the animal which followed the shooting was so painful to him that he made up his mind that he would never let another one of the animals be killed if they ate all his vegetables.

"He said that the death agonies of the creature were exactly like a human being. He looked up pitifully into my face," said Capt. Miller, "while his eyes, as help were so pitiful that I felt as if I had been a party to the commission of a murder." A short distance from the house was a high bluff, and at the request of the missionary I walked over there to witness what he termed a wonderful sight, which truly it was. At a distance we could see a company of baboons at play. It was distinctly discernible that the little ones were sliding down a chute like those made by passing logs down a mountain side. They would slide down on their posteriors, while the older animals, probably their parents, would stand with big sticks in their hands, apparently enjoying the sport hugely. I saw in this same company a monstrous baboon belonging to a soldier in an English regiment. He had been taught many tricks by the soldier, one of which was to draw a cork from a wine bottle and drink the contents. They provided a uniform for him, in which he was usually arrayed. He lived too high, however, because very fat and died of an affection of the heart.

#### A PET BABOON.

While I was stationed at Port Louis a French officer gave me a baboon which he considered quite a pet. He was silver gray in color and very glossy. I never could ascertain the exact species to which he belonged, and he was certainly a great curiosity. He was quite young when captured, but grew to be about four feet high and very stout. He became older he became a dangerous fellow to have around; for instance, he would go up into the bread trees and peck people whom he didn't know with the bread fruit. He would also take up large stones and hurl them with great force and accuracy. I could always control him by merely shaking my finger at him and calling his name, which was Jean Louis, but for safety's sake I placed an iron band around his waist and tied him up when I was not on hand to watch him. He would feed in my pockets for fruit when I came home, and when he found any the least bit bruised or dirty he would reject it. He was a great imitator. Sitting by my side while writing he would take up the pen when I had done, dip it in the ink and scratch the paper, making a sorry mess of whatever came in his way. He, too, would draw a cork and drink the contents of the bottle, be it wine or brandy, but he was especially fond of the latter. He saw me bore a hole with a gimlet, and immediately imitated me, and the same with driving a nail.

"I had a suit of clothes made for him, intending to bring him to America with me had not a sad fate overtaken him. One day he took a stone and hammered the links of his chain until they were broken. He then wandered forth upon a marauding tour. Coming to the cathedral, which was a frame building, he loosened the claspbolts and commenced to rip them off one by one. Getting inside the building, he went into the church and proceeded to tear up the bible. The sexton came in, intending, if possible, to save the property from destruction, but the baboon picked up hymn books and pelted him with such force that he was glad to retreat. Finally Mr. Baboon got upon the roof and began to tear off the shingles. The police at this juncture leveled their revolvers at him, and poor Jean Louis fell to the earth a dead baboon. They sent me word that he was committing depredations, but I could not get to him in time to bring him under subjection. His dead body was brought and laid upon my veranda, and it looked like a human corpse. I was sorry to lose the animal, and I had to provide a new bible for the church and several hymn and prayer books. He was skinned and stuffed, and can now be seen in the Museum of the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences at Port Louis.—"C. D. B." in Brooklyn Eagle.

#### Results of Jenner's Discovery.

When the beneficent results of Dr. Jenner's discovery are contemplated, indeed, a feeling of wonder arises at the perversity which can ignore all the cumulative evidences of the prophylactic virtues of vaccination. Before it was introduced the ravages of smallpox were so terrible that in the Seventeenth century it was difficult to find, in London, a person unmarked by the disease. Of those who were attacked by it, a fearful large percentage died, while the convalescents bore scars to their graves. It then killed white men as quickly as in later days it has killed Indians. Vaccination has unquestionably drawn the poisonous fangs of the disease. Today smallpox, even in its most virulent forms, is never the scourge it was formerly, and ordinary attacks are as easily treated as measles. Vaccination has been proved in the most conclusive way, and by the longest and most extended trial, to be an invaluable prophylactic. It may be said that it has practically put an end to the epidemic form of variola, and to call it an "infection" is about as irrational as to denounce life and fire insurance or the use of anaesthetics.—New York Tribune.

#### Artificial Gems that Would Deceive the Keenest Expert—Facts About Them.

The latest sensation in the jewelry trade has been caused by the appearance in this market of a wonderfully beautiful imitation of the ruby or, as it is called, the artificial ruby. Thus far the spurious gem has not been masquerading as the genuine stone, but has been sold in small numbers for what it actually is. At present the only artificial rubies in the city are the importations of one of the most prominent Maiden Lane jewelers, who saw several specimens during a recent visit to Switzerland, where they were originally produced and brought several of them with him to New York.

"It is next to impossible," said the jeweler in question to the reporter, "for even an expert to tell the difference between these new productions and the genuine stones."

"How are these gems made?" asked the reporter.

"I would not be at liberty to answer that question even if I knew myself," was the reply; "but it is said that they are not spurious or artificial in one sense, being the fusion of many small stones in one. If that be the fact, you see that although this particular stone may not be natural, yet it may be composed of several natural stones by the new fusion process. To all outward appearance, the gem is genuine and will stand the test of the natural stones, being of the same color, hardness, luster, specific gravity and chemical composition. To all intents and purposes it is a ruby."

"It was only very recently that this new process was discovered, although chemists have been working at the problem in Europe for a long time. Two French chemists, it is said, have been manufacturing artificial rubies like rubies, but nothing has yet been done to equal those I have shown to you. The largest thus far produced weighs two carats, but it is expected that a three karat specimen will be forthcoming soon."

"How do the artificial stones compare with the genuine as far as price is concerned?"

"A two carat ruby would be worth not less than \$100, while this one in my hand would probably be sold at retail for \$300. A perfect three carat stone, and there are but few in existence, is worth at least \$10,000, but one of these of the same would sell for perhaps \$1,000."

"These manufactured gems, therefore, are not cheap like paste diamonds, for instance, and would not be worn by people altogether poverty stricken, as paste diamonds are. The ruby is the most valuable of all precious stones, and has, up to the present time, defied the skill of chemists to imitate it. Whether the beautiful Counterfeit will find favor among buyers of costly gems is now too early to say."—New York Mail and Express.

#### The German in New York.

The German gets a great deal of pleasure out of life. A young man of any standing at all belongs to half a dozen organizations, and has friends in many more, so that he can choose between three or four excursions every Sunday through the city. Meanwhile the grave, steady fathers and mothers sit around the edges of the dancing floor and beam serenely on the festivity, while the children sit with them or play around among the tables. For absolute enjoyment, "gemütlichkeit," free and hearty, yet entirely innocent, there is nothing like a festival of the Germans. Their American citizens might well take a leaf out of their book, and learn to relax reasonably on occasion, and to take the wife and children along.

There are plenty of things to do to keep the German youth out of mischief. There are the singing societies of all degrees and kinds, and if there is any better glee singing by male voices than may be heard often on a summer night floating out of the open windows of some little hall on one of the cross streets, it would be hard to convince the people that sit on the steps around and listen to it of the fact.

The German is born with the love of music innate, and he cultivates it to the utmost. Many and many a family break loose from their usual steady economy and squander the savings of a month in a night of German opera. Then there are the turquerias, that teach all sorts of accomplishments in their schools, and supplement them by the most wonderful gymnastic and calisthenic exercises. The better class of Bowery theaters are also much resorted to. Of these the Thalia has led the list in popularity. The German is not a solitary animal when he seeks pleasure. On the contrary, he has the excellent idea that the more of his relatives and friends he can have around him enjoying the spectacle simultaneously the better time he will have himself. So all his amusements partake of a family character.—New York Press.

#### Correspondent's Work in Washington.

But the present value of his acquaintance is that which tells most on their daily work. Its relation to the amount of news gathered is a difficult one to express—a simple ratio between growth in numbers of men on one side, and hints, suggestions, "inside" points on the other. But it is not always the more men, the more news; it is the more high officials, experienced legislators, the more news. It is quality that tells, as ever. The man who has not the intimacy with men in power and in possession of secrets may run his legs off and wear his tongue out, yet get not half as much important news as will the moderate, quick eyed man of address, who knows half a dozen men who are constantly in possession of the knowledge of what is to be done.

Assiduity and tact in placing one's self on a secure footing is the thing then. When once in direct connection with such sources one may, as a California friend of mine did the other night, go to the telephone and ask a certain senator to write him a report of the action of the senate in executive session on the Chinese treaty. The senator was interested in the treaty both for himself and his constituents. But it needs no long explanation to show that the acquaintance which enabled the correspondent to request by public telephone aid in such an instance was not only well worth having, but the outgrowth of years and attention to the point.—Herbert S. Underwood in The Writer.

#### Railroading in the Atls.

In some mountain locations, galleries have been cut directly into the rock, the cliff overhanging the roadway, and the line being carried in a horizontal cut or niche in the solid wall. The Oroya and the Chimboto railways in South America demanded constant locations of this character. At many points it was necessary to suspend the persons making the preliminary measurements from the cliff above. The engineer who made these locations tells the writer that on the Oroya lines the galleries were often from 100 to 400 feet above the base of the cliff and were reached generally from above.

Rope ladders were used to great advantage. One 64 feet long and one 106 feet long covered the usual practice, and were sometimes spliced together. These ladders could be rolled up and carried about on donkeys or mules. When swung over the side of a cliff and secured at the top, and when practicable at the bottom, they formed a very useful instrument in location and construction.—John Bogart in Scribner's Magazine.

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