

FRUIT.

DOCTOR'S ADVICE WORTH HEARING IN MIND.

to People Who Are in the Habit of Abusing Their Digestive Apparatus During the Hot Season—Warning Words.

"There is no more profitable cause of hot, acid breath than ice cream," said a popular physician the other day.

"How so?" "Well, it has been shown to a certainty that a dish of ice cream taken after a meal or lunch will retard digestion at least two hours, and where the digestive organs are not in first rate order it may do even worse than this. We know well that digestion does not take place in a temperature of less than 100 degs.; or, in other words, whatever is taken into the stomach must become heated up to 100 degs. Fahrenheit before it begins to be digested. Whenever the temperature falls below this digestion is at once suspended, and fermentation takes place."

"Why do physicians prescribe it for some dyspepsias?" "Because it suits some of them. Where there is a feverish condition of the stomach a small plate of ice cream will not only prove refreshing but relieve that disagreeable gnawing sensation that accompanies this form of dyspepsia. It must not be taken immediately before or after a meal, but when the stomach is entirely free of food, and no cake or other solids should be eaten with it."

"How about ice cream and strawberries?" "They form a strong combination, too strong for delicate stomachs. The berries alone are about all in the way of an acid that the average stomach can bear, so that it is putting it rather strong to add milk and corn starch. Some persons cannot eat strawberries at all without suffering from irritability of the stomach afterwards. The acid which they contain is the same as that in sorrel and other wild growths that make their appearance early in the spring, which seems to be a provision of nature for cleaning the system of the accretions of the winter. You notice that the strawberry season is quite short, although much longer than before the fruit became profitable. It is followed by other fruits, all more or less tart, but growing sweeter as the weather grows hotter, winding up with sweet pears, which are especially rich in sugar."

"Are we to infer from this that lemons and other acid fruits should not be used except in countries where they naturally belong?"

"Some good authorities say that fruits should only be eaten in season and in the latitude where they grow. For my part I do not think whether there is danger of bad results from the use of fruits out of season."

"CLASS CAMP"—Many inclined to think that day evening at B. K. M. and that we brothers are somewhat off, and probably better known, Venerable, by it.

Worthy Adviser: S. M. Moyno, of Washington, D. C., has his folks to preserve.

"I mean to preserve it. He said Rogo's folks were designed to be eaten at a certain time, and if they were suitable for other times they would have been having to send the laws of nature to prevent decay. Potatoes, apples, turnips and the like were, in his opinion, suitable for all seasons, because they could be kept all the year round."

"When you would advise people to go slow on ice cream?"

"Yes. Of course each individual must judge for himself as to the general effect. If he has a cold, with clamminess, sour taste, or a feeling as if the mouth had been scalded, it will be better to leave the strawberries out and if any of these symptoms continue, then drop the ice cream. What was said about its effect on the digestion of food applies to all classes. The delicate will experience the bad effects sooner than those who are strong, but even the strongest will feel it in time. In my judgment no other cause has been more prolific of disordered digestion than this, and I know of no other connection that will produce yellow complexion, yellow teeth, dark rings around the eyes, headache, foul breath, and loss of appetite more promptly and more certainly than just this same delicious ice cream."

"Is there no way in which it may be eaten with safety?"

"Yes, you can take the antidote with the poison. If I were to prescribe or suggest ice cream to either well or sick I would insist on their drinking a portion of a cup of hot coffee or tea before beginning the cream and the remainder at intervals, and finish with at least a half cup as hot as it could be drunk. In this way the ill effects of the cold substance would be counteracted."

"But is this cooling effect that we are most anxious to get?"

"That is merely a sensation in the mouth and upper portion of the throat, extending no farther than the nerves of taste. Besides that, instead of cooling the body it increases the heat. Nature has to raise the temperature of the body as quickly as possible in order to prevent a painful state of affairs, and to that end she calls large quantities of blood to the endangered organ. This disturbs the whole machine, so that it soon gets into a perfect fever. During this period a chill, exposure, or a shock would probably end in a spell of sickness."

"What about ice water as a cooling beverage?"

"It is a snare and a delusion. A glassful of it is just as bad as a plate of ice cream taken after a meal, because the digestive process has to be suspended until the temperature of the stomach has been raised to the proper pitch. Cold water is always more effective in allaying thirst than ice cold water. The latter may increase the thirst, and it does increase the heat of the body. Cold water may be indulged in without fear of bad results, but the ice cold article is always dangerous. The quickest and surest way to cool the body is to take a glass of hot lemonade or hot water. It is instantly absorbed, and in a few minutes it is being evaporated from the surface of the body. Evaporation, you know, produces coolness. The hot draughts also act as tonics to the stomach and remove the sense of thirst."

"Would you advocate the erection of hot water fountains with a view to keeping the public cool?"

"No, I would not, because the sudden cooling of the body by these means might bring about as serious ills as any other sudden change. I would advocate the use of cool water, and I would not have the ice come in contact with it, but remain outside of the vessel containing the water. Ice cream, ice water and ice drinks kill more people than cholera. You needn't laugh; it's right. The cholera may knock them out faster just while it is at it, but the others are getting their work in the year round."—Pittsburg Commercial.

In Vinous Times.

The grape vine is shooting forth its leaves, the morning glory climbs the fence, the Virginia creeper mounts the trees, and the bow vine is at large. These be vinous times.—Harper's Bazar.

THE SENSE OF SMELL.

Concerning Its Development in the Beasts of the Field.

Apparently developed in a much greater degree than that of horses is the scenting power of cattle. Most animals seem to identify their young by their smell. The barbarous custom still prevails throughout the country of placing the hide of a butchered calf before its mother to stop her mournful howling. It would be rating humanacumen rather high to suppose that a mother could recognize her baby by its skin, yet a cow will identify the bloody robe of her offspring and instantly cease her noisy grief. Yard fed cattle nose their hay filled racks and bins, and from the many varieties of dried fodder select only such as will please their palates and nourish their bodies.

Cows eat many kinds of fungi—the common puffball when young, mushrooms, fairy ring champignon, and some wood growing toadstools, by which their milk is much affected; but by far the greater number they pass untouched with a contemptuous sniff. The pig, from the well known and proverbial length of its combination nose, would naturally be expected to have an enlarged olfactory sense, and so it has. When its omnivorous appetite is considered, and it is remembered that it seeks the greater part of its food by plowing under the surface of the ground to obtain it, where it cannot see and must detect it by the process of smelling before it can get it to its mouth to taste it, its discernment of the edible and non-edible from the countless things its nose encounters is, to say the least, highly complimentary to that much derided organ. It is said that "bleared pigs" (they are worthy of capitals) are first trained to their card playing accomplishments by placing grains of corn under such cards as they are afterward by signs instructed to move.

The ground mole, with fur covered eyes, enable the best of discerning bright light only, discovers and chooses food in its subterranean groping by its long, delicately constructed nostrils. Sheep are even more delicate than cattle in selecting their nourishment, and, like all other animals, depend almost entirely upon the sense of smell. Lambs, after a long separation from their mothers, will seek them out in a large herd. But experience goes to show that sight and hearing are auxiliary to scent in some cases, as lambs frequently fail to recognize their mothers after the latter have been shorn.—New York Times.

Building the English Channel.

The scheme of constructing a bridge over the English channel has just been completed. It has been worked out by the Cresset engineers and M. Hersent, ex-president of the Society of Civil Engineers. The progress of metallurgy makes the construction possible of an immense bridge, thirty kilometers long, with a platform at the height of fifty meters above the sea at full tide, and supported by piles at distances of 500 meters. The height allowed for the bridge over the channel would allow large steamers and sailing vessels to pass freely. It would support four railway lines, besides a road for carriages and footpaths. This will be satisfactory for those who dread sea sickness. The only trouble left them will be that of choosing their mode of locomotion—whether by railway carriage, omnibus, cab or velocipede. Places of refuge, watch houses and alarm bells will be placed on each pile, with a powerful light.

The authors of this gigantic scheme believe that the foundations may be constructed by means of compressed air diving bells, the depth of the strait between Calais and Dover not being, on an average, more than from twenty-five to thirty-nine meters, and in few places exceeding fifty meters. The bridge will cost 800,000,000 francs, its metallic weight will amount to 2,000,000 tons, and it might be constructed in six years. The scheme will shortly be submitted for examination to an international technical committee. When this examination has been completed, the Channel Bridge society will apply for a concession to the French and English governments, from which it will ask for no subsidy. Under these conditions the concession might be easily granted and the work immediately begun. In a few years the commerce of the two nations would benefit from the simplification introduced into their relations by the execution of a work which might be considered as one of the most important of the century.—Paris Temps.

Tobacco a Cure for Croup.

Although Dr. S. Leavitt, professor of Hahnemann college, does not use tobacco in any form, he is never without a small package of it in his pocket, and the reason of it is this: A gentleman of the doctor's acquaintance told him how he had saved his child's life after all the doctors had given her up. She had membranous croup, and while the mother, from sheer exhaustion, laid her down for a few moments' rest, the father sat by the child. The hard, difficult breathing of the little one, growing labor and fainter as the throat clogged up, was torture to the father. Everything in the way of emetics had been used, but without effect, but suddenly an idea struck the nearly distracted father. He remembered how deathly sick he was the first time he chewed tobacco, and having a cut in his mouth, without thinking twice he opened the child's mouth and placed the tobacco in.

The father knew it was a desperate act, and he waited in terrible suspense for the result. It came, and quicker than he could have hoped. There was a sudden convulsive movement and the poor little thing was nearly doubled for an instant, and seemed to writhe in agony when, throwing herself forward, there shot from her throat a chunk of almost solid phlegm at least two inches long and having through it a passage no larger than a small lead pencil. After a few minutes of retching the little one lay quietly back and slept calmly and sweetly, and the next day was playing around the house with all her wonted vim. Dr. Leavitt remarked that it was a tough remedy, but said he would always carry tobacco hereafter, and he does.—Chicago Herald.

At Home, Sweet Home.

Dunker (at dinner table)—Strangest thing happened, my love, today. I met Charlie Blazer.

Mrs. Bunker—Charlie Blazer? Well, I never did. Johnny, take your elbows off the table. What did he have to say? More coffee?

Bunker—Half cup. We talked about old times and—Thomas, don't rattle your fork on your plate. He said—

Mrs. B.—Mame, leave the room if you can't keep quiet. He is living in Boston yet?

Bunker—No; he moved to—Tom, see who's at the door, and if it's a beggar, tell him no—To Portland, and he thinks he will—

Mrs. B.—Mercy on us! Kate, do be careful. You nearly put out baby's eye with your finger. So glad to hear it. Did you tell him—

Tom—Man with a ton of coal.

Bunker—Must be a mistake; tell him to try next door. I told Charlie—

Mrs. B.—Excuse me, dear, I hear Mrs. Battles calling me over the back fence.

Bunker (with energy)—If I ever try to tell a story again I—(Chokes himself on his coffee and subsides.)—Detroit Free Press.

IN THE PACKING HOUSE.

LAST HOURS OF A HOG'S LIFE IN EAST CAMBRIDGE.

Porcine Executions That Take Place Daily in One of the Suburbs of Boston. Bloodshed in the Hot Water—The Shaving Machine.

A pig may go into the pork packing house in East Cambridge a pig, but when he goes out he is numerously referred to as hams, pork chops, pig's feet, hogs' heads, spare ribs, pickled tongues and shoulders, lard, bristles, fertilizer, hair and hogs' grease and lard oil.

Recently, in company with one of the employees of the concern, the writer spent several hours in examining the various buildings. A long, low structure at the extreme northeast corner of the enclosure, about which a high fence extends to protect it from the world outside, is the hog house where new arrivals are kept before the slaughter. A car load of sleek looking porkers that might be called the aristocracy of the swine population of the west, were just beginning to settle down for a few hours of solid comfort when a small boy and a man came hurriedly along, and shouting to each other, the entire drove were in a minute upon their feet. They saw a means of exit that had purposely been left open, and through it they passed, anxious of the terrible fate awaiting them on the other side of the long, narrow bridge into which they were entering. And what a long, dark bridge it is! You have seen covered railroad bridges up in the country that are like it. Through occasional cracks in the walls the sunlight streamed in, and there in a label of sounds could be seen a line of hogs packed closer than sleighs on the Milldam in January. They were crowding, pushing each other towards the little opening so far ahead which marked the end of the bridge, and pretty soon they had all passed through it—not into the sunlight which seemed to be awaiting them, but into a triangular pen where the rumble of machinery came to their ears, and occasionally the dying wail of one of their kind whose wail had been cut by the lord high executioner.

The porkers were closer together than sardines in a box, and restless as eels. They tried to walk on top of each other, rubbed against the trousers of the men among them, and then some would try to climb the wooden wall and escape. As it was no less than six feet high, they could do little more than stand on their hind legs. This was an excellent opportunity for the same hotel. He had been for several minutes watching a wire rope that hung from a pulley some twenty feet above the pen. Then it was lowered toward him, and we knew the end was imminent.

If I were to describe the scene after the newspaper style of an execution, I would say:

10:00 o'clock—Pig Sty, the largest and most intellectual appearing victim, is now being seized by the hind legs. The left is clasped by a band of steel, which fastens like a hand-cuff.

10:03 o'clock—He is suddenly drawn high in the air, and is swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a grandfather's clock. A prolonged squeal in the key of high C reverberates through the hot chamber. The rope begins audaciously to pull him along towards the executioner.

10:09 o'clock—The executioner has just let fly a mouthful of tobacco juice. The victim for a second hangs silent before him. The awfulness of the situation is evidently numbing his mind, for to sound escapes him. Courage such as his in the last moment of life seems more than human. The executioner raises his knife. He holds it as Edwin Booth does his rapier in a stage duel. A second its trusty blade glitters in the electric light, and then it is buried in the victim's apoplectic neck. He twists like a screw-driver, and then he kicks his feet forth his weapon, while the life blood spurts in a crimson stream like muddy Colchinate through a half open faucet. In an instant the executioner seizes the dying porker. His teeth twist and the muscles become distorted. The agonies are intense, and then the reaction of death begins, the cords relax and on towards the bathing tub he goes, dead as a doornail.

Ten seconds after the pig because pork he is shot down into a hot water bath. Ye who have thought life's end was coming in the sweltering confines of a Turkish bath take heart always. Don't kick about hot water until you have seen the bubbling, seething caldron in a killing room. The hog is always supposed to be dead when this stage is reached, but it sometimes happens that he is not, and in the few brief moments before final darkness blinds his mind long thoughts of past wrongs and misdeeds must come from their graves to haunt him. The tub in which he is dropped is a long one, and after being pulled over several times until the bristles are ready to drop out of their own accord he is pulled up on a board, and in a twinkling two men have removed his bristles and he goes on his way rejoicing. Hooked like a fish under the skin, the rope to which he is suspended carries him through the scalding bath, and then the shaving machine is reached. I can say truthfully that I would rather take my chances in going through that machine than to repeat the experience of being shaved by some barber I know who claim to be first class workmen.

But you want to know something about this machine. Suppose, then, you see the head of a ham being shaved, and in its place imagine there are arranged upon springs a dozen or more hairy blades, so that when no pressure is brought upon them from the under side they remain so close together that you could not drop a kitten down between them. They imagine that a pig's nose comes into sight. It gently slides up, pushing back the scrapers, which in turn do their duty and leave his most hairless and white as a baby's face. On he comes, and further back the blades are pushed. His neck comes through, then his body, and finally, when he has been all scraped, as he is by one passage through, a stream of water dashes over them, and the hair is washed down through a passage into a repository below.

On goes the porker until he reaches a table where four men are employed, two on each side, in removing such hairs as have escaped the automatic barber behind. Before you can say Jack Robinson he has resumed his journey and is landed on a bench, where his internals are removed and several shower baths given. Then, when all is over and he is as pure and clean as pork can look, he is given the only roller coaster ride a pig was ever known to take. The course from the end of the finishing room to the cooling room, where the pork is placed before packing, is down a long incline of perhaps 300 feet. The dressed hog is hitched to a little truck by the hind legs, a push is given, and down the track it runs to the refrigerator. To be candid, this was the only portion of the business that I should like to pass through, and the enthusiasm of boyhood days could not be kept down as we watched the porker swing wildly to and fro as the truck carried him down like the wind, faster than a bicycle coasts down hill, with no chance for a header.—Henry G. Trickey in Boston Globe.

NOTES, ITEMS, PARAGRAPHS.

More than one million men are employed by the various railway lines in the United States.

A Florida man advertises for a couple of alligators of "mild disposition and good habits."

Emperor Frederick died within thirty feet of where he was born, and at exactly the same hour of the day.

"Dinners for a penny" are given every week to 1,000 people out of employment by a Birmingham, England, charity organization.

The monster timber ship at the Finger-board, Nova Scotia, is about two-thirds built. There are 21,000 pieces already in the ship, and it is expected, 7,000 more will be required to finish it.

It is a curious fact that a man named Messenger has just been appointed gunner in the navy, while a man named Gunner was recently made a messenger in the navy department at Washington.

In a recent French murder trial the bones of the murdered man were brought into court and placed before the accused. The man turned pale, but over the ghastly relics reiterated his protestation of innocence; nevertheless he was convicted.

Men who object to the useful and neat occupation of dusting may be encouraged by the example of Dumas, who frequently has a house cleaning mania. He is very orderly and is often seen, feather duster in hand, dusting his study and changing pieces of furniture.

The coach which the emperor of Japan has lately had made in London is lined with white silk, and decorated without in claret, vermilion and gold. On the center of the roof is perched an immense gilt bird carrying a chrysanthemum in his beak, and the chrysanthemum appears here and there on the panels.

It is said that the shares in the Suez canal which Lord Beaconsfield's government purchased from the ex-Khedive for four millions sterling are now stated to have a value of more than nine millions. It is further added that by the sale of these in the open market no less a sum than ten millions would be realized.

In the pulpit treatment of texts there is such thing as homiletic vivisection, in which the very life of the sacred words is killed out by artificial plans and excessive divisions. We so busy ourselves with the "skeleton" of the sermon that the soul of the text escapes us, and it, too, becomes a skeleton in our hands.

The first pair of socks ever worn by Lord Byron has just been presented to the Players' club of New York. They are queer looking little things, and seem to be made of narrow braid sewn together. One can learn nothing of Byron's deformity from them, for they were cut down to fit a doll before they came into the hands of their last owner.

A novelty in the way of commencement exercises was seen at a New York grammar school. After the singing and recitations the girls made strawberry short cake and poached eggs in the presence of their guests and distributed them among their friends. One of the trustees said in a speech that the time would come when, if any case wanted a cook, he would come straight to the school and get one.

A Notorious English Swell.

The notorious English swell who bears the courtesy title of Lord Courtenay has fled his noble shoes again. He has five thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds sterling and assets, nil. Tradesmen have endured much at Courtenay's hands, for in 1870 he paid a shilling in the pound on one hundred thousand pounds sterling, and eight years later he parted another "bob" dividend on twenty thousand pounds sterling. In the palmy days of his credit (he never had any money) this scion of an ancient race belonged to the Marquis of Hastings' "plunging" set, and his betting liabilities ran into tens of thousands before the ring refused to do any more business with him, except for cash down. Even when Courtenay's name was listed on the turf, a valet would attend him to race meetings with a change of light kid gloves. Lavender and lemon were the fashionable scents in those days. On the appearance of the valet, his noble master would change gloves, carelessly flinging the scarcely soiled gloves away. After the first great smash, Courtenay came down to one pair of gloves per day, the second brought him to one pair a week, and now he is doing without gloves until he succeeds to the earldom of Devon. Then this perfect gentleman will sit in the house of lords and vote against any amendment of the bankruptcy act.—The Argonaut.

The French Lottery Loan.

The French lottery loan for the Panama canal is likely, it is now said, to prove a failure. It would be a matter for surprise should the event be otherwise. The very fact of resort being had to such a method for raising funds, even under government sanction, should be sufficient, one would suppose, to condemn the scheme in the eyes of all sober capitalists. When a company appeals to the gambling mania so far as to promise prizes, varying in amount from 100,000 to 500,000 francs, it is pretty clear that their enterprise cannot stand on its own merits. In the case in question a French financial writer predicts that not more than one-half, possibly not more than one-fourth, of the amount required will be subscribed. It is thought that a large part of the sum thus raised will have to be deposited with the government as security for the successful prize drawers.—Toronto Week.

Latest Fancy in Jewelry.

The latest in jewelry is rather clever, don't you think? A half opened red rose, surrounded by green leaves, is copied so accurately that you would hardly guess by looks, touch or smell that you have not in your hand the real thing. This rose is meant to be pinned on the front of a white gown just where the dainty lawn meets the dainty skin. To hold it in place it is wired over so lightly with gold, and on one petal hovers a golden butterfly. Another one of these "art" flowers, a fragrant white pond lily, with a brilliant summer fly in enamel just alighting upon it, is a conceit in the same line given to a young girl a day or two ago.—New York Mail and Express.

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its

DAILY AND WEEKLY

EDITIONS.

The 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

Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

of this year and would keep pace with the times should

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