THE DAILY HERALD, PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

stimulation.

RAPHAEL.

Raphael is not dend; He doth but sleep; for how can he be dead Who lives immortal in the hearts of men? He only drank the precious wine of youth. The outbreak of the grapes, before the vintage Was trodden to bitterness by the feet of men.

I have but words of admiration For his great genius, and the world is fairer That he lived in it. -Longfellow -Longfellow.

ROSWELL'S WARD.

Roswell has returned from Spain and the strangest stories are wafted back about him. He is accompanied by a little girl, a brown Spanish child, ugly as Meg Merrilies, with not more than ordinary intelligence to warrant any one's interest in her. She is not related to him-she is not the legacy of some inamorata; yet he has adopted her, is to educate her a la Anglaise, and, as the title and Roswell hall revert to Carmean, she will be endowed with his own private fortune. Fathom the mystery; solve the problem. Roswell, the adamantine soul, the most skeptical, unprincipled piece of humanity that ever breathed-severe in his judgment of all women-pronouncing them all treacherous and false, leaves Granada with a promise to pilot a brown, elfish child "along this fleeting

Perhaps he will educate, then marry herno woman will ever clicit his commendation unless molded after the design his conservativo ideas prescribe.

"Thereby hangs a tale." Carmean Roswell is converted. He left a sinner, returns a saint

Worshiped at the shrine of a brown eved nun, I conjecture, and she intrusted a protege to his care as a slight tribute of her regard, etc., etc.,-drink to my acute powers of divination. Am I right, duke?

No; order more cognac-ice the champagne, and I will give you an authentic veralon. Roswell is my friend and he prefers London's enlightenment to architectural designs upon so slight a foundation as a child.

The bull ring at Madrid, the Plaza de Toros, is crowded with its 12,600 spectators; crashing music, punctuated by tumults from the crowd, roaring bulls, deafening cries of aquadores with water jars, old women with pomegranates and oranges, now and then glimpses of fighters in tawdry glaring paraphermalia, relays of horses and a profusion of tinsel; all this permented with excitement and expectation. The Gaceta has devoted columns to the praise of a young torera-a woman who rivals in skill, agility and artistic strokes the muscular men who have reigned here; and there is something novel for the flery southern children in having a woman risk her life in so daring and blood cardling occupation. The royal box is empty, but around the forest of forms sit nobility and the highest moteors of the land. In a prominent box, and with the party of a Spanish nobleman, enters an Englishman, and his inflexible, almost sneering countenance shares the gaze that is rivoted on the beauty by his sido-the cynosure of all eyes. What an antithesis! She young, brilliant, and possessing beauty in the superlative degree; he not more than a score and a half, but his stalwart form and Atlantean shoulders crowned by a gloomy, cynical face that trouble, not years, have aged. He leaves the box to speak to an English attache, who has entered an adjacent compartment. An elderly lady turns to the lovely dona with this mandate:

well chosen, as a majority of the hunters had already left the grounds, some going back to the village to satisfy the inner man, while a few had come, like himself, to take a bite in the shade of the trees of this little bosky dell, which stood a lonely easis in that burn-Ing Sahara.

After enting and drinking to his heart's content, the ex-ironmonger lighted his pipe, and calmly waited until the other hunters got through and went away to beat about the fields. He then sought what he considered the most favorable position on the outskirts of the woods, and unfolded his camp stool. He sat down, and there, in his shirt sleeves, paits at ease, his gun lying across his knoes, sailed until his fellow hunters, tradging bout the Belds under the blazing sun, should and the partridges flying in his direction.

The birds came toward him, in fact a great many of them came, but just see the ill luck. When they got within a hundred meters of where our hunter sat waiting, his heart throbbing, his gun in hand ready to be houldered, expecting to see them go by, the stful creatures would alter their course and aking a wide turn would fly around the coppice to alight, God only knew where,

The reason for this deviation in their flight was that Mr. Fondodu's red face, with his white hundkerchief above and hisstill whiter hirt front below, rendered him conspicuous and visible from afar. The first principles of enery should have impelled him to conceal himself, but he seemed unconscious of the effect produced by his attire. He cursed his ill luck and scolded his little attendant, who ay on the grass and looked at him with a nocking air. He accused him of frightening off the game by his everlasting talk. He moved off and stationed himself elsewhere. t was useless-the birds continued to avoid tim.

Once, however, just as he settled down in his camp stool in a new place, he saw a partridge flying directly toward him. He raised his gun and fived as the hird passed over his head. A body "all to the earth, but it was Mr. Fondodu himself. He found himself iving on the ground, his heels in air, the apacious sent of his dignity crushing, with ts weight, a large ant hill which he had not noticed when he took his station in that spot.

The first moment of stupor passed, Fondodu cat up, felt himself all over, and-jumped abruptly to his feet. A swarm of small insects were counting about his body. They were on his face, in his hair, on his hands and arms, while a number were crawling up the calves of his legs. He picked up his handkerehief, which had fallen off with his hat; after shaking it vigorously, he wiped off his face and neck in all haste. During this time those ants which had got under his linen had been gaining ground, and to Fondedn it seemed as if the smarting, stinging invaders were increasing in numbers each second. The confounded creatures appeared to take an infernal delight in stinging him. Smarting from a thousand wounds Fondodu yelled, leaped and stamped about, to the great delight of the small boy, who was almost convolsed with haughter. And still the invaders advanced, even until they reached the most secret recesses of the fortress. There was but one thing to do. Fonlodu's fingers were already twitchng about the buttons of his trousers when he heard at a short distance the sound of human voices, among which he distinguished a peal of feminine laughter. Fondodu was modest enough not to carry out his intention of undressing. Crazed with pain,

YACHTS AT REST.

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS READY TO GO INTO WINTER QUARTERIS.

A Visit to the Docks of South Brooklyn. What a Yacht Looks Like When "Laid Up"-How the Vessels Are Cared For-What Becomes of the Sailors.

To realize that the yachting season is indeed over one need but visit the line of docks extending along the curve of the shore from South Brooklyn to Bay Ridge. In that line there are no less than 150 yachts of all degrees now hid up for the winter. This number is being added to daily, and before the envious winds of autumn have snatched the last russet leaf from the bending trees there will not be left a single yacht in these waters in commission. The general public is apt to es only one side of the matters in which their interest is spasmodically and temporarily absorbed, and that is, as a rule, the outde

But if one really wishes to know what a yacht looks like when "laid up," he must go to such a place as Tebo's dock at South Brooklyn. And what is she like? Miss Beauty in morning wrapper, with her hair in curl papers! She is strippeed of all that goes to enhance her charms. Hulk, main-mast, bowsprit; that is all that is left of her; and she is swathed and bandaged like an old woman with the toothache. The sentimentalist will be inclined to shed a tear-she is so utterly desolate, helpless, lonely and lifeless. The mawkish poet, who spreads himself through six months and over much foolscap on the subject of "snowy pinions," etc., will experience a pang of revulsion of feeling, as if a cherished corn were trampled upon. Forenoon beauty, daylight stage shows and winter yachts are subjects to be

avoided in poetry. This is a practical age, and when the time of the sailing of yachts is over the question that naturally is of most importance to their owners is how to take care of them during the severe season. To leave as little as possible of what is liable to injury exposed is what is aimed at, and when the yacht is towed reluctantly into the dock after her contests, trials and triumphs, she is straightway mercilessly stripped and left in the hands of the dockkeeper. The topmast is housed, the sailors are removed; the steering wheel is taken away bodily, and all these as well as many other odds and ends, as well as the small boats, are put ashore and locked up in a storehouse. Then the hatches and aught else made of mahogany wood are covered with canvas; and frequently the bare spars are similarly clothed. A steam yacht is dismantled in the same fashion; and all the brasswork is as carefully covered with canvas as the mahogany.

MOST DISCONSOLATE OF ALL.

When in winter dress the single stickers look, perhaps, the most disconsolate of all. It is in single stickers that public interest has centered of late, influenced by the international and other great races in which these have taken part. A schooner with the monotony of her appearance relieved by two masts never looks so dreary as the single sticker, which by her metamorphosis is reduced in appearance almost to the plebeian level of a fishing coble. She is certainly brought to resemble the general style of the he took to his heels. He had just recollected primeval boat; a chunk of wood and a bare that at a short distance a pond lay hid among pole. But appearances are deceitful, and the tremendous capabilities that lie in that innocent hull, when it is a Burgess model, would cause the primeval boat builder to raise a hue and cry of "witchcraft." Some yacht owners adopt a more elaborate method of sheltering their craft. They build structure of wood resembling a little frame nouse right over the deck, so that all below skept safe and sound. This mode, if more thorough than the other, is more cumbrous. It is also more expensive, for a canvas suit once made will last for several winters, and the wooden shelter house has to be solidly built anew each year, and for these reasons the simpler method is the more common. The great army of skilled seamen who manned the yachts is disbanded, and its members scattered to the four winds, except in the cases where the sailing master has been retained to stay by his boat during the winter. In this country the sailors are generally engaged for the season and do not sign any contract for a number of years as they do in Britain. They are therefore here periodically, but it is safe to say that none of them want for winter work. Some go off on short coasting cruises; the others are sure to find a "job" about the docks or in the multifarious departments of marine industry. The shippers, as a rule, rest on their laurels and prepare themselves to add to them next year. By the middle of March, if winter does not linger too long, there will be signs of activity on the yachts once more. Workmen will swarm about their decks unloosing the unsightly handages, completing their beautiful toilet and getting them into sailing order, and a month later they will spread their white wings with birds and butterflies of spring .- New York Tribune.

DEPRIVED OF THE DRUG.

The Profound Depression of a Morphia Habitue-A Terrible Struggle-Health.

Watch a morphia habitue deprived of the drug. The first slight unensiness and sens. of discomfort gradually passes into extreme restlessness, accompanied by the most profound depression; the stomach becomes so irritable that nothing can be retained, and there is a nausea and distressing sensation of emptiness and sinking. The whole nervous system, which has been working so long under a deadening weight, abuses its liberty and runs absolute riot; a breath of air which would bring relief to an ordinary sufferer is painful to him; so sensitive is the skin that a touch distresses, and even the eve and ear are incapable of tolerating the most ordinary

To these troubles are added sleeplessness; the patient cannot get a moment's rest; or, if he should close his eyes in sleep, horrible dreams and an indefinable terror take posses sion of him, and make him dread that condition which others look to for consolation and relief. Incapacity to take food, prolonged sleeplessness, constant sneezing, yawning and vomiting, painful acuteness of all his senses and other troubles sink the sufferer into a condition of prestration and despair, only to be relieved by morphia,

Who then can wonder if the wretch vieldagain to the drug which has so long enslaved him? Hovering between a longing to be free and a feeling of incapacity to endure his agonies, he asks reproachfully whether it is true that science has discovered no means of relief, no substitute for morphia, which may be given him until the storm be past. No, we have no means at our disposal which will do more than alleviate these sufferings, and if the morphia habitue will be freed he must place himself under such control as can prevent his giving way under the trial, as he almost inevitably will if left to himself. But severe as the ordeal is, he has this con-

solation and this great inducement to submit to it-namely, that it is short. A few days will see him through the worst, and although he may not be comfortable for a week or two, his discomfort is endurable and becomes less and less, until it gradually passes into ease and health .- Nineteenth Century.

Georgeous Texans in Washington.

A Texan of some distinction came to Washington the other day in what was considered for Washington a shabby outfit. Coming from Texas he fancied he was "got up regardless." But when ho met his congressional friend here the first thing the latter said was, "What in hell's the matter, Tom? You certainly do look tough and shabby. You must go to my tailor's and get a new suit of clothes before you can make an appearance in Washington society." "Why, what's the matter with you?" said

Tom to the congressman. "I was up in your county the other day with this same toggery aboard, and they were going to shoot me for a dude.

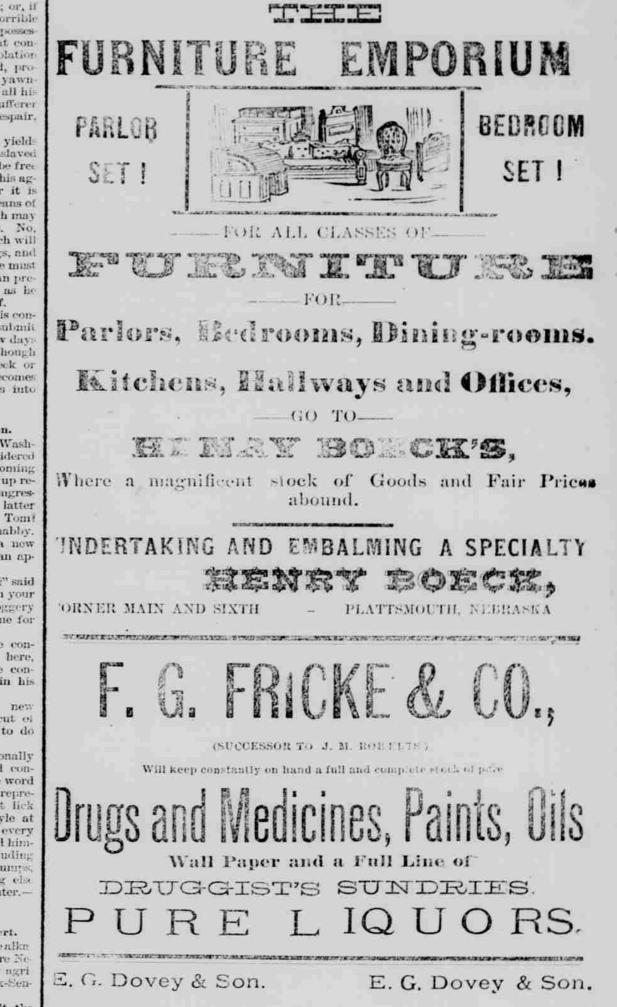
"That's all right at home," said the congressman, "but it is very different here, you know. Look at this," and the con-gressman took from the wardrobe in his lodging a nice new evening dress suit. "Great Jupiter!" exclaimed the new arrival, amazed at the extraordinary cut of the thing; "and what do you intend to do with that?"

The congressman explained that personally he was as much opposed to foppery and conventionality as anybody, but that the word had lately come from Texas that the repr



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ALSO REPAIRING PETER MERGES.



"Inex, abandon the diplomacy you affect with that man. Why do you wish to flirt with him? I hear that something has darkened his life-a woman, I suppose, for his speeches about them are descenating. I dis-like to see you smile or talk with such a giaour. I nu unacquainted with his past, but I know he seeks to submerge memorie. in dissipation of the wildest kind. He not only drinks and gambles, but his life is unhallowed in every way. He is a gentleman by birth and his status demands that your father should not ignore his presence in Madrid, but he expects you to keep him at antipodes.

"Money and birth covereth a multitude of sins, duchessa," and a gay, light laugh complements the remark. "It is requisite that he should fall in love-it will prove an alkali to his acid temperament and divorce him from this irrational life."

Her vanity supersedes her wisdom and she imagines him already her vassal. "A rebellicus spirit is worth conquering. I have flung away hearts as lightly as I would unripe olives, but to own his would be holding the unattainable Sappho's apple. No one can resist my charms-he will be plastic in my hands. I will reform, mold him to my mood."

The entrance of the Englishman terminates bravados, and conversation gravitates to the girl who killed bulls in a recent corida, and who appears today. Dona Inez is a fem-inine sword of Damoeles for a vulnerable hearted man-a beautiful, soulless coquette, whose teleology is to ensuare and vanquish. Her costume is studied; a large mantillathat most dangerous of weapons-frames her face and is fastened in her hair and around her perfect shoulders with costly jewels. The fan assists challenges from dark eyes, and proves that her monitor's injunctions have fallen unheeded on barren soil,

Trutapets sound as the gate under the royal hox opens, and two marshals enter the list, mounted on richly caparisoned Andalusian steeds, whose heads are half hidden under their manes. They clear the lists, report readiness, a flag is waved, and the music sounds a march as the chulos enter, escorting two picadores. The former, commonly termed "cheats," serve to irritate the bull and divert his attention. The animal rushes out, the chulo flutters a bright cloak right and left, this unstandy motion retarding the progress of the beast, and the former, on reaching the barrier, leaps over. A piendore is next attacked, horses are killed and two men maimed. Until now toros has been the aggressor, and the others on the defensive, but amusement has reached meridian-enough carnage for today, and his time must come. Fragosa comes forward, and if any latent interest is betrayed it is dispelled with her appearance. A typical Spanish girl on a large scale, strongly developed muscles, symmetrical limbs, rather sinewy, by prominent physicians, but every time and, consistent with this, keen, sure, penetrating eyes. Her costume borders on the Turkish style, for convenience sake, and there seems to be perfect understanding between herself and the horse she rides. A thunderous salutation greets her, to which she appears oblivious. She makes the banderilla attack several times with swiftness and dexterity, then arns hereelf for the final office of matadore. A sword is handed her, which she conceals in the folds of a red banner. Twice she advances, evading her combator's aims and diagnosing her target well. The third, the sword disappears, is entered full length in the shoulder of the victim and the cross at the hilt alone shows. The creature rushes at the maindore, dying agony stimulating its fury, but each time the blows are received on a deceptive buckler. It is over, and by a vociferous chorus of laudation, extelling her came, tumultuous applause, the Spaniards manifest their appreciation of her art.

"What do you think of it, Lord Roswell?" queries Dona Inez, as seated in the carriage they wait for the throng to part ere they can be driven to the city.

he reeds. He ran thither as fast as his legs ould carry him, headless of the call of the condurme hailing him. He skipped along, and dreaming that he was pursued. His houghts were far from the marcchaussee at that moment. When the corporal gained on im and called for his permit he replied: "Here it is! here it is!" without even knowng what he was saying. Well, just at that moment the ants seemed extraordinarily diligent, and he had applied his hand to the seat of his pantaloons, while from his lips scaped the heroic utterance which the genlarmo had mistaken for an answer to his

The indignant corporal was on the point of ollaring Fondodu, when the latter's little ompanion ran up, exclaiming impertinently: "Say, you, what do you want with M'sieu Fondodui

"Ah! his name is Fondoduf Where does ie live

The lad sneeringly gave him the address, non which Briscard took from his pocket a's writing tablets, crying out: "I shall make a charge against you, Fondedu!"

But Fondodu was already far away, yonder, behind the reeds, where, divested of all mimont, he was plunging his smarting body n the water of the pond, finding ineffable delight in drowning his countless implacable

Such was the account of the affair given by he accused to the court, which shove in cain to preserve its diguity, while the audince seemed to have forgotten altogether the espect due to the august presence of justice. After hearing the testimony of the boy the accompanied Mr. Fondedu, the judge, taking into consideration the accused's previous good character, decided that there had been no intention on his part to insult a rep-resentative of the law. Besides, as he was the holder of a permit duly made out accordng to existing regulations, he was honorably ischarged. He left the court room in triumph, but considerably edified on the impropriety of attempting to enjoy the pleasures of hunting as a sybarite, even when the weather is warm.-J. Des Crouzets in La Chasse Illustree.-Translated for the Times-Democrat.

An Ambulance System for Paris.

Dr. Henri Nachtel, who worked to establish in the New York hospitals a night medical service, has returned to America after a long ojourn in Paris, where he has been making Forts to establish an ambulance system like that in use in all American cities of any size. There is no such system in the French capital, and if any one is taken suddenly sick or injured in the streets, he is taken to the most convenient drug store. Word is then sent to a police station, and the patient is carried on a stretcher to a hospital. Since 1880, Dr. Nachtel has been trying to establish the ambulance system in Paris; he has been aided when he hoped the authorities would adopt it, the scheme fell through on account of the red tape that stood in the way. After mak-ing several vain attempts, Dr. Nachtel con-cluded to come to New York and raise the money in America for carrying out his pro-About \$10,000 have been raised in Paris, and Dr. Nachtel has been offered subscriptions by a large number of Americans. He intends to establish the system in one part of the French capital and to show the anthorities its superiority to any method.-Demorest's Monthly.

Attached to Their Cemeteries.

On the distinctively Christian festival of All Souls, the Freethinkers of Paris always join with the Christians in making a pious pilgrimage to the cometeries. The French people are very much attached to their cemeteries; and even the French infidels have not taken kindly to the substitution of cremation for sepulture. One reason for this probably is that the national love of ostenta-tion can be more fully satisfied by the old than by the new method of burial.

Dwellers Under the Wharves.

"The river gangs are mostly broken up now, still you would be surprised to know how many wharf rats there are at present on the water front of New York." So said Capt. Smith, of the police boat Patrol.

From the captain it was learned that no less than hundreds of men and boys live or rather lodge under the rough planks of wharves. Some of them are pirates in a small way and own boats of their own. Others are knights of the tomato can order, and crawl under some favorite plank to rest their weary bodies and court sweet sleep beside the swashing river.

"They are a kind of amphibious animal," said the captain, "and if they only were as fond of the external application of water as they are of living near it, it might pass for human. As it is, some of the most dangerous men in New York are wharf rats."-New York Star.

A Herd of Buffaloes.

It is stated that C. J. Jones, of Gardan City, Kan., has been hunting over eastern New Mexico and western Texas for buffaloes, and has succeeded in capturing thirty calves and one cow. These will be placed with the rest of his herd, making forty in all, and the largest now in the United States. They will be run on Mr. Jones' ranch, near Garden City. Mr. Jones believes that by crossing the buffalo with certain breeds of cattle, a new and more hardy variety of stock will be the result. His efforts in this direction will be watched with interest by stockmen from all sides .- Chicago Times.

Practice for Quick Shots.

The season for revolver practice has opened with new and novel features in revolver shooting. One of them is the Wimbledon target. This target was used in the recent revolver matches of the National Rifle association of Great Britain to test the quickness as well as the accuracy of the marksmen. It is formed into a rough outline of the human figure and is exposed to view only five seconds at a time. The chest is the bull's eye, while minor points are obtained by hitting the head and limbs, -New York Times.

sentatives of the Lone Star state must lick the best of them in the matter of style at Washington, in consequence of which every Texan now in Washington has provided himself with an evening dress, including diamond studs and patent leather pumps. that will take the shine out of anything else to be seen here during the coming winter .-Washington Post,

Agriculture on the Alkaline Desert. "Governor, do you anticipate that the alke line descri between Ogden and the Sierre Ne vadas can ever be made available for agri culture or anything elser" I asked of ex-Senator Stanford.

"I thought it could not when we built the railroad, but now I am not sure that the whole of it will not at some day be green and growing up to the suddles of the horses as we rode along in California. We finally began to grow wheat, but thought it could not h done without irrigation; experience showed us that in very many cases no irrigation at all was required to make a crop. I was a long time persuading Brigham Young te grow some wheat without going to the expense and labor of ditching and irrigating. He reluctantly tried the experiment, and found it a complete success. The alkali of our plains, I am assured, will one day come into market as a fertilizer for the east and the outside world. You know the formation of country beyond the Sierra Nevadas for a great distance; it consists of estuaries of inland lakes, which receive the drainage of those interior valleys. There is a constant transfer being made of the surface barrenness to the bottom of the earth. I think it will take no longer to make the plains bear than it took to make the east grow grain and fruit. They had to cut off the trees and get away the stumps, and we have to deal with another kind of obstacle."-"Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lotta and the Dressmakers.

Just now I am at the mercy of dressmakers, and they are in the aggregate the trials of a mind. Of course there are some who are mistress of their business, but as a rule they are poor failures. I can't understand it, either. If a woman has to make i living as a dressmaker why doesn't she put her pride in her work and conquer it? A sleeve, it seems to me, is a little thing to make, but out of six modistes five will put it in a dress wrong. Ah! well, poor women they are the victims of the age in which they live. The time will come when women will roll up their sleeves and go to work, heart. hand and soul, not only to get a living out of it, but to dignify it. We Americans like to preach about the freedom of our people and country, but for all that caste is as distinctly defined as in far away Hindostan, and then is no such thing as equality. A shop gir may be just as good as a petted daughter, but society prefers the pet every time .-Chicago Mail Interview.

the sleeping with open windows: "The vieven with closed windows, namely, through the walls, thick though they be, provided they be otherwise well dried."-Paris American Register.

Of the 181 churches in the city of Edinburgh, 124 are Presbyterian.



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tiated air can only rush out when the temperature inside differs from that outside; it remains stationary when the air inside is already of equal temperature with that outside. In that case serious complications may be the consequence, and many persons have paid their mistaken notion with their life. Moreover, a certain ventilation takes place

Sleeping with Windows Open. Here is what Professor Virchow says aner

