

ONE NIGHT STANDS.

"COLUMBINE'S" EXPERIENCE WITH A COMPANY ON THE ROAD.

Bidding Farewell to Digestion and Comfortable Beds—A Sample Reception and Hotel—Stage Struck Girls Should Consider This Warning.

I shall never forget my first experience of "one night stands." We had been playing in large cities and staying a week at a time in each of them. I noticed a spirit of discontent and rebellion in the company when it came near time for our "one night jumps," as they called them, but I thought the actors unreasonable. I rather enjoyed the idea of only staying one day in a place. I thought it would be interesting to see the different towns, and I would never have a chance to get sick of a place or a hotel.

When we left the city where we had been playing there was a look of settled melancholy on our comedian's face. I asked him what was the matter. "I have just said a long farewell to my digestion," said he. "Yes," said the leading man, "so have I. I could have wept when I left my comfortable room this morning. I knew I would not see another spring mattress for weeks."

"What cranks they are," I thought. "Any one would think we were going to camp out among the Pawnee Indians by the way they talk."

AN ESCORT FROM THE TRAIN. When we reached Smithville it was snowing hard; there was no bus to take us to the hotel, so we had to walk. The whole youthful populace seemed to be at the train.

"Here they come," yelled a gawky, overgrown boy as we came out of the station.

They followed us every step of the way to the hotel. Two little girls were ahead of us, and they kept turning around and walking backwards at the imminent risk of their necks, so as not to lose sight of us for an instant. At first I felt rather flattered, thinking that this was their way of paying tribute to genius; but from the nature of their remarks I soon learned that I was greatly mistaken. If there is anything in the world that people in country towns look down upon and despise it is "show folks."

When we arrived at the hotel we found it a comfortable looking wooden building. "This looks quite homelike and nice," I said. "I wish I had your hopeful disposition," said the comedian gloomily. We went up to the parlor and waited to be shown to our rooms.

After we had been there for some time a shock headed boy appeared with our keys. My room was bare and comfortable, there was a sheet iron stove in the corner, but there was no fire in it. I called the boy's attention to this fact, and he said he would build a fire "in a jiffy." He went away, but soon came back again, bringing a basket of wood. He began to build the fire. Just as he had cleared the ashes out of the stove some one called "Bell boy," and he disappeared. I began to think he had forgotten all about me, when he came back and began again. As he was going to light the fire some one shouted "Porter," he got up and went out. I waited for him for some time, then I went into the hall and called "Bell boy" as loud as I could. He came running up the hall. "I want my fire built," I said. "Wall, I can't wait on more'n forty at once, can I?" he said. "Why don't some of the other bell boys come up?" "There ain't none," he said. "I'm the only porter and bell boy and waiter and clerk there is." At last my fire was built and I lay down to rest.

I had been traveling all night and part of the day, and I was tired and sleepy. I soon dozed off. Just as I was getting into a nice nap I was awakened by a loud shriek. I started up. What was it? I soon found out. A party of "young folks" from the neighboring farms had come down to "see the show." They drove into town in sleighs, and as they wanted a "real good time" they came early in the afternoon so as to take supper at the hotel and go to the "opera house" afterward.

THEY CAME IN TO HAVE A TIME. They had assembled in the parlor, and were "soothing their savage breasts" with music. They played on the wheezy old melodeon and sang "White Wings" and "Stick to Your Mother, Tom." After they had sung all the sentimental songs they knew, they began on Moody and Sankey. After a while they tired of singing, and a blessed calm followed for a few blissful minutes. But it did not last long; they began playing games, and ran up and down the halls shrieking, laughing and banging doors.

I gave up all idea of sleeping and lay there listening to their artless merriment until supper time.

When the bell rang for supper a deadly silence fell. "Thank goodness, they have gone!" I thought. Little did I know them! When I opened my door they stood, ranged along the wall in rows, waiting for the "show folks" to come out. They made personal remarks in loud, piercing voices as we passed them, then they followed us into the dining room, where they never took their eyes from us, but watched every mouthful we ate. There was nothing fit to eat on the table. I drank a cup of some strange compound, which they called tea. It neither cheered nor inebriated me. When we got to the "opera house" we found a dirty little stage and dirty little dressing rooms. It was so cold in the dressing room that we had to break the ice in the water pitcher. We shivered through a performance. The people in the audience never laughed when they ought to, and they always laughed when they ought not. Anything at all approaching the nature of a love scene they seemed to think execrably funny, but they never smiled during the comedy scenes.

As soon as the curtain was down we packed our trunks and hurried to the depot. The train was three hours late, so we sat in the station until nearly 3 o'clock in the morning. After a week of such experience the comedian said to me, "How do you like one night stands?" "I do not like them," I replied. "Columbine in Chicago Trip," one.

Said an attaché of the theatre one night as Clara Morris was nearing the conclusion of her play: "It will be 12 o'clock before Miss Morris leaves the house. When the curtain falls on this act she will undress and remain all the way to her dressing room, and there she will sit for an hour rocking back and forth until she gets quieted down. Then she will put on her street costume and leave the theatre."

Appropos of this I shall never forget the first night of "Jane Shore," Don Platt's play, at the Brooklyn theatre. Clara Morris was interested in the play and practically produced it. It was a failure, largely due to imperfect rehearsals and the most scandalous mismanagement it has ever been my misfortune to witness.

Morris was frantic. Through the performance, as she began to realize the inevitable result, her excitement became almost uncontrollable.

The curtain did not fall on the last act till nearly 1 o'clock.

I was there by special invitation of Miss Morris. After the performance we, with her husband Harriet, adjourned to an oyster house to get some supper. She was too nervous to eat when the food was put before her, so she ordered Harriet to have a fry put in a box and bring it home with him. We went out. We walked up one street, down another, Harriet following us all the time with the fry in the box. It was nearly 4 o'clock before the poor woman was quieted and she could be induced to go home with Harriet and the fry.

Walking these Brooklyn streets that bitter winter night I learned more of Clara Morris than I had ever known before.

What I learned has no place in print, but I may say this, that from that time I have looked upon her with a deeper feeling of respect and a deeper feeling of sympathy.—Chicago Herald.

Found in Pianos.

The variety of articles that piano tuners find in pianos is remarkable. It is also extraordinary what a receptacle of lost articles a piano can become in the course of a few months. A tuner was conversing with a Globe-Democrat reporter recently about some of the singular phases of his calling when he incidentally let drop the statement that he found four diamonds in one piano and had recovered a very substantial reward for his discovery from the lady who had employed him. "You can understand the shock given to a ring," he said, "when a lady is playing and brings her fingers down in a crescento."

"If a stone happens to be loose away it goes, and with that rare affinity which valuable things have for getting into strange places, it promptly gets between the keys and works down into the framework of the instrument. And little things like gems are not the only ones lost in this way. I have found coins of all sorts or denominations in a loosely set piano, hairpins, ordinary pins, visiting cards and the like."

"Where there are children around the accumulation becomes greater, for the little rascals have a fashion of stuffing pianos full of every small thing they can get their mischievous little fingers on. Of course the tone of the piano is very much injured by the presence of anything beneath or behind the keys, but very few persons who use the instrument can distinguish when it is a quarter tone out of the way, especially when they are using the piano themselves."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Teaching Children to Obey.

The father of the best disciplined boy the writer has ever seen says: "I never struck the little fellow, and should have very much to see any one else strike him. I want him to feel that I am the best friend he has, and yet that he must mind instantly because we are good friends. I think children are nagged at too much, and told not to do too many things. If they disobey in some trifling thing nothing is said, and so they learn disobedience. A child should be made to obey every command, the small and great alike, but should not receive too many orders. One disobedience is the father of another, and perfect discipline is only obtained by continually insisting on obedience. Once a child knows he must obey he yields readily to authority."

Another good authority submits the following: "Teach a child to mind as you would teach him his letters. You don't expect him to learn them all in a minute, but one at a time. Insist on a child obeying you promptly in some one particular until he gets it learned, then take up something else, and so on until, instead of minding once a day as at first, he obeys every injunction."—New York Sun.

A Mother's Responsibility.

Unfortunately not every mother thinks it necessary to teach polite manners to her children. Her boys do not take off their hats when they come into the presence of ladies; her girls interrupt rudely in conversations. It is a common occurrence in our street cars to see an elderly gentleman give up his seat to some old woman while a 6-year-old youngster spreads over him enough for two, and with his mother looking on apparently ignorant that she is rearing a son with the selfish manners of a cub. The behavior of her children is a pretty clear mirror of the mother's own nature. It is from her that he learns courtesy and gallantry and chivalric respect to women. Leaders on at the seaside or had behavior of the child cannot have a very favorable opinion of that child's home influences.—New Orleans Picayune.

Long and Broad.

Two Kansas clergymen have been asked to resign their pastorates—one because his sermons are too long, the other because his are too broad. It is an interesting fact by the way, that the preachers of long sermons are apt to have narrow views; while the few who are distinguished for the brevity of their preaching are also noted for their broad way of looking at and considering matters spiritual.—Boston Transcript.

A POTLATCH IN ALASKA.

CURIOUS FESTIVAL OBSERVED BY THE THLINKETS.

The Blanket as a Social Factor and Index of Wealth—Saving Up to Be Able to Give a Big Blow Out That Leaves the Giver in Complete Poverty.

A "potlatch" is a social institution peculiar to the natives along the North Pacific coast. The word means a "big feast," but that does not signify all that the same words do to the white races. Blankets are the signs of wealth among these people. To have so many blankets is among them to be just so rich. These blankets are stored up and hoarded just as the miser hoards his gold, but for a totally different purpose. The idea is to have a big "potlatch" some time. Often this takes place when the owner of the blankets gets past middle life and feels that the time has come when he can afford to make this social display. Again they are laid up and treasured so that a big "potlatch" may be held after the owner is dead.

The Thlinket village just north of and adjoining Sitka now has about 1,500 winter inhabitants, those who are out fishing and working at the canneries all summer having come in to stay until work begins again in summer. Though they have been brought under some civilizing influences they are very reluctantly surrendering their native customs. Among those to which they still cling is the custom of the "potlatch."

ALASKAN POLYGAMY.

At 1 o'clock a cannon shot was heard over in the village, to the astonishment of many of the Americans here. Inquiry disclosed the fact that one of the head men of the village had just died, and that the cannon shot from an old Russian cannonade was to announce the death. When the whites first began to make inroads among these natives polygamy and slavery were settled institutions among them. Both still exist to some extent at points of the greatest distance from civilizing influence. The Russian church in Alaska has steadily pursued the policy of breaking up polygamy among the natives ever since its missionaries began their work more than a century ago. The headman of the Sitka village was brought within the fold of that church, but attempted for a long time to conceal the fact that he was indulging in a plurality of wives. When off at distant fishing and canning stations he could do this with impunity, and with little or no danger that any of his people would expose him. They will not testify against each other if it can be helped. When he came into the ranch or village last fall he was detected in this mode of living, and, in a manner, coerced into surrendering his youngest and most attractive wife. He had been married to the first one "United States fashion," and as the Russian church does not recognize divorce he could not put her away in favor of the younger one.

The result of this was that this stolid, taciturn Indian, whose appearance and general conduct would indicate that not a particle of sentiment entered into his character, actually pined away and died of grief. Nothing that his people could do would stimulate him to any exertion. None of the blandishments and caresses of his first wife, and she was kind to him, could arouse him from his stupor of grief, and this stout and lusty fisherman, who had braved hundreds of fierce storms in his cedar canoe, died actually of a broken heart.

THE POTLATCH.

Now comes the "potlatch." He had been laying up blankets against the day of a royal, roistering "potlatch" in his lifetime. A score of natives visited the trader's store and bought nearly a ton of stuff for the feast. Canned goods, boxes of crackers by the dozen, and everything that could be obtained to eat were hauled over by them to the village on trucks to be consumed in the "potlatch," which will last for several days and nights. A "potlatch" without something strong to drink is a comparatively tame affair. The sale of whisky to these people is carefully guarded against, and when detected, which is quite often, severely punished. They buy large quantities of molasses, however, and from this surreptitiously distill an intoxicating drink called "hochochenoo," with which they enliven their "potlatches."

The first night of this one has just passed, and the howling and dancing which went on in the large house of the dead headman showed that considerable "hochochenoo" had in some way been provided for the occasion. The house has no chimney, and the smoke from the fire, built in the center of the floor, escapes through a hole in the roof. The walls glisten with black soot. The dance has no figures, but is simply a cadenced step in a circle around the fire, the time being given on a sort of tomtom or tambourine. When each dancer gets tired, he squats down anywhere to eat and rest. So it goes on all night long, and day in and day out, until the supplies are all gone, and the blankets all parted with to buy the means of keeping up the "potlatch."

The duration of the "wake" depends upon the supply of blankets. The "potlatches" invariably end in the impoverishment of those who give them. A native who gives a "potlatch" and retains any of his property afterwards is disgraced. The widow, in this particular case, has entered eagerly into the festivities, and yet realizes that it will take the last blanket before it is all over.

Some idea may be formed of the way these "potlatches" end when I state the fact that the steamer brought up two Indian women and one "buck" from a village 200 miles northeast of this, all of whom had their noses bit off in a "hochochenoo potlatch." They all got drunk and the man bit the noses off two of the women. Sitka Cor. New York Times.

A pretty garter clasp consists of a row of three diamonds between two rows of sapphires set in Etruscan gold.

A SECRET OF DUDEDOM.

Why Some of the Gilded Youths Dress So Well on Small Salaries.

There is a permanent interrogation point in a great many people's minds, and that is how young men earning anywhere from \$10 to \$18 a week can dress as well as men earning five or six times as much. Yet they manage to do it, and have enough money left to make a polite little ripple in the society in which they move.

The early elevated trains and horse cars are crowded with well dressed young men, who gaze about as complacently and self satisfied as if they were part owners in a railroad and lived only to cut coupons and draw dividends. They are dressed well, and their clothing, from the cape coat to the light cloth suiters over their shoes, would compare favorably with the latest fashion plate. Yet if you follow them you will be pretty sure to learn that they are simply clerks in brokers' offices, and do not receive more than \$15 in a majority of cases. How do they dress so well, then? Do they "borrow" from their employers, or do they speculate in bucket shops? They do not "borrow," and as for speculating, they do that sometimes in a small way. Their clothes are bought honestly enough with the money they earn every week, and the way they do it is very easy.

Most New Yorkers have heard of that class of people known as "fences," whose business it is to buy stolen goods from thieves direct at a ridiculously low price, and sell the stuff to small dealers at a small profit. A "fence" will buy anything that is stolen, from a silver spoon to a suit of clothes or an assortment of clothing, and thereby hangs part of the tale. Every time there is a big clothing robbery the stuff is fenced and immediately passed to the sacred precincts of Baxter street. Sometimes the better portion of the thieves' work find their way into clothing stores in better neighborhoods, and because of the extremely reasonable price at which it is bought, the suits are sold very cheap. Now, you would not suppose a broker's clerk would go to Baxter street for clothes. Neither does he. He sends the clothing man's agent for what he wants. This agent calls on the clerk and is told what style of clothing is wanted. Then the young man is measured, and when the clothes come home they need very little altering. The cost is comparatively nothing. A good Prince Albert coat and vest can be bought for from \$8 to \$20, while cutaways and sack suits are to be had for prices ranging from \$5 to \$15. Of course a great deal of the stuff is second hand and a great deal is stolen. The second hand clothes are easily "fixed up," and the merchants of Baxter street have so delicate a facility for this "fixing up" process that they will change the whole complexion of a suit. The stolen goods are sold just as they are bought with the exception of a slight change in the maker's tag on the inside of the collar.

Still there is another, more legitimate, way of obtaining clothing that is fashionable, new and costly. There are a great many young men, rich and fashionable, in New York, who spend most of their time buying and giving clothes away after wearing them once or twice. This may seem strange to men who have but two suits, and wear them until they are absolutely too threadbare to wear any longer, yet nevertheless it is the case. Suits of clothes costing all the way from \$50 to \$100 each are made for these wealthy young men, and are worn probably three or four times and then given to valets. To follow the course of the clothes from this point would be a pretty heavy undertaking. Sometimes they are sold to second hand dealers on Sixth, Fourth and Third avenues, who make a handsome profit on every suit bought and sold. Out of the clothes given to him the valet keeps the best for himself, of course, and manages to make considerable money out of what he sells. Thus it is that so many young men earning small salaries can dress so fashionably and live honestly.—The Clothier.

He Was Wrong.

"Can I speak to you a moment?" he said softly as he called the chief clerk in the postoffice to the window the other day.

"Certainly."

"Thanks. I didn't know but you were busy. Two months ago I came here and asked for a letter. Remember it?"

"I do not."

"Probably not, as you are always busy. I didn't get any. I gave it as my opinion that some of you had stolen it. Remember?"

"No."

"Probably not, but I spoke very emphatically. That was my opinion, and I went away feeling very much hurt. Remember?"

"No."

"Probably not, as I am of no great consequence. I now desire to ask your pardon. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course."

"Thanks. I believed you would. You see, I expected a letter from my aunt. None came. She couldn't write one. She was dead. See? Therefore, how could I get one? I take it back. I apologize. I was wrong. Shake."

"That's all right."

"Thanks. I'll never do it again. This is an honest postoffice. I was wrong. Good-by."—Detroit Free Press.

The Atlantic Record.

The steamships have not yet done with the Atlantic record. But the proof of the pudding is not more in the eating than that of the ship in her actual sailing or steaming. Vessels built, so far as appeared, exactly alike have shown wide difference in speed. The newer craft will illustrate the question of the double screw. The principle has been successful in its application to smaller boats on rivers and in harbors. It works well in rough water it will largely revolutionize marine construction. So, as the romance of the "swiftest" and the "rowingest" and the "wind that follows fast" sails below the ocean horizon, science renews the charm and mystery.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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.

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