

NATURE'S MARVEL.

MAJESTIC BEAUTY OF THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO.

The Landscape Under the Shadow of the Peaks of the San Francisco Mountains. A Stupendous Scene—A Valley 6,000 Feet Deep.

The whole face of the land now shows that this region was once the scene of violent volcanic disturbances. One or more of the peaks of the San Francisco mountains display extinct craters. The ground in places is covered with scoria, and the upheavals scattered about have that distorted, broken, uncanny appearance resulting from some convulsion of nature.

With an early start we make good headway. The road all the way from town has been very good for a mountain district, with only one or two rocky or steep hills. We pass Red Butte to our right and stop at Red Horse Spring, where we water our stock. This "spring" is simply a hole dug in the ground to catch the oozing or "seepage" that flows from the San Francisco mountains. It was not long before the guide pointed to an abrupt break in the long vista through the forest—free here as elsewhere from underbrush—and we knew that we were nearing our goal. In a few more minutes we drove absolutely within a few yards of the chasm. The walls of the canyon were above us. We jumped from the wagon and scaled the steep incline leading to the river. There was no hint of the glories that awaited us.

The scene before us presents a "chasm more than twelve miles wide, more than one mile in depth and stretches for miles and miles to the east and to the west. The wall of the canyon does not at this point go sheer down to the bottom, but proceeds to it by a series of "benches." Still it descends perpendicularly—or nearly so—to the first bench so many hundreds of feet that we grow dizzy when we look over and contemplate it. We cannot see the river immediately below us, partly from this circumstance, partly because the view is obstructed by many gigantic forms of rock and earth. Far away to the east we catch a glimpse of a narrow white thread which we are told is the river. Through a powerful glass we can see it settling and boiling over rapids, and at times when the breeze dies away we can hear the roar of the cascade. The distance, however, is so enormous that we can hardly believe the distance by the guide that the stream is here a large one several hundred feet wide.

Nearly opposite where we stand, on the top of an isolated butte, whose foundation seems almost at the bottom of the abyss, is the small stone rock known as Hellsberg castle. Miles away to the westward is an immense formation—so distant we cannot determine its position—looking like the ruins of a cathedral. Scattered throughout the length and breadth of the gorge as far as the eye can reach, and isolated for the most part, are gigantic peaks, crags and even mesas. Here and there far to the north we catch glimpses of the distant walls of the canyon "on the other side."

THE GEOLOGIST'S STATEMENT.

After the first impression of the beholder—one of awe, of wonder, almost of horror—the thought comes, "Here has been some mighty convulsion of nature that seems almost as if it had shaken the earth to its center." We can scarcely credit the statement of geologists that the river in its course for ages has cut this mighty gorge which has been widened by the combined agencies of corrosion and disintegration. The mechanical wear of streams as performed by the aid of hard mineral particles carried along by the current is enormous. "The element of velocity," says Capt. Dutton, "is of double importance. The Colorado in this respect is an exceptional river. The average fall in feet per mile through the district of the Kaibab (the Grand canyon) is 130.7." The same authority observes of the river, who has long and carefully studied the Grand canyon of the Colorado do not hesitate for a moment to pronounce it by far the most sublime of earthly spectacles. If its sublimity consisted only in its dimensions it could be sufficiently set forth in a single sentence. It is more than 200 miles long, from 9 to 12 wide, and from 500 to 1,000 feet deep. There are the world's valleys which are longer and a few which are deeper. There are valleys flanked by summits loftier than the pulsations of the Kaibab. Still the Grand canyon is the sublimest thing on earth. It is so not alone by virtue of its magnitude, but by virtue of the whole—its ensemble.

There is a trail, but a difficult one, leading from a point in this vicinity to the bottom of the canyon, and guides can be procured to conduct the tourist to it. One must have a very steady hand, however, to accomplish the feat, and be a good strong climber besides. Some of the tasks may be had from the fact that the trip costs three days, and that the difficulties of climbing are so great that nothing can be transported but a small quantity of food. The hardships of such an undertaking are therefore apparent. Very few persons have ever attempted it, but among them have been two ladies, upon one of whom, as I am informed, the effect of sun-mounting such an incline has left an indelible impression. She has never been the same woman since.—New York Times.

Tying the Frisky Laces.

Returned travelers from country and seaside hotels speak of the low shoes worn by the ladies this summer. The ladies also speak of them. The heels would untie, and who was to tie them but the escorts. In this way many a "board walk" promenade was prolonged and mutual happiness resulted. Some of the duties, however, complain that they cracked their heavily starched waistcoats in stooping down to gallantly tie the frisky laces.—New York Sun.

A HOSTESS' CORDIAL GREETING.

Novel Reception of a Stranger—Unique Hospitality—A Suggestion.

Mrs. Y. is a brilliant Boston woman of abundant executive ability, shrewd wit, and delightful hospitality. The exigencies of her husband's business led to the keeping up of an establishment in the west, where Mrs. Y. passes some months of the year, and where she entertains a great many people. One day Mrs. Y. was brought to Mrs. Y. the card of an English gentleman, accompanied by a letter of introduction from friends of the Y's abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest cordially.

"We are so accustomed to travelers here," she said, "that we know just what to do with them. We expect everybody to arrive travel-stained and exhausted, and we let everybody take a bath the first thing. I spoke to the servant before I came down, and everything is all ready."

"But," stammered the stranger, "I cannot think of putting you to much trouble. I—"

"Oh, I know just how you feel," interrupted Mrs. Y. "A bath is the only thing that restores me to my normal condition when I've been traveling, and you have come right through from Boston."

The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too essential and too truly hospitable to allow his scruples to prevent the carrying out of her kindly intent. The Englishman was shown upstairs to the bathroom, where it is to be expected he remained with the progress of his toilet reflections upon the original and not necessarily of American hospitality.

In due time the guest descended again to the parlor, where Mrs. Y. awaited him.

"I hope you found everything to your mind," she said.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I have had a delightful bath, and now I am just fit for good afternoon tea. Do you catch a cold?"

"What?" cried the hostess aghast. "You are not going?"

"Unfortunately, I must. I only stopped over a train to call on you."

"Alas!" she exclaimed in dismay. "I thought you had come to remain. You certainly can't go away now when I haven't seen you at all."

"I really must," was the reply, "but I assure you I have had a most refreshing bath, and I always shall remember with sincere pleasure your unique hospitality."

The story was too good to keep, and Mrs. Y. told it at her own expense, greatly to the embarrassment of her guests, who regarded this fashion of entertaining callers as one which deserved to be widely denounced, as it would solve many a perplexing question of the proper method of disposing of guests who were not easy to amuse.—Boston Cor. Trav. down Journal.

A Faithful Habit of Speech.

I heard one of the speakers at a dinner of an eminent man say that he had a habit of saying "I believe" before he said anything. He said, "I believe" before he said anything. He said, "I believe" before he said anything. He said, "I believe" before he said anything.

Emerson as a Lecturer.

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Prosperity of the Hebrews.

"Nothing has impressed me so much," said one of the prominent dry goods merchants the other day, "as the way in which the Hebrews have multiplied and prospered in this country. Not far from 1845 there were only 50,000 Hebrews here. Today there are nearly 250,000. So you will see that while the population of the country has increased threefold in forty years—it was 20,000,000 in 1845—the Hebrew population has increased in a very much larger proportion. Of course there are more Hebrews in Russia, Austria and Germany than there are in America, but here we come first. If the figures which I have given may be taken as a basis for estimating the future growth of the race, it will not be long before this country is in the lead." I asked my friend to what he attributed the success of the Hebrew, and he said: "His traits are proverbial, but I have yet to meet a man who will deny that he is a practical and generous in the support of benevolent and worthy institutions generally. Certainly he is a law abiding."—Hamber in Brooklyn Eagle.

Ancient Climate of America.

Goldsmith's Geography, published in 1824, describing the United States, says: "People become old in America sooner than in Europe. Upon females the influence of the climate is still more sensible. When young the women are generally beautiful, particularly in Philadelphia, but after 30 they begin to lose their fresh color and teeth, and at the age of 25 many of them would pass for Europeans at 40." What funny things those old geographers were, to be sure.—New York Tribune.

Kansas mines yield annually about 6,000,000 tons of coal.

THE GLASS INDUSTRY.

THE FINEST WARE STILL MADE IN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

High Development of Art in the Production of Cameo Glass—Ancient Glass-making—Crystal, Lead and Lime Glass. Cut and Pressed Glass.

Glassware can be regarded both as a necessity and a luxury, the latter from the beauty of the material composing the article and the artistic work bestowed upon it. The impression prevails to a considerable extent that expensive glassware, like expensive porcelain, will not break so readily as the cheaper grades, but this is a delusion. There is no real motive for the purchase of the expensive article except the gratification of a taste for luxury.

The United States possesses all the natural advantages that are possessed by the European countries in the manufacture of glass, and in the use of natural gas it has one important factor not possessed abroad. The cleanliness of glass and the cheapness and the ease with which it is managed certainly give to the glass manufacturers of Pittsburgh and that vicinity an advantage not possessed in Europe. On the other hand, Europe has its exceeding cheap labor, and its talent of families devoted to the artistic production of glass for generations, and it has its art schools greater in number and superior in teaching to those of the United States.

For these reasons Europe is a long way ahead of the United States in ingenuity of designs, shapes, patterns and decorations. Glass for the most part is made in Europe, and a favorite medium for the expression of beauty. The fluid character of the original substance permits it to be molded to an infinite variety of forms, and the most delicate shades of coloring may be infused through its crystalline clearness so as to impart it to the luxurious uses of the table. The highest development of art is in the production of cameo glass.

Evidence of this art in its perfection are very ancient, and even in the beginning of the Christian era very beautiful and expensive articles of glass were in use. At that time glass in its common form was a cheap article. At 20 B. C. a cup and saucer of glass could be bought at the rate of one sesterterius, or one cent. Illustrating the other extreme, it is historically narrated that the Emperor Nero paid a sum equivalent to \$250,000 for two cups of moderate dimensions. Window glass did not appear until about the third century of the Christian era, and it did not come into general use until the fifteenth century. In 1670 only the principal glass industry of the world was in England and what was glass.

Egypt offers the earliest positive evidence of glassmaking. Glass bottles containing red wine were said to be represented on the monuments of the fourth dynasty, more than 4,000 years ago, and the fact of a very early period the process of glassblowing is represented in an unmistakable manner. In the time of the Roman Emperor Hadrian, among the chief industrial occupations of the inhabitants of Alexandria is mentioned glassblowing, and during the reign of Aurelian, in the third century, the glass industry was introduced into the Egyptian empire. The date of the introduction of glass, that is so much to its beauty, was known in ancient times. These glasses were produced by a mixture with metals; for instance, blue is produced by cobalt, green by copper, and rose or ruby by gold.

The great art of the manufacturing of glass in the middle ages was Venice, and the date of manufacture were exported all over the world. The glass trade of Venice has been superseded by that of England and Germany. The principal manufacturers.

Silica of which there is 50 per cent. in good glass sand, is the principal ingredient in glass. It is found in the form of quartz, and is the chief constituent of the sandstone of the middle ages. Venice, and the date of manufacture were exported all over the world. The glass trade of Venice has been superseded by that of England and Germany. The principal manufacturers.

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DEATH PENALTY IN COREA.

Peculiar Manner of Killing Criminals in the Oriental Peninsula.

The manner of killing is peculiar and especially obnoxious to the Catholic Christians, who are abundant in this country. An ordinary Roman cross is set up on a huge cart drawn by oxen. The murderer is tied with arms extended, and is thus drawn through the streets. A crowd precedes the procession, announcing the crime for which the man is being punished. His friends are allowed to follow and protest his innocence and bewail his sad fate, but as the punishment is usually visited upon the family if the treason has been glaring, the following of friends is apt to be rather small.

There are two places of execution at the capital. One, seldom used, is in the city, while the chief place is just outside the west gate, on a hillside, where the immense crowds upon the city wall and other high places can get a good view of the interesting sight.

When the prisoner, of the condemned state, has succumbed to the torture on the cross or not, on arriving at the place of execution he is placed face downward, with his neck upon a block, when, by one stroke, if it is a good one, the heavy sword severs the head from the body. The hands and feet are then cut off, and the mutilated body is carried back into the city, and is then drawn down one of the streets, where it must lie for three days.

It is refreshing to note that the people, and even the dogs, avoid that street for the time being, and the adjoining shops are closed. They come from the evening when the body is laid out till daylight of the third day, so that the body only lies there one day in reality. The foreigners resident in the capital, during the time following the execution of 1884, when so many political criminals were executed, often stumbled upon these horrible sights in their journeyings about the streets. On one occasion when the bodies were near the legations the representatives combined and asked for their removal.

It should be mentioned that the humane king is opposed to this practice, which custom seems still to demand. In case the accused should be proved an impostor and to have accused the man falsely, the prisoner or his relatives have the right to demand an eye from him. Their method of obtaining the organ is quite novel, and if well performed it is more expeditious than is the modern surgical method of enucleation. The culprit is made to stoop over and is then hit with the loaded end of a foxglove stick upon a spot on the back of the head, when the eye protrudes sufficiently so that it may be cut off. If, however, the people who wish the eye are not present at the cutting operation, the prisoner may quickly replace the eye and possess it thereafter in peace, all of which is said to have been done many times, but unfortunately has not been witnessed, as yet, by foreigners.—South Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Poisoned by Mummy Eyes.

A weird interest attaches to mummies, and their coming to life, or exerting an occult influence when reconstructed in one day, has furnished the foundation for several romances. Here is a prosaic and true story, with the same kind of material, that New York, which goes far to relieve the romance from the charge of romancing. Some time ago Messrs. Tiffany & Co. received an invoice of mummies' eyes. I do not go so far as to say that they were the actual eyes of leading citizens of Thebes and Memphis, but they were taken from the face of mummies excluded from Egyptian tombs. They were the actual eyes reduced to the hardness of stone by the process of embalming, or they may have been only false eyes like those used by modern oculists in perpetuating the life-simulacra of some pet Phil or Tallyho. At all events they were dubbed "mummy eyes" and jewelry sets about getting them ready for the market. They were amber colored, opaque and lusterless.

It was thought best to polish them before setting, and a workman was set at the task. Before he had been long at the work he became ill of a fever, and another man was put on the job. He, too, became ill of the same kind of a fever, and he laid up much time on the job, and three or four other workmen who succeeded him were taken with the same symptoms and suffered a similar illness, although others, working on other jobs amid the same surroundings and under the same conditions, were enjoying their usual good health. Here is an excellent opportunity for the Society for Psychological Research. Were these illnesses simply a coincidence, or did the mummy eyes really exert some occult and harmful power for their own protection?—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Why Corn Dreads Its Sinner.

Corn bread, once a staple and common article of food, is coming to be regarded as a luxury. Not only is this true of the north, but also of the south, where Indian corn was at one time preferred to wheat for making bread. A Georgian said in explanation of the change: "The complaint that a really prime article of corn or Indian meal cannot be obtained in towns and cities is general. A country miller told me that he could not produce good cornmeal by the use of modern grinding machinery. The softest and best flavored meal is made from new corn. This the proprietors at large mills refuse to grind. To get good cornmeal the grinding must be done slowly, and it must be given time to cool properly before it is moved. This can only be done in country mills, and the supply is far behind the demand.

Besides this, cornmeal cannot be kept long without deteriorating. It is not in the matter of bread making alone, however, that cornmeal has fallen into disrepute; it is less used for cooking purposes generally. The great increase in wheat growing and the improvements in the flour making line, together with the high price of corn and low price of wheat, is in part responsible for this state of things. Few persons now use corn for economical reasons. Many, however, would prefer it for a considerable portion of the time, if a good article could be produced. The southern corn is preferred to all others, although the flint corn raised in New England is an excellent article; but it requires a large amount of cooking. Corn that grows in the prairie regions of the west is the most undesirable, and as this represents most of the cereal that is for sale it is not used to any great extent."—New York Mail and Express.

High Priced Peaches Abroad.

An American who recently returned from England says that before sailing he noticed one day a plate of six peaches among the fruit on a table at the hotel. He inquired their price, and was told that the peaches were sixty cents apiece, and that they were "all or nothing" for Englishmen, as the fruit has not yet been brought in quantities which insure cheapness.—Chicago Times.

Tax Collecting in Morocco.

Muley Hassan knows how to collect taxes, anyway. Recently many of his subjects manifested a tendency to be delinquent. The emperor cut off the heads of a dozen or so and stuck them up in front of his palace, to encourage prompt settlement on the part of the others. It worked splendidly. Every delinquent taxpayer in Morocco settled up in full, next day.—New York Tribune.

Poisonous Fishes.

In a collection of poisonous fishes now on exhibition at Havre is a very peculiar tetraodon from the Japan sea, which is sometimes used as a means of suicide. It gives sensations like those of morphia, then death.—Arkansas Traveler.

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