

LITTLE THINGS.

We call him strong who stands unmoved— Calm as some tempest beaten rock—

About his brow we twine our wreath— Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,

We call him great who does some deed That echoes from the shore to shore—

THE MARKET FOR FREAKS.

A Collection of Living Curios in the Metropolis—Is It Profitable? The Bowerly is a great leveler.

The managers flock here in droves during July. They come from Oshkosh, New Jersey, Buffalo, Boston and other places where

How are they? Is it profitable to be a freak? Fat men and women are paid according to their weight. The average pay is about \$30 per week.

"I don't pay to do tattoo now," said one of the gentry. "A man's got to be up in the act or he'll be crowded out."

India rubber men come high. They are not numerous. They are always good drawing cards. It isn't every one who can be a rubber man.

It may seem strange that dime museums can pay the salaries quoted above, but when it is considered that they are open from morning until night the wonder is not so great.

Professor Wiley discussed the sorghum plant as a sugar producer. He generalized from data collected from all parts of the world during thirty years and concluded that

It is a good recipe, then, for any one who wants to keep young—not to look young only, but to be young—that he cultivate a fondness for games.

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The only person in any way can boast of ever having been initiated by the late magician, Hermann, into some of the mysteries of his profession, is none other than the queen of the Belgians, to whom he taught

"I love you," he protested, "better than my life. I would die for you if necessary." "Oh, nonsense," replied the practical girl. "Sweetheart, that you would get up and make the fires, and I'll consider your proposition."

Who forgives is victor in the dispute.—Central African Proverb.

MARK TWAIN'S YOUTH.

HOW HE CAME TO BE A PILOT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A Chat with the Veteran Under Whom Clemens Learned the Crooks and Shallows of the Great River—First Literary Work.

Capt. Horace Bixby, of the magnificent steamer City of Baton Rouge, is the most popular man on southern waters. Capt. Bixby is a well preserved relic of the golden age of the river, and has been a constant student of currents and chutes for forty years.

"I don't like it a bit, and I was mighty short with all passengers who attempted to talk with me. One morning when the boat reached Island No. 35 in the Mississippi river, and we were being along at a good gait, a young man walked into the pilot house, and after watching me for a few minutes, said 'G-o-o-d m-o-o-r-n-i-n-g, in a drawing manner.'"

"I said 'good morning' mighty sharp, thinking it would freeze him out. But it didn't. He said: 'Don't y-o-u-w-a-n-t-a-b-o-y-t-o-l-e-a-r-n-the-r-i-v-e-r?'"

"No, don't want any boy to learn the river. What are you pulling your words that way for?" "I don't know, y-o-u-w-i-l-l-h-a-v-e-t-o-a-s-k-m-y-m-o-t-h-e-r. S-h-e-d-o-e-s-t-s-a-m-e-t-h-i-n-g."

"I thought he was chaffing me when he said that," said Clemens. "I asked him if he knew the river, and he told me that he had worked with one of them in 1853. He told me that the Bowers lived next door to his father, Judge Clemens, of Hannibal, Mo. In his drawing way he told me his plans. He had learned printing at Hannibal on his brother's paper, but it did not agree with him, and he was going to South America for his health. He liked the river, however, and would abandon his projected invasion of South America for an opportunity to become a pilot.

"There is only one thing that would induce me to teach you the river," said I. "What is it?" "Money," said I. "Money?" he echoed. "That's just it, I answered. 'Five hundred dollars,' I said. 'Well, I ain't got that ma-eh,' said he. 'Then you better get it if you want to learn the river,' I replied.

"I've got e-i-g-h-t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d in Ke-o-k-u-k, Iowa, but I don't know what they would bring, an I've got 2,000 acres of land in Tennessee that I can get twenty-five cents an acre for," said he summing up his assets. We talked for some time and he impressed me very favorably. It was finally agreed that he was to pay me \$100 down and \$75 every six months until the debt was paid. I told him that he would have to provide his own clothes and board while in port. On the river he would receive his board and lodging free. He started in as a cub on the Aleck Scott and he learned rapidly. He was then just past 21, and rather eccentric. He always had writing paper and pencil scribbling away at something. I seldom ever visited him, but I soon turned his talent to good account. In these days pilots made out reports of the condition of the channel, and Clemens at once developed into a brilliant and picturesque river reporter. His reports were humorous and contained all the information, and were frequently copied into the papers just as he wrote them. This, I think, was the first public writing that he did, except, perhaps, some squibs for the Hannibal paper. He was a good boy, not addicted to dissipation, and obeyed orders. He hated suspenders, and used to enjoy himself in very loose clothes, with his hair reaching back. We steered together on many trips, and then he changed around and in two years received a license that made him a full fledged pilot. His first boat was the Alonzo Child, under Capt. De Haven, and he kept turning the wheel for the war by his side. His boat was then in the south, and he piloted three months for the Confederacy. Then he got through the lines and went home, but after a short stay at Hannibal he went as a volunteer for three months in the army of Gen. Sterling Price, the Missouri Confederate. He fought for the Confederacy three more months on land and then retreated in good order, with his right resting on St. Louis. His brother, Orrin Clemens, was at that time nominated secretary of the territory of Nevada, and Sam accompanied him west. Everybody knows the rest."

Three years ago Clemens accompanied Capt. Bixby down the river, and the old stories and glories were revived. The result of the trip was the book "Old Times on the Mississippi."—St. Louis Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Roulette Players' Ingenuity. A large sum was won years ago by a small company of players in the following manner: An ingenious mechanic having come to the conclusion that it was impossible to maintain a cylinder in such perfect working order that it should not tend a little to one side or another, and thus favor certain numbers more than others, haunted the rooms for months, and was rewarded by finding that his conclusions were right, and that certain numbers, at certain tables, appeared in the registers kept with undue frequency. These numbers the members of his company set to work to back, and with such success that they had won very largely indeed before the proprietors discovered their secret. It is said that after a quarrel among themselves, one of the party gave information as to their mode of procedure; but, be this as it may, the cylinder of every roulette board is now removed and tested after each day's play, and no more money is to be made in the manner described.—Charles O. Welman in The Cosmopolitan.

DISEASE IN THE MILK.

INVESTIGATION INTO THE HEALTHFULNESS OF DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Scientists Have Discovered That There is Danger in the Milk Can—Contagion at the Dairy—Alarming Aspect of the Question.

The subject of purity and healthfulness of milk and its products has received much attention from medical and sanitary authorities during the past year, and some very remarkable results of investigations are now being made public. A lecture on the etiology of scarlet fever was recently delivered by Dr. E. Klein, F. C. S., before the Royal Institution in London. The principal theme of the paper was the relation of scarlet fever to milk supply. The possibility of the dissemination, and even origin, of the disease from this source was considered at length. Recorded cases of scarlet fever have been traced with great certainty to dairies as the center of contagion. So well proved have these cases been, that they have originated special public measures for the sicknesses thus occasioned. Thus milk typhoid, milk scarlatina, and milk diphtheria have come to be recognized. In a number of accurately recorded cases, an outbreak of some specific disease has been noted. The general character of all was that the spread was limited to a certain number of families. The medical officers found that all the families thus affected were supplied with milk from the same dealer. Then, on examining the stables or dairy whence the milk came, the source of contagion was manifest. A case of scarlet fever would be found in the family or among the employees. In a number of instances such conditions were established. At the present time the English health authorities consider these cases proved. They form the basis for a somewhat disquieting suspicion of our milk supply.

But there is a more alarming aspect of the question. The result of some of the more recent observations is that cows may themselves become infected with a sickness resembling scarlet fever, and that such cows may, by their milk, cause the true scarlet fever to be developed in human beings. This conclusion has been reached by an examination of data in recorded cases. In some instances where the origin of the sickness was traced to milk, and where also a scarlet fever case had existed in some person connected with the dairy, too long a period elapsed before the breaking out of the epidemic to allow it to be attributed to direct conveyance by the milk. Another class of cases is cited in which a human origin, proximate or ultimate, could in no way be traced. In one such instance an outbreak of scarlet fever was associated with a certain dairy. No human being could in any way be fixed upon as the source. Even the sanitary conditions were examined, with negative results. The disease was finally attributed to certain cows. Examination of them showed the presence of disease, whose symptoms included sores upon the body, ulcerations and a visceral complaint resembling that occurring in scarlet fever. It has been proved that outbreak had, from other data, been limited to these cows as a source. Their disease so similar to the human scarlet fever made it almost a certainty that they were the origin of the trouble.

The examination by bacterial analysis was entered into and defined these suspicions. The same micrococcus was found in the blood of scarlet fever patients and in the affected cows. The action of the human microbe on animals was identical with that of the vaccine one. This investigation, a full outline of which it is needless to give, clinched the proof. Successive occurrences investigated in the same general way gave identical results.

It may be considered as clearly proved that milk can be a serious source of danger to health or life. The remedy is a simple one. By heat the micrococcus are destroyed. If the milk is heated to 155 deg. F., it will be rendered safe. It is to be feared, however, that it will be killed. But while this disposes of the milk it does not touch the disposal of milk products. Butter, cream and cheese are all uncooked. Butter represents raw fat, or uncooked oleaginous matter. It cannot be heated to a high degree without injury. One of the methods of freeing it from cases was to melt it, but the process was found to cause deterioration. Butter must be uncooked.—Scientific American.

Belief of the Methinkabla Indians. The wild Indians of the northwest had some beliefs that were very peculiar for the reception of Christianity. In their legends they made frequent mention of the "Son of God," and he was always spoken of as a benefactor. They had also many remarkable legends about Satan, and his name in their language was "The Father of Lies." They believed him to be an avicious being, always prowling around seeking something to satisfy his appetite, and full of deceit.

They had a firm belief in a future existence. The Indian word for "death" does not convey the same idea as it does in English. It is the equivalent of "separated," or parted into two, as a rope that has been broken by being subjected to too much strain. They said of an Indian who had just died that he "had parted," "had separated." They had a tradition, also, that earth and heaven were in close proximity, and that every-thing that was said in heaven could be heard upon the earth, and all the noises of the earth were distinctly heard in heaven. Finally the children of men on earth became so turbulent and caused such a racket that the chief in heaven could not sleep, and so he just took the earth and pitched it as far as it now is from heaven.—Z. L. White in American Magazine.

A Queen's "Black Art." The only person in any way can boast of ever having been initiated by the late magician, Hermann, into some of the mysteries of his profession, is none other than the queen of the Belgians, to whom he taught privately a few of his wonderful legerdemain performances during a brief season at Ostend, and who occasionally deigns to amuse her intimates with an exhibition of her remarkable talent for the "black art."—Home Journal.

More Necessary Than Love. "I love you," he protested, "better than my life. I would die for you if necessary." "Oh, nonsense," replied the practical girl. "Sweetheart, that you would get up and make the fires, and I'll consider your proposition."—The Judge.

Pickles should never be kept in glazed ware, as the vinegar forms a poisonous compound with the glazing.

ELECTRIC STREET MOTORS.

A Style of Travel That is Pushing Its Way in This Country—Three Systems.

There is good reason to think that the electric motor is making much more rapid progress in the United States on street railways than the cable system. In Richmond, Va., a well known company is equipping twelve miles of road on which forty cars are to be run. The same company is equipping roads also at St. Louis, Boston, Woonsocket, Baltimore, St. Joseph and various other points. At Pittsburg three roads are under construction. The main object is to have four and a half miles long, operating eight motor cars. At San Diego a road is being constructed nine miles long, over which four forty horse power motor cars are to furnish the traction. But these are only a few of the more prominent enterprises. Not less than fifty-five or sixty roads are either under construction or projected in the United States, and the movement is continually extending. What will prove one of the heaviest industries in the country is apparently springing up as a consequence of the introduction of electricity as a railway motor.

There are three different systems of transmission in use—the first on overhead wires and the second over wires placed in conduits, while the third is operated by means of accumulators or storage batteries. As usual in this country in the introduction of new inventions, the system which is least expensive and complicated will be first in possession of the field. This is known as the overhead system. A hard drawn copper wire of small size but great tensile strength is suspended about eighteen feet above the tracks, where it is supported either by bracketed posts set in the curb or by special supports on towers which cross the street from side to side. In districts where the overhead rails are generally grounded, and form one side of the circuit, but in case the connections between the rails is not good they are reinforced by a continuous conductor. A trolley, which is connected with the motor by a suspended conductor, runs along the overhead wire, and makes the desired connection with the engine. In some systems the motor is placed under the car in such manner that no space is lost and no detached motor needed; but in other devices the motor is detached and resembles a steam locomotive in its methods of operation.

The object of the system which it is proposed to apply on the Fulton street road in New York city, is hardly to be called more complicated than the overhead system, but the first cost will be necessarily somewhat greater. It seems also that greater difficulty will be experienced in meeting the obstructions of the city streets. But this is an obstacle to be met and overcome by the resources of invention. For large cities and in crowded streets it must be found more available than the overhead system, with its apparently greater liability to accident.

It is hoped by electricians that the system of storage batteries or accumulators, carried on the cars and securely packed away under the seats, may eventually be utilized to an extent that will render any outside mechanism unnecessary. This seems to be the ideal system, but it does not yet appear to be sufficiently perfected to enable electricians to dispense with the use of conductors along the tracks.—New York Sun.

What a Street Car Driver Says. It makes a mighty sight of difference with a fellow to know his horses. By always driving the same team the horses get so that they know what you are doing. Some men cannot drive a team on the road at all unless they have a pair of mules in the harness, and a pole is an awful nuisance in street car driving, especially in cases of threatened accident. In the seven years that I have been driving I have had many narrow escapes by being able to turn the horses quickly to one side or the other. You can't do that with a pole. I have never had anything to happen to me beyond the smashing of a window. That happened once in front of the Astor house, where a truckman was backing out with a load. The worst trouble we have with the women who go out into the middle of the street and dodge back and forth. If they would stand still we would just want to do with our car and our horses, but they make a dash across the street, then jump back, and then dash forward, and then make another dash back, so that in the uncertainty of what they are going to do it is a wonder that we do not run over a woman every day.

The general average of street car drivers have their wits so much about them that if a person who happens to get in the driver's car will only stand still there is not the slightest danger of his being run over. Most of the men in New York have come to understand this, and you rarely hear of an accident in which a man is run over by a street car. How many people do take up and down the road the wall, that depend on an hour of our trip. On this trip, on which I started at 10 o'clock, we will probably have eighty fares going down to the Battery. Later in the day coming up we have as high as 120, and from that on up to 180. Of course, the more passengers we take on the harbor it is to make our trip on time and the more work it is for the drivers.—New York Tribune Interview.

Couldn't Read His Own Handwriting. During the war a quantity of personal property belonging to a resident of Washington was seized and confiscated by the United States. For years the original owner made repeated attempts to secure an order for its restoration from the quartermaster who had charge of it. But he was obdurate, and insisted that it should be restored only through an act of congress. Still the attorney for the plaintiff persisted, and again he wrote to the Quartermaster General Meigs for an order of restoration. This was about the seventh attempt, and the officer had grown impatient. He wrote an exceedingly vigorous reply, in which he emphatically refused to do as requested. The handwriting was frightful. The attorney saw his chance. He hastened to his client, and trusting the letter to him, said, "I have succeeded at last. Here is the order." The "order" was taken to the corral, where the officer in charge recognized the signature and at once turned over the property. When Gen. Meigs asked what had become of it he was told that it had been restored on his order. He saw the order, and as he could not read it, he simply said: "I do not remember signing it."—Boston Transcript.

A Story of Dr. McGlynn. When Father McGlynn was being educated for the priesthood at Rome, according to the story of a New Jersey priest, he attended exercises in a large hall. A panic was caused by the beams supporting the floor giving way. Young McGlynn rushed to the platform, and in commanding terms ordered the crowd to return, as there was no danger. The people obeyed, when Pope Pius IX, who was on the platform, asked his neighbor who the young man was who had checked the disorder so successfully. It was young Edward McGlynn, an American student, his holiness was informed, and then he said: "The man who says that will surely make his mark in the church."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Who forgives is victor in the dispute.—Central African Proverb.

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