

A WEDDING IN HINDOO.

Youthful Brides and Elaborate Ceremonies.

GIRL BABIES NOT POPULAR

It Takes Nine Hours to Get Through the Marriage Ceremony—The Bridegroom Doesn't Cut Much of a Figure.

In this country, where the march from "Lohengrin," a white silk frock and a few unintelligible responses make an elaborate wedding, the bare idea of a small twelve-year-old girl requiring nine hours to bind herself to the man of her father's choice seems absurd in the extreme. Whether the outlay of strength and ropes that such an event incurs has anything to do with the tenacious prohibition of a second marriage for the gentler sex has never been explained, but as the Hindoos are a practical people and an avicious people it does not appear unlikely.

In the first place, with them to be a woman and unmarried is little short of a crime, yet to marry obviously one must have money. As an outcome of this, when daughters are born to the poor Hindu he helps them out of the world by the simple and negative method of not giving them food. One man admitted, quite as a matter of course, having followed this up through a long succession of some twenty girl babies. But if the baby's papa has a financial position that admits of her growing up, and is a Bontay Hindoo—that is, with no prejudice against Europeans—you may perhaps be blind to one of those high functions that come for her at an age when our children are playing with dolls. In that case, allowing for variations in individual taste, you will find the affair something in this way:

At about 6 in the afternoon, when the air has a trifle more life, and that thing they call prickly heat is a degree less aggressive, you make your way to the house of the bride's father. Outside the door your notice is first attracted by many rows of shoes that the guests within have taken off out of respect to the household gods. This may be a delicate attention that the gods refuse to get along without, but you cannot help wondering how on earth any one ever knows his own pair again. The drawing room into which you are ushered is in tawdry imitation of a French hotel. There are gay rugs everywhere and the furniture, which is exceedingly ornate, is covered with bright crimson satin. By this kindly provision of chairs, however, one is enabled to sit "a la Anglais."

On entering, the head of the house comes forward to greet you with a profound salaam; then all the standing or squatting Hindoos follow his example, and it is your duty to salaam indefinitely in return, but always with your right hand, else the company will think your manners exceedingly funny and, what is more, prove it by laughing. The bride and bridegroom move about informally, speaking to acquaintances. The groom shares with his western brother the paradoxical fate of being necessary, but unimportant. He is noticeable only for a high turban studded with a priceless number of uncut gems that make it look neither comfortable nor brilliant. The bride, on the contrary, is rather charming. Her costume consists merely of a tight fitting yellow india silk bodice, with yards of the same material swathed loosely about her supple body and one end thrown over the hair. She is further ornamented by earrings, finger rings, a nose ring and bangles that reach to the shoulder; on her pretty ankles are the heavy anklet chains that clink when she steps. Altogether she would be a lovely and picturesque little object if she were only playing in tableaux instead of pitiful real life.

But all interest in her is immediately snuffed out on the arrival of the nautch girls. They are two or more hired dancers, whose performance appears to be the most welcome and wonderful feature of the entire occasion. In dress they are not unlike our own ballet girl, wearing from fifteen to twenty gauze skirts. The longest of these reaches to the feet, and the others are graduated to within half a yard of the waist. Their so called dance is strange and weird, and after the first fifteen minutes remarkably uninteresting. It is made up of a series of impossible poses, in parts so slow as to remind one of the last twitches of a mechanical toy when it is nearly run down. As an Indian ballad has it: They posture, bob, whirligig, wriggle like eels, And all the time shuffle about on their heels, Keeping time to the pipers and tom-tommers' strains.

With the clink of their anklets of resonant chains. When this has gone on until you are exhausted and the rest of the audience is reduced to a state of entranced breathlessness the really sacred part of the rites begins. An adjournment is made to an outer room with an earthen floor, in the center of which a bright fire is burning. Around this, in the presence of many witnesses, the young couple promenade solemnly seven times, carefully clasping each other's right hand. By one of the oldest customs ever kept up they must go always toward the right, because it is a festive occasion. Should a mistake be made and a turn to the left be taken the direst misfortune and sorrow would be the result anticipated. In the meantime a priest, the dirt of whose once white garments is supposed to add to his holiness, goes about majestically, muttering a lot of mystical words. Finally this also is gotten through with, and the coolies enter bearing a bowl of richly buttered rice. The groom then, as a sacred duty, feeds his wife, holding the oily mixture out to her in his palm; afterward he partakes himself, and does the proper thing in wiping his greasy mouth on the silken gown of his mother-in-law—which last goes to prove that human nature and the position of that unfortunate lady are pretty much the same the world over.

Later, when the feasting begins, a separate table covered with English delicacies is set for the Christians present. Although your invitation means staying until 3 in the morning, after supper the ordinary individual is glad to say good night in his best Hindoo fashion and make his way home in a cab, or, better still, one of our own American horse cars.—Boston Transcript.

The Size of Arcturus.

From the small value of the parallax found for Arcturus we cannot place very much reliance on its accuracy, but there can be little doubt that the distance of this bright star is really very great, and that consequently it is a much larger sun than ours, probably one of the most massive bodies in the universe.—Gentleman's Magazine.

GRACIOUS RECEIVING.

An Art with Which Many of Us Are Lamentably Unfamiliar.

Much has been said about the art of conferring favors with such sweet graciousness that the favor is doubled thereby.

There is another art, concerning which we have seen no mention, and that is the art of receiving favors so graciously that the giver becomes the debtor.

A few days ago we saw two little girls receiving some presents which had been brought to them from the East Indies. The ornaments were valuable, but so unusual in fashion and color that the children could not be expected to properly appreciate them. Yet one child by her manner of acceptance displayed an unusual share of the gift of graciousness. The other was evidently disappointed and her thanks were cold and lifeless.

When the two children left the room the first ran out with joyous step, carrying her trinkets in uplifted hands and crying out, "Oh, see what Aunt Mary has brought me all the way from India—the India that's on the map, and where the Taj-Mahal is!"

The other child carried her little box of costly ornaments hanging by her side; her step was slow, her countenance sullen, and one could but expect the words that left her lips almost before the door had closed behind her, "I should think Aunt Mary might have found something nicer than that to bring such a long way."

Through life these children will carry their differences of character, but proper tuition might do something for the latter little speaker. Graciousness is not the possession of all, but natural ungraciousness may be greatly modified by careful education. Children who hear from parents unfavorable comments upon the gifts of absent friends will make similar reflections upon those of persons who are present, or if they do not show displeasure will at least display the absence of pleasure. The aunt of the two before mentioned little girls said afterward to one who was speaking of the first child's happy manner:

"Yes, little Julia is happy in having a bright, sweet disposition, always ready to please and be pleased, but I think that Katy's was naturally much the same. Their mothers are so different. Julia's mother says she has made it a life rule to never look behind a gift for its motive, its value to herself, or its cost to the giver; that the fact that any one chooses to give her anything lays her under but one obligation, and that is to receive it graciously. She takes it for granted that no gift is offered her for any purpose save to give pleasure. Therefore it always does her pleasure, and she shows it. I have known her to receive with charming grace, and to wear with a courage worthy of John Rogers of fiery memory, a really horrible green and yellow shawl, because she would not wound the sensibilities of the poor woman who brought it to her from Germany as a love gift in return for many and some rather costly kindnesses.

"She has done what she could," said my sister-in-law, looking ruefully upon the warring colors. I could wish that she had done nothing, but that would not have given her the pleasure that the bestowal of this has done."

Liberality in Dress.

The invitation of an up river vicar to boating men to attend the services at his church in their flannels is another indication of the prevailing spirit of liberality in dress. The old restrictions seem to be gradually in course of removal, and there is some danger that a contrary extreme may in time be indulged in. For instance, the presence of a man in a Norfolk jacket in the stalls of a fashionable west end theater the other evening gave rise to some fears on the part of ladies present that "the poor man had had no dinner." Had he overheard the conversation he would have experienced no difficulty in comprehending the implied rebuke.

In Paris there has been a movement to revive frills and embroideries on evening shirts, and more than one gentleman has adapted the jabot of lace—a little plaited frill that is familiar enough in the portraits of the Seventeenth century. Velvet facings to evening coats have also been seen in Paris, and it would not be improbable that the wearers would ostracize any stranger who would appear even at a club in post-prandial hours in a Norfolk jacket.—London Standard.

Apples in Western New York.

Now that the cold winds of winter are beginning to blow over us, the apple buyers are quietly storing away quantities of fruit to put on the market later on. This year's crop has been a fairly good one for an off year, and the price of apples during the winter will be within reach of every one, it is said. Despite the unpromising outlook during the summer months, growers have produced enough to supply the home demand.

Eric county is behind in her annual production perhaps, but Niagara, Orleans, Genesee, Monroe and adjoining counties will make up the deficit. In the western states apples are said to be scarce, but in the eastern, particularly Massachusetts and New Hampshire, quite a quantity have been brought up. The exports this year will be light. Commission merchants say the year has been especially good for pears and quinces.—Buffalo Express.

A Slave Trader's Buried Gold.

A search for buried gold is being conducted under peculiar circumstances by a man and woman, eleven miles out on the Nolensville pike. The parties engaged in the search are E. C. Beardsley, of Pittsburg, who claims to be state geologist, and Mrs. L. A. Cook, of New Orleans. The story goes that Mrs. Cook had a dream that a slave trader buried \$185,000 in gold in earthen jugs during the war, and that this fact and the location of the gold were revealed to Mrs. Cook in a dream. The parties are stopping at a local hotel, and visit the supposed location of the buried treasure every day.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Von Brandt, the German envoy at Peking, wants to marry an American girl, but the German emperor will make no exception to the rule that diplomats in service shall not marry foreigners.

The Merchants' National bank of Baltimore received the other day an old continental thirty dollar bank note. It is not known whether the note is genuine or not.

Covers for Wornout Paper Novels.

Wornout paper novels may be induced to take a new lease of life by covering them with blotting paper. Two pieces the size of the book are cut and bound with ribbon glued on, the back being formed by a strip of ribbon as wide as the book is thick. The outside may be prettily decorated in water colors and the transformation will be complete.—Exchange.

Huxley's Tribute to Tennyson.

Bring me my death!
To me that have grown,
Stone laid upon stone,
As the stony brood
Of English blood
Has waxed and spread
And filled the world,
With sails untarried;
With men that may not lie:
With thoughts that cannot die

Bring me my death!
Into the storied hall!
Where I have garnered all
My harvest without weal,
My chosen fruits of goodly seed,
And lay him gently down among
The men of state, the men of song:
The men that would not suffer wrong;
The thought worn chiefs of the mind;
Head servants of the humankind.

Bring me my death!
The autumn sun shall shed
Its beams athwart the bier's
Heaped blossoms; a many tears
Shall flow; his words, in cadence sweet
And strong,
Shall voice the full hearts of the silent
through.

Bring me my death!
And oh! sad wedded mourner, seeking
still
For vanished hand clasps, drinking in thy
fill

Of holy grief, forgive that pious theft
Robs thee of all, save memories left:
Not thine to kneel beside the grassy
mound.

While dies the western glow, and all
around
Is silence, and the shadows closer creep
And whisper softly, All must fall asleep
—T. H. Huxley in Nineteenth Century.

A Dangerous Fly Bite.

To be threatened with death from the bite of an ordinary house fly is a strange thing, but recently Joseph Swain was in danger of losing his life from that cause.

Mr. Swain had a slight abrasion on the skin of his left hand. It was a very simple injury, not being severe enough to break the outer cuticle. On Saturday, while seated in his house, he felt a sharp, stinging sensation on the injured spot. A fly was biting him, and he had to shake his hand several times to drive him away. Immediately Mr. Swain felt pain in his hand and the hand began to swell. By evening the swelling and the pain had extended to the wrist, and the next morning, when Dr. Peyton was called in, the whole arm as far as the elbow had assumed abnormal proportions. The patient was suffering excruciating pain, and he had passed a night of agony.

Everything indicated blood poisoning, and the physician regarded it as a serious case. The doctor is of the opinion that there is a new species of fly about here, the bite of which is poisonous. They resemble the house fly in every way, excepting that they are smaller and blacker.

The most probable theory is that the fly injected into Mr. Swain's arm some poisonous substance drained from something upon which the fly had been feeding.—Stockton (Cal.) Mail.

Liberality in Dress.

The invitation of an up river vicar to boating men to attend the services at his church in their flannels is another indication of the prevailing spirit of liberality in dress. The old restrictions seem to be gradually in course of removal, and there is some danger that a contrary extreme may in time be indulged in. For instance, the presence of a man in a Norfolk jacket in the stalls of a fashionable west end theater the other evening gave rise to some fears on the part of ladies present that "the poor man had had no dinner." Had he overheard the conversation he would have experienced no difficulty in comprehending the implied rebuke.

In Paris there has been a movement to revive frills and embroideries on evening shirts, and more than one gentleman has adapted the jabot of lace—a little plaited frill that is familiar enough in the portraits of the Seventeenth century. Velvet facings to evening coats have also been seen in Paris, and it would not be improbable that the wearers would ostracize any stranger who would appear even at a club in post-prandial hours in a Norfolk jacket.—London Standard.

Apples in Western New York.

Now that the cold winds of winter are beginning to blow over us, the apple buyers are quietly storing away quantities of fruit to put on the market later on. This year's crop has been a fairly good one for an off year, and the price of apples during the winter will be within reach of every one, it is said. Despite the unpromising outlook during the summer months, growers have produced enough to supply the home demand.

Eric county is behind in her annual production perhaps, but Niagara, Orleans, Genesee, Monroe and adjoining counties will make up the deficit. In the western states apples are said to be scarce, but in the eastern, particularly Massachusetts and New Hampshire, quite a quantity have been brought up. The exports this year will be light. Commission merchants say the year has been especially good for pears and quinces.—Buffalo Express.

A Slave Trader's Buried Gold.

A search for buried gold is being conducted under peculiar circumstances by a man and woman, eleven miles out on the Nolensville pike. The parties engaged in the search are E. C. Beardsley, of Pittsburg, who claims to be state geologist, and Mrs. L. A. Cook, of New Orleans. The story goes that Mrs. Cook had a dream that a slave trader buried \$185,000 in gold in earthen jugs during the war, and that this fact and the location of the gold were revealed to Mrs. Cook in a dream. The parties are stopping at a local hotel, and visit the supposed location of the buried treasure every day.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Von Brandt, the German envoy at Peking, wants to marry an American girl, but the German emperor will make no exception to the rule that diplomats in service shall not marry foreigners.

The Merchants' National bank of Baltimore received the other day an old continental thirty dollar bank note. It is not known whether the note is genuine or not.

Covers for Wornout Paper Novels.

Wornout paper novels may be induced to take a new lease of life by covering them with blotting paper. Two pieces the size of the book are cut and bound with ribbon glued on, the back being formed by a strip of ribbon as wide as the book is thick. The outside may be prettily decorated in water colors and the transformation will be complete.—Exchange.

Another One Killed.

Friday night about 9 o'clock Conductor A. G. Bentley of freight train No. 29, fell under his train and was instantly killed at Shelton, Neb., near the place where the big wreck occurred the other day. The body was crushed and mangled in a horrible manner. The supposition is that he climbed between the cars to set the air brakes and as it was sleeting and everything covered with ice he slipped and fell under the wheels. The coroner was summoned and the verdict was "accidentally killed while performing his duty." The remains were taken charge of by friends and taken to Grand Island, where he leaves a wife and one child.

Bentley left Grand Island at 6:30 p. m. yesterday with a special west-bound freight. His engineer was Wood W. White. The train had orders to meet an extra eastbound at Gibbon. On reaching Alda the dispatcher gave orders that the two trains were to meet here, six miles east of Gibbon, and not at the latter point. Bentley and his crew pulled in here and found the signal out for orders. Engineer White stepped into the office and received instructions that the orders were for another train. He remounted his engine and pulled out, notwithstanding the order to meet here. Bentley gave the signal to stop. Evidently no one saw it. Bentley then stepped between the cars to set the air brake. He was not again seen alive. When found, his body was torn asunder and his remains were scattered over 1,000 feet along the track.

We never before attempted to unload so many Xmas goods as we have this year. Come in, that's all we ask. LEHNHOFF BROS.

Polly doesn't care to sell her teakettle at the bazaar, but she will sell you the most delicious tea in dainty cups.

Get Ready For Holidays. We are now showing the most complete line of dolls, the hand somest plush and leather albums the biggest lot of pocket books; musical instruments and everything in handsome Christmas presents ever before attempted in Plattsmouth. Our large store room is pressed full. Come and see the line and you will be pleased. LEHNHOFF BROS.

Get Ready For Holidays. We are now showing the most complete line of dolls, the hand somest plush and leather albums the biggest lot of pocket books; musical instruments and everything in handsome Christmas presents ever before attempted in Plattsmouth. Our large store room is pressed full. Come and see the line and you will be pleased. LEHNHOFF BROS.

Get Ready For Holidays. We are now showing the most complete line of dolls, the hand somest plush and leather albums the biggest lot of pocket books; musical instruments and everything in handsome Christmas presents ever before attempted in Plattsmouth. Our large store room is pressed full. Come and see the line and you will be pleased. LEHNHOFF BROS.

Get Ready For Holidays. We are now showing the most complete line of dolls, the hand somest plush and leather albums the biggest lot of pocket books; musical instruments and everything in handsome Christmas presents ever before attempted in Plattsmouth. Our large store room is pressed full. Come and see the line and you will be pleased. LEHNHOFF BROS.



Copyright 1891

"There's something behind it." That's what you think, perhaps, when you read that the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer \$500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh. Rather unusual, you think, to find the makers of a medicine trying to prove that they believe in it. "There must be something back of it!"

But it's a plain, square offer, made in good faith. The only thing that's back of it is the Remedy. It cures Catarrh in the Head. To its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, the worst cases yield, no matter how bad or of how long standing. It has a record that goes back for 25 years. It doesn't simply relieve—it perfectly and permanently cures. With a Remedy like this, the proprietors can make such an offer and mean it. To be sure there's risk in it, but it's so very small that they are willing to take it.

You've "never heard of anything like this offer?" True enough. But then you've never heard of anything like Dr. Sage's Remedy.

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

HEALTHFUL, AGREEABLE, CLEANSING. For Farmers, Miners and Mechanics. A PERFECT SOAP FOR ALKALI WATER. Cures Chafing, Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc. A Delightful Shampoo.

WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP.

Specially Adapted for Use in Hard Water

Autumn Overture

BY THE

Leaders in the Clothing Trade,

MAYER & MORGAN

PLAYING TO THE TUNE OF

LOW - PRICES

Showing Bargains

THAT CANNOT BE MATCHED BY

Any of Our Competitors.

Our assortment is composed of selections from the cream of the best manufactures of New York City and Baltimore. When we began making our Fall purchases we determined to show to the Cass County the best selected stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing ever sold in this market. We succeeded far beyond our own expectations.

WE CANDIDLY

Ask for Your Inspection of the These Goods.

It will be a pleasure for us to show you Show these Goods

Whether You Purchase or Not.

Herold's Double Store.

UNDERBUY AND UNDERSELL, (Our Two Watchwords.)

THESE two words epitomize the whole philosophy of mercantile success—underbuy, not so much to make extra profit on goods, but to sell again at a proportionate under price, and with the "Knock-down Logic" of our unmatchable bargains, sweep ALL competition from our path tike the chaff before the wind. We earnestly invite you to call and examine our goods and prices which appeal with the burning eloquence of genuine bargains to your self interest. We call your attention to the following "Trade Quickeners":

Trade Quickener No. 1.

Hats at Half Price—A complete stock of Mens' and Boys' hats, consigned to us by W. A. L. Gibbon & Co., wholesale hat house of Omaha, being the stock of one of their customers who failed. We bought them for 50c on the dollar and are prepared to sell them at a proportionate under-price.

Trade Quickener No. 2.

Shoes at Less Than Cost, to Make—\$3,000 worth of Ladies', Misses', Children's, Men's and Boys' Shoes knocked down at auction to the highest bidder. We took the lot at about 40 per cent under the regular price, and the price that we are offering them at will be a great bid for your trade. We are also offering in our Shoe Department 1,500 pairs of Ladies', Misses', Children's, Men's and Boys' Sample shoes, being the entire line of samples of shoes manufactured and carried by one of the largest wholesale shoe houses on the Missouri river—Kirkendale, Jones & Co., of Omaha—and we are offering them at exactly factory prices.

Trade Quickener No. 3.

Underwear to the consumer at prices that other dealers pay. We buy our underwear in case-lots direct from the mills, saving the middle-man's profit, and can sell it to our customers at the same prices that the western wholesale dealers charge the small country dealer. Call or send for our prices on underwear and be convinced of the truth of this statement.

We have opened up the store room formerly occupied by Brown & Barrett, druggists, so that we are now ready to do business on a larger scale than ever, in our Immense Double Store building. See our Fall and Winter line of Dress Goods and Cloaks before buying. We can save you 20 per cent in these two departments.

William Herold & Son,

505 and 507 Main-St., Plattsmouth, Neb.