

GEMS AND JEWELS RARE.

DIAMONDS STILL KEEP THE LEAD AMONG VALUABLE STONES.

Chat with a Chicago Jeweler's Clerk. Emeralds and Rubies Getting Scarce. A Doublet—An Uncommon Stone—Gems Distinctively American.

"Diamonds are still trumps among jewels," said a jeweler's clerk at a State street store, "and, in spite of the changing fashions in jewelry, the diamond remains the king of precious stones as far as popularity goes. Turquoise, sapphires, emeralds and rubies are increasing in popularity, however, and are very expensive. The emerald and ruby seem to be getting scarcer and dearer every year. Why, a fine three carat ruby is worth \$45 any time, and the emerald is worth nearly as much. Some very common rubies will bring \$50 to \$100. There are fewer rubies being found every year. It is the same with emeralds, besides the latter are seldom perfect. I cannot recollect having ever seen a flawless emerald, and I don't believe any one else in the store ever did either. In every one of them will be found a 'feather,' a crack, or a 'cloud' of some kind. It seems as if every stone had been struck with a hammer and stunned. The edges will be all right, but the center will look as if it had cracked without splitting, or else there will be a cloud or flaw of some sort. Rubies are apt to be the same, although not so much so as emeralds. Those emeralds on that cotton there are 'doublets.' Don't you know what a doublet is? Why, it's a man-made stone; that is, it is a joining of two stones. Look at this emerald. Pretty, isn't it? Beautiful tint of green. Now turn it upside down. There, see that rim of red around the edge? A doublet always has that, no matter what the color of the emerald stone was. But it only shows when you turn the stone upside down. See, they have a coat of surface on the surface to further simulate genuineness. They can make doublets of any stones which will cement together, and make them so cleverly that the unpracticed eye will never detect the fraud—if you call it that."

"Do you not have to guard against spuriousness in other gems besides the diamonds?" "Certainly. Turquoise is simulated by jewel counterfeiters. Two small and inferior stones will be 'doubled' into a stone that will cause even experts to exclaim the greatest care in examining. Or they will be pulverized and mixed up with foreign matter in such a way that the new jewel will have nearly all the brilliancy of color and polish of surface possessed by the genuine article. The light blue Persian turquoise is the rare variety at present and is very expensive. "In the window is a white sapphire. How is that? I supposed all sapphires were blue."

"Then you supposed wrong, but you are with the majority. Most people think that all sapphires are blue, but that is far from the truth. The one in the window is pure white, as pure as a diamond. Besides those there are violet, pink and yellow sapphires. The violet and pink varieties are very beautiful and considered extra fine jewels. The yellow sapphires partake of the nature of the chrysoberyl, which comes also in yellow and brown, and is a rather uncommon stone and a very beautiful one."

"What is that green stone on the cotton in the corner?" "That is another very uncommon stone. They call it Alexandrite. It is an oriental jewel, and there are not many brought to this country. It is very expensive and is very highly prized by connoisseurs, who are the purchasers of most of them. It is a peculiar stone, changing its light. In the day it is as you see it, a dirty green, but by night it is full of reddish lights. It comes in various sizes, from one to eight carats, and is sometimes almost as expensive as a diamond."

"Are opals popular?" "Much more so than they were. There was a time when you could hardly sell an opal at any price. Now there is a constant demand for them. The superstitious regarded them as unlucky, and so widespread was the hallucination that it was seldom you saw one worn."

"How about cat's eyes?" "Cat's eyes are very hard stones, found in various countries. The best come from Persia and the east. I have one of a brownish tint that is worth \$500 any day. A cat's eye weighing three carats will bring \$600 easily. Tiger's eye are inexpensive and very popular. The tiger's eye is not a stone, as is generally supposed, but petrified wood. It is found in very large quantities in northern Michigan, and most of the better kind comes from a petrified forest of Arizona. These they find in sections as large as a tree trunk. They are made up into scarf pins, rings and other articles of jewelry."

"Which distinctively American stone is the most valuable?" "I can't say that any distinctively American stone is very valuable, but we produce a few diamonds. They come from Iowa and Wisconsin. They are small and are too yellow. I do not think this country, however, will ever produce very many diamonds; still it is interesting to know that genuine stones can really be met with occasionally. Here's an odd stone, that mottled green and black one. They call it crocidolite. They come from northern Michigan, and in that size are worth about \$15. Sometimes they are mottled and divide exactly like the upper shell of a turtle, and I once made a scarf pin of one of them, fitting on the legs, tail and head of gold. We sell quite a few of these squarines and the pink topaz, which is quite common nowadays, is greatly sought after. Here are some pearls. No, that's an imitation, I thought you would be deceived. I think they are made of wax, but they have succeeded in making a perfect imitation as is possible. They preserve, too, the irregular shape of the genuine pearl. By the way, I might say right here that some of the prettiest pearls we get are found in the fresh water chains of Illinois and other western states. Look at these," and the jeweler showed a handful of pearls all the way from twice the size of a grain of wheat down to that of a pin's head. They were irregular in shape, but most of them were full of subdued and delicate half tints of blue, purple and pink. "These are first rate pearls for their size and come from the Miami, Wabash, Illinois and Sangamon rivers.—Chicago Times."

He Got Even. First Club Man (heatedly)—All I have to say is that I consider you a puppy. Second Ditto (coolly)—If that were the case I could take the first prize at the dog show, and that's more than you can say. First Man—How so? Second Ditto—You lack the necessary pedigree and breeding.—Harper's Bazar.

THE "BLOOMER" COSTUME.

Mrs. Bloomer Declares That She Is Not the Inventor of It—Its History.

"I have tried often to correct that impression," said Mrs. D. C. Bloomer recently to a reporter. "I did not invent the 'Bloomer' costume, nor was I the first one to wear it. I am quite willing that the correction should be made, for I do not wish to be remembered only as the woman who invented a new style of dress. "I did not even name it. Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, a daughter of Gerritt Smith, was the first lady who wore it. She came dressed in one of those costumes from Peterboro, N. Y., to Seneca Falls, where I was living, and where Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton lived. Where Mrs. Miller got the idea I do not know, but she is entitled to what credit there is for putting the dress into circulation, as it were, and it should be named for her if for anybody. It's hardly fair to Mrs. Miller to take the credit from her. A few days after Mrs. Miller's appearance in her short skirt and trousers, Mrs. Stanton had a similar costume made, and she wore it. Then I adopted the style. Mrs. Stanton did not wear hers a great while—possibly not more than two years; but I wore mine as long as the public talked about it and I did not name the dress. The press did that. I wore the costume for six years—for two years in Council Bluffs, and I did not retire to private life might be wearing it yet. It is a very comfortable and sensible dress."

"Some time, possibly a month, before Mrs. Miller made her appearance in Seneca Falls in the costume, a writer, whose identity I never did discover, advocated in the columns of one of the papers of Seneca Falls a reform in woman's dress. I was editing a paper there at that time and took up the suggestion in a flippant way, and treated the subject rather playfully and facetiously. The unknown writer of the other paper answered me, and I answered again. So when Mrs. Miller came in the short skirt and trousers, and after Mrs. Stanton and myself had rejected the gown, the papers of the country round about tried to make fun of us, and called us 'Bloomerites' and 'Bloomers,' and so on. Hence the name, I suppose. Lucy Stone wore the dress for a while, but gave it up because she thought it attracted attention away from the subjects—temperance and woman's rights—upon which she was lecturing. I wore my costume and lectured in it all my life, and of the cities of the north and west, and I was the first to make such a lecturing tour in those cities. I was the first woman who wore the costume in public in Chicago."

"Of course, wherever I went the dress attracted a great deal of attention. It was a curiosity, and a great many people came to the lectures as much to see it as to hear what a woman had to say. Women lecturers were quite a curiosity, too, in those days. I used to notice that after I had finished my talk, whether on women's rights or on temperance, a great many people, women especially, would remain and come upon the platform, ostensibly to see me, but really to inspect the dress."

Mrs. Bloomer showed the reporter a cut representing herself in her younger days, attired in one of her noted costumes. A short skirt reaching to the knees, baggy, very baggy trousers gathered and frilled at the ankle; a straight brimmed sailor hat, set well back upon the head, made up the attire from the masculine point of view. Female observation might have disclosed that the skirt and waist were of one piece, and that the sleeves of the waist were full and slashed, and gathered and frilled at the wrists. Close scrutiny and a reversal of the picture might possibly have led to the discovery that a bustle was not part of the attire. This point, however, can be left to those ladies who have been accustomed to esthetic exercises and surf bathing.—Omaha Herald.

Sales of Patent Medicines. Proprietary medicines spring up by the dozen every day, but you seldom hear of any outside those manufactured in your own section of the country. Every preparation is born under a lucky or unlucky star, as they seem to succeed or perish regardless of the energy or money possessed by the men who are interested in pushing their sale. None succeed without advertising, although millions have been spent in puffing medicines that never sold the original stock shipped to wholesale druggists. It is a game of chance where you cannot estimate the risk. Results cut very little figure with the salesmen, for if the stuff will sell it will go off their hands with scarcely an effort, because their best customers are the chronic invalids, who are thicker than flies around a molasses cake.

Nevertheless, I would prefer to take a new medicine out on the road than handle any of the old ones which have been advertised from the cliffs of the Pacific coast to the rocky banks of Labrador. Americans are experimentalists, and will buy a new nostrum without any recommendation, for the simple reason that they have heard nothing against it. St. Louis leads the country in sales of quinine, malarial specific and bilious antidotes, and some of the local manufacturers will clear millions from two articles that originated here within the last two years, but which are already beginning to elicit notice.—George Haskell.

Results of Overtraining. There is one aspect of the Sullivan-Mitchell fight which is so far devoid of brutality as to be of public interest; this is, that a man seemingly in superb physical condition may, in reality, be so far overtrained, as it is termed, as to have been deprived of his staying powers.

Nature supplies to us certain quantities of adipose tissue, which may seem to the critical eye of one who looks only at the outside to be an encumbrance, which should be reduced by careful training; but it may turn out that in thus bringing the human organism down to a mass of bone and muscle the trainer will deprive the body of the food that it needs to make good the waste of physical energy. A man thus prepared may be well fitted for a sprint, but entirely unable to keep up under long continued physical exertion.—Boston Herald.

Children's Undergarments. For undergarments, the best houses show a little woolen knitted petticoat, which has a waist like a corset cover, and this buttons closely around the body, and is being knitted very elastic and warm. Those who do not care for the petticoat can find little knitted chemises, which are long and double thickness over the stomach and abdomen. At every child should wear these at all seasons of the year. Elastic suspenders for the stockings should also be worn instead of fastening them by any other means. Shoes for small children have no heels, though they have what they call spring heels, which do no injury to the tender bones and muscles.—Olive Harper.

LONDON LODGINGS.

PLACES WHERE MANY OF THE GREAT CITY'S POOR FIND SHELTER.

The Common Lodging House of Today Clean and Fairly Comfortable—The Various Classes of Patrons—View of an Interior—A Valet.

The common lodging house of today is clean and fairly comfortable. Each house is licensed to receive a certain number only; every man must have a bed to himself, and each bed must have so much space given to it. The difference in this respect may be judged from the fact that in one common lodging house with which I am acquainted a room now licensed for eleven beds formerly contained twenty-eight. Moreover, the law compels frequent scrubbing of floors and whitewashing of walls, and the slightest case of disease must be at once reported to the nearest police station. Seeing the class of customers the proprietor has to accommodate, you may imagine that the floors of the dormitories get a terrific amount of scrubbing, with the result that they are far cleaner and more wholesome than the carpeted rooms of many more pretentious establishments, where an overworked housemaid flicks the furniture with a duster, tickles the floor with a broom and sweeps the fluff under the bed.

There is very keen competition in the trade, and some houses are naturally much better than others. As a consequence the class of lodgers differs also. One proprietor, by keeping his house as dirty as he dares, secures the patronage of one class, while another, by making his house as comfortable as possible, attracts men of a superior grade. But to thoroughly understand the common lodging houses you must see one. Come down this narrow, unswayed and under the weather looking street. You see that house which looks as though it were a double fronted shop with the shutters still up. That is a common lodging house. The door in the center is a swing door. Outside it a gentleman in the unpicturesque tatters of our national costume is smoking a clay pipe, and with his hands thrust in his trousers pockets is leaning directly at nothing. Over the doorway at which the gentleman stands is the inscription in white letters on a black board, "Registered Lodging House, Beds, 5/12, and 4/12, a Night."

Let us push the swing door open and walk in. It is broad daylight outside, but directly we have passed the swing door we find ourselves almost in darkness. The room we are in is the kitchen, or common room, in which all the guests sit and take their meals, and amuse themselves until it is time to go up stairs to bed. I cannot say how one of these kitchens would look in the glare of day. There is nothing to show, save that they would be hospitably received, and so they remain outside. And even there they are snubbed, for, lest they should be inquisitive and try and peep in at the lodging house windows, the sidewalk is kept as grimy as possible outside, and inside they are covered with a coat of some dirty looking preparation.

The light in these kitchens, then, is generally of the dim, religious order. It suits the scene. The people who are sitting on the long forms at the table, or crouching together before the dull red fire, would, some of them, look hideous in the full light of day. In the red glow the fire throws on them, as they sit in the darkened room, they look almost picturesque.

The workmen who live in these lodging houses are not home yet. They will come in about 6 o'clock. There will not be many in this house because it is a low house—that is to say, it is a house frequented by tramps and loafers and shady customers, and moreover it is a "family house," and it means women and children to disturb the harmony of the evening in the common kitchen. The fact that these common lodging houses, where beds are let out at fourpence a night, are largely patronized by workmen in regular employment may astonish people who are not behind the scenes. But I know in some of these houses workmen who have lived there for twelve and sixteen years.

These men are single men and widowers, and the houses which are for "men only" suit them much better than private lodgings would. First of all the house is open night and day; all day and all night the red fire glows and is ready for a man to cook his late supper or his early breakfast at. Then there is the society of the other men, pipes and conversation, and always a pal to take a hand at cribbage which is the fashionable common lodging house game. Moreover, each man has a bed to himself, which in private lodgings for workmen is not always obtainable. And there is always some one to call him early in the morning, in order that he may get up and go to his work, without having to pay the policeman on duty to throw stones at his window and yell out that it is "half-past 4."

The common lodging house is to these men home and club combined, and the proprietor who gets this class of men—men in steady employment—tries to please them, and gradually they fill his house, and then he excludes chance customers and "troughs," and his house becomes a regular workman's home.

One great advantage that a man with regular wages finds in these places is that he is able to keep a valet. Yes, a valet. In all of these common lodging houses there are men who, for a copper or so a week, "valet" for the aristocrats. For twopence a week paid to a poorer fellow lodger the aristocrat has his boots blacked and his supper cooked. In addition to this, the valet runs his master's errands and keeps his favorite seat by the fire till he wants it, and when there is a discussion on any matter the faithful valet chimes in with his master and is always ready to back him in any assertion he may choose to make.—George R. Sims in Philadelphia Times.

Why the Boy Goes Wrong. The boy's wealth is at the root of it all. The boy is indulged in money and the disposition of his time. He plays billiards and curls all night, smokes cigarettes immediately, drinks whiskey in proportion, indulges in other pastimes and vices, and bribes the servant to let about his comings and goings at home. The father, engrossed in large affairs, frequently has a young drunkard sitting opposite him at dinner without being aware of the fact, and the mother's love is too blind to observe. The boy's health is damaged, his morals strangled, and his pocket mortgaged. He gets into all sorts of scrapes that he is ashamed of, until finally one more outrageous than usual, and perhaps with a female attachment, drives him, with a mind weakened by debauchery, to despair. Then he shoots himself, and he's usually drunk when he does it.—New York Letter.

Toning It Down a Little. X was paying attention to a rich widow. "Madam," he said, as he offered her a bouquet, "you grow more and more beautiful every day." "You exaggerate, my dear sir," exclaimed the lady, very much flattered. "Well, then let us say—every other day." Judge.

AT A MILITARY SCHOOL.

The Leavenworth Pupils in Review—Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery.

One after another they move out upon the field, facing west, the infantry on the right and nearest us; then the battery, in two lines, its gun carriages to the front; then the long single rank of the cavalry battalion, stretching to the far southern edge of the field. Well out to the west, in front of the center, is the commanding officer with his staff, and presently, as the white plumed adjutant gallops down the line, turns toward his chief on reaching the center, then halts and reins about, there is a simultaneous crash as arms are presented, and a long line of steel—the sabers of the cavalry—springs into air. Then review order is taken, ranks are opened, the battery unlimbers and whisks its black muzzled guns to the front; another present of the line to the exalted personage who receives the review, and is hailed with a flourish of trumpets and the simultaneous droop of all the standards; another movement, and the line becomes an open column; another command, and with a triumphant burst of music from the band the whole array moves as one man; the passage in review has begun.

In quick time, the band leading, they come jauntily toward us, changing direction at the upper corner and swinging past the animated groups of spectators. Front after front the sturdy infantry trudges by, the student officers hidden as file closers behind their companies and wishing for this occasion only that they belonged to the cavalry and could command and be in front of their men instead of trailing meekly after them, as required of the infantry "squad." With long, heavy, heavy, cannot by any hunting possibility be so picturesque in this position as their rivals and contemporaries of the cavalry on their "prancing chargers" and in front of their platoons. All the same, they have their sympathetic admirers in the throng, and so they pass us by. And then with clamping bits and tossing manes come the platoons of horse. The battery quickens its pace, and striking flank, and the girls wonder how those gunners sit so straight with folied arms and never make hysterical grabs at the bars or at each other, as they would do under like circumstances. The cavalry, too, comes around at a trot, the young platoon commanders fully alive to and marking the most of their golden opportunity, looking vastly martial and striving not to look as though they very well knew just where "she" happened to stand among the groups of fair ones under the shade trees.

Down the long field goes the glistening column, officer after officer saluting as he passes the reviewing point, and then the infantry reappears, tramping up the eastern edge. Like some phalanx of marching men, the long array wheels into line to the left, the ranks are dressed, then brought once more to review order. Again the trumpets flourish, the standards droop, and arms clash to the present. Then comes brief rest before some one of the three commands is summoned to the front to show what it can do in the maneuvers of this particular arm. It may be a stirring skirmish drill, covering the entire valley, by the bright plumed cavalry. It may be a dashing series of battery maneuvers, before much smoke, noise, and odor unlimited of "the villainous saltpetre." It may be rapid evolutions of the foot battalion; but in each and all the student officers take his part in Charles King, U. S. A., in Harper's Magazine.

Making Bonnets at Home. "Forty dollars for a spring bonnet?" a lady was overheard to remark to a friend as she was riding down Fifth avenue in a stage yesterday morning. "Not I. Nor \$30 either. Money is worth too much for that. I haven't spent over \$10 and not often more than \$8 for a bonnet since I was married. This I have on cost me just \$4.27."

"And I thought it was French. How can you look imported when you are really homestead?" "Oh, but I'm not homestead. I'm just as French as if I came from Paris in my little cousin's big trunk. That's the beauty of the thing. My bonnet was made to order by a bona fide French milliner and one of the cleverest in the city, too. Yes, of course, there is a little scheme. There were a dozen of us who passed a unanimous resolution that bonnets for us, individually and collectively, and not to come down here. We shook hands upon it and exchanged pledges of bonnet-ness. While we were discussing wages and means we heard that one of Mme. —'s assistants was out of a place. Our course was clear; Mile. Julie should work for us. We inquired, every one of us, among our acquaintances and found plenty of women who jumped at the chance of having their hats and bonnets provided for by a milliner who would come to the house. She comes, that's all. She works by the day or the half day, or even by the hour. She charges \$5 a day. She has more work than she can attend to, and talks of hunting up a partner. She makes more money than she did as one of Mme. —'s designers. And as for us, we're going to the country this summer on our savings. We are paying for material and good wages for skilled labor; nothing more. And really it is a new way of self support for women, you see."—New York Mail and Express.

The Voice of an Actor. The stage is not a drawing room. You cannot address 1,500 people in a theatre as you would address a few companions at the fireside. If the tone is not raised, you will not be heard; and if you do not articulate, the public will be unable to follow you. So-and-so, I am well aware, has won for himself the reputation of a natural actor by affecting the conversational tone. He scarcely pronounces one word louder than another; he lets the ends of his phrases sink, hesitates, abridges, pretends to be at a loss for words, repeats his words two or three times over, draws along for ten minutes, and then hurries his delivery in order to arrive at the effect. And as the public is like Panurge's sheep, even when it happens not to understand, it exclaims: "Dear me! how very natural!" He seems as if he were talking with his feet on his fender by his own fireside. What an actor! I did not hear what he said—did you?—but how very naturally he said it!—C. Coquelin in Harper's Magazine.

Four Sundays in a Week. Friday is the Arab's Sunday, but it does not put much stop to his worldly business unless he so chooses. The Saturday is the Jew's Sabbath, and then comes our Sunday, on which day the French workman continues to work, in order to take at least a half holiday on Monday. There are four days out of the seven when the visitor to Algiers runs the risk of finding a shop closed or a workman not at his post.—F. A. Bridgman in Harper's.

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