

IN ATHENS.

Mid thirty centuries of dust and mold We grope with hopeful heart and eager eye, And hail our treasure trove if we but spy...

ARMS AND UNIFORMS.

The Needs of Our Militia—"State Service" Dress a Mistake. To argue about the advantage of a uniformity of arms between the states and the general government would seem to be scarcely necessary, so palpable ought it to be.

Lord Wolsey is equally decided on the value of dress uniforms. "The soldier is a peculiar animal," he says, "who can alone be brought to the highest efficiency by inducing him to believe that he belongs to a regiment infinitely superior to others about him."

Contents of the Tramp's Bundle.

For many years I have been devoured by an intense and abiding curiosity to know what a tramp carries in his bundle. You may have noticed that no matter where you meet a tramp or under what circumstances he has a bundle with him.

A Shabby Sort of Enterprise.

New York city is the recognized headquarters in this country of every description of scheming for the acquisition of wealth without labor. An attorney, whose place of business is in Aldrich court, remarked: "Among the novel projects for making money which I have come across recently is that of speculating in the franchises of interior towns and cities for public improvements."

A Coachman's Observation.

"I was once coachman for the duke of—, and he had no finer horses than these in all his stables. Service is very different in England from what it is here. One thing strikes me particularly, and that is this: In England you serve his lordship, and when 'his lordship' is not using the horses 'his lordship' is at liberty to use them. Here it is different. The lady is the one to be considered. For instance, when my present employer engaged me he said: 'William, your duties are not many, but the most important of all will be in consulting and obeying implicitly the wishes of Mrs. Keenan. When you have pleased her your work is complete. You will do exactly as she directs; consult her wishes in everything.' And so it is. If Mrs. Keenan is using the carriage Mr. K. walks or patronizes the horse cars or a cab. The lady is first always. It isn't like that across the pond."—Chicago Herald.

A FAMOUS MINING TOWN.

LEADVILLE AND THE RELATIONS OF ITS MORALS AND ITS VICES.

A Place Where Justice Is Sure and Swift—Gambling as a Business—Noisy Kenos-Boulette Under Suspicion—Poker and Faro—Talmage's Visit.

Many people are under the impression that Leadville is a very wicked city. This is a mistake. Leadville has its morals and its vices, and the relations between them are somewhat peculiar. It is submitted without argument that in a community which sends the president of its First National bank to the penitentiary for ten years cannot be said to be without considerable moral tone. Leadville did just that with a man who had betrayed a trust, and so far has refused to join in a sentimental movement for a pardon. An assayer of good position, who had loaned his science to a conspiracy for stealing rich ore, followed the bank down the Grand canyon and into retirement behind the bars. Mine officials and others have gone the same way for plundering employers. The Leadville code is not an extensive one, but justice follows swift and sure upon infractions of it. Having decided to tolerate gambling, Leadville does so in the most openhanded manner. Some of the best locations on the avenue are given up to the votaries of fortune telling. There is none of the hypocrisy of half drawn blinds. The doors are thrown wide open, and from the street can be seen at any time the green tables surrounded by the players, while the click of the chips and the bawling of the man at the kenos fall upon the ears of the passer by. Gambling in Leadville is a business.

"Our running expenses," said Con Featherly, one of the proprietors of the Kenos, "are \$7,500 a month. When the house opened in 1870 it ran behind steadily for six months, and came pretty near going under. Then it took a turn for the better and ran ahead. If we take in \$15,000 or \$20,000 a month we are pretty well satisfied. That pays running expenses and leaves a margin for profit."

Down stairs there is the bar on one side, gorgeous with its mammoth mirror and its array of cut glass. A lunch counter just across the way is also doing business. On blackboards are displayed the scores of the day's baseball games, the results of the races and the grain and stock quotations from the east. To the right is a room with half a dozen games of faro in progress and open to all comers. Back of the faro room is the business office of the establishment. This comes a long, high chamber, where a hundred men try hour after hour to put five buttons in a row on a numbered card, while a host of spectators sit around the table and call out the numbers. As it falls into his hand. There are electric devices to show at a glance the exact number of cards taken out and the consequent pot to go to the holder of the winning card. This is kenos. It is the popular game, and the money on it is well as the players are shut into a big room by themselves. But faro and kenos are only two of the games which the Texas provides for its patrons. Adjoining the kenos room the roulette has its corner, and a pleasant faced man whirls the wheel and the marble in opposite directions, reciting in a low, well modulated voice: "Black or red, odd or even, high or low. Thirty-five for a single number. Round and round the little ball goes. Roll it for yourself if you like."

Roulette, the great game of the European resorts, is not popular in Leadville. Now and then a young clerk or a laboring man will stop and pick a dollar on the black or red, and the play is seldom heavy. The fact is, the wheel is rather under suspicion in the western country. Smart gamblers have been able to fix it up by magnetism and electrical currents so that the little marble found its way too often to the single 0 or the 00, both of which sweep the board for the house. Mexicans like roulette, but Americans give it a wide berth. The dice table, where the dealer sits behind a monstrous box and rattles down the cubes, is better patronized. "Stanhorse poker" has some admirers, but straight poker is always sure of a tableful. In the rooms of the first floor every body comes and goes at will. Men reach out for each other's chairs to sit down their bets. Down stairs is for the crowd. Up stairs is for the heavy betters.

"The largest winning at a single setting that I remember," said Mr. Featherly, after taking a few moments to consider the question, "was \$16,000. I recollect a big game we had one Saturday night in the front room. We had been playing all the evening and about 11 o'clock there was some talk about stopping. The house was out \$2,500 on the game. One or two of the players started to go, but came back and said that it was snowing so that a man couldn't see ten feet ahead of him. So the game was kept up all night until 8 o'clock Sunday morning, and when we stopped the house was \$16,000 ahead, besides recovering the \$2,500 behind at 11 o'clock the night before."

THE CHARM WAS BROKEN. "These big games are sometimes affected by things which people who do not gamble would consider trivial," continued Mr. Featherly. "We had a game going one night in the back room and the principal players were two eastern men who had come here to mine. They had drafted in their pockets for \$100,000. One was a man worth \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000. The betting was heavy. About 11 o'clock some of the rooms were closed. The players were into the game about \$2,500. For some reason we moved from the back room into the front room and went on. The players made a few bets, flibberted about and then quit. The moving from one room to another had broken the charm. If we had kept on in the back room the game would have run all night, probably, and \$20,000 might have changed hands. I talked to the players about it afterward and they said that it was the change of rooms that made them stop. This may sound odd to those who don't know anything about the little influences which affect playing, but all gamblers will understand it."

A MAN WITH A MEMORY.

CAPTURE OF A SUPPOSED SPY INSIDE THE FEDERAL LINES.

The Suspect Answers Every Question "as Straight as a String"—Algebra in a Boot—Repeating the Roll—Entrapped at Last.

Just before Sherman advanced on his Georgia campaign a man supposed to be a Confederate spy was one day arrested in a Union camp. He was in Federal uniform, but his look and language were unmistakably southern. He claimed to belong to a regiment in another camp about two miles away, and he was sent to the guard house until his assertion could be verified or disproved. It was in the camp of a Wisconsin regiment that the spy, who gave his name as George Swift, was arrested. He had come there ostensibly to visit friends, but some of the boys had seen him slyly taking notes, and he had asked such questions as no private Federal soldier would have any use for. The boys had no sooner got the idea that the stranger was a spy than they gave information to me, and I put him under arrest. I saw at a glance that he was of southern birth. This was not so much against him, for at that time we had plenty of Tennessee and Kentucky men with us.

"What command do you belong to?" I asked. "The—th Illinois," he replied. I asked what brigade and division, who was his captain and various other things, and he returned what seemed to be straight answers to every question. When I asked who he had come to visit in the Wisconsin regiment he was lame. He mentioned the name of a man no one had ever heard of. It was on this point alone that I held him. A messenger was at once sent after the Illinois captain named, and in about an hour he appeared. The supposed spy was taken to the tent of the brigade general, and as soon as brought face to face with the captain he saluted and said: "Cap'n, I'm glad to see you. People here seem to think I am a rebel spy."

"And who are you?" queried the captain, plainly astonished. "Do you ask that?" reproachfully inquired the man. "Who should I be but George Swift of your own company?" "You can't be. I never saw you before in my life."

"Why, Cap'n Morton?" "The two men looked at each other as if doubting their own senses, and the general asked of Swift: "How long have you been with his company?" "Four months, sir. I came down as a recruit from Pekin."

"Who is your orderly sergeant?" "Serg't. White, sir." "Who are your commissioned officers?" "Capt. Morton, First Lieut. Green, and Lieut. Davis. The latter is home on furlough."

"How many men in the company?" "Fifty-eight, sir." "Who are your tent mates?" "Oscar Jackson, Thomas Parker, and John Prigden." "Well, captain," queried the general, as he turned to Capt. Morton. "The captain was clean beat. He was dead sure that no such man belonged to his company, and yet the suspect had answered every question as straight as a string. "I'll stake my life that I never saw this man before," the captain finally answered, "and I know every man in my company by name."

AN INTERRUPTED LUNCH.

A Collar Button Boy Gets His Ears Cuffed and a Five Dollar Gold Piece.

At an early hour the other afternoon, a well known member of the bar strolled into a prominent resort and ordered a lunch. He examined the bill of fare and selected a few of the choicest articles. In order to get his appetite to the right tension he first drank an absinthe frappe, then he ate a delicate salad, and topped off with nibbling at an olive. In the meantime his interest was aroused by watching the skillful cook manipulate the various articles intended for his lunch. Some friends came in and asked the lawyer to join them in a social round, but he declined. All his thoughts were centered upon a thick and rare steak that was just ready. Another friend came in and with a breezy air wanted the lawyer to join him in arranging for a boom in Milpitas real estate.

The hungry man steadily declined to do anything until his lunch was eaten. He savagely affirmed that so long as the stomach was empty he would not discuss booms, stocks or baseball, while for Milpitas he did not care a rap. By this time the meal was ready and deftly placed before the hungry lawyer. He spread some mustard on the juiciest piece of the steak and severed just a bit to enjoy its fragrant aroma. Before the bones touched his mouth a small boy touched his arm and said, briskly: "Don't you want to buy some collar buttons?" The lawyer put down his fork, and, glowering at the intruder, said, firmly: "No, I don't want anything!" With a savage prod the steak was again impaled, and again passed toward his mouth. "The hungry man's taste did not get a fairly good hold when the same small boy renewed the attack, and this time he offered the lawyer his whole tray from which to select a bunble."

The Man Who Is Handsome.

It is not often that a really handsome man is seen. There are, however, some smart, good looking fellows of the American stock presentable enough in the drawing room or on horseback—though, for the most part, the representatives of our rich and would be aristocratic families are undersized weaklings—let a man of faultless face and perfect figure be a rarity. It is not often that a really handsome man is seen. There are, however, some smart, good looking fellows of the American stock presentable enough in the drawing room or on horseback—though, for the most part, the representatives of our rich and would be aristocratic families are undersized weaklings—let a man of faultless face and perfect figure be a rarity. It is not often that a really handsome man is seen. There are, however, some smart, good looking fellows of the American stock presentable enough in the drawing room or on horseback—though, for the most part, the representatives of our rich and would be aristocratic families are undersized weaklings—let a man of faultless face and perfect figure be a rarity.

Plat Chests in Society.

Every woman will of course deny that she laces. A very eminent lady specialist of New York said, however, a few weeks since, that she could not lay the weight of her finger on an exposed vein without limiting its natural flow of blood. She also said that she had not had a female patient for many months who had drawn a full breath—one which expanded her lungs to their full capacity—for a year. The doctors and druggists could, if they chose, tell you concerning the ailments of women which would do the intelligent ear be startling. They say that a perfectly sound girl of 20 is uncommon in society. The female aristocracy in one section of the land have decreed flat chests to be the proper thing, because many of them, through relaxed muscles and diminished strength, were poverty stricken in carrying lines of beauty. They had a fine working majority with which to pass the fashionable law. Those flat chests were simply the natural result of a generation or so of dressing and living on the fashionable American plan.—New York Times.

Robbing Bismarck's Park.

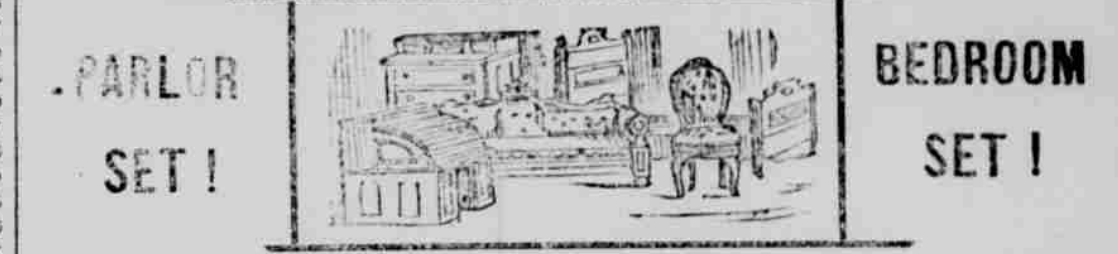
Prince Bismarck has been compelled to close his park at Friedrichsruhe to the public on account of the depredations committed by visitors, which for a long time he took in good part. It is related that when he recently caught some young lads in the act of plucking leaves from a shrub, he told them: "Ladies, if every visitor of this garden would take along only one leaf, there would soon be no more leaves left than there are hairs on my head."—Chicago Times.

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