, one who, long ago, core that he loved, then left me comes again Refore mine eyes, and smiles in high disdain To see them strive to wake a love long dead. Tell me no more! I cannot bear the pain Of living it once more, dear friend, and so Tell me of things more exquisite than this; Of loyal friendship—love that claims no kiss Of passion to belie its gentle name. Ash nothing more! norseek my love; you know All that has died within me."

Impassioned whitpers did I strive to break The cold frost mantle, and for her dear sake I vowed abandonment of all that life Held dear for me. But presently the strife I saw was ended—wasted; so in dull Cold misery I turned. And 'mid the lull, The silence of our souls, she softly said: "Lanve me to mourn alone. I am afraid! For love to me may ne'er be aught but shame, And now the only memory that may Bring loy to me is his of yesterday!" - Edward Heron Allen in Leslie's Newspaper.

BEEKUN BOB.

He was picking up coal near the M., II. and O. (Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon) railway when I first saw him a poor, forlorn little fellow, with "buttermilk eyes," a yellow skin and hair of a faded drab color.

I have only to look down on the carpet near my feet at a little pile of iron ore, specimens collected while sojourning at Ishpaning, Mich., at that time, to vividly recall the little hero (for such he was) to my imagination, although no thought like this I am sure ever occurred to his untrained mind, and I doubt if he would "Well?"

"You know Beekun Boh?" have known the meaning of the word, and even his parents, stolid Swedes, for which that section of the mining country is noted, never dreamed of thinking him one, even when the end came.

I do not remember to have heard the height and size he appeared about 10 years old. His face had a worn, wasted, old look, and his small claw like hands shriveled as though with age. He seemed less than ordinary in intelligence and spoke only in monosyllables, and so frequently to himself that my attention was drawn to him.

Rambling through the mining country in search of specimens, though in mid-winter, it was thus I came across him.

There was something peculiar about him; he did not seem quite right in the "upper story," and I fell to watching him, with a strange interest, as he picked up, one by one, so carefully each piece of coal that had fallen from the coal cars and which the railroad authorities allowed the poor to gather, and placed every piece with a certain mathematical preci ion in his old, battered coal bucket.

Who is that boy?" I asked of a tall, well grown had standing near me, evidently an employe about the yards.

"That?" rather contemptuously pointing a grimy forefinger in the direction of the little coal gatherer:

"Oh, that's 'Beekun Bob,'" and he laughed heartily.
"Beacon Bob?" I repeated. "Why do you call him that? Spell his name, "B-e-e-k-u-n-B-o-eb," he rapidly

spelled out. We uns calls him that 'cause he allers stands at the old mine shaft with a lighted stick every night, a waitin' fer his dad and the missus

"The missus?" I echoed. "Yas, that's his marm; she wurks in the mine, long side of his dad." "A woman work in the mine?" I asked, incredulously.
"Oh, yas, lots of 'em do. That's

nuthin'. I sighed.

"Why does he hold a light?"
"Cause you see as how the ole mine's 'banduned, 'taint safe, and the big hole is right near their house; he's feer'd they'll fall in some night comin' home.'

"Lookee, you kin see it from here." He pointed off towards the direction of Lake Angeline, where a dark spot in the red earth was plainly visible, with bits of boards and planks sticking right and left around it, and near it a small, weather beaten frame house. "So he lives there?"

"Naw, he jest tuk it onto hisself. They don't keer one way er tother."

"Has he brothers or sisters?" "Nary one. Some one called the stalwart, well meaning lad, and thanking him for his information as he hastened away, I approached "Beekun Bob." He did not see me, nor appear to hear my footsteps. I came close to him and

touched him gently on the shoulder.

He boked up at me in a dazed sort of way, his small features, or the expression of them, rather, nearly obscured by the profesion of hematite dust spread on His hands and clothing, as well an my own, were smirched with it. Ile rook a long, deep breath and in-voluntarily placed one hand to his side,

his forehead contracting as though in I may at once that the boy was ill or over orked, and the patient way that

he tolled touched me. The day was a very cold one, and the child's tands were cramped and blue, and his toes protruded through his German rocks and rubbers. "Haven't you all you can carry?" I asked, looking towards the heaped

ile nodded in the affirmative, but still continued to add more.

end I placed my hand upon the handle of the bucket.

"Ulum, umm;" he grasped the handle, and such a look of doubt and indignation I never want to see on a child's face again. Lifting the bucket, and with again. Lifting the bucket, and with difficulty he placed it resolutely behind him and stood before it grim and stern and half defying. I smiled in spite of myself. He evidently thought I wanted the coal, and had learned his lesson from being wronged in this way before. Not another word could I get out of him, and so n little suddened I moved away, throwing him a coin as I went, trusting he would hereafter have more faith in his

That night was a bitterly cold one, but wearied with the day's tramp, I slept soundly and comfortably in my warm

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and from my window at the Nelson house, I watched the busy mining population thronging to their daily toll. How picturesque the old town looked,

Here and there the sparkle of the iron ore would gleam forth, glinting like dia-monds in the sun, and vying in bril-

liancy with the pearls in the snow.

Away off yonder over the white hills, so rugged and grand, a number of wood choppers, going in different directions, were seen, gayly attired in their red flannel shirts, blue woolen caps, buckskin breeches and gray German socks and rubbers, with the bright ax over each shoulder and the invariable black pipe in each mouth, and near them the sledges, to which one or more dogs were hitched, to draw the fruits of their labors home at eventide.

Before them in the distance loomed the tall dark pines, like grim sentinels, adding to the rare picturesqueness of the

The air was so cold and clear and bright, "you could cut it with a knife."
This was the last day of the old year. I knew that to-morrow would usher in the day of the season for Ishpeming, its unique and wonderful dog races, which created nearly as much stir as the "Derby" or "Latonia" in greater cities, and, much as I desired to see this northern custom, I hoped the new year would find me "at home" in Chicago.

Breakfast over I hastily prepared to "go below" or "down the road," as expressed in that upper country.

My foot was on the first step of the omnibus to take me to the train, when, chancing to look up, I saw the tall, well grown lad of the Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon yards, standing near and regarding me questioningly.

I paused and nodded. He came up to

"You know Beekun Bob?"
"Yes; what of him?"
"Wall, he's dead." "Dead!" What was he to me that I should grow ill and faint? The omnibus driver be-

came impatient. "You'll have to hurry up there or we won't catch the train," he said.
I stepped into the 'bus.

"Get in," I said to the boy; "I will make it all right with the driver." He clambered up and took a seat by

my side.
"Now tell me all about it," I said;
"How did he die and when?" "You see, he wuz a-holdin' of that ar' stick I told you 'bout, awaitin' for his dad and the missus, which they didn't cum home 'til this mornin', cause the

mine they wurked in caved in on 'em, and they couldn't git out to onct." He paused to take breath. "What then?" I asked. "Wall, jest nuthin', only when they did cum, all safe an' sound, but a little smothered like, they found that ar' chap, 'Beekun Bob,' standin' stark an' stiff, frozen, you know, with his eyes wide open, the stick burned down into his hands and he dead as a door pail."

hands, and he dead as a door nail." I grew faint and dizzy again. "Poor little Bob, what a hero! I will go and see his parents," I said.

I thought how terribly stricken and heart broken they must feel.

"Please pull the check string, we will The young fellow did as I requested. "Taint no use. He ain't thar," he

"Where is he?"
"Over to the hospital."

I paid the driver and told him to call for me again at the hotel to take the He looked at me wonderingly and

drove on. We went to the hospital. Yes, there he lay, dressed for the grave. The little pinched face bore the impress of the agony worn into it by the hours of suffering and patient waiting. The shriveled hands, so burned and scarred, were swathed in bandages.

"His parents?" I asked.
"Oh," said the hospital M. D., "they sent for us, and when they found out we could not restore him to life, they told us to 'take him away; dead boy no good to us' (a fact), and we bury him, and so save them the trouble and expense."

Heartless?—Well—no. I hardly think

so. They were very poor, and very practical, and it was "all the same" to "Beekun Bob," the hero.—Mrs. S. C. Hazlett in Detroit Free Press.

A Four Footed Thief.

On the Baldwin farm, about two miles north of Fillmore, Mrs. Baldwin went out to look after her poultry. On opening the chicken coop she was horrified to find all of her fowls slaughtered and an enormous wild cat occupying the premises. Instead of fainting and letting the intruder escape, she concluded that he also might take a joke; whereupon she quickly closed the door and called to her son's wife, who lived near by. The latter came with her husband's rifle; then setting the door a little ajar

the two ladies in turn dispatched half a dozen swift messengers in the direction of his catship, which was a final settlement of the whole affair. But Mrs. Baldwin thinks that his scalp and pelt are rather meager compensation for her dezen and a half of chickens.—Salt Lake

Never Out After Dark.

The gas furnished the city of San Antonio is of a very inferior quality, and accountly the streets are very poorly hted, but the street lamps are allowed to Lurn after daylight. A stranger asked cominent druggist:

Why do the gas lights burn all night in this town?" "Pecause dose gash lights vas so small dot dey vas afraid to go out ven it vas dark."—Texas Siftings.

The Original Yankees.

The regular down east Yankee pronunciation, according to a writer in Notes and Quries, must have come from Essex. The same twang is observed in the speech there as in New England, such words as blue, true or through being prenounced blew, trew and threw with

An Ancient Church Bell.

The Methodists of Lumpkin, Ga., have a new church bell, the old one being cracked and worn out. It's time the old bell had a rest, for it was cast in 1600, and has in its time summoned to worship men of varying creeds in the Nether-lands, Portugal, Spain and America.

Detailed Instructions. New Girl—An' how long should I leave this thing called a "blower" tight up agin the open fireplace?

Experienced Servant—Lave it until it do be hot enough to burn the skin off y'r fingers when ye touch it. Thin lift it off.

—Philadelphia Record. A MODEL'S EXPERIENCE.

WOMAN IN BOSTON WHO HAS POSED FOR FAMOUS ARTISTS.

She Was Magonna, Venus, Helen, Magdalen and Other Celebrities-Many Women's Heads Painted on Her Lovely Shoulders - Americans Are Swindled.

A homely visaged, well formed Italian woman, about 35 years of age, occupies a suit of rooms on Greene street, and gets a living by doing fancy needle work and taking lodgers. Her name is Margharita Campelli. Her husband, formerly a tenor singer, but latterly an organ grinder, died two years ago, leaving her his name and just enough money to buy a black veil. As for his burial, that was paid by the city. But Margharita was not to be cast down. She had seen betnot to be cast down. She had seen better days. She would see them again. The result is that she is now comfortably situated, and is growing more prosperous

Years ago, before time cross plowed her face with wrinkles, Margharita was the pride of Paris, and earned a luxurious living by posing as a model for sculptors and painters. She was able to earn anywhere from 100 to 500 francs a week "on her shape" alone, and on her rounded shoulders and above her well molded limbs rest the faces of some of molded limbs rest the faces of some of the most celebrated belles and heiresses, and, for that matter, queens and prin-cesses of Europe. In short, her body was the form in which the celebrated Parisian artists breathed the breath of life and beauty, and having done this, they surmounted the trunk with the heads of their patrons, all of whom were pleased to be associated with her symmetry, which none of them possessed.

THREE DOZEN MADONNAS. When a reporter called she was enwhen a reporter called she was engaged in the agreeable occupation of washing the dinner dishes, but, although attired in a simple "Mother Hubbard" satine wrapper, the "human form divine" which she possessed was so very apparent that it was quite evident the artists had made no mistake in their selection.

"I don't look much like a Madonna, do I?" was her smiling greeting as she stuck out a wet hand for the reporter to grasp. "I think I am more nearly akin to Venus rising from the sea just now, and I have sat for both many a day." "Which do you like the better, Venus

"Which do you like the better, Venus or the Madonna?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, Venus, to be sure, though Madonna posings paid me better; but they were too stiff. I don't like standing all the forenoon on a marble slab holding a 'dummy' baby to my breast. It makes my arms ache. I was never lucky enough to be a mother, and this fondling of infants comes hard. Still, I did pretty well. I have been the model for at least three dozen Madonnas in my day. Six of them are now in Rome. day. Six of them are now in Rome. Nearly twenty are still in France, and the rest have gone to England and America. Last year I saw myself in three different attitudes in as many paintings at a 'loan exhibit' in New York. I was told the cost of those three pictures was \$20,000. I wish I had the money but I am no artist. money, but I am no artist. I am only a model. Still, I like to know that the rich people admire me, even if they do "Now tell me about the Venus," said

"My! but that was gay. I liked to be Venus. I acted natural, you see. I just sat down and threw out my arms and gave myself up to love. One artist paid me 500 francs for six days' sitting for Venus. One hundred dollars! Just think of it! It was the easiest money I

ever earned. But he got 40,000 francs for the job, so he need not complain."
"Have you been a model for anything but Madonnas and Venuses?" was asked.

WELL LOADED SHOULDERS.
"Yes, indeed. Let me tell you. I went to Paris in 1873 and danced in a theatre. Daytimes I sat as a model for at least twenty artists, and had my fig-ure painted in all kinds of postures and attitudes. I was Proserpine in two pictattitudes. I was Proserpine in two pictures, Helen of Troy in five, Œnone in two, Hecuba in three, Rachel in one, Minerva in four, Andromeda in one, and so on through all the list of celebrated historical, biblical and mythologic characters. I worked as a model and got good pay until 1884, when I was married, and my husband objected to my getting a living that way." getting a living that way."
"What was your husband's occu-

"He was a musician." "How long ago did he die?"
"Last year. He heard there was a big field for musicians in America, and came over, hoping to make a fortune. His failure broke his heart. Since his death I have tried to get work as a model here, but your artists do not seem to care for me. I am afraid I am getting old and emboragint."

me. I am afraid I am getting old and embonpoint."

"How many faces are now on your shoulders, do you suppose? was asked.

"Over 300. It is somewhere near 400, if I remember rightly. There are three of the Rothschild women, Mrs. Mackay, Judic and the ex-Empress Victoria of Germany among them. Bernhardt wanted me to act as a model for her plotures, but the artist convinced her that she was too skinny. Sarah Bernhardt is a beautiful woman for all that, and just as liberal as sunlight."

"Did you ever act as a model for an

"Did you ever act as a model for an American woman?" "Yes, five or six in all. Mr. Bennett

brought a woman to Palero's studio while I was a model. I think her name was Bell, and she was a sister or relative of Mr. Bennett. I also sat as a model for a relative of Minister Bancroft when he was in Germany."

was in Germany."

"Anybody else?"

"I remember a few more, but the names are gone. The Americans who go to Paris to get their portraits made do not patronize the best artists as a rule, though they pay big prices. It is shameful how you people are deceived by cheap artists. They have plenty of money, and should get the best. The fact is, they are imposed upon by cheap work." She chatted pleasantly about French art for a few minutes longer and then resumed her household duties.—Boston Cor. Globe-Democrat.

The supreme court Bible is a small, black, velvet covered octave. It has been used in the administration of every oath since 1808. Every chief justice and every associate justice of the United States has held this little sacred tome in taking oath of office. Many thousands of lawyers have held it, and to write the names of the men who have touched its covers would be to name the men who have made the bench and har of the United States illustrious. It was printed in London in 1799, and is today but little the worse for wear.—Pittsburg Dispatch. The Supreme Court Bible,

THE CHAMPION EATER.

He Devours Potato Custards and Sugar Cane by the Cartload. On the plantation of Capt. W. H. Stokes, in Twiggs county, there resides a white tenant who promises to become the champion eater of Georgia without any opposition. The man's name is Ebb Floyd, and he is said to be a short, stout man of 30 years of age and of a jolly dis-

Floyd first attracted the attention of place about a month ago. On that occasion, after finishing the work the workmen sat down to a supper, and before them, among other things, were placed fifteen large potato custards. This dish was a favorite of Floyd's, and the fact was known to several of his friends, who were present at the supper. One of them were present at the supper. One of them, in a banter, offered to bet with Floyd that he could not eat half the custards at the same meal, and was very much surprised when his farmer friend took him up, and agreed to eat ten of them with-

out stopping.

Piling up the dishes in a circle, he commenced upon the spread. Five were soon eaten, and then the fun began with a rush. One after another disappeared slowly but surely, until the magic num-ber of ten came to hand, and all present

were in an uproar. Straightening himself out for the fray, the farmer commenced on the homestretch. Ten large sweet potato custards inside of him and five awaiting the attack presented a ludicrous scene. It was agony, but three soon sped away on their journey to meet their fellows, and gradually the last of the fifteen found itself on the way down to the depths. He had accomplished the feat, and the prize

offered in the bet was his, and his only. This was, however, only a starter for Mr. Floyd, and so, therefore, he chose a day for another effort, and again he came out victorious.

This time it was a chewing contest, and sugar cane was the object of his attention.

After a day of frolic and fun, and after indulging in a hearty dinner, with turkey and stuffing to his heart's content, he visited a house where he expected to eat supper and remain all night.

This time a crowd had gathered to see the Twiggs wonder, and an abundance of good, juicy cane had been set in the room ready for the contest.

As a preliminary, fourteen full stalks were chewed before supper, and then all hands sat down to an old time Thanksgiving supper, with possum and yams

giving supper, with 'possum and yams and plenty of rich gravy. Finishing supper, the host announced to his friends that the contest was ready

to be opened, and asked if any one present wanted to make bets on the result. A school teacher in the crowd suggested that a speedy trial be made, and offered to wager that Floyd could not chew three stalks in ten minutes. This was accepted, and the schoolmaster set before him three large, fine stalks and called time.

Two of them were disposed of in five minutes, and the third one saw its fate in two more minutes, making the farmer

the winner by three minutes.

This settled the question of speed, and then some one offered to bet two to one that Floyd could not drink a quart of the juice down without stopping. He was a wiser man in just a minute later, for, catching up a jug, Floyd drained it of three pints of the sweet stuff.

Every one was satisfied and he was the hero of the hour, when a small hand cane mill was brought into the room and twenty stalks were crushed, giving out

twenty stalks were crushed, giving out three gallons of juice.

This was a startling announcement, and it had the effect of making Floyd a lion among his friends, when they were taken aghast by the statement that he could chew twenty stalks before he retired and not feel the result.

Every one laughed at him, and all thought him to be jesting when he laid out twenty of the largest stalks of cane near his chair and commenced on the work of grinding out the juice with his

One by one the stalks were taken up and stripped, chewed and the pieces thrown aside, and in exactly one hour and fifteen minutes the little pile was exhausted and the man was ready to quit and retire from the field.

The news of his feat spread far and near in his neighborhood, and now he is the wonder of the section. His friends in Twiggs county pit him against any man in the world for the championship and a prize of \$100.— Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Superstitions of Negroes. Burn old shoes and the snakes will squirm away from that place. Shoes must never be put on a shelf higher than the head of the wearer. To keep shoes, even after they are past wearing, will keep good luck about a

If you stub the right toe you will be welcomed; if you unfortunately stub the left you may know that you aren't

Burnt shoe soles and feathers are good to cure a cold in the head, say old aunties, and parched shoe soles and hogs' hoofs is a good mixture also for coughs.

The older dusky maids believe that when their shoes come untied and keep coming untied it is a true sign that their sweethearts are talking and thinking

Good luck to the child who draws on her stocking wrong side out. If she takes it off and rights it before 12 o'clock she may feel assured of getting soon a nice present.

A more absurd fancy is to believe that when any one accidentally spits on the old shoe a child wears this gives assurance that the child will soon have brand new footgear.-Exchange.

Exchanged Wives for Better or Worse.

In Washington county two married couples were living only a short distance apart, and by neighborly intercourse each man became enamored of the other's wife, while the ladies soon learned to love the other's husband, and thus became estranged from their first love. When matters took this shape it came to be noticeable by all concerned, and many evenings passed while each husband was at the other's house pouring out his tale of love and fidelity into the willing ears of the listeners. Finally one of the husbands, a little bolder than one of the husbands, a little bolder than the other, proposed an exchange. This was met with gladness by all the parties interested, and the proposing party consented to the trade on condition that the other would allow him \$5 in cash and seven bushels of Quaker peas. This was readily consented to, and the trade was made, each wife going to the other's home, carrying with her the children, and are now living in the sweetest domestic felicity. They will try to have the courts make the trade legal.—Atlanta Chronicle.

A Word to the People.

The motte, "What is Home without a Mother," exists in many happy homes in this city, but the effect of what is home without the Local Newspaper is sadly realized in many of these "happy homes" in Plattsmouth.

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