

AND CURIOUS COINS.

**OF SCARCE KINDS OF MONEY
AND THEIR FANCY PRICES.**

The Goddess of Liberty in Different Positions—Coins from the Mint That Are More Precious Than Those That Were Current in the Days of the Caesars.

A craze which of late years has greatly developed and at this time shows no sign of falling off, is that of collecting rare coins. Chicago leads all western cities in the number of its numismatists. It boasts some fine collections. It is to be supposed that the demand will be principally for coins of great antiquity, but this is not the case. The chief inquiry is for sets of American coins, and some numbers are so rare as to readily command fancy prices. In certain years some descriptions of coins were not minted at all, while in other cases few copies were issued. Other coins are valued because of some error or eccentricity in the die; in fact, any variation from the ordinary types, if in good condition, will bring more than its face value.

ODD SIZES AND DATES.

Of the silver dollars, nearly all the earlier issues are in demand at a slight premium, and that of 1794, in which the goddess of liberty is depicted with flowing hair, is worth \$20. As for the dollar of 1804, of which few are known, any copy in good condition will bring \$200. The flying eagle of 1838 and 1839, and the coins of 1851, 1852 and 1853, with the liberty loving lady seated, are worth at least \$15 each. The one time despised trade dollars, issued 1879 to 1883 inclusive, are at a premium of 10 cents each. Of half dollars, those of 1796 and 1797, with fifteen or sixteen stars, bring \$15 each. Others of value are dated 1794, 1801 and 1802, and there are many more, such as 1836 with a liberty cap, 1838 with an "O" mark under the head, and a coin of 1853 with liberty seated, which are worth from \$2 to \$5 each. The scarce quarters are those of 1823 and 1827, with the head to the left, each valued at \$15, while the 1796 fillet head is to be had for \$2 and that of 1804 for \$1. Twenty cent silver pieces of 1874 bring 80 cents; those of the succeeding year are cheap at \$1.50. The dimes of the grandfathers are mostly worth from five to twenty times their face value, while half dimes in silver bring from 50 cents to \$2 each, and a special brand of the vintage of 1802 will command \$25. Silver three cent pieces run from 20 to 50 cents; nickel five to 30 cents each, and nickel threes 15 to 25.

COPPER LEADS GOLD.

There is a great demand for old copper cents, the first ambition of every collector being to start even with the procession in 1793 or so and bring it down to date with a coin for each year. It will cost him from \$1 to \$3 for the various kinds issued in 1793, \$3 for 1799, and \$2.50 for 1804. With the exception of a cent of 1809 with the head to the left the rest are reasonable in price. Half cents are in demand, and readily command from \$4 to \$8 for those of certain years between 1831 and 1849. But in these it must not be understood that those of all years are equally in request. Those issued 1840-48 inclusive, with the head to the left, average about \$5 each. Washington medals, old fashioned cents, and the copper issues of New York, Vermont, Massachusetts and New Jersey bring, provided they have the necessary earmarks, sums ranging from \$1 to \$10.

There is not much call for gold coins, but trial pieces are valuable, and good proofs of double eagles of some years, as 1853 and 1856, bring a small premium. Scarce half eagles are those of 1815 and 1823, and worth full \$20 each. On other dates from 1795 to 1824 some 20 to 30 per cent. premium is paid. Three dollar gold pieces of 1875 and 1876, with the figure of an Indian princess, bring \$6 and \$5, respectively. Quarter eagles of early dates run from \$3 up to \$9, and there are many gold dollars for which a slight advance on their face value must be paid.

Intending collectors need not distress themselves in looking for dollars of the years 1805-85, inclusive, for Uncle Sam was either short of metal or otherwise busy those thirty years and none were coined. There were no cents rushed on the market in 1815, and no eagles from 1805 to 1837, inclusive. The Confederate States made a die for a silver dollar and struck off a few, but ran out of silver. An authentic coin of that issue would bring \$1,000. As a contrast to this it may be noted that you can get a penny of the Caesars for 50 cents.—Chicago Tribune.

A Shrewd Dog.

Of a sedate but cunning dog out in California this story is told: On one occasion a rabbit was started, and all the dogs with the exception of Bonus dashed off in full pursuit. We were astonished to observe that he, foregoing the intense excitement of the chase, deliberately trotted by a short cut to a hollow oak trunk, and crouching at its base calmly awaited the coming of the fleeing rabbit. And he was not disappointed, for the pursuing dogs pressed the rabbit so hard that after making a long detour, it approached the place of refuge. As it was about entering the hollow trunk, Bonus sprang up and captured it. Now, this old dog was used to hunting rabbits in that field, and knew that the rodents were in the habit of flying for safety to that hollow tree. Moreover, this story is true.—Philadelphia Times.

Done and Undone.

A Dickinson college student, in a spirit of braggadocio, made a bet of \$5 with another young man that he could put two regulation billiard balls in his mouth at one time. He accomplished the feat, and is now a sadder but wiser person. The balls stuck in his mouth, and all efforts to dislodge the same proved futile, until finally an M. D. was called in, who, in order to get them out, was compelled to cut a slit in his mouth on each side. The other fellow paid the bet.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Coon Hunting.

There was sport in the coon hunt for our fathers, and in a measure a man's importance in some communities was judged by the number of coon skins he could nail to his barn door after a hunt. Why the coon has come to be despised by sportsmen in these latter days is one of those things about which the remark has once or twice been made that no fellow can find out. He is as cunning as the fox and more difficult to trail. He is, moreover, the cleanest of animals, and eats only the most wholesome of food. He should not be despised, surely, because he can be hunted only at night, for in threading the woods in the darkness, following dogs that you cannot see, and whose baying alone breaks the stillness, there is a most singular enchantment.

Even in localities where coons are the most abundant, nine out of ten of the present generation never saw one, and few people know anything about them or their habits. Although the coon prefers the vicinity of civilization as his habitat, he plans to keep aloof from the eyes of men, and his habits render this an easy task. By day he lies in out of the way retreats, in the depths of hollow trees or isolated crevices and holes in the rocks. He wanders forth only at night and although his foraging expeditions may take him to the very doors of farmers, and even within the boundary lines of villages, he never betrays his presence. If more than one coon is brought to bay in a tree they will invariably be females or a mother coon and her offspring. The scent the coon leaves on the trail is at all times less than that of other game quadruped, but when the female is nursing her young during the summer months her scent is hardly perceptible to the dogs, thus saving her and her litter from many a race for life. The scent of the coon grows stronger as the cold weather advances, and through November and December the dogs follow it with comparatively little difficulty.—Philadelphia Press.

A Warrior's Matrimonial Fate.

Walking along Lake Shore with an old soldier, who had married thrice and for money every time, I had some new and valuable light shed upon the question, "Is marriage a failure?" The warrior takes an easy view of life. He is inclined to think that women are not as bad as they are painted, but that they require strong handling. "The marriage laws are much too easy on women. Now, look here! I'm a man of family—I mean social position. I have an income of between \$2,500 and \$3,000. 'Tisn't much, but as Shakespeare says, 'tis mine own.' I married a widow for my first wife. She had \$5,000 a year of her own and no social position, as her first husband was a saloon keeper. I got her into refined and fashionable society.

"How did she repay me, think you? Well, she insisted upon spending all her own coin upon herself, and then demanded half of my little income. Wasn't that pretty cheeky? She paid me nothing for my social position. She got everything and gave nothing—save the \$5,000 a year when she died to a twenty-second cousin near Prince Bismarck's home in Pomerania. My second wife was in her second widowhood, but not a bit softer about money matters than when she was a maiden fair. Everything settled upon herself. I paid for the wedding breakfast. She had a large income and she never gave me a cigar. She went to heaven and left her money to a sister. The sister wouldn't marry me, but I got a nice little woman with four children, who had buried three husbands and was as merry as a butterfly. She is alive now and is the hardest nut of all. She doesn't take half my money—she takes the whole of it, pays my bills and allows me fifty cents a day for spending money. No, sir; marriage was no failure—for three women who had the good fortune to marry me."—Chicago Journal.

A Cheap Lesson.

"That piece of paper isn't worth shucks, is it?" queried a stranger, as he handed a check in to the cashier of a Griswold street bank the other day.

"No, sir," was the reply, after a brief glance.

"It is signed John Smith,"

"I see it is."

"He's a fraud?"

"I think so. Where did you get the check?"

"At the depot. Lent a party \$20 to get off on a train with, and he gave me this check of \$50 as security."

"You have been confided."

"I know it. I knew it half an hour ago. When I started to come to town my brother said I'd let some one make a fool of me."

"And you have."

"I have. Turned out just as he said. Say, wasn't that confidence operator rather fresh?"

"How?"

"See here. Here's a wallet with \$3,800 in it, and the fool only asked me for \$20! Won't he kick himself if he ever finds out how cheap he let me off!"—Detroit Free Press.

An Absent Minded Man.

Cincinnati has the champion absent minded man. A gentleman living in the suburbs went in a store on Walnut street to make a few purchases. The only light in the store was a candle standing on the counter near the money drawer. After making his purchases he handed the proprietor a bill, and after returning him the change the proprietor walked to the rear of the store to arrange something, when suddenly he was left in the dark. He started toward the counter, and, groping around it, found, not the candle, but the change. It struck him then that probably the man, in a fit of absent mindedness, had taken the candle instead of his change. He started out after him, and, catching up with him, saw that he had the bundle in one hand and the candle in the other. After apologizing for the mistake the stranger took his change and gave back the candle.—Chicago Times.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

**DIFFICULTY IN DESCRIBING THEM
ALL SATISFACTORILY.**

Compared to the Stops of an Organ—The Glycerine and Sucking Dove Stops and Their Uses—Vocal Peculiarities of Professional Actors and Speakers.

The human voice is one of those tantalizing things which can never be adequately described, and yet which are constantly tempting people to describe them. The poets perspire in vain, and the novelists pant a long way after them, but nothing comes adequate to the subject. Even the musical critics, whose use of language is marked by an audacity which the rest of the world trembles at, do not succeed. Nevertheless, there are a few remarks which may be modestly made on the outskirts of the subject.

COMPARED TO ORGAN STOPS.

The human voice, in the first place, is not a simple instrument, but a very complicated organ, with a great variety of stops. You hear the glycerine stop, for instance, when a man is trying to sell a horse he "doesn't want to part with," or is persuading a friend to invest in the 500 Woo Mary Janes he "happens to have to spare."

Then man has another very useful stop, the sucking dove stop. When a man's wife had to sit up for him he meets her with the sucking dove stop full on; you would think as he comes along the passage, humming a psalm tune in it, that he had just descended from the company of an innocent band of seraphim. This stop is also made some little use of in business, though the majority of men have not sufficient face to play it successfully. Bold caddy very often has a try at it, when he assures the stranger in London, with tears in his eyes, that the proper fare is five and sixpence; and the skilled restaurant waiter turns it on when he assures the doubtful guest that the wine supplied is actually what is named on the list. There are also other varieties of masculine stop; such as the mad bull stop, which comes into play when the button's off again or the meat's underdone.

Ladies' voices possess most of the masculine stops and a few others besides. They, however, make a little different use of some of them. A lady, for instance, talks politics through the glycerine medium, and keeps the sledge hammer for her domestic affairs, and for training mankind in the way they should go. She never uses her sucking dove stop in matters of business, but keeps it exclusively for affairs of a tender nature. At the approach of any eligible man out comes the stop at once, and all she has to say to him is the seductive intonation of innocent candor. An exclusively feminine stop is the woodpecker, specially designed in those crises in the female economy known familiarly as "being out of sorts." This stop gives a shrill, snappy timbre to the music of the lady's voice, which is much admired by the hearers, when they have acquired a taste for it.

Another feminine stop, and a peculiarly beautiful one, is the Minnehaha, or laughing water stop. It is not every lady who has it in her organ, but when she has, and plays upon it, the hearer at once imagines himself under a green canopy by the side of a sparkling rill, and if he is not careful he sits there and forgets his train. The Minnehaha is the queen of all stops, but, unfortunately, has a terrible habit of changing into the woodpecker late in life.

PROFESSIONAL VOICES.

The above remarks are inspired by ordinary private voices. A more extended view of the subject may be obtained from professional voices. The former play on one organ of many stops, but the latter have the run of a great variety of different instruments, natural and artificial. The stage, to which one looks for the ideal of what the spoken voice should be, supplies us with some charming examples. One especially beautiful stage voice is that usually described as "bird like." The bird voice is especially affected by the young and innocent dramatic maiden, whose pride is to remind you of all the sweet songsters of the grove in turn. While she is heart free, she hops in a cheerful manner round the scene, and emits little chirps, something like a healthy sparrow devoid of care.

When the inevitable young man makes his appearance, she puts on the swallow and begins to twitter continuously; and when he arrives at his declaration she sinks into his arms with the true nightingale gurgle and ends a pathetic scene with a cadence of "jug-jug-jug." Then when things get a little mixed and he is thought to be faithless and to have taken money from the till, she comes out strong as a "pee-wit," and shrieks faintly over her blasted hopes, much as that plaintive bird does over a worthless moor. By and by there is a prospect of things coming right, and she drops the pee-wit for the canary.

When she gets a letter from him you hear sounds as though a canary were fondling a fresh root of groundsel, and when all is explained and he arrives with the marriage license by the 5 p. m. train, there is no more nightingale, and the curtain comes down on a final "jug." The well trained jeune premiere runs the gamut of the whole ornithological tribe, and the experienced playgoer can tell what the "situation" is from the bird she is representing, even though he is too poor to pay for a place where he can see anything.

In the public meeting you hear the turkey gobbling in explanation of the object of the gathering, the bray of the ass in moving the first resolution, and the duck quacking in support, while there follow the calf bleating an amendment, the cow lowing to "order," and the clucking of a multitude of hens carrying something simultaneously. It is, of course, for the evolutionist to say why assemblages of speakers imitate so closely the voices of animals, but he should not overlook the fact.—London Standard.

Rub the teakettle with kerosene and polish with a dry flannel cloth.

HOW VANILLA GROWS.

Two Methods of Preparing the Pods for Market—The Plant.

Vanilla belongs to the orchid family and is a sarmentose plant furnished with thick, oblong, glaucous green leaves. The vine sometimes attains a height of forty-five feet. It begins to bear the third year after planting and continues bearing thirty years. Each vine annually produces from forty to fifty-five capsules or seed pods, which are gathered before reaching complete maturity between April and June.

For one method of preparation they are gathered after they have lost their green tint, and are then exposed to the sun in woolen sheets which have previously been thoroughly covered. They are then put into boxes coated with a cloth, and are again heated in the sun, twelve or fifteen hours, after which they should assume a coffee color. If this is not obtained they must be covered and again exposed, the whole process lasting about two months, after which they are packed securely, fifty each, in tin boxes.

By the second method about a thousand pods are tied together and plunged into boiling water to bleach them, after which they are exposed to the sun, and then coated with oil or wrapped in oiled cotton to prevent them from bursting. During the drying process the pods exude a sticky liquid, which is expedited by gentle pressure two or three times a day. By this process the pod loses about a quarter of its original size. The best quality pods are seven to nine inches in length, and large in proportion, and possess in greater abundance the characteristic and agreeable perfume which gives vanilla its value.

The vine is sometimes covered with a silvery efflorescence producing an essential salt similar to that found in the pod, and this is diffused on the outside of the capsule. It is called vanilla rime, and is in great demand in the Bordeaux market. Vanilla is used in perfumery and in flavoring confectionery and cordials. It is supposed to possess powers similar to valerian, while it is much more grateful. Its production in Reunion has increased in the past forty years from a few pounds to nearly half a million, and that colony is now the principal rival and competitor of Mexico. The total import into France rose from about 200,000 pounds in 1880 to about 260,000 in 1886, but the annual import fluctuates considerably.—London Times.

Insulting Proprietries.

Since I was 10 years old there are a few things that have always made me mad, and one was to ask me, the minute I mentioned approvingly a man's name, whether he was married or not. What earthly difference did it make? And another was to have a man change his tone and manner to me when he got married. Mr. Brownell talks about the man finding the woman treating him differently when he marries. I assure him that is not half asinine as when the man who has known me since I was as high as the table and called me Mollie all my life begins to address me as "Miss Bawn" the minute he gets a wife. What did he mean by calling me Mollie at all ever, if it was something that contravenes the rights of his wife? I was not engaged to him; he was not my lover. I thought we were the simplest, matter-of-course old friends. But, lo! it seems there was something else in it according to his view, and now I have a right to be insulted over the past, it seems to me. I'd get a divorce from a man I married that acted like that.—New York Graphic.

She Made It Binding.

"Darling Bessie," said Mr. Hoover to his lady typewriter, "will you marry me? Since you have come, like a gleam of sunshine, to gladden my existence I have lived in the radiant light of your ethereal presence, and passionately—"

"Please speak a little slower, Mr. Hoover," said the fair typewriter, interrupting him, while her fingers continued to fly over the keys of her machine. "Ethereal—presence—passionately. Now I am ready to proceed."

"Great Scott, Miss Caramel!" exclaimed her employer, "you are not taking down my offer of marriage on that infernal typewriter, are you?"

"A proposal!" shrieked Miss Caramel. "Why, so it is. I didn't notice. I thought you were dictating. Forgive me, dear William; I am yours. And now, since I have made this foolish blunder, please sign this paper, and I will keep it as a memento."

The marriage took place according to contract.—Chicago News.

Abolishing a Nuisance.

The railroads of Germany are under the control of the government, and it seems that the practice of giving and accepting gratuities has led to so many abuses that it has been determined to put a stop to it. The royal railway administration has accordingly notified all employes that they will not be allowed to accept the smallest gratuity or favor of any description upon penalty of summary dismissal. Prosecution is also threatened against those who may offer gratuities to railway employes. A long suffering traveling public will rise up and call the government blessed for this putting an end to one of the most unpleasant features of continental travel. The example would seem a good one to follow elsewhere.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Woes of a Country Editor.

When a man is trying to run a country paper with an army press and a hatful of type and seventeen paid-up subscriptions; when he is compelled to skirmish around on the outside of his business to make a living by begging, borrowing or stealing; when he is out of heart, hope, friends and money, in debt, in love and in the middle of a railroad rumpus that will not come to a focus; when he has nothing in the past but remembrance of failure, and nothing in the future but visions of the poorhouse—well, under such circumstances, he is in confounded poor shape to assume a virtue that he hasn't got, or a job that he doesn't feel.—Benton (Ky.) Tribune.

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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