

BROKEN TOYS.

As I sit tonight in the freight, And dream of the long ago, My thoughts fly back to boyhood, And set my soul a glow. Oh! dreams that long have vanished, Oh! vain and fleeting joys, Where are the hopes I cherish, Where are my broken toys?

WHITSUNTIDE.

Whitsuntide has always been considered by the Irish as a very fatal and unlucky time—for the people hold that faeries and evil spirits have then great power over men and cattle, both by sea and land, and work their deadly spells with malign and mysterious efficacy. Children born at Whitsuntide, it is said, are foredoomed; they will either have the evil eye, or commit a murder, or die a violent death. Water, also, is very dangerous; no one should bathe, or go a journey where a stream has to be crossed, or sail in a boat, for the risk is great of being drowned, unless, indeed, a bride steers, and then the boat is safe from harm. Great precautions are necessary, likewise, within the house, and no one should venture to light a candle without making the sign of the cross over the flame to keep off evil; and young men should be very cautious not to be out late at night, for all the dead who have been drowned in the sea round about come up and ride over the waves on white horses, and hold strange revels, and try to carry off the young men or to kill them with their fiery darts and draw them down under the sea to live with the dead forevermore. A story is told of a man named Murrey, who stayed out late fishing one Whitsuntide, quite forgetting it was the night of the death ride. But at last he neared the shore and drew up his boat to unload the fish and then make his way home with all speed. Just at the moment, however, he heard a great rush of the waves behind him, and looking round he saw a crowd of the dead on their white horses making over to the boat to seize him; and their faces were pale as the face of a corpse, but their eyes burned like fire. And they stretched out their long skeleton arms to try and lay hold of him, but he sprang at once from the boat to the shore, and then he knew he was safe, though one of them rode over close to him by the edge of the rocks, and he knew him as a friend of his own, who had been drowned the year before; and he heard the voice of the dead man calling to him through the rush of the water, saying: "Hasten hasten to your home, for the dead who are with me want you for their company, and if once a dead hand touches you, there is no help, you are lost forever. Hasten, or you will never see your home again, but be with the dead forever." Then Murrey knew that the spirit spoke the truth, and he left the boat and the fish on the beach and fled away home, and never looked back at the dead on their white horses, for his heart was filled with fear. And never again did he go out to fish at Whitsuntide, though the dead waited for him to seize him, but he came not, and lived henceforth safe from harm. At this season, also, the fairy queens make great efforts to carry off the fine stalwart young men of the country to the fairy palace in the cleft of the hills, or to lure them to their dancing grounds, where they are lulled into dreams by the sweet, subtle fairy music, and forget home and kith and kindred, and never desire to return again to their own people, or even if the spell is broken, and they are brought back by some strong infatuation, yet they are never the same; for every one knows by the dream look in their eyes that they have danced with the fairies on the hill, and been loved by one of the beautiful but fatal race, who, when they take a fancy to a handsome mortal lover, cast their spells over him with resistless power. A case of this kind happened some years ago in the county Wexford. Two brothers, fine young fellows of the farming class, were returning home one evening in Whitsuntide from their day's holiday, when, to their surprise, as they crossed a broad, beautiful field, lit up by the red rays of the setting sun, they saw a group of girls dancing, and they were all draped in white, and their long hair fell floating over their shoulders. So lovely was the sight that the young men could not choose but stop and watch the dancers; yet, strange to say, they were all strangers; not a familiar face was among them from the whole country round. And as they looked and wondered, one of the girls left the dance, and, coming over to the younger brother, laid her hand on his arm, while she murmured softly in his ear: "Come, dance with me, Brian. I have waited long for you. Come, come!" and she drew him gently away. Then Brian flung down his stick on the ground, and taking her hand, they were soon whirling away in the dance, the handsomest pair that ever trod a measure on the green sod. Long, long they danced, till the red light passed away, and the darkness began to cover the hills, but still they danced on and on, for Brian heeded nothing save the young girl with her long hair floating on his shoulder and the fire of whose eyes burned into his heart. At last the elder brother called to him: "Brian, come home, leave the dance;

the mother will be waiting for us!" "Not yet, not yet," answered Brian; "I must finish this round. Leave me and I will follow you." So the elder brother left, and he and the mother watched and waited till midnight for Brian's return, but he never came. Then, the next morning, the brother went to see about him, searching everywhere, though in vain. And all that day to sunset and the night he searched, still no tidings could be had. No one had seen him in the dance, nor the young girls with the white dresses and the floating hair, though when the neighbors heard the story they looked very solemn and said there was no help for the doomed young man, for the fairy power was strong at Whitsuntide, and no doubt they had carried him down under the earth to the fairy palace, and he would never, never come back to his home again. When Whitsuntide came round the elder brother set out on his search, and there, sure enough, in the very same green field, with the red sunset streaming down, was a group of young girls in their white dresses dancing to the music of the fairy pipes; and in the midst was Brian, dancing with his fairy bride, and her long yellow hair floated over his shoulder, and her eyes burned into his like coals of fire. "Come away, come away, Brian," cried the brother; "you have been dancing long enough, and the mother is at home, sad and sorrowful, and lonely, waiting for you. Come away, before the darkness falls and the night comes on." "Not yet, not yet," answered Brian; "I must finish this dance." And the fairy bride wound her beautiful white arms round him and held him fast. So the brother lost heart, for he feared to enter the circle lest the enchantment should fall on him; and he went back home to tell of his failure. Then the mother rose up, and taking the charm which the fairy man had given her, she hung it round her neck and went forth to look for the missing son. And at last she came to the field and saw him dancing, and dancing like mad with the witch girl in his arms; and she called to him: "Come back, come back to us, Brian, darling; come back; it is your mother calls." But Brian danced on and on, and never looked at her nor heeded her. Then, for the sorrow made her brave, she went over in the very midst of the fairy dancers with their glittering eyes, and taking the spell from her neck, she flung it over Brian, and clapping his arm laid her head down on his shoulder, weeping bitterly. Then, all at once, the demon spell was broken, for a mother's tears have strange power, and he let her take his hand and draw him away from the magic circle; and the form of the fairy bride seemed to melt into the sunset, and the whole scene passed away like a mist, and the dancers and the dancers with their floating hair, and only Brian and his mother were left in the field. Then she led him home, but he spake no word, only lay down to sleep, and so for seven days they watched by him, but still he slept. Then at the end of seven days he rose up strong and well as ever, and all the past seemed to him only as a dream. Yet, for fear of the fairies, his mother still made him wear the magic spell round his neck to keep him from harm, though in process of time a still stronger spell was woven round his life, for he married a fair young girl of the village before the next Whitsuntide, good as well as beautiful, and from that time the fairies and witches had no power over him, for a pure, true wife is the best safeguard against witchcraft and devils' wiles that a man can take to his heart as the angel of the house.—Lady Wilde in Pall Mall Gazette.

Writing on Commission.

A publisher told me the other day a bit of business experience which is mildly diverting. A young woman brought him a manuscript which, after due consideration, he expressed himself willing to publish in paper, 50 cents series, paying the usual 10 per cent. royalty. The young woman expressed herself willing to accept this offer, although she frankly said that she had hoped for better terms. "But," she added, thoughtfully, "if it costs much to make the book, I should not think 25 cents would leave you a great deal of profit." "Twenty-five cents?" repeated the publisher, not at all understanding. "Why," explained she, "there are five of us girls who wrote this together. Ten per cent of 50 cents is 5 cents, and five times five is twenty-five. If it takes a quarter of a dollar to pay us girls our royalty, that leaves you just the same amount." The naïveté of the proposition so amused the publisher that he declares he was tempted to leave the error unexplained. He said, however: "But, of course, you can see that we shall not lose so much as we should if there had been ten of you, for then we should have to make the book for nothing and lose the booksellers' discount beside. Really, though, I fear you will be obliged to do with a cent apiece." And his proposition was rejected with indignation, the amusing part of the story being that the lady who conducted the negotiations declared that if there were only one author, 10 per cent. would do very well, but that anybody could see that it would not amount to anything divided among five people.—Book Buyer.

The Money Order System.

It is just fifty years since the postal money order system was introduced in England. Prior to that time a similar device had been operated by private capital, but in 1838 the government took charge of the business. The rates have been gradually reduced from time to time, until now they are fixed at the very lowest figure possible. During the past year the amount of money transmitted was over \$25,000,000. This plan of sending money, which has been copied in this country, is absolutely the safest method known.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The greatest mean heights and depths of continents and ocean are found in the northern hemisphere between 30 degs. and 40 degs., and in the southern between 10 degs. and 30 degs.

LITTLE FIDDLERS.

A PEEP AT A MERRY SCHOOL OF YOUTHFUL VIOLINISTS.

Like a Concert of Katydid When the Two Hundred Children Draw Their Bows, Bidding Virtuoso Taking the First Lesson—A Kind Professor. Fancy 200 little fiddlers all fiddling away at once! Fancy the noise! Fancy the fun! It is like a concert of katydids to hear them, and like stirring up a shoal of sand fiddlers to see them running up and down the steep stairs to and fro from their lessons. Moreover, it is like trying to catch an old granddaddy sand fiddler to catch one of these little youngsters and ask him how he learned to fiddle and when and where. Saturday afternoon is the time to see these baby virtuosos in their glory. From east, from west, from Harlem and Hoboken they come skipping along by twos, by threes, with maids in attendance, to worship at the shrine of the violin. Professor Watson, of Fourteenth street, is master of this marvelous school, and he draws no lines regarding sex, age or previous condition. Rich and poor alike come and are treated to the same free instruction. PUPILS OF ALL KINDS. "You would be astonished," he said, as the unique entertainment drew to a close, "to know some of the names that are among the two thousand we have on our books already. No one, no matter how rich he may be, cares to throw away money on finding out simply whether a child's fancy is a natural taste or a whim. So people who know of the school send their boys and girls to me. I can soon find out if the child has any cleverness, and I immediately notify them. If the boy of rich parents likes his violin, they naturally buy him a good instrument and engage a teacher. Other children come and go, more as their own fancy dictates, but they usually have some one, an older sister, or an aunt or a grandmother, who takes pride in their little fiddlings and soon buys for them a violin of their own, which they can take home and practice on to their hearts' content. In that way I get a partial recompense for my time and trouble, and at the same time I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have been able to keep some children's minds away from worse things during their first few years." It was 2 o'clock when the youngsters began to arrive. Some fly down the street as if they moved on steel springs, grinning happy little grins of satisfaction as they pounce on sturdy legs up to the rooms above. Others, coming for the first time, wander open mouthed along the street, asking now a hand organ man, and now a policeman, if they know "where the music man's place is." Unless they know Professor Watson's name they are apt to have some trouble in finding him, for Fourteenth street is full of "music men." At last they see some other little boy with a fiddle and their troubles are all over. Once upstairs, their real troubles are usually over, but the poor, unhappy kids do not seem to think so. A little twist catches their tongues as they start upstairs, and by the time they have reached the office a double bow knot could not tie them any tighter. The professor's daughter takes them in hand first and, after their unruly little members get limbered up a bit, finds out all about each new pupil. Then she passes them along to the next room, where they make their professional bow to one of the teachers, to say nothing of their first violin. They stand around in helpless rows until the busy professor comes flying along, then one by one are stood out in the middle of the floor, their knees joggling beneath them, and set to work. THE FIRST LESSON. "Feet so!" says the professor, his right heel in the hollow of his left foot. Invariably the left heel drags itself up to the right foot. "Brrr!" says the professor. "You would tip over on your nose if you tried to stand so! Now the violin under your chin, so that your cheek just rests on it to keep it steady. Hands off the strings, but holding the case, so! Elbow down. Bow in your right hand. Oh, no, never, my boy. That's a good way to hold a saw, but it's a bad way to hold a violin bow. There, look you. Thumb so! First and second fingers so—last two fingers so." Very clumsy the pudgy little fingers are to begin with, but in a few minutes when the violin bright is worn off the fingers begin to limber up, and in a surprisingly short time these babies are sawing away as natural as life. In far less time than it would take a greater mind these youngsters know each string as well as they know their own names, better in fact, than they know them when they faced Miss Watson in the office. Then they are crazy for a tune. Before any one could believe it possible their shrewd little wits have conquered the mysteries of the staff and the notes, and they are sawing away at e, a, d, g, a, e, with all the gusto of artists. The next step is to twist the little fingers so they can slide up and down the strings and pinch them down at the proper points, and as soon as that is done there begin to grow variations of the first wonderful theme. To an outsider the hour on a busy Saturday afternoon is a wonderful sight. The mental dexterity with which the clever professor handles his small scholars, his patience, and the interest which he takes in the poorest and least clever of these little free pupils, is something to be admired. Professor Watson was the famous Ole Bull's manager, and when he finds a child whose heart goes out into the old fiddle that snuggles up under his chin he takes him about through the rooms and tells stories of the great master, and shows him the pictures and relics that hang about the wall, the watch which was his gift and choicest treasure of all, his violins.—New York World.

For chapped or cracked hands use a tea of wheat hazel. It is also good for rankered mouth or throat, with golden seal and white sugar added.

Once a Tramp, Then a Governor.

Your correspondent, while passing up Pennsylvania avenue with a bureau officer, passed a man named Wilkinson, who was recently turned out of the office of the comptroller of the currency on account of "offensive partisanship." The bureau officer, after passing Wilkinson, turned to me and said: "You recognize that man? Yes; well, there was an incident in the early part of his life which connects him in a way with one of the most prominent Democrats in Ohio. A good many years ago Wilkinson was moving into a house at Springfield, now one of the most prosperous manufacturing towns in the central part of the Buckeye state. While his goods were being put into the house, and those belonging to the outgoing tenant were being put on a wagon, a seedy looking tramp came up and inquired if he could get something to eat, offering to assist in the work if he was accommodated. The outgoing tenant referred the tramp to the incoming tenant, and the latter took the wanderer into the house and gave him a dinner. There was not much attention paid to that tramp, and for years those who saw him on that day lost sight of him. Finally he reappeared, however, entered into the business of the place and began to grow. He grew in every sphere of life. He became wealthy and influential. A few years ago he was governor, and now he has more property and money than any man in his section of the state. It is not necessary for me to mention his name. He lives at Springfield yet and is a very rich man. His name is a household word throughout Ohio."—Washington Cor. New York Press.

The Spirit of America.

The American love of bombast has made way for the American love of "smartness." Fourth of July firecrackers have outlived the pyrotechnics of Fourth of July orations. We still praise ourselves freely, as our ancestors did, but we do so with less "fuss and feathers." At the bar a similar change may be observed. It is harder than it used to be to "enthus" juries—to borrow a word which, like "hifalutin," seems to imply that what was once sublime has become ridiculous. Lawyers talk to twelve men instead of "addressing the panel." Rufus Choate, were he to come to life again, would find it difficult to win such cases as he did win, unless he kept his imagination in a leash, shortened and simplified his periods and made his delivery more conversational. Even in orations on memorial days, or at college festivals, colloquial English is heard; and the essays spoken at college commencements are ceasing to be "mere emptiness." In the northern, and especially the northwestern states, the taste for colloquial, rather than oratorical English is, for obvious reasons, stronger than in the south and extreme west; but it is showing itself in all parts of the country. It is a taste that should be encouraged by all who prefer the simple to the ornate, the natural to the artificial, the sensible to the sonorous.—Harper's Magazine.

The Antipyrin Habit.

The new coal tar product antipyrin has already started a vice of its own. This singular compound was discovered by a German chemist, and on account of its remarkable qualities is now used the world over. It has the power of reducing the temperature of the body by several degrees, and so is of vast utility in treating fevers and feverish stages of many diseases. It does its work by depressing the action of the heart, and generally when employed by physicians it is accompanied with digitalis to neutralize its influence in the latter regard. Women use it partly because it is a sedative and partly because it makes the complexion beautifully clear and pale by keeping the blood away from the surface of the body. The habit, like all others, grows upon the person who practices it. It does harm, however, from the first. With women who are weak it increases their weakness; with those having a predisposition towards heart disease of any sort it increases the tendency to a terrible extent. Besides these results antipyrin exerts a peculiar influence upon the blood, which is not yet thoroughly understood by the faculty. It seems to undergo some decomposition or breaking down when absorbed by the system, developing unknown compounds, which either attack the blood itself or else powerfully influence the nerves and ganglia, which control the vital functions.—Richmond Dispatch.

The Judge Had the Call.

I heard a good story about the late Judge Grosvenor, of Dunkirk, who was the local attorney for the Dunkirk and Warren railroad, and at one time had a cow killed by a locomotive of the road. He presented a claim of \$25 to the proper officer of the road, who, following the ordinary custom, had it referred to the judge, as attorney, to give an opinion as to the liability of the road. The judge had the facts set forth and wrote an elaborate opinion, holding that the road was not liable in the case, as the killing of the cow occurred by reason of the plaintiff's negligence, and cited numerous authorities to sustain his position. The claim was consequently disallowed, but the judge's bill of \$50 for an opinion "in the case of Grosvenor against the Dunkirk and Warren railroad" was presented to the proper authorities, and in due time he received a check for that amount.—Albany Argus.

Fish Commission Experiments.

Marshall McDonald, United States fish commissioner, is making a comprehensive experiment in salt and fresh water aquariums. He has already constructed several aquariums on the lower floor of the building, and stocked them; and he is now building a large one, 120 feet long, under a separate roof. The commissioner said to the correspondent, "I am going to bring the seashore to Washington, and assemble here a full representation of our marine life." He has sixty or seventy species already sporting in salt and fresh water tanks, one of the latter containing specimens of the earliest type of fresh water fish—the ganoids.—Science.

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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