

ROBUST NOXONERS.

PRACTICAL JOKES PLAYED ON MEXICAN ALL FOOLS' DAY.

Very Fanny Editors, Who Can "Falls" to Their Hearts Content—Bogus Bandits and Make Believe Highwaymen—Franks Costly and Troublesome.

From his appearance the average Mexican would never be charged with the crime of practical joking. In fact an American would think more than twice before he tampered, jokingly, with the quiet dignity and solemnity, two characteristically intuitive qualities of the Mexican Don, owing to the latter's readiness with the revolver and dexterity with the stick.

Yet on occasion the Mexicans, from the little toddling boy to the white haired Don and the dark eyed Senora, are the greatest of all practical jokers. It becomes a sort of mania with them, as it did with their ancestors hundreds of years ago.

Dec. 28, the anniversary of the slaughter of the Holy Innocents, as the babies who were killed by King Herod on the birth of Christ are known, is the day of all others in Mexico. The arrival of Fiesta de los Santos Inocentes is anxiously looked for every year, and when it comes it is observed without stint. The exact origin of this peculiar day as one devoted to practical joking has been lost, so ancient is the custom in Spain.

The fact that it is spoken of as the day of Holy Innocents seems to have inspired the Spaniards with the idea of making innocents or fools of one another and any one else that can possibly be victimized. Ever since this happy thought occurred to some ingenious Spaniard some time in the Fourteenth century the day has been duly recognized.

BOGUS NEWSPAPER SCARES. The ways of celebrating it are, of course, many and varied. Mexico offers a particularly fertile field in this peculiar pastime, owing to the eruptive tendency of the government and people. A country in which a citizen inquires of his neighbor the first thing each day, "Who is president this morning?" naturally affords an ingenious practical joker abundant material for unlimited pranks.

The newspapers are the leaders in recognizing the day after the popular form. All sorts of bogus stories are artfully written so as to create immense excitement, yet the circumstantial facts are so related that suspicion is seldom aroused. High government officials are generally assassinated (in print) and robberies committed of great magnitude.

On one occasion a gold mine of fabulous wealth and extent was discovered four miles out of the City of Mexico, and the same day two-thirds of the population of the town had forsaken their homes to hunt for the mythical bonanza.

Another favorite mode of paying court to the Holy Innocents is to frighten the population of a small village, some miles out from the capital by publishing alarming stories of a threatened raid by bands of bloodthirsty Indians and bandits.

Mounted couriers in the employ of the newspapers leave the larger city with abundant supplies of the newspapers, and, dashing at full speed into the doomed town, throw the residents into a panic by reading from the public squares the horrible fate that awaits them. In a few minutes the whole place is in a terrible state of commotion, and in another hour the town is completely deserted. Every one takes to the high road and makes the best time possible to the larger city and safety.

When the hoax is discovered, no matter what the cost to the victims, no trouble ever ensues. They pack up their goods, collect their families and return in high good humor to their homes, thankful that they have them to go to, and promising one another that they will not allow themselves to be fooled next year.

Yet when next year does come and with it the terrible news that yellow fever or some other deadly scourge is raging in the vicinity, threatening to depopulate the whole town by its ravages, the people forget the resolutions formulated the previous year. Provisions are hastily packed and safety is sought in the nearby hills and mountains. In one instance, six families lived in the open air for ten days before the joke perpetrated upon them was discovered.

THE BULL FIGHT SELL. Pranks at the expense of private individuals are the commonest mode of celebrating the day. It is no uncommon thing for a wealthy old Don walking in a secluded portion of the town to find himself suddenly confronted by two masked marauders, with revolvers in their hands and knives in their belts, who command him to give up his valuables quietly or they will take his life and valuables both. The next day he is not greatly surprised when he receives his valuables, accompanied by a cask of wine and a neat little note, stating that he was merely made a temporary sacrifice to King Herod.

On one occasion notices in all the daily papers in the City of Mexico announced that a grand bull fight would occur on the afternoon of Dec. 28, and that as the admittance to the amphitheatre on this occasion would cost nothing, every one was cautioned to be on hand early.

Long before midday the people were pouring into the immense building in hordes. Although the first encounter was not to take place until 8 o'clock, the building was jammed to its utmost by 1 o'clock. The great assemblage waited patiently for almost two hours, and then anxious queries about the matadors and their victims were made.

After another two hours' wait it began to dawn on part of the audience that they had been made victims to the popular day. In small parcels they left the building, but it was long after midnight before the place was empty.—New York Journal.

A Coffee Grower's Advice. The writer has spent at least the better part of his life growing and curing tea and coffee, and however wanting he may be in giving expression to his ideas, he is surely in a position to advise the general reader on a subject with which he is well acquainted.

First, then, deal with reliable people; and, secondly, buy what they consider the purest and the most carefully prepared tea and coffee they can supply you with, without demanding the same at a price at which you know yourself first class produce cannot be imported.

If it should please you to take this little piece of advice, you will find that, in the end, it will not prove in any way extravagant, and it may add a year or two to the length of your days.—Table Talk.

THE REAL IRISH FRIEZE.

A Cloth Through Which the Rain Cannot Possibly Penetrate.

Among the various textile products of Irish manufacturing skill the most extensively known, says The Clothier, is the justly celebrated Irish frieze. Its manufacture has come down from time immemorial. The process since it was first woven on the primitive hand loom, and the subsequent manipulation to prepare it for the only garment for which it is pre-eminently suited, the Cotha More (big coat or overcoat), has been handed down from one generation of the Irish people to another until at the present day the rapidly increasing steam power looms of the Irish mills are engaged in manufacturing friezes which are making their way by sheer force of real merit in the best markets of the world.

The chief features which distinguish frieze from all other cloths are its absolute imperviousness to rain and its extraordinary durability. In these it resembles the famous blankets of the Navajo Indians. Of course we are now speaking of real Irish frieze, not the counterfeit article, which is now quite plentiful in the American market. These points of excellence are secured through the peculiar method of manufacturing the longest and best wool, selected from the best Irish fleeces, without which there can be no genuine Irish frieze. The process in itself is quite simple, but tedious, demanding much time, care and attention.

Nothing but washed wool of the longest and strongest fiber is used. This is first dyed, and afterward, when spun, is doubled so as to resemble yarn; in fact, it is a softly spun woolen yarn, which has not been treated by acids in any manner, so that the whole natural strength of the wool fiber remains unimpaired. This yarn is then woven, after which it is put through the tucking (tucking process, as it is termed). This latter is practically a somewhat prolonged washing or soaking of the cloth in a carefully prepared solution, slowly heated up to the boiling point, and then as slowly cooled again. This shrinks and consequently thickens the fabric which comes from the loom to such an extent that it becomes almost impossible, after cutting the goods, to separate one thread of the cloth from the other, so closely are they allied and so interdependent on each other.

The final operation is the dressing and finishing of the goods. From this brief explanation it will be perceived in what the chief points of the excellence of Irish frieze consist. Dyed in the wool, the color is permanent; untreated by acid, the natural virility of the wool fiber is preserved.

The Spartans and Music.

The favorite problem of thinkers and teachers, since thought began, has been to find some engine of education which should reach the character as effectually as the ordinary means of training touch the understanding; and in the opinion of many, not men alone, but nations, music was such an engine. "It is music," said the Spartans, "which distinguishes the brave man from the coward." "A man's music is the source of his courage." It was their music which enabled Leonidas and his three hundred to conquer at Thermopylae.

It was music which taught the Spartan youth how to die in the wrestling ring or on the field of battle. These claims are audacious, surely. Yet, when we consider how the rhythmic tread of the brave man differs from the agitated shamble of the coward, how music is the art of human joy, and how joy and repose of mind are the main elements of manly fortitude, we shall at any rate admit that there is a strong affinity somewhere; our only difficulty will be to acknowledge that music, deliberately applied, could ever be the direct cause of these reputed results.

To achieve the end desired Spartan boys passed their youth in learning tunes, hymns and songs; this was their sole mental culture. They were taught to dance and keep step to the measure of the songs as they sang them. And, grown to manhood, now perfect warriors, marched into battle with smiling faces, crowned with flowers, calm, joyful and serene, and, intoning their songs, moved steadily into the thickest of the fight, undisturbed and irresistible. The band that leads our armies to the field of battle nowadays is a scant survival of Spartan practice, yet even in this music by proxy there are many elements of incitement to courage.—The National Review.

Fishing in the Red Sea.

The old Arab geographers describe a way of taking fish from the waters of the Red sea which must have been convenient for the people of that region, if it were not very ingenious.

The people supply themselves from the sea without craft, or without standing upon the shore. They use, while swimming or diving, little nets, which they themselves make of woven grass.

They tie these to their feet, and by slip knots and lashings held in their hands, they draw fast the snare when they feel that a fish has entered it. All this they do with exceeding art, and with a cunning bred by long experience. They also teach land reptiles to drive their prey.—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Jacob Greenup, of Bonne Terre, Mo., thought she heard her eldest son, a young man of 27, singing a favorite song in his bedroom. She knew he must be at work at a saw mill, and, feeling nervous, started out to see him. As she stepped through the front door men were carrying the lifeless remains of the son into the yard. He had been killed by the bursting of a saw.

One day Ray and Ernest were playing together, and as they occasionally quarreled, their mother said: "If you are naughty again, I shall separate you." In a little while Ernest called: "Mamma, please come and separate Ray; he's naughty."

The Eyes.

When the eyes are treated fairly, they are strengthened, not weakened, by work, says an article in a London journal. Just as the arms of a blacksmith grow the stronger by his trade, so the eyes of watchmakers, who work under healthy conditions, are found to improve, and not deteriorate, in vigor and quickness. It is the abuse of the eyes, not their use, which is to be avoided. If a man is aware either that his eyes need no artificial correction, or else have received the proper adjustment, and if his work, whether literary or mechanical, is done in a light both steady and sufficient, and with a due regard as to ordinary sanitary rules, he may feel sure that he is strengthening his eyes, not weakening them, by hard work. Men of intellectual pursuits sometimes are afraid of losing their mental power in old age, because they have drawn so much upon it when young. The reverse is nearer the truth, and if they have not overtaxed their brains, the fear is absolutely groundless. The man whose intellect goes first in old age is generally some farmer or laborer, who has never strengthened and invigorated it by use. The politician, the lawyer, or the man of letters. So with the eyes. Those who have strengthened their eyes by using them properly have kept sight longer than those who have never trained them. In the case of the man who has neglected to give his eyes their full development, they will fail in power along with his other bodily functions. Then, however, the man who has been born with good eyes, has kept them in constant hard work, and yet never strained them, reaches old age, he may find them capable of performing their functions better than any other organ of his body. In short, if people will only learn to use their eyes wisely, there is no reason why mankind should not increase rather than lose their power of seeing. If, however, we are to make this possible, we must lose no time in saving the eyes of the present generation.—Boston Herald.

The Hindoo Magician.

Keller, the prestidigitateur, speaking of the famous Hindoo magicians to a reporter of The Buffalo Express, said: "A trick which puzzled me for a long time was making a pineapple grow under a handkerchief. The juggler lays a handkerchief flat on the ground, and then begins to sing and bend on the tom-tom, when in the center of the handkerchief something begins to stir and rise in pyramidal form, dilating until just about the size of a pineapple, when the conjurer inserts his hand under the handkerchief and pulls out a ripe pineapple."

"I watched his trick several times before I could get a clew to it. The motion of life puzzled me. But one day I took a position on the side—the conjurers sit on one side of a circle, making the spectators form the rest of the circumference—where I could see the juggler's motion more clearly, and I noticed that one of the confederates put a bag, like a sailor's bag, near the conjurer's hands. He sat there tailor fashion, and as he spread out his handkerchief on the ground I saw his hand make a trip swift as lightning to the bag and back under the handkerchief, and I thought I saw something like the tail of a snake accompany it. That gave me an idea, and afterward, by pretending to understand the trick, and by paying one of the Hindoos four rupees, I got him to confess how the trick was done."

"The conjurer does take a snake from the bag placed conveniently at his elbow. When the cobra is put under the handkerchief, he naturally coils himself up. Then the conjurer begins their music and the cobra raises his head, and as this gives the lifting motion to the handkerchief. One of the first things a cobra does when excited is to swell out his neck and this makes the pyramidal shape. When the juggler puts his hand under the handkerchief he takes with it a hollowed pineapple and removes the cobra inside of it, concealed by his hand. That is one of the cleverest tricks I saw in India."

Felt in a Legal Tender.

From 1774 to 1784 the territory now known as Tennessee formed a part of North Carolina, and in 1788 the Tennessee, becoming dissatisfied with their government, organized a state government under the name of "Franklin," which was maintained for some years. The state afterwards disbanded and territorial Tennessee was again annexed to North Carolina. The following are among the laws passed by the legislature of the state of Franklin. We copy it as found in a speech by Daniel Webster on the currency of 1835:

Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that from the 1st day of January, 1789, the salaries of the officers of the commonwealth be as follows:

His excellency the governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins.
His honor, the chief justice, per annum, 500 deer skins.
The secretary to his excellency, the governor, per annum, 400 raccoon skins.
The treasurer to the state, 450 raccoon skins.

Each county clerk, 300 beaver skins.
Clerk of house of commons, 300 raccoon skins.
Members of the assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins.

Justices fees for signing a warrant, one muskrat skin.
To the constable for serving a warrant, one mink skin.

Elected to the law the 18th day of October, 1789, under the great seal of the state.—Buffalo News.

A String Tied to It.

The son of a real estate dealer of St. Paul was married a short time ago. The real estate man owns some property himself, and, like some other "well fixed" citizens, he has his peculiarities. The marriage occurred in the east at the home of the lovely bride, and the event was celebrated there with appropriate rejoicings and the giving of presents to the young couple. Among the presents was a very valuable one from the bridegroom's fond parent, being nothing less than a deed, duly signed, and witnessed according to law, transferring to them several pieces of gift edged real estate. This was displayed to the wedding guests among the other presents, ranged along the top of the piano in the parlor. When the happy young man returned home with his bride his generous father had him return the deeds to him and tore them up. They had fully performed the part they were intended to perform, of impressing upon the bride's relations the fact that she was marrying into a family of wealth, to which the parting with a few corner lots was a matter of no great concern. All this actually occurred, strange as it may seem.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Word to the People.

The motto, "What is Home without a Mother," exists in many happy homes in this city, but the effect of what is home without the Local Newspaper is sadly realized in many of these "happy homes" in Plattsmouth.

THE HERALD

Is steadily finding its way into these homes, and it always comes to stay. It makes the family circle more cheerful and keeps its readers "up to the times" in all matters of importance at home and abroad.

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Every available means will be used to make the columns of THE HERALD a perfect storehouse from which you can obtain all information, and will keep up its record as being the best Advertising Medium for all purposes.

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Is equal to any, and does work to the satisfaction of patrons from all over the county, and receives orders by mail from a distance, which are promptly filled. We have facilities for doing all kinds of work, from the plain calling card to colored work, books and blanks. Work neatly and promptly executed. Large stock kept on hand. Legal blanks for sale.

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CLASS LODGE NO. 146, E. O. U. F.—Meets every Tuesday evening of each week. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT NO. 3, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are invited to attend.

TRIO LODGE NO. 84, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. E. J. Morgan, Master Workman; F. P. Brown, Foreman; G. B. Kemster, Overseer; R. A. Tate, Financier; G. F. Houseworth, Recorder; M. Mayhugh, Receiver; D. B. Smith, Past M. W.; L. N. Bowen, Guide; P. J. Kuntz, Inside Watch.

CLASS CAMP NO. 332, MODERN WOODMEN of America—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. L. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; G. F. Niles, Worthing Adviser; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Bond, Clerk.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. L. B. Larson, M. W.; F. Boyd, Foreman; S. C. Wilde, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 6, A. F. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month at their hall. All transient brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. J. G. Richey, W. M.; Wm. Hays, Secretary.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER NO. 3, R. A. M.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Masonic Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us. F. E. WHITE, H. P.

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