S THE QUES-WE HERE FORT

m Is a Fool and Dieth as Dieth-Mistakes Which Par-Make-An Alm, However Humble, a good Thing.

The average man is a fool. And he dieth

Quietly sitting in your New England home, contented with your breakfast, comfortable in your surroundings, a peaceful atmosphere suggesting an everlasting freedom from unpleasant activities, take a piece of paper and write on it the names of the great of the earth. Put down men and women great in any line-mental, moral, physical, financial. Include statesmen, financiers, writers, orators, inventors, explorers, humanitarians, aye, and if you will, put in those who are noted simply for length of days, or personal prowess, or height or weight.

How many have you? Oughtn't that list to be longer?

What are we here for? Oughtn't there to be an aim for every human being besides the mere getting of bread and butter, providing of a shelter and clothes? Parents may with the degree of justice say: "Well, it is too ing that he has not attended their now for me to have an aim." But it ings nor subscribed to their fund. seems to me, when they have gotten that far in the sentence, the faces of their children should rise before them, and the thought born on the instant, that their aim should be to give their children an aim, should be thenceforth their guiding star, the very helm of the voyage of life.

The parents make great mistakes. They have an idea that to refuse this, that or the other to their children is an unkindness. As a matter of fact, it is the truest kindness often to refuse. A majority of parents hesitate to refuse favors to their children from the most selfish motives, unrecognized, but existing, all the same. Discipline requires strength of mind. It requires not only mental strength, but moral strength and physical endurance. Very few of us are endowed with all of these, and the great majority of | piano. us have little of either. It takes time and patience to train a dog, therefore it is very much cheaper to pay a trainer \$10 a month than it is to bother one's self about it. Precisely so with children. We spoil them at home and send them to school for their education. There is so much in us that is unused, so much that might be made available, to put it selfishly, for our own comfert, for our own happiness, for our own delight and appreciation of the bounteous gifts which are showered upon our path, but which we have not the sight to see.

A man who goes through life with no other ambition than saving money is a mean man; but after all he has an idea. He wants to die a rich man, and he does die rich. Everybody laughs when he dies; but he has had the solid satisfaction, all his life long, of pursuing a course designedly and deliberately marked out. The fact that it is an ignoble aim has nothing to do with the case. He has an aim, and he follows it the end. A man who desires to become a good public speaker may fail in convincing others that he is a good public speaker; but he, having marked out that line of endeavor, educates himself, reads books, practices oratory, yells behind the barn, shouts over the bounding billows, talks in the seclusion of his study, speaks as he walks the crowded streets. Do you mean to tell me that he is not having a good time! Do you mean to tell me that he is beside himself when he does that? Can't you see that he is a better man, a more useful man, even if he never succeeds in reaching the goal!

The very fact that the moment we begin to consider the subject of aims, our minds divides them into classes, proves conclusively. first, that it is an interesting thought, and second, that it is one which, outworked, will do us good. I don't mean to intimate that the average man, the ditch diggers, the day laborers, the slaves of capital, the Indians in their forests, the vast hordes in jungle, swamp or glade, need be expected ever to stand upon mountain tops and view the prospect o'er, hoping by expert eye to detect some glittering point toward which to shoot the arrows of their desire, but I do say, if ambition could be implanted in their breasts, lowly, humble, poverty stricken though i'be, the man would be happier, more usefu', more contented, and the race would be elevated many points,

The ditch digger who means to have his ditch straighter and cleaner than that of any other man ims an object in life. The man who builds a stone fence and regards its neat, regular surface, its direct course, with satisfaction, and compares or contrasts it with the fences of others less careful about him, has an ambition, and he is a better man for the fact. The express clerk, whose tally book is legible and whose crate list and drivers' books are neat, with readable addresses and decipherable figures, is a better man, a better servant to his company, a more acceptable public worker, than his fellows who scribble the scrawls we ordinarily find in express delivery books, the only legible feature about it being the cabalistic sign of c. o. d. Go into any great printing estab-lishment and you will find that there are certain clerks in the advertising department with whom the public prefer to deal. Why? Because they are desirous not only of serving their employer by pleasing his patrons, but of advancing themselves in their employ. It is their aim to be civil, to be obliging, to be helpful and to be correct.

Go into the city editor's room and talk with him. If he will condescend, between his eigarette puffs, to open his oracular lips, he will tell you of the twenty or thirty reporters under his control three or four are group upon whom he chiefly relies. by! Because they are ambitious along line of work; because they are alon time; because they have a quick for news; because their copy is clean; e they don't spend an hour in revising d interlining and crossing out and chang-

went to school once to a man whose profound impression on me, and I don't be-ieve I have ever had a dirty finger nail ince. He little knew what h's object in life was, but so far as I am concerned, the only thing I ever learned from him was by obervation of his excessively dirty finger nails. Joe Howard in Boston Globe,

Car Horses in Cabs. cab driver who was on duty at the dence during the general's illon the curb one morning and dismake a first class cab horse," best way is to take a broken car horse, the older and tougher ter. Take off his shoes and turn put him in harness. He will the work and rough handling The hardest work on horses is work by any means. A horse much sooner in a herdic.

John Bright is so weak that even bath chair exercise exhausts him. Lord Lonsdale is sending home copious

diary notes from North America for pub-A son of President Tyler has been chosen president of William and Mary

college, at Williamsburg, Pa. The two sons of Joe Chandler Harris, Julian and Lucian, are now called "Brer"

Fox and "Brer" Rabbit by their friends. Jay Gould is poorer than some people suppose. Instead of being worth nearly \$200,000,000 he is worth only \$75,000,-600. Applicants for charity should let

Mr. Carlo Pellegrini, the celebrated caricaturist, will not be interviewed nor photographed. He adopted his well known signature "Ape," he says, be-cause when caricaturing he "apes" the peculiarities of his subject.

President Carnot, of France, has been placed in a curious dilemma. He was taught the handicraft of a carpenter in his youth, and the striking carpenters of Paris have written to him, complaining that he has not attended their meet-

Russell Sage is at least fifteen years older than Jay Gould, but he has not a wrinkle in his face, and is as well preserved as a man of 50. He attributes his continued good health, after twentyfive years in Wall street, to the fact that he never permits himself to worry about business outside of business hours.

The mikado of Japan has almost finished his new palace, which has taken six years for its construction. There are 400 rooms in the building, and the dining hall will seat 127 guests. The furniture of the state department came from Germany. Not the least interesting object in the palace is an American

Before Edward M. Munch, of Buffalo, died he directed that his body be cremated in the Fresh Pond crematorium, and his ashes scattered over one of the flower beds on the lawn in front of the retort house. Mrs. Munch faithfully carried out the directions of her husband, and for weeks afterward his light gray ashes were plainly visible on the flowers and plants where they had fallen.

The correspondent of The Independance Belge at Rome writes that the state of Leo XIII's health is far from satisfactory, but that his real condition is carefully kept from the public. He is in a painfully nervous state, and is constantly pursued by a morbid fear of death, the slightest ailment assuming in his excited imagination the form of a serious

Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, is very much opposed to having his photograph taken. He sat to a photographer only once, and that was just before he left England, because he wanted to leave his portrait with a few friends; but he broke the negative with his own hands, so that no more impressions could be taken. Mr. Moody makes his home at Northfield, Mass., where his mother, now 83, still lives, and where he has his coworker, Ira D. Sankey, for a near neigh-

Men who have more than one occupation frequently use different forms of their name for each one. Mr. Stedman, for example, as the banker prefers to be known as E. C. Stedman, and in literature as Edmund Clarence Stedman. In business circles Mr. Francis Hopkinson Smith is known as F. H. Smith, or Francis H, Smith, while in art pircles he has a wide reputation as F. Hopkinson Smith, and so business and art have their nice distinctions even when exemplified in the same person.

When Signor Verdi arrived at Montecatini, where he is spending his vacation this year, he found a fine grand piano installed in the sitting room which had been taken for him. It was open and, as a delicate compliment to his illustrious guest, the proprietor of the hotel had placed the score of "Trovatore" on the stand over the key board. The composer removed the book, closed the instrument, locked it, put the key in his pocket, started for a walk and flung the key over the edge of a deep ravine.

There is a stery going the rounds about the late J. C. Engel, director of Kroll's Opera house, Berlin. He asked two of his stars, Nachbaur and Reichmann, into his sanctum, and invited them to mention their conditions for a new engagement, "Well," said Nachbaur, "you know my terms. Half the gross re-ceipts." "I also," said Reichmann; "I cannot take less than half the gross." "Gentlemen," gravely replied J. C. Engel, "supposing I accept, will you, oscasionally, let me have a free ticket? I should like to be able to enter my own theatre."

Referring to the emperor of Austria a court gayety and leads rather a solitary life, retiring early and rising with the dawn. When, however, his presence is necessary at official ceremonies or festive gatherings he is one of the most punctual of men. His only passion is grouse shooting, and in the season he frequently slips away from Vienna to the Alpine forests to indulge in his favorite sport. He is very charitable, and, having a large fortune of his own, distributes his bounties freely though discreetly. Francis Joseph is never ill, and owes his excellent health to his constant occupation and proverbial sobriety."

A tall, dark man, with raven black hair, high cheek bones, sunken cheeks and the garb and manner of a gentleman of the old school, a physician whose name at one time hung upon the lips of the entire country, visited New York last week. He was Dr. Taft, of Washington, who was sitting in a from seat at Ford's theatre when President Lincoln was assassinated, and who, on a call being made for a physician, entered the box where the wounded man had fallen to the floor and took charge of the case. He jumped over the footlights and was passed into the box at the front by the assistance of three actors. Dr. Taft caused the president to be carried across the street to the house where he after-ward died. Mr. Lincoln was so tall in stature that no bed in the house would receive his prostrate form, and he was laid upon mattresses on the floor.

THE JUGGERNAUT MYTH.

MONCURE D. CONWAY PLAYS ICONO-CLAST TO THE BLOODY CAR.

The Custom of Self Immolation Under the Wheel of the Hindoo Idol Never Had an Existence-How the Story Might Have Originated.

There is no horror more widespread than that of the car of Juggernaut. No church or chapel or Sunday school room is unfamiliar with the vision of idolators throwing themselves beneath the blood stained wheels. There are few American girls-boys evenwho have not shed tears and dimes for the victims of that cruel idol. The dreadful self immolating has added a proverbial similitude to pulpit and platform eloquence. Grim Juggernaut has got into cyclopædias. But the chariot of truth is passing through the world; many cherished fallacies must be cast beneath its remorseless wheels; among them must be crushed this world wide notion about Juggermut. It is a delusion. Hard as it is to lose one's pet horror, this one must be given up. The supposed custom of immolation under the wheel of Juggernaut does not prevail-never did prevail. On the contrary, Juggernaut is the most humane of all oriental

deities, and his cult the most civilized. I could fill a column with official and unquestionable proofs of this paradox, but reserve the space for some facts of more interest to the reader. It will be sufficient to substantiate the point by a few competent authorities whose testimony has not been dis-

GAZETTEER GENERAL'S REPORT. Dr. W. W. Hunter, gazetteer general of

India, says in his Orissa (1872): "In a closely packed, eager throng of 100,-600 men and women, many of them unaccustomed to exposure or bard labor and all of them tugging and straining to the utmost under the blazing tropical sun, deaths must occasionally occur. There have, doubtless, been instances of pilgrims throwing themselves under the wheels in a frenzy of religious excitement. But such instances have been rare and are now unknown. At one time several unhappy people were killed or injured every year; but they were almost invariably cases of accidental trampling. The few suicides that did occur were, for the most part, cases of diseased and miserable objects. The official returns now place this beyond doubt. Indeed, nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Vishnu worship than self immolation. Accidental death within the temple renders the whole place unclean. The ritual suddenly stops and the poliuted offerings are hurried away from the sight of the offended god. According to Chaltanya, the apostle of Jaganath, the destruction of the least of God's creatures was a sin against the Creator. Self immolation he would have regarded with horror. The copious religious literature of his sect frequently describes the car festival, but makes no mention of self sacrifice, nor does it contain any passage that could be twisted into a sanction of it. Abul Fazul, the Mussulman observer, is equally silent, although from the context it is almost certain that, had he heard of the practice, he would have mentioned it. So far from enconraging self immolation, the gentle doctrines of Jaganath tended to check the once universal custom of widow burning. Even before the government put a stop to it our officials observed its comparative infrequency MAKING PERSONAL INQUIRY.

English commissioner at Orissa had in four years known but one death by accident, and two in which the viotims had rid themselves of excruciating complaints. This was just after the province passed under English rule, which did not interfere with the festival. Professor Bain, of Aberdeen university, says

"An Indian civil servant, Mr. James Geddes, who had been resident magistrate at Orissa, where the festival is held, informed me, from his own knowledge, that no trace of the practice of immolation could be found in the public records of the district."

According to Wilson, the orientalist, pilgrimages to Juggernaut have been customary for only some 150 years, so that the annals are traceable. Dr. Hunter has gone carefully through them, has conversed with the oldest inhabitants, and found no explanation of the bad reputation of the cult. It is surmised that some early missionary who witnessed the car festival did not understand that the reason why human beings drew it instead of animals is lest one of these should get killed and so pollute the sacred precinct. The man can say if he is ill or exhausted, but not the beast, who might be driven to his death. Shocked by an apparent degradation of humanity, meant to preserve animal life, such surmised missionary, if an accident occurred, might suppose it part of the programme. His physical and moral nerves unsettled might inflate the story, and when this gained currency in missionary meetings and swelled collections, its inflation would hardly diminish. There is an evolution in stories; a survival of the fittest for raising contributions might so develop a Juggernaut accident or suicide that the original witness would not recognize his narrative as told in the tabernacles. Suicide is different from self immolation. There are more religious spicides in England than in India. On the day after the Prince of Wales attended a thanksgiving at St. Paul's for his recovery, recent writer says: "He has no taste for I read a paragraph stating that several persons were at one point crushed to death. The item might float like a thistle seed to some far land, and spring up to a belief that in England human victims are offered on the recovery of a prince from illness, -- Moncure D. Conway in Boston Herald.

> Italians at Summer Resorts. From what I have seen of well bred, well to do Italians at summer resorts I should say that they take their holidays in ways more sensible than rich Americans. They make far less display in dress and equipage, they keep better hours and avoid excess in exercise and amusements, They show less anxiety to be exclusive in their associations and high toned in their manners. They do not thrust long pedigrees or long purses down your throat. They bravely wear comforta-ble old clothes. Their kirtles and their titles,

their coats and their coats of arms set easily

upon them. Many a fair contessa, whose home in Florence or Rome is an ancient palazzo, with lots of blood curdling family traditions about it, a big gallery of family portraits in it and a family specter or two, takes with her to the baths of Lucca or the seaside far less and less costly a baggage than many a New York belle, with no ancestors to speak of, and only a photographic album of family portraits, going from a specterless boarding house to Saratoga or Long Branch.—Grace Green-wood's Letter.

The wise men keeps a diary. There is no belling when the most obscure person may become suddenly famous, and such a one will find his reminiscences worth their weight in silver certificates.—Harper's Bazar. STRAY NEWSPAPER ITEMS.

COLUMN TO THE STATE OF THE STAT

It is announced that there will be another "Passion Play" at Ober-Ammergau Of the 8,000,000 francs worth of china

made last year at Limoges, one half came to America. Engines of 20,000 horse power have been ordered for the new cruiser Blake,

at a cost of £140,000. It is said that barely half a dozen watering place hotels thus far have met

The reports of extravagance and show at our watering places are not so loud

nor so numerous as usual. The daily opening of the churches is being advocated heartily by Lord Carnarvon and the bishop of Cambridge.

Parisian swells steadily give way to

English fashions. They now wear the regular short white tie for evening dress, instead of their former black butter-A newspaper in Constantinople says

that 212 Christians and Jews have become Mohammedan during the past year, a larger number than those who have abandoned Mohammedanism for other religions.

A Michigan peddler who sold goods on the cars, first singing a comic song to attract attention and please his customers, dropped dead in a train a few days ago. He is believed to have left a fortune of \$200,000, accumulated in this

Germany is doing considerable ferries missionary work nowamys. It has eighteen societies and supports 522 missionaries, who look after their 210,000 converts. Last year the total receipts in money were over \$700,000.

Three Chinese pheasants attacked a 14year-old boy near Vinegar Springs, Ore., a short time ago, and fought him so hard that he dropped a sack of wheat he was

ranged with an accident insurance company to pay any of its members who are disabled while playing the game 30s. per week as long as they remain on the sick list, and £200 to the relatives if the injuries received in the football field should terminate fatally.

The great white marble palace which Wilbur F. Storey, of Chicago, built, and which is one of the features of that city is again offered for sale. Although still unfinished, more than \$500,000 has been spent on it, while it is doubtful if onequarter of that amount will be offered by a purchaser,

Boltvia, which has an area of 500,000 square miles and a population of 2,000, 000, is without a single Protestant missionary. Two American teachers, encouraged by Bolivian gentlemen and recommended by the Presbyterian board of missions, expect soon to establish a school in La Paz, the capital.

An Englishman who was playing billiards in a public house in Bromle, made a bet that he could get one of the ivory "experimentalist's" front teeth.

At Spezzia, Italy, the whole Italian fleet is to assemble for a two months' exercise. One of the items of the programme is to show the facility with which a large force can be disembarked, fully equipped for attack, and English alarmists predict that it will show how easily England could be invaded before a defensive force could be gathered at any point.

A monument to the memory of Emperor William will be erected by the inhabitants of the upper Fichtel mountains on a peak rising nearly 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. The spot affords on one side a view of the Saxon lowlands, on the other that of the Bo- Main Street hemian forest, with the Keiberg close by and the spires of Carlsbad in the dis-

A Bridgeport paper says that a cat was caught by a locomotive the other day and cut in two by a wheel, which passed over the body back of the shoulders. "After the locomotive had passed," says the paper, "the forward parts of the cat's body dragged themselves to the home yard, two or three rods distant, and there the little life remaining flickered out in a few seconds."

The Little Seal Cried.

A seal about two months old was seen yesterday on the deck of the schooner Arizona, which was moored at the Commercial wharf. He is the skipper's pet and a great favorite with the crew. The captain said: "I have had the little fellow about six weeks, having caught him at Stable Island. He was asleep when I came upon him, and before he knew it I had him in my arms. In three days from that time he was as tame as a dog. and will now follow me all over the vessel. In the morning at about 3 o'clock the seal takes his position over the hatch. and there he will cry until some one of the crew goes on deck and feeds him. When we are outside I throw him overboard and let him swim until he is tired, and then he is only too glad to be taken on board again."

self on the vessel's deck, and was very fond of the caresses of the crew. When he saw one of the men approach. he saw one of the men approaching him he would hobble toward him and tease he would hobble toward him and tease for a mouthful of fish that was generally forthcoming. -Portland Press.

Automatic Machine for Perfumery. One of the latest projects for catching the pennies of the public is an automatic machine for perfumery, a number of which have been set up in the approaches of ferries and other public places. By dropping a penny into a slot, in the same manner in which nickels are dropped into the patent weighing machines, an automatic fountain is made to send out a automatic fountain is made to send out a spray of perfume for the handkerchief. The crowds of people who go down to the sea from Thirty-fourth street ferry take up so much of this perferred the take up so much of this perfume that the odor has become disseminated through the cars of the Long Island railroad, and in some measure acted as a public benefit in offsetting the borrible smells of Hunter's Point .- New York Tribune.

A Word to Republican

The importance of the results of the present political campaign can not be overestimated by those who desire the success of the Republican party. The Democrats, besides the "Solid South," are, in the North intrenched behind breastworks of public patronage. It will take steady, earnest, and united work to dislodge them. Nothing will so surely bring about that steady, earnest, and united work as the circulation of sound political literature, and OF THIS CLASS NO OTHER IS AS EFFICIENT AS THE DAILY AND WEEK-LY NEWSPAPER. Speeches and documents are read by the few, and when read are laid aside; the newspaper is the fireside friend, the trusted family companion. Its influence is continuous, constant. The Republicans can not aid their party better than by circulating

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It is a live Republican Newspaper, and has been faithful among the faithless in Chicago. No man has ever questioned its soundness on the platform, because the principles of the pla form have been advocated by THE INTER OCEAN many years. PROTECTION TO AMERICAN INDUSTRIES AND AMERICAN MARKETS FOR AMERICAN PRODUCERS have been its battle cries from the beginning. It did not take it six weeks to ascertain whether it could stand on

Republicans have done much to aid in the inculcation of false political doctrines by patronizing papers that advocate them. Why should they do so when they can avoid it by subscribing for THE INTER OCEAN, which is acknowledged to be

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THE INTER OCEAN,

PEARLMAN,

carrying and fled for safety. When the neighbors went to the spot the wheat and birds had both vanished. An Australian football club has arranged with an accident income has a ranged with a ranged with

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Being in India cleven years after the above was published, I conversed with Dr. Hunter on this subject, and found that the evidences even for suicide under the car at Port, and diminished since his work was ward written. The English commission of all or only after taking out several of the livery balls into his moor. He did get it in, and there it stuck, in spite of all his was called in extracted the lump of ivory, but only after taking out several of the

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