THE POOL OF BETHESDA

The American Consul at Jerusalem, says an exchange, Mr Gillman, writes that the excavations in and around that city have brought to light the remains of two tiers of five arched porches in the rear of the Crusader Church of Ste. Anne which settles the location of the Pool of Bethseda, mentioned in John v., 2., as the scene of one of the most interesting of our Savior's miracles of healing. Another locality has claimed the pool, and presented some facts in support of it, but the recent discoveries overthrow the claim and leave no doubt that the rock-hewn pool containing water, uncovered by the excavations in the rear of the ruins of Ste. Anne. is the one spoken of in the Gospel. In the pool of Bethesda, which was "by the sheep market," there were five porches—and over the newly discovered basin, hewn out of the solid rock, there are five arches. A stairway cut on the rock leads down to the water, and it was down this stairway that the "impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered," who waited in the porches for the moving of the water, were carried by their friends to be bathed in the healing wave. The pool was found to be buried under several successive layers of debris. First above all was a crypt, probably of Crusader times, which, also, had five porches with frescoes representing an angel descending into and troubling the water; next is the small church with its apse; and next is a layer of ruins of modern houses mixed with rubbish and soil The frescoes belong to the church of Crusader times, and have nothing to do with the pool, except that the picture of the angel descending to disturb the pool indicates the opinion of the Crusader times as to the locality. These frescoes are much faded, but still traceable. Consul Gillman closes his letter with the statement: "This pool, I have not the slightest doubt, is the veritable pool of Bethesda."

Stamp Collectors.

This year is a great year with the army of stamp collectors, it being the 50th anniversary of the invention of that modern necessity the postage stamp. The first stamp was issued by Great Britain on the 6th day of May 1840 and was printed in black. There was about 3,000 designs submitted to the British government from which to select the design for the first adhesive postage stamp. The one accepted was by Corllout, a Frenchman, and contained a portrait of the Queen and was of the one penny denomination, the two penny stamp did not appear until the latter part of the same month and was printed in blue. The following inscription was printed on each sheet: "In wetting the back be careful not to remove the cement." The growth of the use of stamps has been wonderful every civilized country on the face of the globe and many that are considered semi-barbarous, have some form of a postage stamp. The diverse designs many of them very beautiful, as well as the love for the antique has created an army of collectors all over the world who have albums specially created for the saving and showing in good form wonderful designs from all nations. We have several collectors here in Plattsmouth among the boys. Charles Rhode has the largest collection represented by over 1,200 stamps, he has one of the original first stamps issued in 1840, he also has some 2 centavo stamps valued at $5.00 apiece on account of their scarcity. The highest priced stamps are some of the local stamps issued by St. Louis, New York and Brattleboro Vermont, they are quoted at from $300 to $350 each. There are several newspapers published in the interest of the stamp collector which are taken by the boys in this city. Tom Mapes, Robert Ballou, Charley Rosier, Myron Elson, Wendell Foster and Carl Fricke all have small collections which they are adding to. A look at one of their albums is full of interest not only to a Philatelist but to any one interested in the birth and growth of a popular business adjunct.

Campaign Meetings.

"W. H. Cushing, candidate for state treasurer. C. J. Smythe, F. R. Morrissey and Jno. B. Shea will address the eight ward democrats at their club room, Twenty fourth and Cuming streets, next Saturday night.

The fifth ward democratic club has extended an invitation to the eighth ward democrats to meet with them at Erfling's hall Thursday night, when a grand rally music and speeches will be the order"

The above from the World-Herald informs us that our Cushing is going to bloom out as a campaign orator; we never expected that, or we should have been more chary of our good words, for there is no telling now where the young man will finally bring up. The HERALD is sorry that it can not give a full report of Brother Cushing's effort at campaign oratory, we may however be able to report him later on.

Mr. J. B. Thomas, of Willow Springs, Mo., is in the city today looking it over with the prospect, if it suits him. of locating here.

Subscribe for the DAILY HERALD, delivered to all parts of the city for 15 cents per week.

Mrs. Frank T. Davis returned this morning from her visit at Beaver City.

License to wed to Mr. Fred W. Etheredge aged 30 and Miss Rosa Harvis aged 21.

Mr. S. V. Hogen of Elmwood will be at the fair next week with his Cleveland Bay stalion.

Mrs. Frank Ransom, of Omaha came down this morning and is the guest of Mrs. Lessie Hunt,

Mrs. Joseph A. Connor and daughter returned this morning from their visit to Madison, Wisconsin.

Miss Grace and Frank Wiles left this morning for Lincoln to attend college this winter at Cotner University.

The little frost last night has caused a smile on the coal dealers face today and teams have been busy all day delivering coal.

There has been no fuss made about it yet in all of Plattsmouth,s experience no two years will equal the present year for the number of residences erected all over the city.

Frank Scott of Lincoln, the only man we ever heard of that had the experience of allowing a box ear to run over him without losing his limbs is much improved and will be out as soon as the broken limb will allow of it.

Mr. Lambert, of Rock Bluffs, who we mentioned yesterday as being quite sick, died last night, he was 75 years old, and an old resident of Cass County. The funeral will be tomorrow at 2 o'clock, at Rock Bluffs cemetery.

"Jack," whose hoary head was discernible in this vicinity late last night and early this morning, warned us of his unwelcome company which will visit us in the near future. During his stay all tender twigs and house plants left in gardens unprotected fell a victim to his sting. Buckwheat, corn and other late grain crops suffered greatly.

County Court

Home Fire Insurance Co. vs. M. S. Cannon. Default of defendant. Judgment for plaintiff for $50.50. Byron Clark atty. for plaintiff.

Home Fire Ins. Co. vs. Isaac Nelson. Default of defendant. Judgment for plaintiff for $13.48. Byron Clark atty. for plaintiff.

Home Fire Ins. Co. vs. Miner Melton. Judgment on confession for $76.76. Byron Clark atty. for plaintiff.

Michhael A. Hartigan vt Plattsmouth Canning Co. et al; continued by agreement until Sept 29 at 10 o'clock a. m. D. O. Dwyer for plaintiff, Judge Sullivan for defendant.

Michael A. Hartigan vs Guthman estate—continued by agreement until Sept. 29 at 10 o'clock a. m. D. O. Dwyer for plainriff and Byron Clark for defendant.

C. H. Parmele vs S. R. Carrigan—continued by consent until Sept. 22, at 10 a. m. David Miller for plaintiff and E. S. Vanatta for defendant.

Winter in Earnest.

The telegraph reports two inches of snow in Minnesota and four inches in Dakota. The temperature at Helena is 62°, Fort Carter 28°, and Cheyenne 28°. The temperature along the western edge of the corn belt is: Moorehead, 36°; Huron, S. D., 36°; Valentine, Neb., 36°; and North Platte, Neb., 24°. Cloudiness prevented frost there this morning.

The Derrick Concert.

The following programme to be rendered at the Waterman Opera House Friday evening, Sept. 19, will eclipse any musical entertainment ever heard in the city. The items which have so frequently appeared in the Omaha papers commending the ability of the Sutirius Mandolin and Guitar club, should be a sufficient guarantee of their excellent talent. The singers are all first class.

PART I

Selection ..... Mandolin Club
Bass Solo ..... "Thy Sentinel and I" W. A. Derrick.
Quartette .. "When the Swallows Homeward Fly" ..... Orpheus Quartette
Solo .. { a, "Slumber Shore" .... *Gilbert.* b, "Ah, 'Tis a Dream" .. *Hawley* Mrs. Moeller.
Selection ..... Mandolin Club.
Comic song .. "Listen to my Tale of Woe" Lew Dale.
Quartette, ... "Old King Cole" W A. Derrick and Orpheus Quartette

PART II.

Mandolin solo (Guitar accompaniment) .. .. *Sutorius* Prof. H. P. Sutorius.
Tenor solo .... "Called Back" .... *Denza* R. J. Wherry.
Quartette .... "Forsaken" ..... Orpheus Quartette.
Solo ..... "Thursday" ..... *Molloy* W. A. Derrick.
Solo .... "The Three Singers" .... *Yours* Mrs. Moeller.
Serenade .. "Oh, Why art Thou Not Near Me." ..... Orpheus Quartette.
Comic Song .... "Near It" ..... Lew Dale,
Selection ..... Mandolin Club.

THE BELLS OF THE CITY.

The bells of the city sound aloud
Over the heads of the hurrying crowd,
Marking surely the flight of time,
Ringing out a melodious chime,
Calling loudly through the busy hum,
Come! come! come! come!

The minstrel group from Trinity call
To the belfry band in the city hall,
And the echoes fly at a lively pace
To meet with the charming cherubs of Grace.
And all join in the tuneful song,
Ding, dong! ding, dong!

Now a melody—now a prayer—
Woven in through the harps of air,
Finds its way to the prisoner's cell,
To the homes of the rich and poor who dwell
So far it sounds like a drowsy hum,
Come! come! come! come!

I know the bells are endowed with speech,
And have a message they bring to each,
And none can give the signal clear
That is meant for another person's ear,
Or guess what memories throb and throng—
Ding, dong! ding, dong!

But bells of Trinity! bells of Grace!
Ring out like birds from a lofty place
A song of joy, and not of woe,
O'er the pretty scene in the church below,
And call aloud through the buzz and hum,
Come! come! come! come!

They come to the altar, bride and groom,
She with her cheeks like a rose in bloom,
While the organ tells with its tuneful swells
That the beaux of the city ring the bells;
And echoes awaken through Christendom:
Ding, dong! Come! come!

—New York Ledger.

The Absorption of New England Farms.

Some fifteen years ago, in the early days of the Mount Desert summer travel. I met on the beach at Newport, R. I., a shipwrecked sea captain from Bar Harbor, who talked in eloquent astonishment of the rapid changes coming over the ownership of real estate in that region. "It does jest beat all," he declared. "Folks will come along from New York or Philadelphy and they'll kinder take a fancy to a man's farm. They'll end in givin' him more for it than he ever thought o' askin' for it; and then they'll pay him more for livin' on it in winter to take care of it than he ever made off of it."

This duplex good bargain, this gain in both principal and interest at the same time, seemed quite too much for my weather beaten friend's comprehension Yet the same process has been going on for years, in a manner less conspicuous, along the whole New England coast, and through all the mountain region of the Appalachian range. Side by side with that crowding into cities in winter, a steady crowding out of cities for summer residence; and this is in many cases displacing the original resident of the soil and substituting new ownership.

In the region where I now find myself one may look from the hills over many thousand acres, not one of which now belongs to a permanent resident of the town. Farms have been bought and united, one man owning 900 acres, another 700, and so on, in a region where 200 acres was once regarded as a large farm.—Harper's Bazar.

Pale Sarsaparilla Sirup.

There is a handsome new drug store up in Fourteenth street where they sell soda water and dispel illusions all for five cents a glass. If you ask the soda water clerk for sarsaparilla soda water he will give you a glass of foamy water that is almost colorless—of a pearly transparency, like that of a glass of vanilla soda water. It looks no more like the rich, brown colored drink that people expect to get when they ask for sarsaparilla soda water than chalk does. If you remark on the unaccustomed appearance of the drink he will say to you, as he says to hundreds of people who ask for that particular kind of soda water every day, that pure sarsaparilla sirup is colorless. "People think," he says, "that sarsaparilla, being made of roots, must be brown. Perhaps years ago, when the sirup was made by throwing a lot of unwashed roots in a dirty kettle and boiling them over a smoky fire in the woods, there was dirt enough in the compound to make it brown. Nowadays the process is cleaner and the sirup is colorless. But people think sarsaparilla ought to be brown, and so people color it with burnt sugar or licorice. We don't."—Washington Post.

Looking for Big Prices.

There were some curious incidents noted near the Grand Central station while the strike was in progress. One of the long delayed trains had just come in one evening and the passengers were streaming out of the station when one of them stepped up to a bystander and addressed him: "Look here," said the traveler, "can you tell me where is the most expensive restaurant in this town?"

"The most expensive!" quoth the one addressed in surprise.

"Yes, sir; that's just what I want. While our train was blocked out on the road we could get very little to eat and I got used to paying top rates. Somebody brought along a basket of sandwiches—railroad sandwiches, sir—and sold them out at $1 apiece. We bought 'em—we had to buy 'em or go hungry. Now, I want to get back to my regular prices by degrees. So you don't know which is the most expensive restaurant? Well, I'll go down to Delmonico's and chance it, anyway." The speaker, being a prosperous looking person, probably carried out his threat.—New York Times.

Injurious Effects of Odors.

You can kill a man quicker by an evil smell than any other way in the world if you know how to go about it, and all evil smells are in greater or less degree poisonous and reduce vitality where they do not destroy outright.

The London Lancet gave the case of a gentleman in a railway car detained alongside cars of hogs in an offensive condition about fifteen minutes He was taken ill with symptoms of prostration, though previously in health, and died shortly after, poisoned by the intolerable odor.—Shirley Dare.

Identified.

Maude—Who is that coarse creature that murders the king's English and has the manners of a charwoman?

Minnie—Sh-h! That's the author of the latest success in "society" novels.—Pittsburg Bulletin.