

THE GULLY.

In the rutted mill long shadows fall, The misty creep over the floor, The crows swoop on the crumpled wall, The sun sifts in through the door, The great millions hang idly there, And the brook as it trickles by Gives a happy laugh to the mill air And a smile to the far off sky.

HE WAS A BLOOD.

A Young Man Pays \$5 for a Ride in a Street Car. He was young, athletic, and very drunk. As he sat in a corner of Mission street last night and surveyed the tips of his patent leathers through a pair of bleared optics that bulged from their long orbits, it was evident that he was a typical member of the hunt votes.

A young lady and an ultra fashionable chaperone, with a large fan and false front, sat opposite the young man. The young lady seemed to be greatly amused in watching the efforts of the intoxicated individual to appear perfectly sober, while he seemed to be totally oblivious of her presence.

The young lady watched intently; the L. I. heebogged mildly, and the driver notified the occupants of the car that a fare was due by jerking the bell violently about every minute. Presently the car stopped, and an aged and decrepit man slowly entered. His arms seemed to be paralyzed, but he managed to get out a thin wallet, from which he drew a nickel. He gave a pleading look around the car, and the young lady quickly reached over, smiled pleasantly, received the nickel, and deposited it in the box.

The latter started as if the angle worms that precede the large ugly reptiles had met his view. He quickly examined his composure, however, and with his thumb and forefinger took a coin from his vest pocket. Then he cast a beseeching glance at the young lady, leaned so heavily upon the chaperone that she managed to confer upon a blush, and in a voice strained with comefort emotion said: "Would you be so kind?"

"Certainly," was the meek reply, and she took the coin and deposited it in the box, just as she had done with the aged gentleman's fare. When it reached the bottom she saw it through the glass, and an expression of pained surprise suffused her countenance. She quickly turned and said: "Why, sir, you gave me a \$5 piece."

He was just prepared to beam forth a smile of thanks, but the announcement affected his breathing. He staggered up to the door, and in a loud voice demanded change for the \$5. The driver had pulled the string that projected the coin to the bottom of the box. He thought that it was only a nickel, as he had only taken a casual glance and the demand for change pleased him. He quietly told the passenger to go and get sober, and when the latter became obstreperous he was told that he would be thrown off the car. He then muttered something about suing the company, and finally took his departure, but he never again glanced at the young lady.—San Francisco Post.

The Terms an Inventor Made.

George Stayer, Ives & Co.'s sole remaining partner, got his start through a valuable invention. A man in whom Stayer was interested died suddenly in New Haven, Conn., where Stayer was a small tradesman, and left an invention for engraving the backs of bank notes. Stayer, by some means or other, got hold of the machine and came to New York at once. He went to the New York Bank Note company—a sort of Standard Oil monopoly in this sort of work—and asked to see the president.

"Does he know you?" the attendant asked. "No," said the visitor, carelessly, "but you tell him that he'll want to know me pretty darn bad when he finds out what this machine can do."

In a few moments the president and the superintendent looked at the machine, and saw that it could perform the delicate and kaleidoscopic tracery on bank notes in a fashion that put their prevailing methods to the blush. "What are your terms?" asked the president.

Stayer said he wanted a lump sum and a big block of the stock. The terms were staggering, but the machine was a wonder. "Give us ten days to think it over," said the president, "and we will then give you our answer."

"I'll give you just twenty minutes," said Mr. Stayer, dryly. Then he picked his hat and strolled out. When he came back, the president smiled and said, with forced carelessness: "Well, sir, we will pay you your terms."

"Well, the fact is," said Stayer, thoughtfully, "I'm not exactly pleased with the terms. I want a larger amount of stock."—Bleakly Hall in the Argonaut.

A Cowboy's Bit of Experience.

I am not dissatisfied, but my foolish notions have been corrected, and I am sure if the young men in the east knew the facts and understood the real work that cowboys do they would be glad to stay at home and earn a living in an easier manner. The work is fully as hard as a sailor's. It has its rescinding features, of course, and a cowboy has good health and is independent to a certain extent. If I were asked to advise a young man about a cowboy's life and the chances of success, I should tell him the life was hard, and that without capital the chances were poor.

Then, if he insisted upon trying it, I should tell him to go out on some big New England farm, put on a pair of overalls, do all the hard drudgery and then multiply his work by two, and he would get an idea of a cowboy's life.—Youth's Companion.

The Aristocracy of Mind.

Ho—Charming youth, that young Bellamy—such a refined and cultivated intellect! When you think what he's risen from, it really does him credit! She—Why, were his people—an infernal! He—Well, yes. His grandfather's an earl, you know, and his uncle's a bishop; and he himself is heir to an old baronetcy with £50,000 a year!—London Punch.

Dog eat dog—A canine eating bologna.—The Epoch.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

SENTIMENT CONCERNING PERSONS WHO MARRY A SECOND TIME.

A Memorable Series of Sermons—Tales of Good Taste and Etiquette—Simple Attire of the Bride—Silver and Golden Weddings.

French marriage customs are now well known, so far as they relate to first marriages, but as regards second marriages very little has yet been written. Perhaps these marriages lack the romantic element which in all human affairs is the sauce piquante that "fits the flavor." This may explain why so little notice is taken of them. There is a decided disposition in France to regard those who marry a second time as hardened sinners or as imbeciles unworthy of sympathy. The popular sentiment on the subject is the effect that a person has only the right to be born once, to marry once and to die once. Those who show a wish to undergo any of these operations twice are suspected of gourmandize. It must be admitted, however, that public opinion respecting second marriages is much more generous with regard to the man than with regard to the woman. There is a social and religious prejudice against the second marriage of women, especially when these have reached middle age and have children.

The religious prejudice was remarkably illustrated a few years ago by Rev. Debon, who, in the course of the memorable series of sermons that he preached in Paris, and which obtained for him the severe censure of the general of the Dominicans and temporary relegation to a little island in the Mediterranean as his penance, attacked the practice of the second marriage of women with a vehemence that profoundly astonished the congregation, among whom were some people who considered the sermon a grossly personal attack. The eloquent Dominican had not done what the Latin proverb advises the discreet colidator to do—he had gone beyond his last. He had no authority to use a pulpit for railing against women who entered for the second time the matrimonial state. The sermon was printed in extenso in some of the papers, and made a prodigious commotion. People asked why the Dominican father was so hard upon women and so lenient toward men. The discussion took a turn that was not exactly theological. Now, although Rev. Debon was very imprudent in expressing his opinions so strongly, he nevertheless caught up and put into words a floating religious idea, and one that is by no means of recent date.

GOOD TASTE AND ETIQUETTE.

There are certain rules of good taste and etiquette with regard to second marriages in France which are usually observed by the educated classes. The whole ceremonial must be quiet and unostentatious. The festive preparations must be on a modest scale. It is not considered becoming for the bridegroom and bride to appear very happy. They must be sad and calm, with an expression of regret in their faces. Something is due to the memory of the first wife. This is especially the case if a lady is a widow. She does not take from her finger the ring placed there by her first husband. Her second spouse would be considered a man of bad feeling and bad taste if he objected to this mark of respect paid to his predecessor. Moreover, if the lady has children from the first marriage, she is bound to regard for the memory of their father, and she would be passing a slight upon them by taking it off. If these children are grown up they must not keep aloof from the wedding party, but must be present at the ceremony. They are not expected to look joyful, but their absence would give rise to scandal. The religious services must be very simple—without floral decorations or singing. The widow at her second marriage must not wear gray or mauve, for such colors would be suggestive of half mourning, which her second husband might not take to be a delicate allusion to himself. Rose color is also forbidden, on the ground that it is the color of the bride. The bridegroom wears a black or white mantle, with a few flowers scattered over it—certainly not orange flowers, which can only be worn once on such occasions, nor chrysanthemums and safflowers, which are termed "widows' flowers." A breakfast or a dinner follows the religious ceremony, but no ball is given in the case of a second marriage.

Silver marriages are very pleasing festivals in France. When a couple have completed twenty-five years of married life the event is celebrated with all the show of joy and festivity possible. In the first place, there is a religious ceremony in church, which has a good deal of the outward form of a genuine wedding. The lady is again called the bride, and her toilet is superb, surpassing her position in the world justifies it. The flowers which she is expected to wear are large white ox eyes—known in France as reines marguerites. The bridegroom wears a dress coat. The pair are surrounded by their children and grandchildren—if there are any. All relations are invited, for a grand family number is considered essential. A dinner is given, followed by a ball, which is opened by the newly married couple, the lady dancing with her eldest son and her husband with his eldest daughter. Golden weddings are much rarer than silver weddings. Death only allows a very small proportion of married people to live fifty years together. The ceremony is the same as in the case of silver weddings. There are now great-grandchildren as well as grandchildren present, and the old people open the ball with the eldest of the last generation of their descendants.—Paris Cor. Boston Transcript.

Oldest of the Sciences.

Metallurgy is the oldest of the sciences. It was born in the efforts of the alchemists to transmute metals into gold, and has come down through the centuries less changed than any other science. While the earliest records are not full and complete, the alloys made in those old ages, and the slags found about some of the oldest workshops discovered, some of them dating back to the age of Moses, show pretty clearly what the metallurgical methods of those days were, and show that they were much the same as the methods now in use. The slags give proof that lime was used as it is used now, and that sulphur was a by-product as it is now. What advances have been made have been more of a mechanical nature than in the way of discovering new laws or principles of chemistry.—Public Opinion.

A Window of Shells.

Its windows were a curiosity, the first I had ever seen in India where the panes were of the pearl oyster shell, cut thin and about an inch and a half square. This was the Portuguese window. The labor of making great windows of such small pieces of shell neatly cut and smoothed must have been immense, even for one building. At least one-half the light was obstructed by the shell strata, and when one adds to this the wooden framing for the shells, there must have been a considerable addition to the semi-opaque. But then this is India, and it is always a study to keep out of the glare of the sun.—Harper's Magazine.

The electric light is now being used in the Scotch fisheries with great success.

AGAINST SEWER GAS.

WARNING WORDS CONCERNING ORDINARY DRAIN OR CESSPOOL AIR.

Evil Effects Which Are Cumulative in the Human System—The Worst Gases Often Odorless—Earth Closets—Two Sanitary Injunctions.

Sewer gas is not a simple substance of uniform composition, but it varies in its constituents at different places and at different times, while its effects are not always the same upon different individuals or under changing circumstances. Ordinary drain or cesspool air, in its usual state of dilution, is not deadly, otherwise most American householders would always be ill. The fact that thousands of persons are living amid leaky drain pipes, without serious annoyance, proves that some forms of sewer gas are less hurtful than others. An ordinary privy is harmless, but a tight cesspool, even if it contains only kitchen grease, may create sufficient poison to destroy a whole family. Not long since three men were overcome on entering a cesspool at Newark, N. J., and two of them died from suffocation. At Cleveland, O., a similar catastrophe occurred.

The bad odor of sewer gas is due mainly to sulphuretted hydrogen, which causes debility, boils and similar skin diseases, but one may breathe this compound in the chemist's laboratory with impunity. If a person, however, is exposed for a long time to such influences, he is liable to contract a disease which may render him unable to resist infection. On the other hand, habit may exert some influence in the matter. Any one on entering a crowded theatre or school, or a room filled with tobacco smoke, will feel discomfort and hardly be able to breathe, yet in a few minutes he is able to get on his feet, and unless the person has very delicate lungs, men working in sewers feel no bad effects from their surroundings, and persons actively occupied are less liable than others to suffer from breathing sewer gas. Plumbers complain mostly of rheumatism caused by damp, but they are not dissatisfied by inhaling foul air when working over open drains. Women and children and others who lead a sedentary life are most subject to this poison.

Sewer gas may be created where there is neither a sewer nor a cesspool. Every thing of waste pipe that has been long coated with grease, soap or lime will evolve offensive odors unless it is well flushed or ventilated. Certain forms of bottle or reservoir traps are only miniature cesspools. So long as there is a chance for filth to putrefy foul air will be thrown off. All the elements for fermentation are present in waste pipes—heat, moisture and organic matter. In an ordinary house the waste the hot water, soap and scurf from the skin are sufficient material to start decomposition.

Much also depends upon the condition of the individual. If in robust health he may live unharmed for years amid unwholesome conditions, but if prostrated by a slight illness, he is liable to be made up or fatigued, a single whiff of sewer gas may bring on serious results. A slight cold, in that case, may develop into diphtheria, or an ordinary fever assume a typhoid form.

The risk of breathing sewer gas is not from the amount of bad odor perceptible. The worst gases are usually observed by the highest authority, "there is always danger in breathing sewer air, and this danger is not in proportion to the amount of bad odors present, nor can it always be overcome by being much in the open air. The danger is not so much a great probability of evil as a small probability of great evil." But the odors are not so perceptible to bad odors; others think such odors are not harmful unless they are very strong. Still others become habituated to smells which, to a visitor, seem very offensive. A faint, fetid, nauseating odor, which comes in slight puffs from a wash basin or bath overflow, is also very objectionable. A stench arising from a larder or swill tub, is more annoying.

It is not asserted that filth alone can create disease. Foul pig sties do not generate typhoid fever, nor is a simple stench unwholesome. It is fermenting or putrescent filth which is dangerous to health, and the infection is carried by the air. A stench arising from a cesspool, which has been transmitted from some patient through the agency of air, water, milk or other food. Where dependence is placed upon cesspools these must be made tight to guard against the change of soil and well protected, and abundant means are often called for. All cesspools are abominations and makeshifts at best, and the sooner they are abolished the better. Almost any other method of sewerage is preferable. Earth closets are practicable in small communities or single dwellings, while what is known as the sub-irrigation system may be applied in homes which now depend on cesspools.

"Ventilate!" "Ventilate!" "Ventilate!" should be rung into the ears of every household. One cannot have too much air within his drainage system. Air is nature's disinfectant and surpasses all others. It is a safeguard against leaks, rat holes, cracks, evaporation and the ordinary wear and tear to which all man-made things are subject. Let the interior of drains be constantly purified by a steady current of atmospheric air passing through them, and diluting their contents, and there need be no anxiety about sewer gas.

Col. Waring's "Perfect Sanitary Formula" embraces two injunctions: First, to allow no organic decomposition within the dwelling or within drains under unhealthful conditions; second, to allow no drain air to enter the house under any circumstances. I would add to these the following: Drain, purify and ventilate the every part of dampness from the site and foundations; do not store up anything capable of decomposition, within or about your dwelling; let the hidden things be revealed; use plenty of hot water, soap and elbow grease; let the broom and scrubbing brush be the scepters of domestic supremacy; take nothing for granted, and remember that eternal vigilance is the price of health, as of liberty; distrust amateur advice on matters of health; test all things, but hold fast to that which is good and in accord with common sense.—Charles F. Wingate in Youth's Companion.

Resident Foreigners in Feking.

All foreigners reside in the Tartar city, but the glimpse we got of it was not more encouraging than what we had seen beyond its gates; in fact, it all looks like a vast suburb. The streets, ungraded and un-paved, are dust swept in winter, and quagmires in summer, with green suffocating pools in the hollows, and a heavy, sticky pestilence in any other climate. The heavy cart wheels sink into bottomless pits during the wet season, and people have actually been drowned in the streets. The odors then beggar description, nor are they improved in the dry season, when, to lay the blinding dust, the sewers are opened, and every afternoon the liquid from them is dashed recklessly about by means of a long pole with a bucket at the end! Garbage and slops are thrown in front of the houses, and the city scavengers, dogs, rag pickers and magpies feast at their leisure.—C. B. Adams in American Magazine.

GOT THE "BUCK FEVER."

An Amateur Hunter's First Shot at a Deer—Too Slow on Trigger.

Did you ever hear Frank Levan tell his experiences with that deer up the country when he was determined not to get the "buck fever"? Well, Frank went up in the mountains with a crowd of old and new hunters. All preparations having been made, the deer slayers went out to look for fresh venison. They succeeded in wounding a deer that afternoon and killing two more, the old hunters doing the work. Darkness coming on, the hunters concluded to wait until next morning to search for the wounded deer. Accordingly next morning they started on the track of the deer and followed it a long way until they struck a small stream between two high hills. Here the captain divided the party into squads of two and three and gave them directions as to how they should proceed in order to come up with the deer.

As it happened Levan was one of the men placed on the left of the stream and was ordered to be extremely careful to avoid all noise and excitement and above all not to get the "buck fever." Frank proceeded to carry out his instructions and walked along the stream with the pace of a snail and the tread of a fox. Having gone as far as he considered it his duty to go and seeing no signs of a deer or other animal he stopped beside a large fallen tree to survey the landscape over. Stepping on to the log he was engaged in a careful scrutiny of the surrounding hills when he was surprised by a deer leaping to turn his eyes behind him. From that moment he was transformed from an ordinary, discouraged hunter into a hero, for he leaped, not thirty feet from him, a live deer that stood looking at him and flapping its large ears as if it wished to discover by sight and sound the cause of the noise before it.

Never having had such an experience before Levan began to think that he was going to have some fun and the honor of killing his first deer. He was armed with a rifle of about five pounds' pull, but he had never shot one of those guns off. Deliberately and quietly he drew the rifle to his shoulder and took aim at the deer, but he was so nervous that he pulled the trigger, Frank steeled his nerves and mentally congratulated himself upon not getting the "buck fever."

Then, he says, he pulled that trigger back at least three inches, and just as he began to fear that the trigger was made of elastic and would never stop going backward the deer gave a bound like a football struck by a 500 pound man and landed half way up the side of the mountain. At the same time Levan's arms went up and the rifle was discharged in the air, the bullet passing over the mountain into the next township. When the other hunters came to help out the deer up Frank told them that he hadn't hit it, as he only had a snap shot and had no chance of killing it.—Williamsport Sun and Banner.

A Coming Financial Napoleon.

Banks are viewed as public conveniences and receive their charters as such. They have got to be quite personal in their utility, however. Excepting in the smaller banks it is next to impossible for a man with moderate means to open an account unless he really means to be backed by influence; the bank does not care to antagonize. I recently went with a friend of mine who wanted to open an account in a state bank that does a heavy business in private accounts for the tradesman and wealthy people in a good neighborhood. My friend is a beginner in business, to whom an account is a necessity. He had \$3,000, chiefly in checks, to open fire with. The president happening to be away he fell into the clutches of the cashier. That magnate listened to his overtures dispassionately.

"How much do you wish to open an account with?" he asked.

The sum was named and the cashier manifested open amusement. "The fact is," said he, "that we do not care to handle such small amounts. Besides we do not allow an account to be drawn under \$500. We would like to oblige Mr. X.—the gentleman from whom the would be depositor brought an introduction—unless really necessary. At this juncture the president of the institution arrived, and, happening to be a personal acquaintance of my friend and myself, he did the duty his underling would have evaded. I asked him whether they were in the habit of declining to open accounts on small deposits when the depositors were reputable men engaged in legitimate business.

"Never," he said emphatically, "small accounts are troublesome and unprofitable, but I regard it as a duty to take them in when I believe the depositor to be a worthy man who needed our conveniences. My first bank account was \$200."

How a Boy Got Off.

A boy named by the monitor was ordered to "stand out." He took his place clear of the desk in the gangway of the school, and, with the certainty of punishment hanging over him, had to wait until a file of tailors had been collected. When the row of the condemned had become somewhat long, and when there was a pause in the occupation of the autocat, the chastening began. For this offense the sentence mostly took effect on the palms of the hands, and the two strings, one of culprits coming to the ordeal, the other of victims with quivering hands tucked under their arms, and howling, groaning, or with difficulty suppressing their emotion as they would their way back to their seats, might possibly have been objects of popular interest to a student of human nature, but was too common to excite much attention among us.

A Valuable Cherry Tree.

Six hundred dollars seems a large price for one cherry tree, but that was the sum paid for one in Santa Clara county. It was required to be removed to make way for the New Alameda railroad. The owner demanded \$600 for it; experts were appointed, and it was proved that the tree had for years yielded the owner crops of fruit which sold for sums equivalent to the interest on the amount claimed. By a compromise \$600 was accepted for the tree. This will give our eastern friends some idea of the value of fruit trees and the profit derived from them in Santa Clara valley.—Reno (Nev.) Gazette.

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