## THE DAILY HERALD, PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1887.

# PRAIRIE ROSES.

.0

A bedge of roses, pink and sweet, That plant in loam their slender feet. That send a breath the spring to greet Across a great expanse; They lean soft checks together there, They smile at love, with faces fair-

What keeps the sunshine glinting near? Young love, perchance.

her eyes to wet it.

weaver's.

from Holland."

forth.

the altar.

look of fixed despair:

In conver presented."

linen that was softer or fiper."

thin ring of gold, quite wors.

take it, but she said to him:

arms drag me underground.

At the close of the sixth day Hanz

died. Whother it was from chance, or

the brier wood vine that caressed his

cradle languished, farled, dried and let

breath had flown forever from the lips

where death violets had replaced the

dead, took her package of thread under

her arm, and directed her steps to the

"Weaver," said she, "here is some

your shuttle come and go; with this

thread must you make for me a yard of

linen, as soft as the linen from Frise and

The weaver took the skein, adjusted

the warp, and the busy shuttle, drawing

the thread after it, began to fly back and

The hatchel tightened the woof and

the linea grew on the frame without un-

evenness, without break, as fine as the

chemise of an archduchess, or the linen-

with which a priest dries the chalice at

mother and said to her, for he had un-

Having folded the linen the poor

"Good weaver, "she said, "take this

The worthy weaver did not wish to

"I have no need of a ring there where

"Master, in kindness take some or

cannot destroy; cut from it five large

planks and two that are smaller and not with them a coffic of this cleas-

The carpenter took his saw and his

plane, arranged the planks, struck as

softly as he could with his mallet, so as

not to force the iron points into the poor

woman's heart before they entered the

When the work was completed one

"Carpenter, who have made such a

would have thought it, so carefully and

I am going, for, I feel it, my little boy's

Then she went to the carpenter's.

that will not rot and that the we

ring - my matriage ring - the only gold I

mother pulled from her wasted finger a

fall its last crisped blossom on his bed.

A hedge grown dim with autumn's haze, Tendrils that cling in loving maze, Through drear, or cold, or cloudy days; Across the great expanse Comes on the fleree September sun, When rosy flush and perfume's done; The rays the faded flowers shun Without a glance.

Oh, homely loves that clasp her round, May you enough for her be found (Like sister roses on one mound Amid a great expanse)-May no gay wooer ask a smile-Too lightsome wight with winsome wile! But gaining love to hold awhile,

Then lose, perchance. --Eli Shepherd in Boston Transcript.

# THE SHOES OF BREAD.

Listen to this story that the grandmothers of Germany tell to their grandchildren; Germany, a beautiful country of legends and of reveries, where the moonlight, playing on the mists of old Rhine, creates a thousand fantastic visions.

A poor woman lived alone at the far end of the village in a humble little house; the dwelling was miscrable enough and contained only the most necessary furniture. An old led with wreathed columns, from which hung curtains of vellowed serge, a kneading trough to put the bread in, a walnut chest shining with cleanness, but whose numberless worm holes, filled up with wax, showed long service; a stuffed arm chair, faded and worn by the shaking head of the grandam, a wheel polished smooth by much using: that was all.

We were going to forget a child's eradle, quite new, O! so softly fined, and folded down with a pretty flowered coverlid worked by a loving needle-that of a mother decorating the manger of her little Jesus.

All the riches of the poor house were centered there. The child of a burgomaster or of an Aulie councilor would not have been more tenderly cradled. Holy prodigality! Sweet folly of the mother, who denies herself everything to make a little luxury, in the midst of her want, for her dear nursling.

This cradle gave a holiday air to the ninched and small and dirty lodging, and nature, ever compassionate to those who are unfortunate, brightened its bareness with tuffs of house leek and with velvely mosses. While seeming to be but parasites these good, pititul plants purposely grew in the holes in the root, filling them up and transforming them into resplenwood. dent hanging baskets which also served to keep the rain from falling on the well made it was, a box to put jewels cradle; even the pigeons flattened themand lace in. selves against the windows and cooed

consolation to the mother, who thought thread for the shroud of her little Hanz. that her little Hanz would not be too un-She did not wish to wrap his precious body in linen that had been used, and she easy his first night in the tomb.

Back in her solitary house, she placed had no money; and it was for this reason that she made her wheel rumble the child's cradle next to her bed, lay down and fell asleep. Exhausted nature with such funcreal activity; but she did had succumbed. not moisten the thread with her lips, as was her custom; enough tears fell from

Sleeping, she had a dream, or at least she thought it was a dream. Hanz appeared to her, dressed, as in his coffin, in his Sunday clothing, his pelisse trimmed with swansdown, holding in his arms the whether from sympathy, the wreath of doll with the enameled eyes, and wear-ing on his feet the shoes made of bread. He seemed sad. Around his head was not that aurcole with which death should When the mother was convinced that rightly crown little innocents; for when a baby is put in the earth there comes out roses of life, she covered the beloved an angel. The roses of paradise did not bloom on his pale cheeks that death had painted so white; tears fell from his blonde lashes, and big sighs rent his little breast. The vision disappeared and the very even thread, very fine and without mother awoke, cold and shivering, overknots. The spider does not spin thinner joyed to have seen her son again, dis-between the rafters of the ceiling. Let tressed because he was so sad; but she reassured herself, saving: "Poor Hanz! even in Paradise he cannot forget me." The following night the apparition

came once more. Hanz was still more ed, still more pale. His mother, stretching out her arms to him, said: "Dear child, console thyself, and do not become weary in heaven, I am going there to join thee." The third night Hanz came again: he groaned and cried more than on the two preceding nights, and he disappeared clasping his little hands as if in supplication; he did not carry his doll, but he wore, as always,

the tiny shoes made of bread. When the thread was all used the The anxious mother went to consult a wenver gave back the linen to the poor venerable priest, who said to her: "I will watch with you to-night and I will derstood all from the unhappy creature's question the little ghost. He will an-"The infant son of the emperor, who I swer me; I know the words that one died last year, in his little ebony coffin must use to innocent as well as to wicked spirits." with its silver nails, was not wrapped in

Hanz appeared at the usual hour and the priest challenged him, using the consecrated words, to tell him what it was that tormented him in the other world.

"It is the shoes of bread that cause my torment and prevent me from ascending the diamond stairs of paradise; they are heavier to my feet than a postilion's boots, and I cannot get beyond the first two or three steps, and that gives me so much grief, for 1 see up there a cloud of beautiful cheruls with rosy wings who call to me to come and play, and who show me their silver toys and their len toys."

Having said these words, he vanished. The holy father, to whom the mother of 1. 12 had confessed, now said to her: ...) on have committed a grievous

fault. You have profaned the 'daily bread,' the bread that is sacred, the bread of the good God; the bread that Jesus Christ, at his last supper, chose to represent his body, and after having refused a piece of it to the beggar who came to your doorsill you made shoes out of it for your Hanz. You must open his coffin, cake off the shoes made of bread from this child's fect and burn them in fire, which purifies all."

Accompanied by the grave digger and

### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

# Its History in Brief-A Popular Fancy.

A Welcome Celestial Event. "Where can the Star of Bethlehem be found?" is the oft repeated question that comes from many quarters. The fact is, no such star is visible in any part of the heavens. An observer with a vivid imagination fancied he had discovered this long looked for star, and announced its return in some journal of the day. The paragraph was widely copied throughout the country. The idea pleased the popular fancy, was received with almost unquestioning faith, and the sky was eagerly scanned for a glimpse of the star that once shone over the humble dwelling that enshrined the Redeemer of mankind. Even the peerless Venus was impressed into service, and was firmly believed to be the sacred star once more shining upon the earth after wandering for ages in the star depths.

The history of the so called Star of Bethlehem is briefly thus: Tycho Brahe, a Danish astronomer, discovered, in the year 1572, an apparently new star near Caph in Cassiopea. When first seen, in November, it had attained the first magnitude. It increased rapidly in brilliancy. until it rivaled Venus, and was visible at noonday. It began to diminish in brightness in December, and continded to fade away until the following May, when it disappeared from view.

Forty years later, when the telescope was invented, a small telescopic star was found close to the spot where the wonderful star was seen. It is still there, and is probably the same. It is now classed among variable stars, and is, therefore, liable to blaze forth at any time in the same extraordinary manner. After classifying the star as a variable, the next thing to be done was to find out its period of variability. Astronomical records were searched, and it was ascertained that about the years 1263 and 956 bright stars suddenly appeared near the same quarter of the heavens. It was, therefore, classified as a variable, with a period of about 309 years. Counting back three periods from 956, the exact period being uncertain, the star may have appeared near the time of the Christian era. Some imaginative observer, for this reason, christened it the Star of Eethlehem, and with scarce the shadow of a foundation the name has adhered to it ever since. It is also known as the the star of 1572.

if the star be a variable, with a period approximating to 509 years, it is now hie and liable to burst forth into sudden brilliancy at any time. No celestial event would be more welcome to astronomers. The scientific world would be wild with excitement over the substantiation of an ingenious theory and the confirmation of its hopes. Its first appearance, its exact position in the heavens, its changes from day to day, would be telegraphed all over the country and minutely described in the journals of the day. The advent of a comet, spanning the sky from the zenith to the horizon, would be of no account in comparison with the blazing star! Meantime the telescopic star near Caph in Cassiopea shows no signs of any if it come. It is generally considered that the extraordinary changes of light in stars, like that of 1572, are caused by sudden outbursts of glowing hydrogen gas, which by its own light and by heating up the whole surface of the star causes the immense increase in brilliancy. The spots, faculty and rosy protuberances on the sun give some idea, on a small scale, of what may be going on in other suns on a much larger scale. Fortunately, the new or temporary stars observed by terrestrial astronomers number only about twentyfour, an infinitesimal number when compared with the boundless millions of stars that shine with nearly unchanging brightness. The probability is, therefore, smali that our sun will be added to the list of blazing stars. He will probably shine for millions of years to some, as he has shone for millions of years in the past, and if observed from other suns and systems will be classed as a variable, with a period of about eleven years, corresponding to the cycle of sun spots.-Scientific Amer-



# ALSO REPAIRING PETER MERGES.



(SUCCESSOR TO J. M. LOBERTS.)

Will keep constantly on hand a full and complete stock of pice-

until the child fell asleep.

A tiny bird, whom little Hanz had fed with bread crumbs in the winter when the snow whitened the ground, now, in the spring, let fall a grain from his beak at the foot of the wall, and from it had sprung a beautiful brier weed vine which, fastening itself to the stones with its green claws, had entered the room through a broken pane, and crowned the child's cradle with its garlands, so that in the morning the blue eyes of little Hanz and the blue bells of the vine awoke at the same time and looked intelligently at each other.

The dwelling was, then, poor, but not gloomy. The mother of Hanz, whose husband had died far away in the wars. lived as best she could upon the few vegetables that her garden yielded, and upon what little she made from spinning, very little indeed, but Hanz wanted for nothing, that was enough.

Certainly she was a pious and believing woman, this mother of Hanz. She said her prayers, worked and was virtuous; but she committed one sin; she took too much pride in her son. It happens sometimes that mothers, seeing their beautiful, rosy babies with their tiny, dimpled hands, and their white skin and their pretty pink nails; imagine that they are theirs forever; but God gives nothing, he lends only; and like a forgotten creditor he comes sometimes suddenly to claim his due.

Because this fresh bud had been grafted from her stem, the mother of Hanz thought she had caused it to be born; and God-who from the depth of his blue vaulted paraduse that is studded with golden stars observes all that happens on earth, and hears from the end of infinity the noise that a blade of grass makes in growing-saw not this with pleasure.

He saw, too, that Hanz was greedy and that his mother was too indulgent with him in this evil habit: often this naughty child would cry when, after eating grapes and apples, he would have to finish his bread, that so many poor people are in need of, and his mother would let him throw away the piece he had bitten into, or would finish it herself.

Now it happened that Hanz fell ill: fever burned him, his throat was choked. and his breath came heavily with a rattling sound; he has the croup, a terrible disease that has made the eyes of many mothers and of many fathers red with weeping.

The poor woman at this sight felt a horrible pain at her beart.

Without doubt you have seen in some with her breast torn open showing the bleeding heart in which are plunged seven of a mother who sees her child die; and, with, this although the Holy Virgin believed in the divinity of Jesus and knew that her Son would rise again.

Now the mother of Hanz had no such hope. During the last days of his illness, while she watched him, the mother mehum of her wheel mingled with the child's labored breathing.

the dying bed of her child, it is that they do not know what torture poverty holds in its grasp for the soul. Alas! it doesn't and buried it in a corner of the cemetery heart also.

beautiful coffin for my little Hanz, I give you my house at the end of the village and the little garden which is behind and the well with its vine. You will not have to wait long."

With the shroud and the coffin, which she held under her arm, it was so small, he went her way through the village streets, and the children, who do not know what death is, cried out:

"See what a beautifal box of toys from Nuremberg Hanz's mother carries to him; without doubt it is a city with its houses in painted and varnished wood, its steeple surrounded with lead, its battlements and belfry and the trees, for the promenades, all frizzed and green; or else it is a pretty fiddle, carved, with a bow like a horse' mane. Oh! if we only had such a box!' And the mothers, growing pale, kissed them and made them still. "Impudent ones that you are, do not say so; do not envy her her jewel box, the violin case which one carries under the arm weeping.

You will have it soon enough, poor children!" When the mother of Hanz reached home she took the tiny and still lovely body of her son and began to dress him for the last time, a toilet which must be a very careful one, as it will last through eternity. She dressed him in his Sunday clothing, in his silken dress and his pelisse, trimmed with fur, so that he would not be cold in the damp place where he was going. She placed beside him his doll with the enameled eyes that he had loved so much that it had always slept beside him in his cradle.

How she lingered over the task! How many thousand times she gave him his last kiss! At the moment of smoothing down the shroud, she perceived that she had forgotten to put on the dead child his pretty little red shoes.

She sought for them in the room, for it hart her to see bare those fect that, before so moist and so rosy, were now icy and pale; but during her absence the rats, having found the shoes under the bed, for want of better food, had nibbled and gnawed them, and had torn the kid.

It was a great grief for the poor mother that her Hanz was forced to go into the other world with bare feet; for when the heart is one great wound it is sufficient to touch it to make it bleed. She wept before these shoes: from those dry, inflamed eyes a tear could still gush forth. How could she get some shoes for Hanz, she had given away her ring and her house! Such was the thought that tormented her. By dint of dwelling on it, there came to her an idea.

In the but there remained still an enchurch the image of Our Lady clothed in tire loaf of bread, for the unhappy one, mourning and standing beneath the cross, nourished by her grief, had caten noth-

She broke this loaf, remembering that silver blades-three on one side and four formerly, out of the soft part, she had on the other. The meaning of this is that made pigeons, ducks, hens, sabots, beats there is no more frightful agony than that and other childish things to amuse Hanz

Placing the soft bread in the hollow of her hand and kneading it with her thumb, and moistening it with her tears. she made a pair of shoes with which she shod the cold and blue feet of the dead child, and, her heart comforted, she chanically continued spinning, and the smoothed down the shroud and closed the coffin. While she was kneading the dough a beggar had come to her thresh-If there are those-rich-who think it old, timid, asking for bread; but with strange that a mother should spin beside her hand she had motioned to him to be-

alone destroy the body, it breaks the under a chump of white rose bushes, the air was sweet, it did not rain, and the What she was spinning thus was the earth was not wet; this was a source of happy old age. -Youth's Companion.

by the mother, the priest went to the cemetery. With four blows of the spade the cofiin was uncovered. They opened it. Hanz was lying within just as his mother had placed him, but his face bore an expression of grief. The holy priest tenderly took off the shoes made of bread from the feet of the dead baby and himself burned them in the flame of a wax taper while he recited a prayer.

When the night came on Hanz appeared before his mother for the last time, but joyous, rosy, contented, with two little cherubs with whom he had already mad + friends; he wore a wreath of diamouls and his wings were made of light. "Ch, my mother! what happiness, what felicity, and how beautiful. They are the gardens of paradise! There we play forever, and the good God never scolds us.'

The next day the mother saw her boy again, but in heaven, for she died before evening, with her head bent over the empty cradle.-Translated by Anne C. Millord Barton from the French of Theophile Gautier for Home Journal.

#### A Young Ventriloquist.

A little Boston boy who was taken to the entertainment of a ventriloquist some | ican. time ago, and who was a close observer of the performer's modus operandi, accompanied his parents last week to his father's native town, and among the places visited during their rural sojourn was the country cemetery, where sleep the progenitors of his paternal parent. The latter pointed out to the child a certain mound, saying: "There, dear, is the stave of your grandfather." The little fellow gazed curiously at the place of sepulture for a moment, and then, seized by a sudden idea, stooped down, and rapping on the tombstone, said: "Grandpa, are you down there?" following it up with a self supplied "Yes" in as deep and guttural a tone as his little throat could make vocal. "Does you want to come up?" he resumed in his natural pitch of voice, and again dropping to the lower tone answered his own query with a bass and hollow "No." The parents, greatly shocked, cut short further ventriloquial efforts on the part of the too precocious

#### Facts About London.

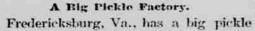
child.-Boston Budget.

About twenty-eight miles of new streets are laid out each year; about 9,000 houses are erected yearly; about 500,000 houses are already erected; about 10,000 strangers enter the city each day; about 125 persons are added daily to the population; about 120,000 foreigners live in the city; about 129,000 paupers and beggars infest the city; about 10,000 police keep order; about 2,000 clergymen hold forth every Sunday; about 3,000 horses die every week; and, it is said, about 700,000 cats enliven the moonlight nights .- Publie Opinion.

#### A Good Old Age.

Long lived heredity is not simply a physical tendency to live. It is also a tendency to the habits of life, conduct and thought that preserve constitutional vigor, and hold in check or eradicate whatever might hamper nature's recuperative power.

This suggests the practical lesson we would enforce. By the voluntary cultivation of good habits those who have reached, say the age of 30, in sound health, may hepe to live to a good and



factory that is supplied with cucumbers from the lands adjoining the city.\* This season the supply has reached 30,000,000 cucumbers, those engaged in their production furnishing from 200,000 to 1,669,600 each. An acre will produce 100,600, and they sell in Fredericksburg at eighty cents per 1,000. The object is to get them an inch or an inch and a half long, and this requires active picking before they increase this size. A boy will pick 3,000 in a day. Picking them thus early increases the productiveness of the vine, and, while the season last . others are appearing in place of those taken from the vines .- New York Sun.

#### The Courteons Persians.

The Persians are a very punctilious race; and it is the sensible custom of the country, on making a call, to assounce beforehand that you are coming. A thousand and one little points of punctilio have to be observed. A certain number of cups of tea are de rigueur, three pipes at least have to be smoked, a few whill's from each; the rank and precedence of every guest is rigorously observed, and each visitor intrigues for, and generally receives, a little more than her due. To omit to return a visit is an unpardonable offense. The particular place in the apartment of each guest is regulated to a nicety, and many and bitter are the feuds on this subject .- St. James' Gazette.

#### Ignored by German Papers.

In four pages of ows from all parts of the world in The Corogne Gazette there is a single line from America, telling of the emperor of Brazil's departure for Europe. The case cited is not the exception, but the rule, not only with The Gazette, but with all German papers which reflect the government's policy. The United States are referred to as seldom and as briefly as possible, and this in spite of the fact that there is scarcely a family in Ger-many which has not a relative, a friend. or an acquaintance here. If the German chancellor could arrange a map of the world to his liking, there would not be a republic left on it .- St. Louis Republican.

