

HA NO YU IN JAPAN.

AN ANCIENT METHOD OF BREWING THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

The Ceremonial Tea, an Old Japanese Custom, Still Observed with Serpulous Precision and Great Enthusiasm—An American Lady's Experience.

A social custom of the olden time that is now kept up with something of the reverence that attaches itself to personal relics is the cha no yu, or ceremonial tea. This formal and elaborate method of making tea for small groups of friends grew up slowly in the quiet atmosphere of the Kyoto court about three centuries ago, but it remained for the Shogun, Hideyoshi, to take it up, add more and more ceremony to it, and make it the great form of social entertainment among the highest classes. This witty leader of men weighted the simple process of tea-making with so many precise and deliberate forms and minute rules that when daimios assembled together they were so closely occupied with the solemn tea-making that they had no time to hatch conspiracies or indulge in personal quarrels.

CHA NO YU SURVIVES NOW AS A CHARMING RELIC OF THE PAST, AND EVERY JAPANESE OF THE HIGHER CLASSES HAS MORE OR LESS SKILL IN PERFORMING THE RITE, AND NOTES THE HOST'S MOVEMENTS WITH THE CLOSEST ATTENTION WHEN ANY ONE MAKES TEA AFTER THE CEREMONIAL RULES IN HIS PRESENCE.

Every club house has its master of cha no yu, who presides over the bowl and brazer when such entertainments are desired, and the master gives courses of instruction when pupils apply. Women are trained in the methods, too, and young ladies of the highest rank, even at this advanced day of French fashions, go through a course of cha no yu lessons as part of a finished education. The empress and her court ladies give much time to the rites of cha no yu, and its observance has never been allowed to wane in the palace.

DINING AT A CLUB HOUSE.

It was apparent that I rose cubits in the estimation of a Japanese gentleman when I asked him for the address of a master of cha no yu. He assured me that a great art and one that line could be found at the Hoishigaoka club, of which he was a member, and set the evening on which we should dine at the club house with him and his wife and meet the master of the ceremonies. The Hoishigaoka club is closed off from the temple grounds by high hedges and a grand old oak tree that stands at its entrance, and could be easily missed if not known and looked for. A tiny room, with a round window and a screen door opening on the garden, received us for the few minutes that we waited for our host to divest himself of his foreign clothes and assume the rustling silk kimono and coat of a Japanese gentleman. He and his pretty little wife were pictures as they sat on the mats sipping the tiny cups of amber tea brought to us, while we two foreign women seemed to overflow with drapery and dress stuff on every side, and the incongruity of our figures in such a scene was readily apparent. There was a rustling outside, and the paper screen slid back and disclosed the master of cha no yu with lantern in hand. Slipping into wooden clogs we clattered along a garden path after him to the tea room.

In the tea room proper we took our seats on the mats, and the master who was to act as host began the rites. A closed kettle of water resting in a round window sinker in the floor was all that the room contained, besides a kakemono and a vase of flowers in a glass. The master, with the greatest solemnity, brought in a box containing charcoal and implements for making the fire; retired and brought in a bowl of sand. With a deliberation and an exactness acquired only by a lifetime of practice, he went through the process of removing the water, dredging the fresh sand, laying in charcoal, sprinkling incense, dusting the edges of the fire place, and setting back the water kettle. Every movement, every position of the thumb or finger, every sweep of the arm or angle of the elbow were carefully regulated by set rules, and an awkward or hurried movement would have been a ceremonial prima. With the same awful silence the master rose and carried out sand bowl and charcoal box one by one.

A LESSON IN CHA NO YU. During the interval while the fresh charcoal caught fire and the water boiled, we dined. While the last trays were removed, we stepped to the tiny veranda and looked out upon the moonlight garden, and the room was made ready for the continuance of the cha no yu. The master sat meditatively before the shimmering kettle like some benevolent Buddha about to perform the rites, a tiny bamboo dipper, a bowl, a silk bag, and a thing like a shaving brush, but made of finely split bamboo, lying before him. With all the solemnity in the world he produced a square of purple silk from his girle, folded, stroked, and snuffed it just so, took up the little brocade bag and deliberately untied its silk cords and revealed a little tea caddy about three inches high, of ancient brown earthenware.

The master made some magicians' passes over the top of the tea caddy to remove the invisible and imperceptible dust, carefully rubbed it straight, every spoon and laid it down, wiped the bowl with a shred of white cloth elaborately folded beforehand, and then the tea making really began. We were watching closely, and the faces of our Japanese friends were glowing with pleasure at noting the perfect movements of the master. It would require columns to tell to a critical Japanese just how the master crooked his finger, removed the lid of the kettle, rinsed the bowl and the bamboo whisk, and did much that we hardly suspected as being studied or a part of the set programme. In general outline he put a few tiny spoonfuls of powdered tea in the bowl, poured on the boiling water and beat the mixture to a froth with a bamboo whisk. The bowl was then offered round to us as a loving cup, and each took a sip of the thick, gruel like drink that tasted like the greenest of green tea and quinine mixed. The powdered tea is made of the choicest young leaves of the tea plant, dried immediately after picking, and ground to a powder as fine as flour, and is used only for ceremonial tea drinkings. In an equally deliberate and elaborate manner the master rinsed out his tea bowl and whisk, covered up his tea caddy and set his things away, and we, bowing our heads to the mats three times, rose upon our feet, that had been asleep for the whole hour that the solemn process was in operation.—Ruhamah's Tokio Letter in Globe-Democrat.

Left Foot Are Larger.

"The left foot, please," said a Sixth avenue dealer, as a customer was about to test a pair of shoes by trying one upon the right foot. "You see," explained the dealer, "the left foot is larger than the right."

When I make this statement to my people believe that in case of the left foot is larger than the right.

JUMPING FROM THE SKY.

Sensations Experienced by a Female Parachute Flyer.

"I suppose a brief story on the way I jump would be interesting to you?" said a female aeronaut. "It's all so simple to me, though, that I can't understand why it should excite people as it does, for I have actually seen women faint away and men turn deathly pale after I had cut the ropes and started heavenward. You see, I always take a look downward when I am up a few hundred feet—just why, I am sure I can't say. And right here let me tell you that I have sometimes singled out from the sea of upturned faces just the ones I know were going to be shaded with disappointment should I fail to fall and be smashed to pieces. You may think the notion is all in my brain, but I have it firmly fixed there, at any rate, and I know there are such people in the world.

"Where are we? Oh, yes, going up—or rather, the earth is dropping away beneath our feet—you know that is always the sensation. The parachute which we are to cut loose at the proper time hangs listlessly downward. The rope which holds it to the balloon passes through a steel ring. A sharp knife blade, worked by a cord, is so arranged that at the proper time a little jerk—and we are free.

"Now comes the exciting moment, even to the veteran. Above you the balloon, freed of the weight which gave it steadiness, is rocking and reeling, while the parachute is whizzing downward. You did not feel that you were ascending, but as you shut your eyes and draw in your breath in little gasps—a long drawn inspiration would be impossible—you are fully aware that you are descending—that you are going with such frightful velocity, that unless there comes an end, and that end soon, the end of all things will be at hand. Prickly sensations shoot over your frame; and as you gasp for breath it seems as if a knife had been thrust into your vitals. Your thoughts are racing along with as great speed as your downward momentum; your courage, too, commences to leave you, and you are threatened with a total collapse—death!

Suddenly the mad rush is checked. The parachute has grasped the situation, so to speak. At least it has grasped sufficient air to open it out, and as it gradually expands the motion becomes steadier, until you are descending so slowly and gently that you actually have a sleepy sensation. And after the thrill, the shock of the moment before, the feeling is so dreamily delicious that really you are in danger from it unless you brace up and fight it off, for Mother Earth is showing her smiling but rugged face close at your again—it really appears as if the earth came back to you, just as it seemed to recede—and you must remember that you must be on the lookout for a safe landing place, and that more agility is required in this part of the feat than in any other.—Chicago Tribune.

One of Gotham's Bohemians.

One striking looking man has quite a history. Over six feet tall, of fine physique, with a round, full face, the lines of which indicate a broad, genial nature as against the rigors of hard luck, he is a type of that peculiar Bohemian class which flourishes in no place so well as New York. He is in continual good humor, and people who pass daily are accustomed to his bright, sunny smile as they are to the magnificent portico of the house. This man has been a figure in city life for ten years past. He is a bright lawyer, a brilliant speaker and a man of wonderful ability; yet no one has ever known him to turn these talents to advantage. He has no income. When he came here from the south, where he was born and bred, he was not overburdened with wealth, and at no time in his life has he been the possessor of \$1,000 that he could call his own. Yet this man dines at Delmonico's or the Hoffman, has elegant apartments at a Wall Street hotel, and to many is looked upon as a prosperous citizen. He is to be seen at all the swell dinners, at the theatres and at the clubs. Babbling over with good humor, a converser of good nature, and the most companionable of beings, he flits about from place to place.

To those who do not know him intimately it is a mystery how he manages to exist. One of his friends explained that this gay fellow has lived in this precarious way since he reached the age of manhood. He is a most insinuating talker, and can borrow money from a casual acquaintance with the grace of a Bontino. Many who have been "kouched" by his talker have never been able to understand what possessed them to loan him money. Light hearted, free of care, he sails through the sea of life a magnificent craft with a defective rudder.—New York Star.

A Caution to Consumers.

Ice cream, cream cake or lemon pie should be eaten within twelve hours after they are made. In the case of a party or picnic where the ice cream is purchased from the confectioner, particular attention should be made as to its freshness, and if it is more than twelve hours old it should be unhesitatingly rejected. Canned meats, and in fact all canned goods, should be eaten or cooked as soon as opened, and under no circumstances should they be placed in the refrigerator to be kept. They are cheap enough and can be bought in packages of any size, so that there is no necessity for opening more than can be used in one day by a family of ordinary numbers. In regard to canned fruits and jams, if left for any length of time after being opened, fermentation sets in, and it continues in the stomach after they have been eaten. The practice of reboling home made preserves, which have begun to ferment, or "work," as it is popularly expressed, cannot be recommended, for, although frequently this may destroy the organism which causes the ferment, it is by no means invariably the case. The cheap jellies which come put up in glass tumblers should never be used. They are made from a very poor quality of gelatine, colored and flavored artificially. The color and flavor are harmless in the majority of cases, but the jelly itself is indigestible, and generally has begun to decompose, as shown by the layer of "mold" on top.—Boston Herald.

The Ugly British Bulldog.

Talking of "handy" weapons, what a frightfully convenient weapon, cheap enough to be within the reach of all, and carrying a ball big enough to make a hole like a gas pipe, is the British bulldog revolver. It has taken more lives in its brief space of existence than any other form of translation known to inventive genius. You don't need to cock it; it does that for you. Just pull on the trigger, you get the hammer and down it comes again and the deed is done; that slight finger pull has made a corpse and a murderer. Think of it and leave your gun at home. Teach the boys to use their fists, and give the women and old men clubs to hit with, but put up the self-cocking revolver except for mad dogs—Buffalo News "Man about Town."

Gastrointestinal and Mental Sympathy. Vassar Girl Looking over class's grades.

RESPECT YOUR STOMACH.

A MEMBER WHICH SOMETIMES RISES IN REBELLION.

The Idea of the Ancients—Woman's Culinary Horizon—Men Eat Too Much and Women Too Little—A Harmful Habit. A Warning.

Let no man take liberties with his stomach—nor woman either, for that matter. The stomach is a long suffering member, but like the worm, it will "turn" upon occasion. Most men love their stomachs, but few respect them. But that is where they make a large mistake. Take care of your stomach. You have only one, and you don't know when you're going to get another. In these days of development and discovery, nothing is more probable than the improbable, and it is a risky business regarding a positive and definitive statement on any subject, but it is safe to say that no man will ever get a second stomach any more than he will a second soul. Therefore it behooves him to be good to both.

Take care of your stomach and it will take care of you. Abuse it and woe be unto you. The ancients made the stomach the seat of the affections, and with good reason. Some even go so far as to center the soul there. It is certain that the hives of the divorce courts is filled with cases that can be traced direct to a defective cuisine, and who shall say how many lost souls have gone down to perdition who called their development from duty back to the deadly frying pan, and their fall from grace to the diabolical agency of half baked dough?

A HALO OR A HALTER.

Women desire to widen their sphere. Let them enlarge their culinary horizon. The woman who invents a new dish deserves a halo or a halter, according to the dish. Many a woman has gone to an honored grave whose best title to immortality was her baking. Her children rise up and call her blessed because she made good bread.

As a business too much and women too little. And both are apt to forget that quality has more, or should have more, to do with the matter than quantity. Few women have what may be called the "alimentary sense" properly developed. The average woman seems to consider it her special duty and proud prerogative to cater to that high and mighty monarch, her lord and master's stomach, and to let her own severely alone.

But, even in this era of cookery schools, how often can she intelligently cater to any body's stomach? She knows all about cakes, candy and kichshaws, but when it comes to the substantial, where is she? And when it comes to the aesthetics of eating, how many of either men or women are "there?"

Married women eat more than single women, not so much as a matter of taste as of habit, and because food is lying around. Men must have their women, but women don't want, women will eat rather than see it go to waste.

UTTERLY DEMORALIZED.

It is notorious that women become utterly demoralized as to their eating, when the "men folks" are away from home for any length of time. Whether the family be rich or poor seems to make little difference with women, who almost invariably abandon the regular dinner when the head of the house is away, and drift into the slovenly and harmful habit of "picking up" such odds and ends—mostly sweet stuff and pickles—as may come handy. If men were good for nothing else in a house, they would be well worth their care and "keep" just to hold the womanhood to some sort of regularity and sense in the matter of their meals.

It is the single women, however, who most need taking in hand—the working girls especially. Some of them are in continual necessity of life in order to put the proceeds of their martyrdom upon their backs. Poor misguided young creatures! Haven't they sense enough to know that bright eyes, rosy cheeks and calves are more attractive and will catch a husband sooner than dull eyes, sallow face and satins?

This is the season of the year when mankind generally are likely to be reminded that they have stomachs. The gala days draw near when digestive organs do not digest, when baby luxuriates in cake, and mamma succumbs to the "morbus." There is a good old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The doctors have slain their thousands, and the cucumber its tens of thousands. Remember this, and respect your stomach.—Mary Norton Bradford in Boston Globe.

Woman Her Worst Enemy.

Once more it is woman who is apparently woman's worst enemy, and London this far more heavily in this respect than New York, and for a very obvious reason, that of hardly defined lines of caste and the necessity for emphasizing them felt by all whose position does not speak for itself. A "born lady" might, on entering a shop where women clerks were sitting, realize that from eleven to fourteen hours' service daily might well be protracted by a few moments on the bits of board, pushed in between boxes, which do duty for seats, and be glad that an opportunity had been improved.

Not so the wife of the unprosperous butcher or baker or candlestick maker, rejoicing, it may be, in the first appearance in plush and silk, and bent upon making it as impressive as possible. To her obsequiousness is the first essential of any dealing with the order from which she is emerging; and her custom will go to the shop where its outward tokens are most profuse. A clerk found sitting in a simple embodied inappreciation, and the floor manager who allows it an offender against every law of propriety; and thus it happens that seats are slipped out of sight, and exhausted women smile and ask, as the purchase is made, "And what is the next pleasure?" in a tone that makes the American hearer cringe for the abject humility that is the first condition of success as seller.—Helen Campbell in Woman.

Jay Gould and the Reporter.

Jay Gould will talk freely to a reporter whom he knows to be intelligent and trustworthy. The reporter must understand thoroughly what he wants to know. He will get no help if he does not understand the subject about which he seeks information. After an off hand conversation the reporter will, perhaps, if the interview is an important matter, sit down in the financier's library and write it out. It is then submitted to Mr. Gould, who may suggest erasures or alterations in the phraseology. He talks freely, at times almost eloquently, but has a rural habit of dropping the final 's' in participles. Thus he says goin', earnin', etc. He is surrounded by flowers winter and summer, whether in his home on Fifth avenue or at his mansion at Irving on the Hudson. He walks up and down his library in midwinter inhaling the perfumes of a rose perhaps as rare and costly as the flower in Seneca's hair; his head is bent meditatively.

Blessings in Disguise.

Anxious Mother—You think he is out of danger now, doctor? He will get well! Doctor—No doubt about it at all, madam. The amputation has been completely successful.

And I warned him, oh, so carefully, to be very cautious alone. Doesn't it look like a judgment on my poor boy?

IN A BOWERY MUSEUM.

Between Performances on a Midsummer Day—A Serious "Curiosity."

The Bowery museums feel a summer dullness. "Going to give a stage performance soon?" was asked, before dropping a ten cent piece at an entrance.

"Performance begins in the auditorium in ten minutes," was the sententious reply.

Inside the museum there was nothing lively except a glass case of tropical snakes which were roused from their dormant condition by the heat of the weather. A sealay on a chunk of ice, possibly comfortable as to his lower side, but away out of his latitude as to the rest of him. Some Brazilian monkeys in a cage were lazy in the high temperature, and the Circassian girl and the tattooed man were fanning their about equally exposed surfaces. The third human curiosity was a chap with enormous legs. Those members were not less than treble the size of usual legs. There is no deception in his case, however, for the immense limbs were amiel. He was a fellow of solemn visage, and he was perusing a large book with the air of a student. He looked up listlessly, and began his rigmarole. "I am 24 years old," he said, "and was born in Boston. My legs began to outgrow the rest of my stature" when I was a boy, and—" "What are you reading?" the visitor inquired.

He stopped in his set speech, and turned the open page toward the inquirer. The book was a medical work.

"I am studying up my case," the curiosity said in a confidential tone, and with a glance around to see that there were no other listeners. "I want to know what is the matter with me, and all about it."

From what he said further, and a perusal of the matter in the book, it was learned that he had the disease called elephantiasis. There were as yet no outward signs of unhealthiness in his disproportionate legs, and he was getting \$20 a week as an exhibit.

"According to the best light I can get," he said, "I have got just about another year to live. Probably I won't be able to stay in the business more than half a year. Then I'll go to a hospital and die. I'll go sooner if they don't pay my wages regular, and they ain't been doing it lately."

No wonder the poor fellow was the most serious looking person on the premises, excepting the manager, whose depression arose from the poverty of the summer business. I was about to depart.

"Hold on," he interposed, "we'll give a show as soon as there is fifty cents in the house."

He kept his word. When five visitors were gathered together he reappeared in our midst and ordered the curtain rung up. The entertainment consisted of a few feats in legdom by a consumptive, seedy and clever expert. When he came to the point where he desired to introduce the trick of taking numerous articles from a hat he made the usual appeal for the loan of that article. The writer handed one to him.

"Thank you, sir, thank you," he said, in a singularly heartfelt voice. "You're the first gentleman today that has 'tused me with his hat. You'll get it back, upon my honor."

When a sleight of hand show is so meagerly patronized that the performer can't borrow a hat, surely the show business may be said to suffer from a lack of public confidence.—New York Sun.

Our Satisfaction with Ourselves.

But did you honestly ever find anybody you would like better than yourself? There are many more beautiful women, but we are not women, thank God. There are many much more manly, more handsome, more virilitic men than we, but are they in their entirety more satisfactory to us than we are to ourselves? I trow not. Why? Do we think we are any brighter? Hold on a moment, do I think I am any brighter than anybody else? Do I think I am any handsomer? Do I think my muscles are any harder or my nerves any more sensitive? Do I esteem myself, as a personality, more attractive than anybody else?

To others? No. To myself? You may bet you life. I wouldn't exchange my personality, from the bald top of my shining head to the uncaloused heel upon which I step, mind, body and estate, for that of any man who walks God's footstool.

Why? I give it up. We are built that way. If it wasn't for that self sufficiency how could we live? If I envied Fred his strength would I be satisfied with my own? If I admired the hairy head, the bulging eyes, the red cheeks, the youthful neck, the superb physique of any other man, how could I meet the exactions of yesterday, today and to-morrow? The doctrine of compensation is with us, like the poor, always.

I don't mean to say that my bald head presents the luxurious crop of his imperial ribs, the hairy boy from Hairville. I don't mean to say that my 180 pounds of more or less virility is the equal of the 200 pounds of his laziness, who has nothing to do but to spend papa's money and float the yacht of givedom. Far be it from me to argue that the fifty years' experience on which I trade is the equal of the thirty years of observation of Mr. Clovercheck from Redtown.

But what does the Creator mean by implanting in my breast, and therefore in the breast, not to say breasts, of every reader, an absolute contentment, satisfaction with the personality with which we are endowed? It must mean something.—Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

Salting Mines with Poor Ore.

It is a singular fact that not only have poor mines been salted with rich ore, but rich mines have been very frequently salted with poor. The circumstances under which such an apparent paradox would take place are these: Explorations are being made in some part of a mine and a vein of very rich mineral is suddenly uncovered. If the superintendent has salt and darkness in his soul he is very apt to take a pick, dig out a little of the ore and fill the cavity with low grade stuff from some other part of the mine. Then he makes a discouraging report, apparently verified by facts, and in due course of time proposes to lease the property for a song. If he is successful the vein is not long in being rediscovered. This trick has been played time and again all over the state, and in instances the salter has gone so far as to "accidentally" blow up a tunnel in which a rich find was made. Perhaps some poor wretch of a miner would be caught in the awful subterranean crash that shook the bowels of the earth and buried forever beneath tons of rocky debris, but such an episode as that never disturbs the even tenor of a true seller's way.—Denver Cor. New York Sun.

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Anxious Mother—You think he is out of danger now, doctor? He will get well! Doctor—No doubt about it at all, madam. The amputation has been completely successful.

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The Plattsmouth Herald DAILY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

The Year 1888

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