

THE ASHES OF THE DEAD.

URNS FOR PRESERVING THE REMAINS OF THE DEPARTED.

Their Manufacture and Important Industry at East Liverpool, O.—Something About the Vessels Used by the Ancients. Cremation Growing in Favor.

Urns for the ashes of the dead are more in demand now than ever before in modern times. Their manufacture has become an important industry in the pottery of East Liverpool, O., about forty miles west of this city. A cremation grows in popularity the necessity for these vessels increases. At first some difficulty was experienced in keeping the ashes of the human body free from foreign materials. Even in ancient periods that was a problem. The Greeks used a shroud of asbestos, the Egyptians one of amianth and even the scientific Mr. Essie suggested a zinc coffin, that metal being volatile. But earthen urns were most generally used. Yet great care was taken to protect these urns from the ravages of weather and intruders. The Romans had a chamber partitioned off purposely for sepulchral uses. It was known as the columbarium, and was surrounded by small holes or niches, in which the urns were deposited. The columbarium resembled the dove cote of today. Tombs of this description were chiefly owned by the wealthy families for depositing the ashes of their slaves and dependents. Several of them are still to be seen at Rome. One, discovered in recent years, contained two urns in every niche, with the names of the persons whose ashes were there inscribed over them.

ANCIENT AND MODERN URNS. And so in the United States today urns of earthenware are exclusively used after cremations. The potters of East Liverpool have a separate line of apparatus for their manufacture, and put into the vessels the very best kind of materials, so that they may be preserved an indefinite length of time. Care is taken to make the fastenings for the covering perfectly air tight. Two designs of urns are made for the trade. One is wholly plain, the other is ornamented with various lines, the representation of ivy leaves, or, in a few instances, with sculptured figures. These varieties are intended to suit the different intentions of those who place the urn in the houses of the living, including it in the vaults in the cemeteries, or interring it in ordinary graves. All three methods of final disposition are pursued in this country. One very rich and influential family, formerly residents of this city, keep the urn containing the ashes of the father wrapped in an American flag and sitting upon the top of his old secretary in the library. The ashes of others who have been cremated in Pittsburg have been simply buried in the graveyards or placed in mausoleums. There used to be a custom among the Digger Indians of scattering the ashes to the winds, or to smear them with gum upon the heads of the mourners. But among civilized people the urn is the symbol of refinement, even in a doctrine that is questionable to many.

THE COST OF INCINERATION. These potteries of East Liverpool are but a short distance across the country from the first crematory ever erected in the United States. That is at Washington, Pa., only thirty miles from St. Pittsburg. It was set up by Dr. Julius Le Moine, more than twelve years ago. For two years afterward the incinerations which were conducted there attracted widespread attention on the subjects being brought from prominent families all over the country. So rapidly has cremation progressed in favor of Americans since then that today there are furnaces in operation at Lancaster, Pa., Buffalo, N. Y., and Pittsburg, Pa. One society, which has also erected a crematory at Fresh Pond, L. I., has about 300 members. Similar societies exist in nearly all the large cities, and so common have incinerations become that half of them are never heard of. The use of funeral parlors in burning the body at the furnace in Pittsburg has so largely reduced the cost of an incineration and the attendant expenses that expense is now no hindrance to the method, at least in this city. In other places, where they have not got the wonderful fuel we have, the cost, although higher, does not exceed that of the incineration and \$15 for the whole service. It is said, however, that in Japan the natives have reduced the cost to 10 cents.

EGYPTIAN VASES. As intimated above, the most prevalent material in all ages for vases for the ashes of the dead has generally been earthenware. Multitudes of Greek sepulchral urns have, after a lapse of more than fifteen centuries, been brought to light at a time when learned men can appreciate them and gather from them valuable information in history and archaeology. Egyptians made these earthen vases at such early times that they are contemporary with the pyramids themselves. But the most remarkable Egyptian pottery for burial purposes was the earthenware, made of fine sand or bit, loosely fused together, and covered with a thick silicious glaze of blue, green, white, purple or yellow color. Objects were not only made out of this material for the dead, but for the living. They were used most. They were exported from Egypt to the neighboring countries, and are found alike in the tombs of the Greek isles, the sepulchers of Etruria and the graves of Greece. Most of the figures of deities, the sepulchral ones deposited with the dead, and a few vases for household purposes were made of this porcelain. It was at a later period that figures of deities were made in this material for size are the large coffins found at Warka (supposed to come to be the Ur of the Chaldeans) with oval covers, and ornaments of the same material. —Pittsburg Cor. Et. Herald Globe-Democrat.

How It Got Its Name. It is said that the town of Howland, Me., derived its name from the exclamation made by an adventurous white man who fell in love with and stole away from her father's wigwam a young and beautiful Indian. He was pursued down the Piscataquis, where he took his sweet-heart into his canoe and boldly paddled out into the foaming water. In hot pursuit came the dusky sons of the forest, and, reaching the banks of the swift flowing waters, they saw the white canoe disappearing. They set up cries of rage, which continued through the night. When these came to his ears he proudly lifted his head each time, and in classical English cried back, "Howl and be damned!" —Boston Traveller.

THE CHARMS OF NEW YORK.

A Graphic Description of Metropolitan Life, with Illustrations.

"You see, it is this way," said the New York man as he was walking along the street talking to a friend from out of town. "New Yorkers won't have anything but the best of everything. This being the metropolis of the western continent, we are put in a position where we can have our pick of everything, and you can well believe that we take the best every time. You will notice this," he went on as they just managed to get out of the way of a truck team on a crossing, got punched in the backs with the pole of a furniture van, heard the driver of an ice wagon swearing at them and were well splattered with the six inches of mud on the pavement by a hack team being driven twelve miles an hour; "you will notice this the longer you stay here. Little annoyances that you have been accustomed to having to submit to you will see regulated in New York. We reason like this," he went on as he dodged around a couple of garbage barrels and a brick fell from the sixth story of a new building and cut a notch out of his hat brim; "our idea is this: that if we demand the best and stick to it, we will get it. Of course, now in your town, a country village, you have some rural advantages that we can't have, but then we have numberless other advantages that you can know nothing of. New York," he ran on, as his foot slipped on a banana peeling and a policeman threatened to arrest him for being drunk, and a grocery wagon horse took a bite out of his coat sleeve, "New York leads in everything in this country. It is not, of course, London or Paris, but we manage things better here.

"In the old countries," he continued, as he dodged a bobtail car that already had blood on its wheels, jumped ten feet to one side as the cap on an electric subway blew off with a loud report, and stood and waited for a procession of ten trucks to pass, each one of which splattered two quarts of mud as it went over a loose place in the pavement; "over there the people haven't got the energy they have here and they don't demand the best like we do, and so they don't get it. Now with us," he went on, as he rubbed an elevated railroad cinder deeper into his eye and felt hot water running down his back from the same source, and went up the dirty and crowded steps, and the ticket seller refused to take a good quarter because it was a little worn, and the ticket chopper accused him of only dropping in one ticket, and the guard slammed the gate in their faces and swore at them a couple of times; "with us we pride ourselves on leading in everything in this country and we have that reputation and so have to keep it up.

"This elevated road," he continued, as the next guard yelled "step lively there!" and they crowded into a car and hung on to each other because there were already two men and one woman suspended from each strap; "this road is something you won't find anywhere else. Instead of crawling along in street cars or paying exorbitant hack fares we have this to carry us back and forth at a rapid rate. As I said, New Yorkers demand and get the best. We"—here the train ran into another one, and the car ahead fell into the street and the one behind stood on end. "Sit still right where you are on the window," shouted the New Yorker from where he lay on the roof with four men on him; "keep perfectly still; the conductor will be here inside of ten minutes. We have the best system of coroner service in the world—nothing but the best satisfies us, you know. Breathe easy and hang on—you'll never want to live anywhere else after trying New York for two weeks!" —New York Tribune.

Treating Consumption. A new method of treating tuberculosis, or consumption of the lungs, has been proposed by M. Haller. It consists in inhaling dry air heated to the temperature of from 250 degs. to 275 degs. Fahrenheit, the theory being that at this temperature the bacillus which are supposed to produce the disease are destroyed. Old experiments have shown that there is no difficulty in inhaling air at these temperatures, but it seems more than doubtful whether the effect will be in the least degree advantageous. Another and more rational novelty in the treatment is that described by Dettweiler as in use at the Folkenstein sanatorium. The essence of this method is that the patients are required to live permanently in the open air, to sleep there, even if the temperature fall as low as 14 degs. Fahrenheit. Thus perfectly pure air is secured without the break in the conditions which occurs when patients live out of doors in the day time, but are housed at night. The patients are said to become fond of the treatment, and the recoveries are placed at 25 per cent. of the cases treated. —New York Sun.

Edison Explains Friction. A gentleman who thought he knew a thing or two about electricity, and was doing his best to convince Edison that he did, advanced a theory about how electricity was produced. "Oh, fudge," said Edison. "Do you want to know how electricity is produced? Why, by friction, of course. It flies off a wheel as it goes round. What makes it fly off? Why, the resistance of the air. All the electricity in the air is caused by friction produced by the atmosphere as the earth turns round. When you get higher up there is no electricity, because there is no friction." —Pittsburg Times.

To Cool Journals. Quite an ingenious way of cooling a journal that cannot be stopped, says a mechanical paper, is to hang a short endless belt on the shaft next the box, and let the lower part of it run in cold water. The turning of the shaft carries the belt slowly around, bringing fresh cold water continually in contact with the heated shaft, and without spilling or splashing a drop of the water. —Leslie's Newspaper.

FOX HATED THE WOMEN.

Curious Career of the British Envoy in the First Harrison's Day.

The foreign legations of the first Gen. Harrison's period entertained frequently—dinner and evening parties being the style of the day. The notable exception was in the English legation. Mr. Fox succeeded Sir Charles Vaughn, and the contrast between the two ministers was striking. The one made the legation a frequent scene of splendid hospitality; this other, a recluse, who barred the doors against all women and nearly all men. His dinners were confined to the official ranks, and his reason for not including ladies was that "he would have to shake hands with women."

He was the nephew of the celebrated Charles James Fox, embalmed in history, and was said to be a very able man. His appearance was remarkable—very thin, but refined in features. He generally appeared on the avenue after 3 o'clock—always alone. Nankeen trousers, with straps, then the prevailing style, vest of the same, and a blue coat with a large velvet collar, which had been built, a legend said, in Rio Janeiro while he was British minister in South America; a shirt collar that dwarfed Spinola's, coming up above his ears, and a large hat, many sizes too big, and a large green silk umbrella. One hand was invariably in his pocket, and he moved along at a smart walk, neither seeing nor speaking to any one.

He never retired until 3 or 4 o'clock and never got up until nearly the same hour next day. Some one met him at 6 o'clock in the evening in the Capitol grounds and invited him to dine with them. He thanked him, but said "his people would be waiting breakfast for him when he got home." At a diplomatic funeral—which must have disturbed his slumbers, for it was held in the morning—he said to the wife of the Spanish minister: "How queer we all look by daylight. I have never seen any of them except by candle light."

Lord Bacon, writing from Naples, says: "I met Henry Fox the other day, who has been dreadfully ill, and, as he says, so changed that his oldest creditor would not know him." Mr. Fox died from an overdose of morphine, in 1846, at Washington. Many stories were told of the gambling that went on in his house. The most celebrated gambler of the day, named Townley, won largely of him, it was said. —New York Telegram.

Dickens to Mark Lemon.

The Kent Examiner publishes the following letter, written by Dickens on the occasion of the death of one of Mark Lemon's children. The editor states that it is the letter's first appearance in print:

"My dear Mark—We are indeed greatly grieved at your calamity. I have no need to tell you, dear fellow, how constantly you are in our thoughts, and that I have not forgotten, and never can forget, who it was that watched with and comforted me the night a little while ago, in my house was left empty. You know you will both have found comfort in that blessed relief, from which the sacred figure with the child on his knee is in all stages of our lives inseparable. 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.' It is hard, God knows, to lose a child of any age, but there are many sources of comfort in losing one so young as yours. There is a beautiful thought in Fielding's journey from this world to the next, where the little one he had lost many years before was found by him radiant and smiling, building him a tower in the Elysian Fields, where they were to live together when he came. Ever, old friend, yours over, CHARLES DICKENS."

Sense of Equity.

Sir Richard Bethell, whose great ability as a chancery lawyer made him Lord Chancellor, had a hot temper, but his outbursts were quickly quieted by an appeal to his sense of equity. Sir Richard one day ordered his coachman to take a colt which the master had bred to a neighboring fair and sell it for not less than £40. The man, however, sold the colt for £38. Sir Richard was angry, and said to the coachman:

"Paice, you have disobeyed my positive instructions. You are dismissed." "Well, Sir Richard," the coachman answered, "that is very hard. I took £38 for the colt, for if I had brought it back the cost of its keep for the next three months would have amounted to more than the difference in the price. I shan't take my dismissal for such a cause." "Very well, Paice, so be it," replied Sir Richard, struck with the equity of the plea. The man remained in his master's service for the rest of his life. —Youth's Companion.

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We Are the Saints.

Among a multitude of sage utterances of the Bible, this one deserves constant attention: "I say to every man that is among you, not to think more highly of himself than he ought to think." It is wonderful what a mighty agent self is, estimated by its own standard. It is the hero of every exploit, the center of every event, the oracle of all opinions. It interprets the purpose of the universe. We are reminded of the two resolutions the settlers in New England are said to have passed when they landed: "Resolved, first, that God gave the earth to the saints. Resolved, secondly, that we are the saints;" and they kicked out the Indians.

The chances are as a hundred to one that you are not half as great nor nearly as important as you think you are. Then reduce yourself to your proper dimensions. Don't leave that for others to do. —Clergyman in St. Louis Republic.

Novel Defense and Verdict.

An Alabama man, charged with stealing a calf, made the following statement: "I was always taught to be honest, and I most always have been, but when I see that calf I caved, I never wanted a calf as bad in all my life, and you all know that when a man wants a calf he wants him." The jury returned the following verdict: "We, this jury, are satisfied that Steve stole that calf, but, as it fell that overed the animal is considerable able of a slouch, we agree to clear him and make the owner pay the costs." —San Francisco Argonaut.

The Talmud tells us that Adam was created, sinned and was chased from paradise on Friday. Mahomet, to prove his prophetic powers, declared the same.

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