DANGERS IN DRUGS.

WARNING TO THOSE DISPOSED TO USE THEM CARELESSLY.

Special Care Needed in Giving Medicine to Children - Fatal Results Possible from Remedies Usually Harmless - Mothers, Take Notice.

"More men are killed by drugs than disease," is an expression one occasionally hears. How much truth it contains is, of course, problematical. But, without doubt, no small proportion of the deaths occurring are directly or indirectly due to an unwise use of medicines. Children furnish the readiest victims to the direct destructive influences of drugs.

Here is an instance where drugs, absolutely harmless in anything like reasonable doses, may yet be the cause of death: The patient is an infant, and it suffers from diarrhea. The mother doctors it herself. She goes to the nearest druggist and asks for a diarrhea mixture. He gives her one made up of catechu and chalk mixture, two of the simplest of agents, with which almost every mother is familiar. This she administers to her child in the proper doses, The diarrhea lessens, but the child's condition does not improve. It even grows rapidly worse. Fever is on, the bowels are swollen, and, what is more alarming, "head symptoms" have ap-

THE PHYSICIAN POWERLESS. A physician is called, but he is powerless, for the brain is affected. The little one lingers along for days and days perhaps, and finally dies from disease of the brain. Now, for the child's death the catechu and chalk mixture, harmless as they are, were yet responsible. The mixture lessened the diarrhea, but in so doing invited an inflammation of the bowels; the little one's brain, always exceedingly sensitive and susceptible to infury, became congested as a natural consequence, other and more serious changes followed, as in all such cases, and it finally died-a victim to dosing. Had not the bowels been dammed up by the had they been unloaded and then treated properly, neither the inflammation therein nor the brain trouble would have occurred. In much the way described are thousands upon thousands of children killed every year. And this terrible mortality will only lessen when people earn the dangers of trifling with drugs. I have been for several weeks discuss-

ing in The Sunday Herald the remedies in common use. Continuing to do so, I come now to calomel, an agent which has been much abused. As every one knows, it is a preparation of mercury. It bears the name "mild chloride," in contradistinction to corrosive sublimate. which is called the "corrosive chloride" of mercury. Calomel is yery nearly three times as strong as blue pil. In respect it is fortunate that there is on the part of the people, the strongest prejudice against this agent. It is likely to deter them from ever using it on their own responsibility. So strong is the prejudice there is scarcely a day passes in the life of the busy practitioner that some patient or other does not question him about his medicines and enjoin that there be no calomel in it. Without doubt there is good and sufficient reason for this distrust of the drug. In times past it was, unquestionably, not only used too often, but in much too large doses. Saliwas believed that calomel only had a Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehal, for the Dog was curative effect when carried to that point. But all that is changed now,

PROPER AND IMPROPER USE. Physicians no longer hold that it has such great power over the liver, nor that it controls inflammatory attacks, as their fathers before them believed. When calomel is given them now they never very rare indeed at the present time, and never occurs when the drug is wisely given, unless the patient is very suscepti-ble to it. Physicians occasionally encounter people who have the peculiarity of constitution that makes salivation easy for them. With the compound cathartic pill almost every one is familiar. It contains one grain of calomel and three pills are a purging dose. They are usually given at bedtime, and, if failing to act the next morning, it is quite a common custom to give two more of them. This treatment is practically safe, and no one would expect salivation to follow. And yet it has done so, but very rarely indeed, however, because of the peculiar susceptibility of the patient to the drug.

The prejudice against calomel seems to have grown with general enlightenment. It does not exist with those "behind the times," In the "far western country," it is still held in high esteem, and given in enormous doses-even more than half a teaspoonful-for almost every conceivable ailment. After taking one cathartic dose of calomel alone, no one is likely to court another such experience, unless his confidence in it is absolute, for It causes intense pain. For that reason it was in olden times given with jalap, to quicken its action. But after what has been said, and all that can be said about calomel, it is not an agent which can be dispensed with. Given in proper doses in cases wisely selected, it will prove one of the most efficacious remedies known to man. And so administered it is perfectly safe. One who does not thoroughly understand all about it should not, of course, meddle with it, for it is like an open razor in a child's hand. But if an intelligent physician ever recommends it for a patient, either old or young, it should be unhesitatingly administered. - Boston Herald.

Advances of Science.

The "drop a nickel in the slot" fad has been utilized for many things, but I never thought it would be used in the insurby dropping a nickel in the slot you can stand thus gained a smattering of medical knowledge, are allowed to practice, which is another drawback to the profession.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

FIGHT WITH A MAD DOG.

Dedlinm Canino Clade a Deal of Trouble and Stood off a Havolver. George E. Morse of this town, an agent for the society for prevention of eruelty to animals, and a constable of it was noticeable that the canine was getting cross and snappish, and his queer actions coming to the notice of ir. Laforme he thought it best to have him killed. Officer Morse's services were demanded, and that official, armed with club and pistol, repaired to the stable connected with the premstepped inside. Upon the floor of the stable, about twenty feet distant, he saw, with the aid of a partially lighted gas jet, the form of the dog, which made a spring for the officer, lixing its jaws upon the thigh of his right leg, and lacerating the flesh with its teeth, making a wound over one and one-lake judges in larger to the state of the head.

The canary has taken the place of the music box. From cages that are themselves most helpful for decorative purposes he sends forth a flood of melody that fills the pauses in instrumental and vocal music. The ornal canary has taken the place of the music box. From cages that are themselves most helpful for decorative purposes he sends forth a flood of melody that fills the pauses in instrumental and vocal music. The ornal canary has taken the place of the music box. From cages that are themselves most helpful for decorative purposes he sends forth a flood of melody that fills the pauses in instrumental and vocal music. the brute placed its teeth in the room. ealf of the leg of the officer, who But the barn door after him. The order was that the dog must be killed, so side. Quickly the dog sprang at it, took hold of it in his mouth, and began to "chew it." The officer at this opportunity discharged the weapon, but, singularly, the bullet took no effect, probably for the reason that opportunity discharged the weapon, the muzzle of the revolver was pointing out of the dog's jaws. The discharge of the revolver appeared to have frightened the dog, and Officer Morse then requested that he be given a pair of rubber boots and buckskin gloves, when he would go into the stable and capture the dog at all hazards. Upon consultation, it was agreed that a shot gun had best be brought into requisition, and Mr. George Lynch, a relative of Mr. Laforme, appeared upon the scene with catechu and chalk mixture, but instead, a breech loader. Officer Morse then opened the door of the stable again, and, as the dog made a spring at him, Mr. Lynch, who stood beside the officer, and who is an expert wing shot, poured the contents of the right hand barrel of his gun into the body of the canine, killing him instantly.-Dedham (Mass.) Cor. Boston Herald.

Did Charles Find His Dog?

Two advertisements appeared in Mercurius Publicus directly after the Restoration. The first was no doubt drawn up by the John Ellis who is mentioned in it. The second must have been written by the king himself: "A Smooth Black Dog, less than jesty, was taken from Whitehal the jesty, was taken from Whitehal the ""Does the dissipation have any efbreast, belonging to the King's Maeighteenth day of this instant June, or thereabout. If any one can give notice to John Ellis, one of his Majesties Servants, or to his Majesties Backstayrs, shall be well rewarded for their labour."-June 21-28, 1060. "We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a Greyhound and a Spaniel, no white about him, onely a streak on his Brest, and his Tayl a little bobbed. It is His Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stoln, for the Dog was not born nor bred in England and would never forsake His Master. better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing His Majesty? Must be not keep a Dog? This Dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg." June 28-July 5, 1660. Possibly this was the "dog that the king loved," which came ashore with Pepys at push it to salivation. That condition is | Dover ("Diary," May 25, 1660). Or it may have been the dog to which Rochester refers in one of his satires against Charles II:

was madly in love with a young actress at work for the same stipend. During the play one night he invited her to

His very dog at Connal board Sits grave and wise as any Lord. -Notes and Queries.

An Army of Menials. A great many people have been surprised, when attending the Vanderbilt entertainments during the past year or more, to notice the marvelous number of servants in livery. After the English fashion, this household army is usually drawn up in line in the hall and the guests pass into the drawing room with a line of servants on either side. The question that naturally prises is, what in the world does the family do with this army of menials when they have no social affair on hand and are not entertaining! As a simple matter of fact it may be explained that these servants are not all regular Vanderbilt attaches. They are only taken on when the occasion requires their services. In the language of the theatre, they are the they appear are supplied them by the butler of the house from an immense trunkful of such garments which have been imported and are constantly kept on hand. The butler's wardrobe contains fifty or seventy-five such suits of livery, so that no matter what the peculiarities of size and shaps among these haphazard domestics may be it is a comparatively easy thing to fit them out.—Town Topics,

A Poor Country for Saw Bones. There is only one physician to every 6,500 of the population in Russia, and yet the destitution among members of the profession is said to be alarming Of late there have been numbers of suicides of medical men who were without the bare necessities of life This state of things is attributed to the ignorance of the people, who con-sult soothsayers and magicians in preference to educated medical men. Men who have served in the ambuCANARIES AS ENTERTAINERS.

An Old Wrinkle Which Is Being Revived

Birds are now used as a pleasing feature in the artistic decorations for balls, parties, teas, weddings and other society events. In his flight into the this town, had an exciting suventuate with a mad dog. It appears that Joseph A. Laforme, a wealthy citizen of seph A. Laforme, a wealthy citizen of simply taken his place as a charming simply taken his place as a charming this town, had an exciting adventure drawing room or reception hall the addition to the whole. It was the eustom years ago to conceal music boxes in the drawing rooms where fashion met, so nicely arranged as to tanes and tone that they forced the applause of even those who could not uess the source of the melody. They were very popular for a time, and their popularity killed them. Mrs. ises, opened the door of the stable and stepped inside. Upon the floor of the prise party, and that effectually smote the fad on the head.

half inches in length. The officer mental cage is placed amid flowers or grappled with the beast, and suc- evergreens, is brightened with ribbons seeded in throwing it off, when it and tassels, and forms a very attracagain attacked him, and this time tive feature of the beauties of the

But the bird lives a sad, fast life. finally managed to get outside, closing He is a creature of fashion and must obey its dictates. Like the other society people he keeps very late hours officer Morre took his revolver, and, and soon shows the sign of dissipaopening the stable door slightly, tion. He quickly adopts the customs placed the muzzle of the revolver in of the ball room and reserves all his music for the hours when he is placed amid the beauty and light and perfume of the evening.

song of the plebeian canary that is ex-posed for sale, and sits in sullen silence waiting for the moment when from his beautiful brass prison, all ribbons and tassels, he can pour forth his soul in an ecstasy of song.

A bird importing firm has a large number of canaries on hand "for rent." They are now as much a part of the decorations as the flowers and evergreens; as necessary as the piano

"Do you have many orders for canaries?" a member of the firm was asked. "Very many, especially at this time. We do a great deal of decorating with the birds. That seems to have become quite popular. They are in great favor at children's parties, where we send orders quite frequent ly. For hotel displays and drawing room receptions they are also in great demand.

"Do you always put them in brass cages for parties? Nearly always. That's part of the decoration, you know. Of course, when we send them to hotels, perhaps a hundred or more, they go in the wicker boxes, which are placed amid ferns, flowers, wreaths and evera Greyhound, with white under his greens. The effect is very fine, giving the room the appearance of a con-

feet on them?" "It doesn't appear to have. makes a difference with them in the store where they remain a trifle quiet. Just as soon as they get into the rooms where the party is to be held, however, they brighten up, hop around and chirp and gossip and sing like the guests. They are very interesting in their ways, and are no trouble. We have the feed boxes so arranged that nothing can get out of the cages so that one need not fear getting shells in his eyes when looking up at them."—San Francisco Chronicle.

His First Practical Joke.

W. J. Florence says the first prac tical joke that was ever played on him was the means of getting him out of a scrape, and he has felt kindly toward that form of wit ever since.

It was when he was a lad, playing minor comedy parts in a Broadway theatre at \$10 a week. He thought he the play one night he invited her to take some oysters after the performance. Then he rushed to his lodgings, changed his clothes, met her and took her to an oyster house. His bill there was \$1.90, but unfortunately he found he had left all his money in his other clothes. The waiter and the proprietor both said his story was too diaphanous, and made him give up his watch and his father's ring that he wore. Just then a white haired, benevelent looking old gentleman came out of one of the private dining compartments they used to have in those

days, and thundered at the proprietor:
"Give that youth back his watch and chain and ring. Let me pay his bill. You ought to be ashamed, sir. Any one can see this is an honest youth and his companion is a perfect lady. [The lady was in tears.] I will pay the bill and never set foot in your place again."
Out in the street Florence was over-

come with gratitude, "Give me your address, zir," said he to the kindly old gentleman. "I will

return you the money to-morrow."
"Oh, never mind," said the philan-thropist; "that was a counterfeit \$20 bill I handed to that old fool. It was worth nothing, and he gave me \$18.10 change for it. That's the way I make my living. Good night." — Buffalo

Mr. Sol Smith Russell undertook the other day to teach his son Bob a lesson in self denial.

"Look here, Bob," said he, "when-ever you get anything good you must give the best of it to your mother." "I allus do," said Bob. Tother day I had two apples; one uv 'em was runty, 'nd tother wuz yaller 'nd big. I kep' the runty one 'un give the big yaller one to mother,"

"That was noble—that was manly—that was just what I should do!" said Mr. Russell, proudly patting his pampered darling's head, "Now, that, my son, is what we can call an act of self abnegation, of denial, of sacrifice."

"Yes, sir," said Bob, "But mother don't cat apples."—Chicago News.

The Acropolis of Today.

The town of Athens, and especially the Acropolis, is now passing through a very conarkable period in its existence. It is with mixed feelings that even those who reside here, and whose chiel interest is in archæology, look upon the sweeping alterations that have quite changed the character of its appearance. The tendency to demolish all monuments of mediaval or modern history has been allowed free play of late years; in a short time hardly snything will be left that does not go back at least to Roman times. The line will probably be drawn here, though if one regards nothing but the work of the great age of Athens as worthy of preservation, it is hard to see why (for instance) the pedestal of Agrippa deserves more respect than the "Frankish tower," which certainly was more picturesque and of higher historical interest.

But now it is too late to regret what may have been lost. Only two or three insignificant fragments of later walls remain, and those of quite recent period; when they are removed the Acropolis will appear-but for the wear and acciso called "Beule gate" was first built. This is an intelligible aim, and we imagine it will now be recognized by all as the best attainable. The Acropolis can never again present that picturesque medley of historical associations and monuments of all periods that delighted but we may hope, when the ugliness of recent excavations and alterations has worn off, when a painfully exact appearance of order and arrangement has been avoided (as is promised), and, above all, abroad. when the old verdure and flowers have once more spread over the whole, that a new and more purely classical charm may be found to have resulted from the temporary loss of beauty.-Athens Cor. London Athenæum.

The Nile Crier,

When the inundation approaches the capital-usually at the end of June or the beginning of July-the Nile criers begin their work.

These criers are men whose business it is to call out, or rather to recite, before the houses of those who wish it, how much the Nile has risen during the last twenty-four hours.

The Oriental does everything, no matter what it is, gravely, slowly, with much dignity and verbosity, and is never chary of his time or breath. Even the form of his greeting in the street is a complicated ceremony of words and motions, which usually takes some min-utes to perform. And in the same way this announcement of the river's rise, which seems to us such a simple matter, is a most serious affair.

The day before the crier begins his talk, he goes through the streets accompanied by a boy, whose part it is to act as chorus, and to sing the responses at the proper moment. The crier sings:

"God has looked graciously upon our fields."
Response: "Oh, day of glad tidings."
"To-morrow begins the announcement." Response: "May it be followed by success."

Before the crier proceeds to give the information so much desired he intones with the boy a lengthy, alternating chant, in which he praises God, implor-ing blessings on the Prophet and all believers, and on the master of the house and all his children.

Not until this has been carefully gonthrough does he proceed to say the Nile has risen so many inches,

This ceremony is carried on until the month of September, when the river has reached its culminating point, and the crier, as bringer of such good news, never fails to claim his "baksheesh," or drink money-sometimes humbly and sometimes, too, very imperiously.--London Tid Bits.

Two Kinds of Consciences.

meager culture and education, whose ancestors for generations have been oppressed and their lot one of bare survival. Has he a true conscience in reference to a large range of moral questions? To be sure he knows it is wrong to steal, and he probably could be trusted not to steal money; but how about pilfering? On the contrary, if your man of culture steals it will only be large amounts, for he despises and would feel disgraced by pilfering. Here you have the two extremes of society, with a common conscience about stealing; but it is a weak conscience at opposite ends. The high born fellow will not pocket a

slice of ham, but he will default in the handling of an estate or bank deposits. The one is feeble in moral judgment just where the other is strong. These two men have also a common moral law against murder. Neither one dissents from the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," but one of them, who is fond of society and dislikes the burdens of a large family, does not hesitate to commit fœticide; the other would recoil in at a moment for a shindy in which he is liable to kill some one or to be killed himself. In neither case does conscience speak loudly or condemn keenly. Your conscience is your power of morally sceing things. It is your inherited and acquired ability to judge when an act is wrong. It is far more easy to have a poor conscience than it is to have a good one. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Story of Carlyle.

I met Carlyle once-the man who enriched the language by the word "gig-manity." He was strolling along Cheyne walk, where his home was in Chelsea, and a small boy running across the pavement before him tripped and fell, crying, in the philosopher's way. Instead of taking compassion upon the poor little fellow, Carlyle struck him with his stick. At that I, who had been doing a bit of quiet hero worship, could not contain myself, and burst out: "Sir, I have read your 'Tailor Retailed' and was about to cane an unoffending child can write books that it's worth my while to read." Carlyle didn't care, I suppose, but there was a certain amount of satisfaction to me in freeing my mind.—San Francisco Weekly.

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.

dents of ages—much as it did when the so called "Beule gate" was first built. This is an intelligible aim, and we im-

Is steadily finding its way into these homes, and it always the visitor twenty or thirty years ago; comes to stay. It makes the tamily circle more cheerful and keeps its readers "up to the times" in all matters of importance at home and

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