

HER PRAYER.

I softly peep through the open door, I can see my loved one there; She is kneeling down on the parlor floor In an attitude of prayer.

SLUG NUMBER ELEVEN

"Never been in a printing office before, I suppose. What woman's picture is that over that case, you ask? Why, that's Nan. She was slug 11. Oh, no, slug 11 wasn't her nick name. 'Twas her number. See! here is a slug eleven. Printers use their slug numbers to mark their matter; else how could they make up their strings? A string? Oh, we paste all our dupes together, and that makes a string that shows what we've done. Here's my string for the day—regular rope, ain't it?"

"Want to know about Nan, eh? Well, she was the only female typesetter we had, and she was a hummer. She could talk longer, and on occasions louder, and truth compels me to say broader, than—well, than some girls. Pretty? Not exactly, just so. Slender, lively, hair the color of canned salmon, teeth pretty well justified, and eyes that were usually blue, but liable to turn green if she got mad. Boys used to say that if Nan was going to Paradise she'd be late getting there; but I never saw nothing bad about her except, once in a while, her tongue. Mister, don't you get it into your head that because a girl sets type or works in a factory among a lot of men she can't be good."

"To resume my yarn. One day there came along a handsome young fellow that we dubbed Mr. Kokuk, because he came from the town of Kokuk. I can't quite say a fancy to him. He and The Rat were about the only persons in the office that Nan did notice. We called him The Rat because he went back on us when we struck. We took him back out of pity, but no one loved him. Lank, cadaverous, pock marked, thin lipped fellow, with eyes like two holes burnt in a blanket."

"Well, Nan and Mr. Kokuk went to two or three dances and a circus or two—we used to get plenty of comps to such things then—and first we knew they were engaged. The very next week we went on a strike again, all except Nan and The Rat. He said his wife was dying, and he had to earn what he could. It wasn't much, because he was a regular blacksmith. We call a poor printer a blacksmith. Nan's eyes turned green as she said she wouldn't go because she didn't want to, 'so there!' About a week after the strike began Mr. Kokuk and I were in a saloon opposite the block where The Rat's folks roomed, and we saw Nan come in at the family entrance and buy a flask of whisky. We were in there celebrating the end of the strike. All went back next day, and late in the evening, when only Mr. Kokuk, Nan and I were left in the office, I heard him go over and tell Nan he must break off the engagement because she had gone back on the strikers, but more particularly for the reason that he would never marry a woman that bought whisky by the flask at a saloon. Mr. Kokuk was a kind of goody goody fellow, you see. Nan wheeled about on her stool, her eyes snapped, and the lashes fairly cracked, and she said: 'You are a little plaster of paris god, ain't you? Be careful you don't tip over or you'll break in two. You ought to go as a missionary to the cannibals. You wouldn't be good eating, but they ain't very particular. Mr. Kokuk put on his coat and went away, but after he had gone I went to hit a handful of type out of a form that stood near Nan's case, and I saw that her eyes were sweating. Tears as big as rain drops fell down over her case. She kept on throwing in type. She tossed 'em into the 'e' box and combs over among the periods and 'caps' down among the lower case letters in a reckless manner. Every stickler of type she set up next day was so lousy the foreman threatened to discharge her. What do I mean by lousy? Why, full of mistakes, to be sure. I knew the reason and corrected some of her galley's to help her out. At the next meeting of our union some one said it had been proposed to raise a fund to bury the Rat's two children that had just died that day of scarlet fever, both on the same day, and you know. He had buried his wife the week before. 'He ought to be able to bury his own dead; he's been at work right along,' said some one, and nearly all growled assent."

"Who started the movement to raise the fund?" asked I. "Nan," answered the fellow who had proposed the matter. "She headed the list. She's about the only friend the Rat had. Sat up nights to help take care of Rat's wife, who was a mighty sweet little woman. Bought whisky for her when that was all that would keep the poor woman alive."

"You ought to have seen the expression of Mr. Kokuk's face when he heard this explanation as to why Nan went to the saloon to get a bottle of whisky. 'And when Rat's wife died,' continued the speaker, 'and his two children fell sick, she cared for them. Worked all day and set up nearly all night with them. I tell you, boys, printing office have their devils, but now and then angels drop down into them, and—'"

"Before he could say any more Mr. Kokuk sprang up and moved that each member be assessed \$3 to defray the funeral expenses of Rat's children, and that as many of the boys as could hire subs should attend the funeral. Did we carry the motion? Well, rather, the angels drop down into them, and—"

"Do you know what I think of you?" said Nan, knocking about half a handful of matter into pl. "I don't think anything."

the theatre to-night. To Jeff is to play a game with type. Mr. Kokuk got stuck for the tickets, and I tell you he was tickled. They went; but they only saw part of the play. As they were walking along to the theatre they passed a parsonage. 'Isn't that the man that preached the funeral sermon for The Rat's children?' asked Mr. Kokuk. "Yes," answered Nan. "Let's go in and see him," said Mr. Kokuk.

"In they went, and Nan, who is usually surprised at nothing, was much astonished when Mr. Kokuk asked the minister to marry them, but she consented and they were married, and when the minister had reached the end of the performance and Mr. Kokuk took Nan in his arms and kissed her, what did she do but drop her head on his shoulder and cry. She said it was because she was worn out watching with The Rat's folks, but I reckon those tears were tinged with the compound essence of joy."

"Say, do you see that kind of countrified looking fellow with a slouch hat standing over there by one of the forms talking to the foreman? That's Mr. Kokuk. He's now editor and proprietor of The Kokuk Banner. Gets all the county printing and is making a barrel of money. He's here on a visit and telling the boys about Nan. Gave me her picture as she new looks. Gentle, refined looking lady, ain't she? She's boss of the house and her husband, has two scholars from her own family to send to it, and when any of the printers go on the tramp she bustles into The Banner office and tosses metal with the best of them. If there's a sick family in Kokuk or the contiguous territory that needs help, you bet Nan will be there."

"Say, mister, I'm not well posted on religion, but when the saints take their places in line in heaven I'll bet you will be not far from the head."—New York Evening Sun.

Buried Alive.

In Russia people are oftener than elsewhere condemned—unintentionally, of course—to that most gruesome of all deaths, of which Poe had such unfeigned horror—burial alive. But the circumstances accompanying this frightful torture are seldom so characteristic or so horrible as in the case of the wife of a peasant in the government of Volhynia, on the borders of Austria, who, according to the local papers of Volhynia, was lately buried in a comatose state. She was expecting soon to become a mother at the time of her supposed death. After the "corpse" had been kept the usual time, the parish priest, Konstantinoff, recited the prayers of the burial service in the churchyard, the widower cast three handfuls of earth on the coffin, and all departed except the gravediggers. In filling up the grave the latter shoveled in an unusually large sod of hard earth, which struck the coffin with a loud noise and woke up the unfortunate woman from her sleep. The horror of her position at once dawned upon her. She cried out in most piteous tones to the gravediggers to rescue her from a horrible death. She solemnly promised them all her property if they would take her from the grave and coffin. The more she cried and entreated the more strenuous were their endeavors to fill in the grave; and on leaving the church yard, when their work was done, they still heard her cries and moans. They at once hurried off to her husband, who was surrounded with guests, drinking to the memory of the deceased. Having related what had taken place, the matter was discussed by the guests and the neighbors, who soon came rushing in, and it was finally resolved, nem. con. that an evil spirit had taken possession of the deceased, and that in order to prevent her walking at night and disturbing the people, it was absolutely necessary to disinter her and give an aspen stake through her body. The minister a deputation to the priest asking permission to disinter the body and perform the superstitious rite, deemed necessary in all such cases. The pope, horrified, hurried off to the churchyard and had the body disintered in the hope of saving a life, but superstition had already got its victim, the woman was dead, but unmistakable signs showed she had struggled hard to escape from the most horrible death the human mind can conceive.—Boston Herald.

John Wise's Courtship.

As an illustration of the somewhat grandiose style of our grandfathers, The Norfolk Virginian publishes letters from John Wise, written to Gen. Cooper, seeking permission to address his daughter, and Gen. Cooper's reply. Mr. Wise wrote: "Feeling myself irresistibly impelled by inclination, and prompted by a sense of propriety, I have presumed now to address you upon a subject of no importance and delicacy. Having conceived an affection for your daughter (Miss Sally), I beg leave to solicit your permission to make address to her, and at the same time let me express the hope that, should I be so fortunate as to succeed in gaining her affections, my first wishes may not be frustrated by your disapprobation. I have thought proper to make this application to you on the subject in this manner rather than in person, because my character (if I had acquired any), my condition and my situation in life are not altogether unknown to you, and if objections are to be made they can be more freely communicated in this than any other way. I have hitherto proceeded no further with the lady than merely to obtain her permission to make this application; and, sir, I now pledge you the honor of a gentleman that, in case you have objection of an insuperable nature to the union, whatever may be the chagrin, regret and mortification which I may feel on the occasion, I will not disturb the quiet of a parent, extremely solicitous, no doubt, for the happiness of a beloved daughter, by persisting any further with her."

Under date of May 11, 1792, Gen. Cooper responded, saying: "Although the application made by your letter of this day was unexpected, yet my reflections hereupon on the subject have prepared me to answer that, however solicitous I may be for the temporal felicity and the future respectability of my daughter, she is the only proper judge of the person best calculated to make her happy. Respect and impartiality ought to be shown by me to you or any other gentleman that might make his address to my daughter, and I confide in your candor and judgment."

A Malignant Tramp.

Householder (to tramp). "No, you can't have anything to eat here. Go right away!" Tramp—That's what they told me over the way. They said you had only one meal a week here. Sorry I troubled you. Ta-tal!—New York World.

MAGIC IN NUMBERS.

SUPERSTITIONS FOUNDED ON THE NINE DIGITS.

"There's Luck in Odd Numbers," Says an Old Saw—Events Quoted as Proofs of the Influence of Numbers on Everything in Life.

Very many superstitious and curious ideas have been and are still connected with numbers. Great hopes have been founded upon certain combinations of numbers in lotteries, in horoscopes, or in predictions regarding important events. Important undertakings have awaited favorable dates for their inception, and the lives of more than one leader of men have been more or less influenced by a regard for certain numerical combinations, supposed to have a dominating power in shaping a successful career.

There have been superstitious notions connected with nearly every one of the nine digital numbers. The number 1 was held to be sacred because it represented the unity of the Godhead. This number is esteemed as very lucky by the Japanese, who hold but one day to each of the several operations of husbandry, leaving that portion of the crop that could not be gathered in one day.

BAD REPUTATION OF NUMBER 2. The second digit acquired an especially evil reputation among the early Christians, because the second day hell was created, along with heaven and earth. The Catholics said it typified the hypocritical union of Christ. It seems to have been a number unlucky in English dynasties. Harold II was slain in battle; William II and Edward II were murdered; Ethelred II, Richard II and James II were forced to abdicate; and Henry II, Charles II and George II were unfortunate in many ways. The number seems to have been an unlucky one to the sovereigns of other European countries. The Charles IX of France, of Navarre, of Spain, of Anjou and of Savoy passed or ended their reigns unhappily.

The number 3 has an abundance of superstitions connected with it. It was the perfect number of the Pythagoreans, who said it represented the beginning, middle and end. A greater importance was given to number because it represented the trinity, not only in the Christian religion, but in many others. There was but little mystery attached to the numbers 4 and 5. In folk lore the four leaved clover is especially lucky. The four of clubs is an unlucky card, and it named the devil's four post bed.

The Catholics asserted that the number 6 was potent in mystical properties. The world was created in six days, the Jewish servant served six years, Job endured six tribulations, and hence the figure typified labor and suffering. The rabbis asserted that the letter vau, which represents six, was stamped on the manna to remind the Jews that it fell on six days only.

The number 8 was an unlucky one at Rome. Tarquinius Sextus was a brutal tyrant, the church was divided under Urban the Sixth and Alexander the Sixth was a monster of iniquity.

SEVEN AN IMPORTANT NUMBER. The number 7 has been invested with more mystery than all the other digits together, and to it were ascribed strange and mystical qualities possessed by no other number. Several learned treatises have been written on this number, and septenary combinations have been sought everywhere. In an old writer of two centuries ago we may read why, in his opinion, the number 7 is peculiarly excellent. First, he says: "It is neither gotten nor begets;" secondly, "it is a harmonic number and contains all the harmonies;" thirdly, "it is a theological number, consisting of perfection;" fourthly, it is composed of perfect numbers, and "participates of their virtues."

He may find better reasons for the importance attached to this number. Much of it is doubtless due to its prominence in the Bible. The seven days of creation led to a septenary division of time to all ages. Several of the Jewish feasts lasted seven days. Elisha sent Naaman to wash in the Jordan seven times, and Elijah sent his servant to Mount Carmel seven times to look for rain. For seven days seven priests with seven trumpets invested Jericho, and on the seventh day they encompassed it seven times. There were seven virtues, and seven mortal sins.

The ancients not only noted the importance of seven as an astronomical period, but also connected it with the seven planets the seven metals then known. The soul of man was anciently supposed to be controlled by this double septenary combination. It was also an ancient belief that a change in the body of man occurs every seventh year.

The Koran enumerates seven heavens. There was an old Russian superstition to the same effect, and a ladder of seven rungs was placed in the grave to enable the defunct to ascend these seven grades. WHAT YOU MUST DO ON THE NINTH. Says an old writer: "Augustus Cæsar, as Gellius saith, was glad, and hoped that he was to live long, because he had passed his 63 years. For old men seldom pass that year but they are in danger of their lives. Two years, the seventh and the ninth, commonly bring great changes to a man's life, and great dangers; therefore 63, that containeth both these numbers multiplied together, containeth unknown dangers."

Lesser, now granted for a period of ninety-nine years, were formerly given for 99.

There were nine earths, according to medieval cosmogony; nine heavens, nine rivers of hell, nine orders of angels, etc. The number being perfection, since it represented divinity, was often used to signify a great quantity, as in the phrases: "A nine days' wonder," "A cat has nine lives," "Nine tailors make a man," etc.

In Scotland, a water-powder cow was cured by washing her in nine surfs. To be nine magpies is extremely unlucky. Nine knots made in a black woolen thread served as a charm in the case of a sprain.

When a servant maid finds nine green pins in one pod she lays it on the window sill, and the first man that enters will be her "beau." Nine grains of wheat, if sown on a four leaved clover, enable one to see the fairies.—F. S. Bassett in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rocky Mountain Engineering. "How far is it to the next station, sir?" "About two miles by rail." "Barber?" "Barber? What's the name of the place?" "Barber?" "Barber? Why, that's the name of this town."

"Yes, but, ye see, the road takes a hoos shoe curve 'n comes in byr again 'bout a couple of blocks above."—Harper's Bazar.

A Speech in Mid Air.

Mr. Jasper Douglas Pyne, Parnellite member of parliament for West Waterford, was the hero of one of the many amusing incidents that have occurred in Ireland during the period when Mr. Balfour was trying to coerce Irishmen to his peculiar views.

Mr. Pyne was summoned under the criminal act on a warrant in which he was charged with seditious offenses. Learning of the issue of the warrant he shut himself up with two attendants in the ruins of his castle of Listinny, near Tallow, where he stood a siege of government officials lasting several months. He had in a stock of tinned meats and other goods, with wine, whiskey and tobacco, and defied the officers of the law from a window ninety feet above the ground.

A deputation of the Young Ireland League, with two bands of music, and the bands of Tallow, Ballyfad and Knockmore, marched to the Listinny stronghold to present an address of congratulation to the hero, who first bowed to his admirers from his lofty vantage amid loud cheering, and then got into a chair attached to a rope and pulley, by means of which he was lowered so as to get within speaking distance of his enthusiastic friends.

The address was read by Mr. J. T. Croft, honorary secretary, and Mr. Pyne made a speech in reply, declaring that he was quite at home, and that the police should come up to his abode if they would and could, but advised them to be careful in going up stairs or down stairs, the staircase being in such a state that ladders were needed in some parts of it, and it might be too rough for them, one man, perhaps, would send down a stone or two to the other. He had a good supply of everything he wanted, and hoped to live there comfortably for three months, until the time arrived for him to attend to his parliamentary duties. This joking amused the people and was followed by speeches from prominent men. Mr. Pyne was then drawn up to re-enter the town.—New York Journal.

The Handkerchief's History.

An authority on the subject of dress gives the following interesting information on the subject: The handkerchief as an outward and visible article was first introduced in France, but until the reign of the Empress Josephine a handkerchief was thought of as a thing that a lady would never have dared to use before any one. The word even was carefully avoided in refined conversation. An actor who would have used a handkerchief on the stage, even in the most fearful moments of the play, would have been unmercifully hissed, and it was only in the beginning of the present century that a celebrated actress, Mlle. Duchesnois, dared to appear with a handkerchief in her hand. Having to speak of this handkerchief in the course of the speech she could never summon enough courage to call it by its true name, but referred to it as a light tissue.

A few years later a translation of one of Shakespeare's plays by Alfred de Vigny having been acted, the word handkerchief was used for the first time on the stage amid cries of great indignation from every part of the house. The Empress Josephine, although really lovely, had had teeth. To conceal them she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs adorned with costly lace, which she constantly raised gracefully to her lips. Of course all the ladies of the court followed her example and handkerchiefs rapidly became an important part of the feminine toilet. Naturally a French fashion soon became a world fashion.

Gypsy Fortune Tellers.

No person who has not been a dweller in the gypsy camp would believe the extent to which these wandering pretenders are consulted, both in respect to resolutions of the future and in regard to physical ailments. Thousands of persons go to the Romany soothsayer who would be ashamed to confess faith in the predictions of the less pretentious fortune teller. The sum charged for an interview with the conjurer ranges from 50 cents to \$10, according to the length of time and the estimate placed upon the resources of the interviewer. If consultations are repeated the gypsy woman frequently realizes \$50 or \$100 from a single individual.

Many ailing persons who have found no relief from the advice of learned physicians seek the smooth speaking gypsy woman who deals in herb concoctions that she calls medicine. The mixture made by the unscrupulous quack, who is scarcely acquainted with the least hygienic law and entirely ignorant of the preventive and curative functions of the body, is bought and swallowed with faith in its curative qualities. Oftentimes does imagination thus effect remarkable benefits which are accredited to the wonderful Romany skill.—Chicago Herald.

Nitro-Glycerine as Medicine.

Do you know that nitro-glycerine bids fair to become an important remedy for diseases of the kidneys, and for some time past has been experimentally tried in cases of Bright's disease? According to the formula it is prepared in alcohol in the proportion of one per cent. in a tablet form, one of these containing the 100th part of a grain. The results so far are very encouraging. It is called trinitrin, and is nitro-glycerine of a pure quality, possessing at first all the explosive powers of that article. This last property is removed by its mixture with alcohol, and the tablet is formed of sugar, milk, or other inert substances. There is no patient who has Bright's disease now under treatment at the Jefferson Medical university at Philadelphia upon whom the dose has been gradually increased until at the present time he is taking four doses of twenty grains each per day, and so far the action upon the circulation and the kidneys gives the doctor high hopes of success.—Oil City Derrick.

Sambo's Protest.

Congressman Cox, of New York, who is always full of anecdotes bearing upon the taking of the last census, asks his friends to believe that in the District of Columbia a certain census taker was making his official round, when he came to the house of a wealthy member of congress from New England. The door was opened by a black boy, to whom the white man began:

"What's your name?" "Sambo, sah, am my Christian name." "Well, Sambo, is your master a Christian?" "To which Sambo's indignant answer was: "No, sah, my mahster am a member ob congress, sah."—New York Tribune.

The fad, brought over from London, of wearing two scarf pins at the same time, has met with a cool reception in New York.

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