

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald

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SOLUTION OF THE SILVER PROBLEM.

There is a chance that the silver question may be settled after all within the next few years, and in a way which the disputants on either side of the controversy have dreamed of. At the time of the discovery of gold in California in 1848 about 15.90 ounces of silver would purchase 1 ounce of gold. The addition made to the world's stock of gold by California, which was further increased by the big finds in Australia beginning in 1851, so cheapened the yellow material with respect to the white that 15.21 ounces of silver would buy an ounce of gold in the world's market about the time of the beginning of the American Civil War. A few years later the great silver discoveries in Nevada arrested the tendency of gold to drop in price, and produced the contrary conditions. It was silver then which cheapened, and the value of gold was sent upward. This broke the ratio between the metals which had been maintained within small limits of variation for more than a hundred years up to that time. A still further divergence in values was created by silver demoralization by Germany in 1873 and by the virtual closing two or three years later of the mints of the Latin Union countries to that metal. For the past three years silver has been so low that about 20 ounces of it would be required to buy 1 ounce in gold, and the silver bullion in the standard dollar is worth in the market about 75c.

There is a faint probability that a partial solution of the silver problem may be at hand. If the reports be true which tell of gold discoveries in Lower California the world may be on the eve of a new and radical change in the conditions which determine the prices of the money metals. The confirmation of the stories of the extent and richness of the gold fields of Northwestern Mexico would at once strengthen the silver market. An immediate and important expansion in the world's gold supply which would produce would send the value of the yellow metal downward, and, precipitately, send the value of the white metal upward. It is even possible that the change might continue long enough and extend far enough to make the relative commercial value of silver to gold as sixteen to one, at which point the standard dollar, as bullion, would command one hundred cents in the world's markets. Such a change would have a beneficial and lasting effect on business in every nation on the globe. It would at once banish the peril which is present in every country in which silver forms a large part of the circulating medium, remove the restraints which fetter so many branches of trade at the present time, and usher in an era of prosperity and material advancement such as the world has not yet experienced.—Globe Democrat.

Does it seem possible that only one hundred years ago, when Washington was inaugurated in New York the first president of the United States, that the city was then a small place, sixty times smaller than the present day, or having only about thirty thousand inhabitants? How New York City looked at that time and the customs of the residents, are graphically told and beautifully illustrated in Demorest's Monthly Magazine for April, which has just arrived. At this time, when the Centennial of the inauguration of Washington is about to be celebrated, this article will be greatly appreciated; and those who purchase the April number of this popular magazine will be repaid, not only by this, but by numerous other attractions, not the least of which are the beautifully illustrated article on "Birds," by Olive Thorne Miller; "Young Japan at Play," which will give many hints to the children for new games; "Homes with Two Servants," which contains suggestions for the management of servants; and there are numerous other equally interesting subjects. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street New York.

MAYOR ROACH OF OMAHA has ordered the saloons of that city closed on Sunday. If his order is carried into effect the average Omaha citizen will pass a lonesome day tomorrow.

A TRUJILLO BULL FIGHT.

DANGEROUS AND CRUEL SPORT AMID WILD ENTHUSIASM.

Saddling and Riding an Enraged Bull—Two Fools Who Will Take No More Daring Promenades—Women Become as Excited and Clamorous as the Men.

The national sport of these countries, which ape the customs of their Spanish ancestors, is the bull fight; but in the skill shown by the professionals the exhibitions cannot be compared to those of Havana or of larger Mexican towns. Not having any bull ring in Trujillo, the plaza was fenced in on three sides with heavy oak, the fourth side of the square being the fronts of a line of houses, whose occupants, during the continuance of the fight, could not leave their homes without stepping out of the front door into the bull ring. No sport is so attractive to the Honduranian as this, and he blocks out his time so well that the seductive game of poker, which he calls "pokar," is never going on when his desire is to be in the plaza. The fence was covered with arches from miles around, and many foolhardy "ladinos," or half breeds, were daring their acquaintances to walk arm in arm around the ring while the enraged animal was being tortured by the picadors. On two different occasions during the hour I was watching the bull twice left his tormentors and butted through those taking their daring promenades, and with such success that two fools were killed before the trained bull fighters could control the bull.

A DANGEROUS RIDE. Of six bulls but one was deemed worthy of being killed; but in obedience to the yells and demands of the spectators, the ceremony of saddling and riding the brute had to be done before the death, which requires what seems at first the most reckless disregard of danger. A rope is thrown over the bull's horns, with which he is dragged to the fence, his head held close to the ground, roaring with rage, while a strong saddle is securely buckled on with two heavy horsehair girths. The moment this is done a cowboy, or "vaquero," jumps into the saddle, the bull is let loose, and goes roaring and plunging and bucking with rage around the ring. The vaquero tortures the brute with spiked spurs, and after each contortion or unsuccessful attempt to unseat his rider, comes the spontaneous and deafening applause from the spectators, which increases the animal's rage.

Great agility and strength is necessary, and the rider fairly takes his life into his own hands when he springs on the beast. He is unable to dismount until the bull is tired out with his tremendous exertions, and then he is again dragged to the fence to be unsaddled. The vaquero I saw was twenty-five minutes in the saddle, and when ready to dismount fell exhausted into the arms of his companions, too weak to walk to his quarters; and it was his grit and will power only that prevented him from being thrown, gored and stamped to death by the infuriated bull during the last five minutes of the performance.

When the bull had been enraged to the satisfaction of all, loud cries came from every throat for the "matador," who was no more than a dark skinned mixture of negro and Arab, and a day laborer in Trujillo. The cries had hardly died away, when the slight, symmetrical figure of the matador appeared, facing the bull on the other side of the ring as the exhausted picadors retired. He was dressed in chamois trousers, with a tight fitting black velvet blouse beautifully embroidered in gold and silver bullion, while on his head was the regulation cocked hat, with black ostrich plumes.

THE ARTISTIC SLAYER. For an instant the bull glared at his new enemy, who stood bashfully tapping his leg with his sword as the noise ceased. The animal seemed to appreciate why the matador was there, and with brute instinct rushed on him head down to raise him on his horns. The suspense was great as the bull drew near, but not a muscle of the matador moved. When the animal's horns were but two feet from the motionless man, he quietly stepped aside and planked two spiked rods, one with each hand, in the animal's shoulders. The bull roared with rage and plowed up the earth in his efforts to stop in his headlong rush, and to return again to the matador. Three times the infuriated bull charged him, and three times the matador carelessly planted the two spikes, when the spectators demanded the death of the bull. The man merely examined the point of his sword, stepped aside as before, dexterously plunged his weapon to its hilt between the shoulder blades until it pierced the heart, and the animal fell quivering in death at his feet.

The enthusiasm knew no bounds; men threw their hats over into the ring, emptied their pockets of money, while the ladies threw their fans, gloves and dainty handkerchiefs as a tribute to the skill of the matador. The common people made a rush across the fence, and despite his protestations, the hero of the day was soon being carried around the ring on their shoulders amid the applause of hundreds of pleased natives.—Cor. New York Times.

Paper from Wood. The discovery of the value of wood in paper making is credited to Dr. H. H. Hill, of this city. About forty years ago the doctor visited the paper mill at Vassalboro, and after looking over the machinery suggested the feasibility of using wood, and asked why the manufacturers did not get a few bales of excelsior from Augusta, where it was made, and try the experiment of making paper from wood. "It can't be done," said the manufacturers. "Have not you as much gumption as the hornets, whose nests are made of wood paper?" asked the doctor. The result of the conversation was a letter, some time later, from the firm's wholesale agents in Boston, asking what they were putting in their paper to make it so much better than it had been. It was the wood, then first used in this way.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TRIALS.

Extravagant Demands on His Skill, Patience and Good Nature.

A photographer meets with many strange characters and is a witness of many curious incidents. In a recent informal talk before the Society of Amateur Photographers, Abraham Bogardus, the veteran photographer, told a number of amusing stories of incidents that happened to him in the course of his forty-one years' experience in the studio and dark room. He prefaced his talk with a few sarcastic remarks regarding young men who write long screeds in photographic papers on how to take photographs, whom the experiences of a single day "under the skylight" would cause them to wish they had never been born. He then went on to speak of the unreasonable demands which many sitters make.

"At one time," he said, "a lady brought three children, two boys and a girl, to me, to have their pictures taken. They came all prepared, with a doll for the girl and a gun and a hobby horse for the boys. Well, there was a row at the start. Both boys wanted to mount the horse. We got that settled after a time, but only to strike a new trouble. Of course you all know that the nearer together you group the objects to be photographed the better picture you will get. Well, this woman was a genius in her way; she did not want her children grouped close together as other people's were, but she wanted the little girl taken in the middle of the room and the boys off in opposite corners. Of course I told her it could not be done, whereupon she said: 'Well, Mr. Bogardus, I have always been told that you were very accommodating. I have been to three or four photographers and they all told me the same thing. I don't see as you are any more accommodating than the rest of them.' At another time a man, an Irishman, of course, wanted a carte-de-visite, and he wanted it 'life size.' Some people, by the way, never seem to understand the difference between 'full length' and 'life size.' I told him that the plate wouldn't hold it. Then take it with the legs hanging down,' were his instructions. Gen. Logan, who used to sit for me, did not often joke, but he did occasionally. He came in one day and saw hanging on the wall a picture of a man whom he greatly disliked. He turned to me and said: 'I see you take pictures of everybody.' 'Yes,' was my answer; 'that is what I am here for.' 'I suppose you would take a picture of the devil if you could get him to sit for you.' 'Of course, I suppose I could run off a good many of them in Washington.' 'Yes,' he replied; 'that's the best place in the world to sell them.'"

"An old lady once came to me who wanted a picture, 'full face, but a little three cornered.' I once asked Dr. Tyng if he would not prefer a side view, and he replied: 'No, sir. I am an upright man. I don't turn to the right or left for any man.' But amid all the fun we also see some very sad things. I remember once a woman came in with a bundle in her arms which when unrolled proved to be the dead body of her little baby, which she wanted photographed. I remember once one of our venerable judges came in with his wife. I took both their pictures. He was perfectly satisfied with hers, but she did not seem exactly pleased with hers, said it was too old. The judge turned to her and remarked: 'Well, mother, if you wanted a handsome picture you should have begun thirty years ago.' That settled it; she had nothing more to say. A lady came to me once to make an appointment for a friend who, she said, was very difficult to suit. She had tried dozens of photographers and had never been suited. Of course I promised to do the best I could for her. At the appointed time the lady came. She was old, and weighed at least 200 pounds. Her skin looked like a boiled lobster, and she was clad in low neck and short sleeves. I did not wonder she was never suited. Well, I did my best, but when the picture was made she agreed with me perfectly that it did look horrid. She did not order any of them."—New York Tribune.

Looking for Her Pocket. "I see you have been poking fun at women's pockets," said a lady friend to the Stroller. "I am glad of it. Why, it has got so now that a woman has to get out a search warrant to find the pocket in a dress when it comes home from the dressmaker. We had a funny case in point in our women's missionary meeting at the church. The leader of the meeting had just finished reading a most affecting appeal from our lady missionary in Caffraria, and there was a solemn pause of expectant attention till some sister should feel moved to speak. Presently a white haired old lady—a mother in Israel—rose slowly and feebly to her feet. All eyes were turned upon her, and we waited to see whether she wished to make a few remarks or lead in prayer. One hand, incased in its wrinkled black kid glove, went fumbling and groping among the folds of her skirt. After a long pause she drew out a clean handkerchief still in its folds, and then with an air of relief, slowly sat down again. She had only risen to find her pocket."—Chicago Journal.

Willing to Oblige the Jury. An amusing line was spoken in Judge Garrison's court, in Camden, the other day. A gawky Jerseyman was on the witness stand, and, instead of speaking so that the jury could hear him, he persisted in mumbling his answers to his counsel. Finally the judge said: "Will you kindly speak so that these gentlemen can hear you?" pointing to the jury. The up countryman turned around and found the twelve men all in an attitude of strained attention. His face thereupon lighted up with a half grateful and half flattered expression, and he replied: "Why, certainly. Are they interested in my case?" And from this point on he made a better witness, feeling, as he did, that he had an audience that wanted to listen to him.—Philadelphia Press.

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