

An Outcast Tells of Unsuccessful Efforts to Lead an Honorable Life.

Among a number of depraved looking characters who were arraigned in the Tombs police court for sentence on various charges, from burglary to felonious assault, I noticed particularly one refined looking young fellow who, despite his ragged attire, appeared to be out of place in the prisoners' pen.

His features were delicate and clearly defined, with none of the sullen, servile appearance that is usually one of the chief characteristics of a criminal's countenance. His eyes were large and clear, his forehead high, while his chin and mouth denoted high spirit and an abnormally sensitive disposition.

He occupied a seat as far distant from his fellow unfortunates in crime as the burly court officers would permit. His eyes were cast on the floor, and from his dejected appearance it was obvious that he felt keenly his position.

I engaged him in conversation, and years will not remove from memory the fierce bitterness with which he reviewed his unsuccessful attempts to secure honorable employment after the first conviction for some trifling crime.

"My name," said he, in answer to my question, "what do you want with it? To publish it so that those who have sent me here this time will know how well their prejudice did its work?"

"Well, Thomas will do—Charles Thomas. That is what I am called now. It is not my real name. I have a few relatives and I respect them. They have moved from where they lived when I was first sent away—gone to a new home to escape my shame—that is why I'm Thomas."

There is no criminal so hardened but what he will cherish somewhere behind his rough exterior a tender thought of a past association—a friend, perhaps, or probably a sister. For that reason when Thomas turned away his head I remained silent. I thought I distinguished a suspicious moisture in his eyes, but I may have been mistaken.

"It is very easy to start," he continued, "but once started you cannot stop. People will not let you."

"With a crowd of companions one day I drank more than I could stand. A quarrel followed and I stabbed one fellow with my penknife. I was arrested, tried and convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing for three years."

"That was enough for me, and when I came back I tried to start over again. I secured employment as a driver. I had been a clerk in a building material dealer's yard on West Thirtieth street. I had no trouble, worked hard and was complimented by my employer. Then I noticed that my associates began to avoid me. Two or three would get together, point at me and talk about me in an undertone."

"Finally, one day the proprietor came to me and said, 'Thomas, I have no fault to find with you; you have worked faithfully and hard, but the other men say you have been a convict and that they will leave if you don't. I will have to discharge you, although I am sorry.' He gave me two weeks' wages and I had to leave."

"I tried again with a like result. Then, in desperation, I robbed a store and was sent away again."

"You wanted to know, mister, how I got here; well, that's how."

"I'm going to Sing Sing for burglary, and when I get out I'll probably go back for the same crime. Nobody cares, and—I don't."

"A man who has not been unfortunate won't work with me. I could not get married even if I tried to settle down and be respectable. No self respecting woman would have me."

"Go where I'm not known? Yes, I could do that, but a man can't succeed when he is acting a lie. It would be found out and I would have to go to another place—where I'm not known."

"Thomas!" shouted a court officer.

"Here," replied the unfortunate.

"You are charged with burglary," said the justice as he approached the bar. "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

"Remanded for sentence."

Thomas was led away to a cell in the prison beneath the floor of the court.—New York Herald.

Doctors Differ About Gray Hair.

Some authorities seem to regard the graying of the hair as a mechanical and incidental phenomena due to defective functions, and others regard it as an organic or chemical process. The location and character of the coloring substance in the hair is also a question about which authorities differ greatly. Watts' "Dictionary of Chemistry," also Dr. Bichat and Dr. Draper, have advanced the view that the color is in the central portion of the hair, while no less an authority than Cuvier asserts quite the reverse, that the peripheral portion contains the color. Other authorities, as Drs. Carpenter, Todd and Bowman, state that the pigmentary granules are sometimes in one part and sometimes in another of the hair shaft, while "Kolliker" supposes that the dark pigment of the medulla are nothing more than the globules of air in the air cells.—Hyland C. Kirk in New York Times.

A Girl Who Wouldn't Black Boots.

I have known a wedding appointed, and the doors of the chapel open, and every one waiting, but no one arrive, and the parties remain unmarried. In one case a foolish dispute occurred as the young couple were walking across the fields to the place of worship about who ought to clean the husband's boots. At first it was only a joke, but it was taken in earnest, and the bride elect seated herself on a stile to argue the matter out. Neither would give in, the village clock struck twelve and they returned home unmarried.—London Tit-Bits.

Self Regulating.

He—After we are married, darling, I trust your wealth won't incessantly be thrown up to me.

She—No, I rely upon you to keep it down, dear.—New York Epoch.

DIVING FOR LOST GOLD.

SEA DIVERS RECOVER NEARLY HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

How the Treasure of the Alphonso XII, Sunk Off the Canary Islands, Was Secured by Captain Stevens' Clever Work—Nine Months of Toil Below Water.

Some time ago we gave an interesting account of the diving exhibit at the naval exhibition, and referred briefly to the recovery of a vast quantity of treasure from the Alphonso XII. Mr. A. D. Stevens, a son of Captain Stevens, who had charge of the expedition, now writes as follows:

In February, 1884, the Spanish mail steamer Alphonso XII, belonging to the Lopez line, bound from Cadiz to Havana, sank off Point Gando, Grand Canary, in twenty-five and a half fathoms of water and about a mile from the shore. She had on board £100,000 worth of Spanish dollars, these being the only five dollar pieces bearing the year 1844 which were specially coined for the trip. The insurance was effected on the specie at Lloyds and was paid over to the insurers after the vessel foundered.

More than a year had elapsed before the underwriters organized a salvage expedition, and in May, 1885, Captain L. T. Stevens, a Lloyds surveyor of great experience in salvage operations, was entrusted with the expedition, taking with him three well known divers—namely, Messrs. Lambert, Tester and Davis. Special diving apparatus had to be constructed for the work by Messrs. Siebe & Gorman, the submarine engineers, and in the above month Captain Stevens and his men left Liverpool in the steamship Niger for Las Palmas, and arrived at their destination on the 25th of May.

LOCATING THE WRECK.

On the morning of the 29th Captain Stevens proceeded in the steam launch Alhanza in search of the wreck, a strong trade wind from the northeast, with a choppy sea, blowing at the time. On arriving at her supposed position he steamed about, sounding at intervals, endeavoring to strike the wreck, but failed to do so. Captain Stevens then employed a boat's crew of fishermen to assist him in finding her, and after some little time the fishermen gave a signal, and on steaming up he found that they had swept the foretopgallantmast, and on looking down through the water he distinctly saw the shadow of the mast and the foretopgallantmast loose and floating in the water at a depth of six fathoms.

He then had the topgallantmast buoyed, and as soon as the weather moderated he intended laying down moorings, so as to place the vessel in such a position that the diving was to be done from directly over the wreck.

The money was in the mail room, almost at the bottom of the vessel, and to obtain access to that part of the ship it was found necessary to blow up the decks. The dangers and difficulties which were experienced in these operations were of the most extraordinary nature. Not only bravery, but great patience and perseverance, had to be exercised, as testified by the fact that Captain Stevens and his plucky divers were about nine months on the island before they had completed their task.

The wreck lay on a ridge of rocks, and one of the fears entertained before the explosion was effected was that the force might precipitate the vessel to almost fathomless depths. But fortunately, through Captain Stevens' great experience in the use of explosives, the fear was not realized.

ALL BUT \$50,000 RECOVERED.

When the explosion took place one of the masts shot right out of the water, and thousands of dead fish came to the surface. Another difficulty, and probably the greatest the divers had to encounter, was the extreme pressure of the water at so great a depth, but the gallant fellows were most enthusiastic in their work, and, although Captain Stevens had been advised to abandon all hope of recovery of the treasure, he was sanguine of success directly fine weather would set in. And his hopes were soon realized, for on Nov. 17, after waiting anxiously and patiently, he had the pleasure of wiring to London as follows: "Lambert has got both scuttles open, and succeeded in sending up first box of gold." This was glorious news to all concerned, and especially to Captain Stevens, who had charge of such a tedious undertaking.

The saving of the remaining boxes of gold was now merely a question of opportunity. Dip after dip was made by Messrs. Lambert and Tester with various success, and by Dec. 12 they had recovered between them six boxes, the lion's share being obtained by Mr. Lambert, thus leaving a balance of four boxes to be raised. In a very short time, considering the unfavorable weather, they succeeded in sending up three more boxes, making in all nine boxes, or £90,000 out of £100,000.

Unfortunately, the last box could not be found, so Captain Stevens and his plucky divers had to come away without it. No praise is too great for the manner in which Messrs. Lambert and Tester worked under such an able commander. I have noted these few facts down from my dead father's log book. As the treasure chest and the gold dollars at the naval exhibition attract so much attention I send you these additional facts.—Pall Mall Budget.

Impatient.

A doctor who was noted for his pretences rather than for his cures was called in to prescribe one day for a man who was ill, and gave him some medicine. The next day but one he called to see the patient.

"How is he today?" he asked a servant at the door.

"He's dead, sir—that's how he is," said the servant.

"He is, eh?" said the doctor indignantly. "Well, that's always the way. People expect our medicine to work wonders, and then they get in a hurry and don't give it time to prove what it can do."—Exchange.

Nat Goodwin's First Stage Experience.

Before I ever went on the stage I used to take part in amateur affairs in my mother's parlors in Boston, and I bothered Charlie Thorne to death to get me a place in some company.

My friends also said they were convinced I had talents. So finally Thorne secured me a position in a company then playing a piece called "A Bottle." Providence was to be the place where I made my debut, and the part assigned me was the old time gentlemanly villain, who comes to the village and captures the heart of the rustic beauty.

I had rehearsed several times and was sure I knew it all.

The heroine was to rush on with a scream and I was to run after her; but she hadn't rehearsed the scream with me, so when she dashed on and gave an unearthly yell it nearly frightened me to death.

I stubbed my toe, fell sprawling and lost one of my sidewiskers. I couldn't utter a word, and didn't do so during the whole performance. They thought I would gain courage as the piece progressed, but during the third act the orchestra came in with a few thrilling bars of music and I completely lost my head, and I dashed out of the theater to find the depot and take the next train for Boston.

As I entered the cars with makeup on a black streak on my cheek from a blackened eyebrow and my wig at one side, passengers thought I was staring mad. On reaching home I rushed in to my mother, who thought I was going to be a second Booth, begging her not to send me on the stage again, but to get me a position in some store.—Nat C. Goodwin, Jr., in New York World.

Esculapius and His Profession.

Esculapius, whom Homer calls "the blameless physician," was the famous pupil of Chiron. The glory of Esculapius' name is not dimmed as it has come down to us through the ages. While his treatment of the sick was heroic, as was natural in an heroic age, he did not ignore the virtue of metaphysical treatment. To those who suffered from violent passions he recommended the perusal of works of poetry, the study of hymns and songs and an attendance on light comedy.

It has often been said of physicians that they have two kinds of medicine—one with which to cure the patient, the other to be used when it is desirable that the cure shall not be effected too quickly. Esculapius had two kinds, which he received from Pallas Athene, the goddess of wisdom. Both were taken from her left side operated to the destruction of men. That from the right side brought them health and strength.

Esculapius' medicine even had the power of bringing the dead to life—a fact which so incensed the gods that Esculapius was immediately put to death by a thunderbolt. The sceptic Montaigne, referring to this injustice, sarcastically expresses his surprise that the patron of the doctors should be sent to Tartary for restoring men to life, when so many of his disciples are pardoned for performing the opposite feat.—Chicago Herald.

A "Queer" Preacher.

Rev. Mr. Hagamore, to whose memory a slab has been placed in the church at Catschoe, Leicestershire, England, was "a little queer." It seems that the reverend gentleman died in January, 1886, leaving all of his property, valued at \$3,500, to a railroad porter.

This queer old preacher kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go the rounds of his premises, let loose the dogs and fire off his gun. He lost his life in a curious manner. Starting out to let out his servants the dogs fawned upon him and threw him into a pond of water. The servants heard his cries, but, being locked up could not render assistance, so the old man was drowned.

When the inventory of his property was taken he was found to be the owner of 80 gowns, 100 pairs of trousers, 100 pairs of boots, 400 pairs of shoes, 80 wigs (although he had plenty of natural hair), 50 dogs, 96 wagons and carts, 30 wheelbarrows, 249 razors, 80 plows, 50 saddles and 223 pickaxes and shovels. He surely was "a little queer."—St. Louis Republic.

Treatment of Face Moles.

A hairy mole which is still growing should be removed at once, even at the risk of some injury to the skin. It is now probably no more than a plexus of capillary vessels, with only a small supply of connective tissue. There is also a likelihood that it has not yet involved the skin. If this be its condition, the skin over the tumor may be reflected in flaps, and the tumor itself strangulated with ligature in one of the usual ways. The flaps should then be replaced, and the result will be a minimum of cicatrix and deformity.

But if the nevus be allowed to grow, it will become a large, highly vascular, erectile tumor, probably invading and involving the skin, liable to profuse hemorrhage if injured; yet still quite amenable to treatment, though of a less simple kind. The modes of treating nevi are numerous, and are continually increasing.—Herald of Health.

The Romans Invented Horsepower.

The Romans, among whom agriculture was a highly favored occupation, were an inventive race, especially in the matter of labor saving machines. Recognizing the drudgery of handmills, they invented those whose motive power was imparted by asses, mules and oxen, and introduced them into all the countries conquered by their victorious armies. There is no positive record of the name of the originator of this improvement in milling.—Detroit Free Press.

Both Out.

Depositor (breathlessly)—Is the cashier in?

Bank Examiner—No, he's out. Are you a depositor?

"Yes."

"Well, you're out, too."—New York Weekly.

Strange Spirit Manifestations.

One of the best authenticated instances of ghostly visitation is connected with Dr. Kerner's so-called Scrooge of Provost. Dr. Kerner for many years conducted an asylum for the insane at Weinsburg. In Southern Germany there came to him for treatment a Mrs. Hauffe, a lady in delicate health, of great nervous irritability, and with a mind which was, to say the least, not too well balanced. Wherever this afflicted woman went, and Dr. Justinius Kerner is authority, she was pursued by a variety of strange noises. Chinaware and glassware, tables and chairs were mysteriously moved in the presence of witnesses. A medicine vial rose slowly into the air and had to be brought back by one of the bystanders.

On several occasions an easy chair was lifted up to the ceiling by unseen power and then returned slowly to the floor. On one occasion the great skeptic, Dr. Stranz, was one of her visitors, and during his stay Mrs. Hauffe fell asleep on her sofa when there immediately arose long, fearful groanings close by the doctor's side and in the vicinity of his amiable but remarkable hostess. The strange suffering woman was the only one who knew the cause of these phenomena. She ascribed them all to a dark spirit who appeared to her as a black column of smoke with a hideous head, whose unseen approach oppressed even the bystanders.

Dr. Kerner relates countless mysterious phenomena which occurred in this patient's bedroom. He beheld Mrs. Hauffe's shoes pulled off by invisible hands while she was lying almost inanimate in a trance on her bed. She revealed secrets which, upon writing to utterly unknown persons at a great distance, Dr. Kerner proved to be correctly stated.—Philadelphia Press.

Helping the Maids.

During the War of the Revolution, while the American and British armies were contending in Pennsylvania, General Washington was in the neighborhood of Marietta, Lancaster county. General Lee, with two or three aides-de-camp, rode in advance, and stopping at a wayside inn, informed the landlady that General Washington and his staff officers would quarter at his house for the night.

This news, of course, caused great confusion among the inmates of the establishment. They wanted to do honor to the beloved commander, and bustled about to have all things in readiness upon his arrival.

"Here, you," said the genius who presided in the kitchen to General Lee, ignorant of his rank in the army, "just go out to that woodpile and split an armful for me. I must hurry up this fire, or I cannot get a good supper for General Washington."

The officer, enjoying the joke, obediently took up the ax, and soon the chips were flying in all directions. He was busily working away when Washington and his staff rode up to the tavern.

"Why, General Lee," said the commander-in-chief, "what in the world are you doing?"

"Oh," replied Lee, lifting his head, "I am helping the maids in the kitchen. General Washington and his officers are coming here for supper to-night."

Both generals burst into a hearty laugh, in which their companions joined, and even the landlady, who had set the general at work, enjoyed the joke after she had recovered somewhat from her mortification.—Youth's Companion.

The Bridegroom Had a Dog License.

People who have lived in cities where marriage licenses are required often have great difficulty in understanding the system in vogue here. They cannot realize that the services of a minister or alderman are all that is necessary when the parties have reached the proper age. A German whose knowledge of the English language is limited wished to get married not long ago, and being under the impression that a license was necessary he started out to secure one. He wandered around the postoffice and the various municipal and county buildings for an hour or two, unable to find the place where licenses were to be had.

Finally he managed to explain to a policeman that he wanted a license, although he was unable to make it clear what kind of a one he was after. The officer directed him to the place where dog licenses are issued, and the happy suitor paid his fee and received the precious paper.

That evening the German and his blushing affianced went to the house of a minister to have the Gordian knot tied. When the bridegroom proudly handed over his dog license the worthy pastor could hardly perform the ceremony for suppressed laughter. The couple, however, were none the less firmly married because the paper allowed the husband to keep a dog instead of to wed a wife.—New York Tribune.

London as It Was.

Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" makes the statement that the old name of the city of London was written Llynnon or Llynidin, meaning "the city on the lake." An old tradition gives us to understand that London was founded by Brute, a descendant of Aeneas, and called New Troy, or Troynovant, until the time of Lud, who surrounded the town with walls and named it Caer-Lud, or Lud's town. This latter is probably the correct version of the story, if for no other reason because it is an easy matter to detect a similarity between the expression Lud's town and London. It is claimed by some writers that there was a city on the same spot 1,107 years B. C., and it is known that the Romans found a city there called Londinium A. D. 61.—St. Louis Republic.

A Comparison.

Jack—I have come to believe that there's a good deal of similarity between a car porter and Cupid's arrows.

Nellie—Gracious! How do you make that out?

Jack—Well, neither is effective unless tipped with gold or silver.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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