

REALM OF THE DIME.

THE BOWERY AS SEEN DURING AN AFTERNOON STROLL.

What You Can Buy for Ten Cents—Getting Over a Spree—Flossam and Jetaam of the Human Tide—Peeps at the Shows.

The Bowery is the realm of the dime. For a dime, having first made your will, you can get one of Fred's dinners, consisting of soup, meat, potatoes, vegetables and coffee. You can get, after buying an accident policy, two mealen slaves for ten cents or one slave with bay rum and a clean towel. You can buy a lot of chestnuts, fresh roasted at the stumps or old and mossgrown in the gaudy temples of Mum...

Your first dime will go to a young man who approaches you disarming. His hair is wavy and auburn, his shirt very dirty and his clothing is in rags. He has just got over an incident of "the shakes," their dismal horrors having made more hideous the gutter in which he reposed while the elevated train flundered over his head through the long hours of the night. His face is red and his eyes are "lumpy, misty," he will say, "I've no time to get something to eat with, will you? I'm an educated man. Just gettin' over a spree. I believe in being laconic. Brevity is the soul of wit. What do you think about it?" he nervously rattles off.

You give him the dime. He goes for his drink. The white mug of philanthropy, hovering over the Young Men's Christian association opposite, frowns at this encouragement of vice. Nevertheless, you feel that the beseeching Angel will look at the matter differently.

A "chippie" glares at him in scorn as he reels away. The Bowery is the rocking place and flogging ground of the little "chippies." They are a prominent part of the flossam and jetaam in the human tide that ebbs and flows constantly in this great canal in the center of a great city. They are not necessarily successful, though they would like to be successfully so. They skip along the pavements in their sailor hats—fashionable sailor hats, for they live in a country in which high and low, rich and poor, and all the other tritenesses that describe the social extremes, dress according to the same set fashions. The "chippie's" complexion is dull. Her veins are full of the beer that she drank over night in some smoke filled saloon with sawdust on the floor. The "chippie" knows little of happiness. Her brown shagreened sash is in a perpetual state of use, and the pockets are giving way from the constant weight of her hands.

The fat lady gets your second dime. She is in a museum whose outside is ablaze with paint—red, blue and yellow. On its front are blazoned necessities of all kinds—human and animal. As you enter the British museum of general and a Cesnola collection of small come trooping at you with the profusion of cherubs in a Vatican fresco. The lounge of the balmy reason, and the essence of the cunning little monkey mingle democratically with the cheap cologne of the Christian person, and the odor of newly dispensed paint. The fat lady is at her post, or rather on her feet. She is a handsome fat lady. She has brown eyes, a small mouth and pretty teeth. She has square yards of arm and billows of bust. There are feathers in her hair and a circus tent of brown silk dress about her sylvan figure. She confesses to 19 summers, though you inwardly doubt that the most indolent vitality could have reached this stage in twelve the time. She is from Ohio, she says, and that explains it. She is sumnered. There were twenty-eight fat ladies in the show when she got her medal, she continues, and of them all only three are unmarried.

She chats familiarly with the Christian lady in a red dress and frilled hair, recently from the "Ten Cent Store" in Pennsylvania. As other things she calls on the fat lady across the way, who is rather a pitiful sight. She was a pretty little girl before they jabbed needles in her white skin and marked her indelibly on legs and arms with black and red drawings in red and blue. She has large eyes and a modest manner. She must have been fair to look at before they made her a perpetual monstrosity. She has a pretty neck, with the symmetrical curve of young womanhood, but the neck now wears a necklace of hideous blue leaves that no autumn ever will alter and move. It cost \$100, she says. Her father made her do it. Did it hurt? Yes. It hurt a good deal, and she was sick for two weeks once while it was going on. She takes no pride in it. She endures it, perhaps, to buy her father's gin.

Galatea gets your next dime. She comes to life in another museum. The showman darkens the hall, goes to a small platform with a black screen above it. In the center of the screen is a square hole, and into this you gaze while he says:

"You've all heard, ladies and gentlemen, of the story of Pygmalion and the Galatee. Pygmalion was an artist, or a sculptor, rather, and his lady, pretty eccentric, couldn't find no woman that he wanted for to marry, so he up an' chiseled a bust, and the bust was the Galatee. This here is the bust, gentlemen."

A white light shines in the box and a white bust appears. It is painted life size, in white, on a side of black, and looks quite staturesque. While you stare at its chaly features and closed eyes the showman continues:

"Pygmalion got stuck on the bust an' set all day a lookin' at it till he got a little loose in the upper story an' prayed to the gods to change the Galatee into a woman. The Galatee will now change into a woman, gentlemen. Watch the bust as she comes to life and the twinkling of her eyes. There's no flies on them eyes, gentlemen. Yer can see for yourselves."

The white bust fades into a woman's head and neck, round and loving. She redden comically, and opens and shuts a pair of staring black eyes very naturally. She does ten cents' worth of smiling as he goes on.

"Pygmalion wanted for to marry the Galatee, but she wouldn't have it. She was a high roller and he was only a poor artist, and she wanted some feller that would put up silks and diamonds for her, and consequently she changed back into marble again once more."

She truly does so. The chaly bust is once more in the box and the "Galatee" is pulling on a waterproof behind the scenes, while Pygmalion, in a brown mustache and a cigar, waits to take his winking eyes blinking "Galatee" to dinner.—New York Times.

"DESTINY" OF THE GREAT.

The Fate Element in Men of Eminent Mark—Lincoln's Presentation.

One might roughly indicate the difference between ordinary men and men of eminent mark by referring to their relative possession of a consciousness of destiny. So often has a sense of being set apart and devoted to something accompanied great capacity that it would seem to be a natural and legitimate help to the carrying out of any arduous undertaking. Schopenhauer declares that no one can be blind to his own merit any more than the man who is six feet high can remain ignorant of the fact that he towers above his fellows. He notes the pride with which Horace, Lucretius, Ovid, Dante, Shakespeare and Bacon have spoken of themselves, and quotes the Englishman who wittily observed that merit and modesty have nothing in common except the initial letter. "I have always a suspicion about modest celebrities," he adds, "that they may be right." Goethe has frankly said: "Only good for nothing and modest." "I begin with this," he told his mother as a small boy. "Later on in life I shall distinguish myself in far other ways."

The fact is that as long as he lived Goethe believed in oracles, and was as willing as Rousseau to trust his fortune to the merest processes of chance. Rousseau was to be saved in the other world if the stone he threw hit the tree at which it was aimed, and had Goethe caught the plume of the valuable pocket knife which he tossed into the river Lahn from behind the bushes where he stood, he might have become a painter instead of a poet. There may be a "divinity" that shapes the ends of all men, but only the exceptional individual sees at all consciousness of the fact or in the way of turning it to practical account by actually relying upon it in daily life. Thus it comes about that demonic men of a definite bent and direction which they cannot resist, are given to trusting more than those whose standpoint is merely personal and commonplace. Orosius, the historian, tells us that "Elizabeth, the smallest of natures, has an unbounded confidence in her luck." "Her majesty counts much on Fortune," Walsingham wrote bitterly; "I wish she would trust more in Almighty God."

Lincoln never for an instant doubted that he was formed for some "great or miserable end," and freely talked about the impression to this effect, which had been within him all his life, and which, after the year 1849, assumed the character of a positive conviction. His biographer asserts that this presentment was as clear and certain as any image conveyed by the senses. "The star under which he was born was at once brilliant and malignant. The horoscope was cast, fixed, irrevocable, and he had no more power to divert it in the minutest particular than he had to reverse the law of gravitation." Substitute the word providence for fate, and many other instances of this higher sort of confidence might be adduced, showing how large an influence trust has had in human success. It went into exile with Luther and sustained Carlyle in sickness and neglect. In a general way, it is to be doubted if any one has ever reached a very eminent station in life without something of this feeling in the attitude which he has assumed toward his work.—Atlantic Monthly.

An Actress "Wrecked in Port."

Poor Aimee had suffered for years from the tumor that indirectly caused her death, and her physicians had frequently advised its removal. She, however, procrastinated, and it was only recently that she decided to submit to the inevitable. Even then she was unwilling that any but a few of her most intimate friends should know the truth. She retired to a private hospital at Auteuil and, in referring to the operation, said: "It would be curious if anything should happen to me now, when I have been several times round the world and come safe and sound on every one of my many railway and steamboat accidents." But as it is always "the unexpected that happens," so the gifted singer was destined to pass from life in precisely the way she deemed least probable. After her many "hairbreadth escapes" it might be written on her tombstone, "Wrecked in port."—Paris Cor. New York Star.

Results of a Rainstorm.

With the rain beating against his storm hardened face, the driver of a Fourth avenue car said, a few evenings ago, he hoped the storm would last all night. "Seems to me it's rough on you," said the passenger, who would smoke his pipe of the "rain," and three feet was cancelled to stand on the front platform. "Is rougher when it don't rain," replied the driver. Then he explained that in dry weather it was difficult to take a team from the stables to the postoffice without an accident, the roadway was so slippery. A good rain washed all the grease and iron rust from the paving stones, and made the going comparatively safe. He was willing to be inconvenienced by the rain, partly for his own sake, partly for that of his horses.—New York Sun.

An Odd Egg Race.

Fifteen hundred workmen, with their wives and children, attended the annual picnic of the United Labor party in Broummer's Union park. The festivities were begun in the afternoon with games. There was an egg race, in which only ladies were permitted to enter. There were nine entries. Each lady was obliged to run a short distance with a spoon held out in front of her containing an egg. The lady reaching the goal first with the egg in its normal condition won the prize. There was a great deal of excitement, especially among the mothers of the racers. One of them shouted out to her daughter: "Be careful an' not break that egg over yer new dress."—New York Sun.

Oysters Among the Parisians.

During the last ten years the taste for oysters has been increasing at a remarkably rapid rate among the Parisians. Over 200,000,000 of these bivalves were consumed in the French capital last year—more than double the quantity which sufficed for the consumption of the city in 1875. The price remains almost what it was then, though in Arcachon and the other centers of production it has declined. The Debats affirms, fully 80 per cent. during the decade.—New York Post.

Harmony Between the Two.

The "normal disposition" has been adopted this month for the bands of the German army. This is the same pitch used in the French army and makes probably the only feature of harmony between the two countries. English soldiers still march to music pitched in what is known as the English diapason, although that was abandoned several years ago by many English orchestras, including that of the Royal Italian opera.—Chicago Herald.

Nineteenth Century Progress.

First Contractor—Are you through with that square yet? Second Contractor—Yes; just got the paving done. "All done?" "Every foot." "Very well, remove your tools so I can get ready to tear it up."—Omaha World.

OLD WORLD WORSHIP.

CRUCIFIXES AT THE CROSSROADS OF AUSTRIA AND BAVARIA.

The Muezzin on the Balcony of the Mohammedan Minaret—The Sanctimonious Persian—Fanatical Afghans—The Hindus—Chinamen and Japanese.

Few things were more interesting to me than the different modes of worship that I saw among the various nations whose countries I traveled on my tour around the world on a bicycle. From the irreligious cowboy of the wild west, who prides himself on caring for neither God nor devil, man nor creature, to the Hindu pontiff of aching his emaciated body hundreds of miles that he may die on the banks of the sacred Ganges, are many interesting forms of worship, many strange beliefs.

In traveling along the roads of Catholic Europe one of the most impressive things to the observant American is the big crucifixes erected at the crossroads. As one gets farther eastward into Catholic Bavaria and Austria these crossroad crucifixes present a very curious appearance. Attached to the crosslike frame are seen saws, axes, plowshares, hayrakes, pitchforks, spades and all manner of agricultural implements. Sometimes the crucifixes are varied by a single, or a pair, of bricks containing images of the Virgin Mary, sundry of the saints and various Roman Catholic paraphernalia. Candles are burnt before the little doll like images of these way-side saints on holy days and votive offerings are made by the superstitious peasantry.

Five times a day, in Mohammedan countries, the muezzin goes up on to the balcony of the tall minaret and sings out in a voice that can be heard half a mile away: "There is no God but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Hearing this the devout Mussulman murmurs "Allah-il-Allah" in response, and pausing in whatever he may be doing he spreads his coat or something on the ground, slips his shoes off and, prostrating himself several times toward Mecca, recites sundry passages of the Koran. When the Mohammedan enters the sacred precincts of the mosque he leaves his shoes at the door and enters in his stocking feet or in light slippers especially provided at the door by an attendant. The headgear is never removed by the Mussulmans for religious exercises, as with ourselves.

One of the most sanctimonious individuals in the world is the Persian. Belonging to the Shiab branch of the Mohammedan faith, the Persians fairly outdo the rest of the world, not excepting even our noble Christian selves, in considering themselves the elect of all the peoples of the earth. In passing a Christian in the bazaars the Persian leans or seizes will gather his flowing gown closely about him, lest perchance it should brush against the infidel and contaminate him by the contact. These people, too, would as soon think of committing suicide as drinking water from the same cup as a Christian. The Persians are far more fanatical than the Turks. I have seen inside plenty of Turkish mosques, and have stood on the minaret balcony with the muezzin and listened to him shouting the summons to prayer; but to penetrate into a Persian mosque would mean trouble.

Five times a day the Persian halts in whatever he may be doing, and, prostrating himself toward Mecca, says his prayers. As a general thing he carries, stowed away in his hamper, a small oval cake of holy clay, from the sacred soil of Mecca, Meshed or Kerbela, which he places on the ground before him as he prays. Every time he prostrates himself he touches his forehead to the bit of sacred clay instead of the common earth. By this process he is supposed to acquire a certain portion of the spiritual advantages pertaining to the worshiper dwelling or visiting at the holy city itself.

More fanatical and dangerous, because less civilized and more warlike than their Persian neighbors, are the Afghans. These valiant and turbulent warriors of Islam present the extreme wing of Mussulman fanaticism and religious fervor these days. To the strange, wild country in southern Khorassan my mind wanders intuitively whenever I think of the Mohammedan religion and its faithful devotees. When at sunset the people would turn toward the west (Mecca being west from that country) and perform their customary prostrations and prayers they would fall to wondering among themselves why it was that I too did not follow suit. Why was it that I, of all the people there, omitted to bow my forehead to the ground and sing out, "There is no God save one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." I used to explain to them that most Christians devote one day out of seven to the worship of Allah, and appropriate the remaining six to their own use. At this they would regard me with greater astonishment than ever.

As we pursue our course through India the people who now stare in mute wonderment at the bicycle are heathens who will have none of the Christian or Islamite God. The gods they worship are numberless almost as the blades of grass in a meadow. The Hindus have invested many things with the order of sanctity. The trees are sacred; rivers, mountains, birds and animals are objects of worship and veneration. Now and then I came across a tree, a neem, beel, peepul or banyan, streaked with red paint. This would be a tree especially selected for the purpose of worshipping the remaining six to their own use. The god the Hindu travelers or outlying villagers could not have with them always, but they could always have the tree, and so by worshipping the tree, his representative, would they gain the ear of some hideous idol sitting in state in his chivala at Benares. A common sign would be that of a ring of dusky natives formed around a sacred tree, prostrating themselves and paying their devotions.

The natives of Bengal seemed to me to fall down and worship almost anything that contributed to their animal comforts. There is something grotesquely practical in paying one's devotion to a bowl of rice or a jar of arrack, and that what the bland and worshipful Bengal villager does every day in the year.

The worship of John Chinaman is so mixed up with superstition and with heathenish rites and ceremonies for the propitiation of evil spirits that it would take a good sized volume to give an adequate idea of it at all. Joss sticks, lighted paper, firecrackers and all sorts of unwholesome things are employed to protect the Celestial from the myriads of evil spirits inhabiting earth, air and water, and which are ever ready to pounce out and do him harm. The Japs—well, the Japs seemed to me comical, even at their devotions. The gentle followers of Buddha and Shintooism seemed to me like happy children playing at being religious, just as they seemed to be playing at keeping shop, playing at being farmers, artisans, priests and boatmen.—Thomas Stevens in New York Mail and Express.

It may comfort some American to learn that the queen's railway coach doesn't begin to compare in luxuriousness with our American palace car, in which one can ride all day for \$2. This ought to make a fellow more content to ride on an accommodation train.—Chicago News.

THE CHAPERON ABROAD.

LANDS WHERE FEMINE GUARDIANSHIP IS A SOCIAL NECESSITY.

Irresponsible Existence of the Spanish Girl—The Chaperon in Central Europe, Rules in Belgium and Germany—England's Female Dragons.

In those countries, and among those by whom a chaperon is recognized as a social necessity, no chaperons in any Christian country have so severe a task as those of Spain. From early childhood until young womanhood the Spanish girl is generally imured within convent walls, presumably for her education, although what she learns during those long years, except the rudiments of reading and writing, how to sew and embroider a little, to use a fan to perfection, to wear her garments with a bewitching grace, and to use her eyes to the destruction of the repose of all male beholders, it would be difficult to say. Once out of the convent and of marriageable age—say 14 or 15—she is placed in the charge of a duenna, who from that moment never loses sight of her in daytime and sleeps in the same room at night. Such a thing as a moment's privacy the girl neither expects nor obtains. If the governante absents herself, the young lady is first taken to her mother. If she goes out to church, to the opera, or for a walk, she is closely guarded; on the other hand, if she is sent a step or two in advance, the mother or duenna, or often both, following so that they can see her every motion, and that no daring lover slips a billet doux into her not unwilling hand. The consequence is that, feeling perfectly safe and entirely irresponsible, she is the most ardent flirt in the universe.

In France, Germany, Austria and through Central Europe the duties of a chaperon are much alike, and are far lighter than they were even five-and-twenty years ago. Throughout Europe no young girl, or to put it more plainly, no unmarried woman, can appear in public unescorted by some matron. As for a male escort, that is, of course, far more than being alone. Even a brother cannot take his sister to a theatre or place of public resort without a chaperon. In France it is indeed the custom to keep the brothers rightly apart from the sisters after their 8th year, except when in the company of the parents, because the whole educational scheme is so different for the two sexes. Often later in life and after the sister is married they become close friends, but no girl would be allowed to go into the streets or public places with her brother; some one might not know that it was a brother, and there would be a scandal. To balls and parties the girl can only go with her mother or some chaperon, who for the time represents her. No sooner, however, is the young French girl made a wife—perhaps to some man she hardly knows by sight—than all this is changed; it is like the lowly grub suddenly bursting into the most gaudy of butterflies.

In Germany and Austria the rules, although strict, are not so rigid as in France, the young ladies, both at home and in the ball room, being allowed a little more liberty, especially where the Protestant element predominates, in this differing widely from France, where the Protestants are notoriously more rigid and Puritanical than their Catholic fellow countrymen, denying to youth even such innocent pleasures as dancing and other harmless amusements.

Belgium, at least in its aristocratic capital city is considered to follow French customs, and much the same may be said of St. Petersburg. In Holland, while the court etiquette is the strictest in Europe, the girls are allowed in their home life almost as much freedom as are English girls. Italy, but a few years ago the most formal country in matters social, is breaking down her barriers, especially where the English and American girls constantly on the continent, and who insist upon carrying with them the freedom of action that they look upon as their birthright, the wealth, beauty and accomplishments of many of them giving access to the best society and compelling the admiration of all, has done vastly much toward freeing their continental sisters.

In England the duties of a chaperon are much the same as in the larger American cities. To go to a ball, party, flower show, theatre or other place of public amusement a girl must have a chaperon of some sort who sees her from her home and returns her to it. At a ball the advantage of the chaperon to the girl is enormous, especially if the lady be a woman of the world. If a bore comes along the chaperon claims his attention; if the girl cannot say she is engaged for the particular dance the bore has asked for, the chaperon, at a look, says: "You must rest this dance, dear; you must not over fatigue yourself, I insist; come and sit here by me." It is the same when the girl wishes to escape from an ineligible, especially if she thinks some one else is looking for her; "I must go back to mamma, now (or to Mrs. Blank, as the case may be). I promised to come directly the dance was over."

The only continental country that permits almost American or English freedom to its girls is Switzerland. Even in the French section—Geneva and its neighborhood—the girls walk unattended through the streets, and at the most fashionable female boarding school parties are given twice a month to which the college students and other young men of fashion are invited.—E. J. Biddle in Globe-Democrat.

Boxing the Ears.

There ought to be a statute in every state severely punishing this practice or rather an infliction of blows on the head, so common in families and schools of inferior grade. A recent investigation of medical records reveals fifty-one cases of serious injury to children from "boxing" or "cuffing" on the ear—in some cases chronic and ultimately resulting in fatal brain disease, deafness, insanity, etc. It would be impossible to discipline all offenders, but much might be done by special care in giving notice of the law and penalty through the newspapers and by circulars distributed by board of health inspectors, and by instructions to the police promptly to arrest parents or others seen cuffing children—as they may be seen at all hours of the day in certain regions of every city.—Sanitary Era.

Pain for Kitchen Walls.

Pain is found better than calamine or whitewash upon the walls of a kitchen, since the steam from the washing and cooking has less effect upon it, and also because it can be more readily cleaned. Before painting the wall needs to be washed with soap, then covered with a coat of dissolved glue, which must be allowed to dry thoroughly before the paint is applied, the work being done well and quickly with a broad, flat brush.—New York Mail and Express.

To Treat an Ingrowing Nail.

A painless method of treating an ingrowing nail is to draw a woolen yarn under the corner of the nail, leaving both ends projecting, and let it remain thus until the nail has grown free from the flesh. A little mutton tallow may be used to soften the flesh about the nail, and in trimming the nail allow the corners to project a little beyond the flesh.

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