is well thou tacklest only smaller craft, And trifle not with such as Leary's raft, You must know. Take warning, and when Barnum comes Secrete thyself, or he will make of you -From The Queen.

OVER THE RAPIDS.

From Bonaventure depot, Montreal, we took the 5 p. m. train to St. Zotique, a pretty little village on the St. Lawrence, a few miles above Coteau.

After doing justice to M. Lalonde's tempting meal, we were let loose in a lovely old fashioned garden, and bidden pluck all the roses we could carry.

In the meantime, our raft was on its way down from Cornwall, and was expected at St. Zotique about 11 o'clock

But as the hours crept on and no raft appeared, we entreated our host and hostess to retire and leave us to watch. But no! French politeness forbade any such free and easy proceeding as that, so we resigned ourselves to the inevitable and made the night lively with music and college songs. At last, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the signal was heard, and, taking leave of our kind friends. we walked down the long pier, which is over a quarter of a mile in length.

By the dim light of one lantern, we stepped on board a queer craft, filled with men who were to row us to the raft. The dead hour of the night, or rather morning, the darkness, the mysterious figures moving around, the rattle of the chains and creak of the oars in rowlocks, and, above all, the silence, gave a strange feeling. One of the party (the dector) remarked that he never felt so much like a pirate in his life. A few strokes brought us to the raft; we got on board and then began our strange ex-

One raft is, strictly speaking, a numper of smaller ones, or what are called drams, bound together with ropes and chains. Passing through the lakes and rivers, attached to a tug, these drams are fastened together, making one large one; but when nearing the rapids they separate and each one goes through alone. These drams are made of immense logs of oak or pine, as the case may be, laid side by side and bound together with cross pieces about three feet apart. These again are fastened to the logs by withes of some strong wood; the logs by withes of some strong wood; the withes are made pliable by machinery, so they are easily twisted and tied around the logs. Each single dram is generally about 50 feet wide, by 200 or 300 feet long. Rowlocks are made, raised about 3 feet from the surface of the dram. S at the bow and 8 at the the dram, 8 at the bow and 8 at the stern, never at the sides. The oars are stern, never at the sides. The oars are about 35 feet in length, and are fastened with ropes, as they are easily lost in the rush of the rapids. The drams are built to about the depth of five logs, which of and is imploring le bon Dieu and all the course are all under water except the top layer. It takes about fifteen men one month to build one of these drams. Our raft, which, by the way, was worth \$100,600, consisted of nine drams, with about twenty men on each, sixteen row-ers, a pilot and assistant, a cook and one

The men are paid about \$2.50 each, except the pilot, who gets \$6. The rule is,

"no success, no pay."

On our particular dram was a shanty built expressly for us, as the pilot had never had the pleasure of ladies' company on board before. Our shanty we dignified by the name of Windsor hotel. It consisted of two apartments, with a doorway, but no door. In each were two berths, one above the other, as on shipboard. One bedroom did duty as a din-ing room, the other was the kitchen. Having no door, we hung up a blanket

as a portiere. Just as we had settled ourselves for the rest of the night, and were falling into a pleasant sleep, lulled by the soft wash of the waves, our dreams were rudely dispelled by another kind of lullaby.

The cook, having in mind an early breakfast, proceeded to chop wood for that meal within two yards of our berths, at the same time favoring us with a

at the same time favoring us with a chanson, accompanied by an obligato of grouns as the obdurate wood refused to yield to the blandishments of the ax. The result was this:

O mn-man! O ma cousine-HAH! cousine angele

ag in a humor to see the ludicrous side of everything we lay and laughed till we could laugh no more. About half after 4 in the morning

the melodious cook sailed into our room and gazed around for a moment, and then walked off with our pitcher. We were up and dressed about 5 o'clock, being brought to time by the smell of boiling ham. Before leaving the cabin we had been unconscious of any movement of the raft, but on emerging found ourselves being tugged by the John A. Macdonald. We explored the raft from stem to stern, and found that two of our

drams were of oak and seven of pine. Breakfast over, and finding that it was only 6 o'clock, we prowled around again, and examined the style of cooking. For ourselves we had a stove, but the hands ourselves we had a stove, but the hands had two large kettles, hung gypsy fashion, from cross sticks, over a large fire. The immense pieces of boiling beef said much for the appetites of the men.

But now in the distance could be heard the roar of the rapids; he men flew to draw any the long roar that held the

draw up the long rop that held the drams together, and in a other moment each one was entirely separated from the others. The John A. drew in her erble and forged ahead, but keeping near enough to render assistance in case of need. But John A. evidently didn't care to let us have all the fun ourselves, and consequently ran aground the foremost dram, the left paddlewheel sticking up in the air in a most helpless manner. Nearly half an hour was spent before "Johany" could be induced to disembark.
At last he withdrew his embarrassing attentions, and once more our stately

procession moved on. Ahead the long line of curling white formed—the roar grew louder; faster and faster went the raft. The rowers still labored at the oars, keeping their eyes fixed on the boiling waters ahead, and their ears pricked up for the voice of the pilot, which could be heard above

the pilot, which could be heard above the din of the waters, one moment shouting "en haut!"—meaning to row at the bow—then "a derriere!"—at stern.

Now we approach within a few yards, and at a shout from the pilot the rowers drop their cars and spring back drenched with spray, not a moment too soon. Into the seething mass we rush, the terrible waves dashing up on either hand like

straining, wrenching, creaking, the whole raft shudders in agony—the logs tremble and shriek. Up spurts the water between, as though each log were a mighty porpoise. On every hand jut bare, deadly rocks, ready to grind our raft to pieces should the water fail to destroy us

Our pilot is nearly wild. A few feet too much to one side or the other will cost us our lives. Once we run aground a rock, where we spin around like a top, and "the bravest held his breath for a time." But in some way we slide to one side, and are off again, but having reversed our position, having the stern of our dram foremost—rushing—sweeping along, till the last rock is past, and we glide into calm water with a sigh of relief relaying our great ways and the stern of the stern o lief, relaxing our grasp upon whatever noun happened to be nearest us, and drop back into the dolce far niente that characterized the beginning of our trip. Now a fresh breeze springs up, and we rest in the shade of the shanty, watching the hoisting of the sails. Up they go, not an ungraceful line anywhere, curving themselves out proudly, like some large, beautiful white birds that are

being swept before a rude wind, but re-fusing to acknowledge that they are being driven against their will. But our luxurious idleness is not destined to last long, as our ears are greeted by a roar like thunder. Looking up to ascertain the cause, we find the sky clear and lovely. But away ahead we see myriads of diamonds flashing and sparkinyriads of diamonds flashing and spark-ling in the air. We are approaching Cedar rapids, which are much more dangerous and longer than the Coteau, which we had just come through. The same experience repeated, only with a much greater emphasis. After passing the Cedars safely, for which we breath a sigh of thankfulness, we sight the Split Rock rapids. Here again is danger, only a parrow channel being open to us. The a narrow channel being open to us. The immense rock from which the rapids take their name lifts its head and stares the voyagers in the face. In a breath-less hurry we sweep past, only failing by some inches to grind against its edges. Now we are through, and here we drop anchor to wait for the boat load of Indians who are to pilot us through the Lachine who are to pilot us through the Lachine rapids, which, as every one knows, are the most dangerous of all. Nineteen men are required to lift the anchor and get it in position; but, unfortunately, it is dropped too soon, and a long time is spent in shipping it again. A long line line of men arrange themselves on the raft—one boat load goes out, and together they begin to draw the long cable that holds the anchor, swaying this way.

that holds the anchor, swaying this way, then that way, their voices ringing out musically in the fresh air: "O hoy—ye ho! O hoy—ye ho!"

But all things come to an end, and so must this, and the sound of a deep bass voice saying something about "Lachine" awakes us to the fact that our anchor is shipped, our rowers in place, the Indian shipped, our rowers in place, the Indian pilot standing like a bronze statue, and we are advancing with treacherous smoothness, but in reality at the rate of

and is imploring le bon Dieu and all the saints to guard us well.

It was a curious thing to see all these rough men, caring nothing for the observation of our party, baring their heads and lifting their eyes to heaven, believing that their simple act of devotion would bring them safely through all the dangers of "rock and tempest." But the time allotted to prayer is short. A moment more and every one is in his place; every back bending to the oar, every eye keen and watchful. As before, the pilot shouts, the rowers spring back, and with a crash we strike the mass of foaming water which flings itself out to meet us. Again the "solid ground" seems to "fall beneath our feet." Again our shanty shudders and springs into the air. Again the horrible twisting and grinding of the logs. Airy water sprites dance along just ahead of us, beckoning with glittering fingers. Drawn at a terrific speed by millions of cruel foamy hands, drenched with spray, breathless but triumphant, we clear the last rock, speed safely into smooth waters, and, passing beneath the Victoria bridge, glide calmly onward, and at last reach "the haven where we would be"—Montreal.—Detroit Free Press.

Gas, Water and Brine.

One of the most remarkable of the wenderful things of which Pittsburg boasts is the combination well that has been struck at the cracker factory of S. S. Marvin & Co. on Liberty street. It produces at one and the same time cold produces at one and the same time cold water, as pure and sweet as the dew that falls from heaven, salt water as briny as old ocean's waves and a flow of gas that when ignited illuminates the entire surroundings. The well was drilled some time ago, Mr. Marvin's idea being to get a supply of pure cold water for use in his bakery in the summer and during flood times, when the city water is not desirable. At 100 feet the fresh water was struck, and at 200 feet the salt water and gas were found. Two casings were inserted, one for the salt water and gas, the other for the fresh water; and gas, the other for the fresh water; and now when the engine is started and the gas lighted, spectators behold the wonderful sight of fresh water. salt water and fire all coming out of one well at the same time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Brooklyn Bridge.

The Brooklyn bridge is no less a mar-vel than it ever was, but it is now such a commonplace convenience that the people of the metropolis wonder how people of the metropolis wonder how they ever got along without it. Over 33,000,000 passengers passed over the bridge during the year ending Dec. 1, of whom more than 30,000,000 were rail-who passengers. Not a single serious accident occurred on the railway. Fiftyei ht persons were injured by falling on the stairs or from other causes. Five lost children were found on the bridge. One person committed suicide by shooting, and there were forty-two runaways with slight damages. The bridge is well policed, so that women cross alone at night without the slightest annoyance.— Public Opinion.

Worth Remembering,

One trouble with the ordinary day laborer is that he lacks fine intelligence, the breadth of mind that comes with edthe breadth of mind that comes with education, an earnest love of all mankind, an eager ambition to excel in his work, a delicate sense of social distinctions, and an overmastering passion to attain a high ideal. But if these reflections occur to you when he puts coal ashes around your fruit trees for a fertilizer, it is also well to reflect that if he had all these things he probably would not be a day laborer.—Puck.

NO CHOIR GIRLS WANTED.

MEN AND BOYS ARE NOW RE-QUIRED FOR CHURCH SERVICES.

Disappearance of the Mixed Choir-Advantages and Disadvantages of the Change-Why Girls Who Sing Flock to New York-Few Places and Small Pay.

"There's a cheerful note!" said a bright young woman to the writer. "I am notified that after next Easter the church where I have sung for the last three years will do away with a mixed choir and employ boys and men only. All the churches are going that way. And yet when a girl who gets her living by church singing talks of joining a comic opera company, there is consternation among her friends, who at once exclaim: 'She might sing in a church choir; Miss So-and-so gets \$3,000 a year at Dr. Blank's church on Fifth avenue.' Can't you say a good word for singers who Blank's church on Fifth avenue.' Can't you say a good word for singers who would like to earn their living by church singing, but are unable to find work owing to the demand for boy choirs? I came to New York five years ago, and have managed to support myself, after a fashion, ever since by singing in church and giving music lessons, and I know at least a dozen other girls who have done the same thing. the same thing.
DREAMS OF THE PROVINCIALS.

"There is not a successful church singer in any small town in the interior of this in any small town in the interior of this state who does not dream of coming to New York in order to earn some money and perfect herself in her art; she knows that she can hear good music here for a trifle, that schools are plenty, and she has an idea that the churches of this city and Brooklyn are always ready to pay big salaries to singers. They have heard how Miss Emma Abbott began at the late Dr. Chapin's church, went to Europe and blossomed out into an opera singer. and blossomed out into an opera singer.

and blossomed out into an opera singer. They are not averse to singing in opera if a good engagement offers. But comic opera is something too dreadful to think of; that never entered into their calculations. The result of this popular delusion is that scores of clever young women come from their country homes to New York every year to reap disappointment, perhaps vear to reap disappointment, perhaps losing excellent chances at home in the meantime. A change in fashion has eliminated the woman singer from the church choir. Go to the organist of any big church where chorus girls are employed, and he will tell you same story. It is worth while uttering a word of warning to the score who are now think. warning to the score who are now think-

warning to the score who are now thinking of trying for fame and fortune here."

A few hours' visiting among organists showed how true was this plaint. Twenty years ago almost every Protestant Episcopal church employed a large chorus of men and women, the best of whom received salaries. Today the churches where mixed choirs are employed and paid may be counted on the fingers of one hand. In a great many Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches the members of the quartet of singers are paid to lead the congregational singing, but the choir, if it exists, is a volunteer one. In the leading Episcopal churches great pride used to be taken with the choir, and there was a constant with the choir, and there was a constant rivalry. With "high church" or ritual-istic services began the change.

THE VETERAN'S VIEW. A veteran organist, who did not wish his name used because the church which employed him might object to his re-

marks, said:

"The disappearance of the church choir, and the consequent disappearance of women from our church choirs, is part of the Anglomania with which we have been afflicted for the last twenty years. It is English to have only boys and men in the choir, and so the ladies have to go. I can mention a dozen churches which held out for years against the boy choir craze, but have been obliged to give in. Zion church, Holy Trinity in Forty-second street, Calvary, and St. James in Madison avenue are all important churches that have sent adrift their mixed choirs within the last three years and now employ boys. sent adrift their mixed choirs within the last three years and now employ boys. In the case of Calvary church there was particular hardship. Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, who had been organist there for twenty-two years, had to leave when the change was made, because he was too old a man to adopt new ways. The congregation wanted a boy choir, and they have it.

"Whenever the boy choir comes in, a number of lady singers lose their places. The salaries paid may not have been large, but they enabled a great many young women to live in this city while perfecting themselves as music teachers. Some of the most successful music teachers in the great cities of the north and west got their training here and supported themselves by church engagements. The most successful organists, in resisting the demand for a boy choir, have been the Warrens, father and son—the first at St. Thomas' church and the latter at St. Bartholomew's. Go to Mr. George W. Warren, the veteran organist of St. Thomas', and he will tell you how small is the field for young women who wish to make a living by church singing in New York."—New York Star.

The Height of Ocean Waves. A writer in The Liverpool Mercury-a captain of the mercantile marine—has taken great pains to take what are prob-ably the most careful observations as to the height of ocean waves in a gale which have ever been recorded. He made them have ever been recorded. He made them during a voyage round Cape Horn and to do it he went up in the main rigging, to get, if possible, the top of the wave coming up astern in a line of sight from the mast to the horizon at the back. The reason he selected the mainmast was this, that as a rule it is nearly amidships and when the sea is running the sea ahead and from aft lifts the two ends, forming a hollow amidships (the actual foot of the wave below the mean draught equal to the sight elevation) and the observer necessarily is above the true height. It was a difficult operation, but the captain obtained some good observations, making the height of the waves on the mast. On measuring the distance from these to the main draught he found them to be as follows: 64, 61, 58 and 65 feet respectively, varying in length from 750 to 800 feet.—New York Home Journal.

A Bad Streak of Luck.

Philadelphia Doctor (despondently)— Just my luck. I have only recently succeeded in becoming the regular family physician of the Westends, and now they have taken steps to render further employment of a doctor unnecessary, or nearly so.

ONE OF THE FINEST.

A Four-Year-Old Joins the New York Pelice Force and Thinks It's Fun.

A street Arab found a little fellow wandering around aimlessly near Thirty-fourth street and Broadway. He took him in charge and handed him over to the sergeant of the Thirtieth Street Police station, saying that he thought "the kid too well dressed and too young to be about the streets." When the sergeant asked the boy what his name was he said that it was Charley Smith.

"Where do you live?" asked the ser-geant, kindly.

"Don't know exactly; somewhere tral Park Charley. Guess I am lost,

"Yes, I think you are," answered the sergeant, with a laugh. "What's your father's name?" "Charley; same as mine. Say, mis-ter, I like you. I don't mind stopping

"Well, you're welcome. Come into when Charley reached the room there were some sixty big policemen there, washing up, polishing their boots and getting ready to go before the captain before relieving the day force. They all shook hands with the little fellow and gave him so many pennies that the pockets of his diminutive ulster were filled.

"This is a pretty fine place," he said to a red faced, smiling policeman.
"Oh, yes," answered the other with a grin, "it's fine."
"I think I'd like one of those sticks,"

said Charley. "Would they care if I took one?" pointing to the rack of police clubs.

he. The laughing fellows clapped their hands in approval and the child bowed low with great dignity. Some one mentioned the captain's name, and Charley said he guessed he'd go a big roundsman, whose knees almost came up to the boy's head. As the line filed out the door and before the captain's desk, the young policeman stamped time with his little boots, stamped time with his little boots, marching proudly with the others. The men were all laughing at the boy's jaunty air and Capt. Reilly called out sharply, "Order." They could not stop laughing, however, and the captain rose from his seat and looked sternly at the fifty or more men. As he leaned over his desk he saw the rosy face of the boy looking. up at him.

up at him.

"Hello, captain," said Charley, nodding his little head at the grizzled one just above him,

"Well," said the captain, breathlessly, "who are you?"

"Policeman Charley, of Central nark," said the boy knowingly, saluting with his big club,

"Well, Policeman Charley," said the captain, "just sit up here along-side of me. I will detail you on special duty."

cial duty."

The little chap was lifted up on one of the high stools next to the captain's. He looked over the register, pretended to read all the letters within his reach, brushed at the letters within his reach, brushed a thread from the captain's coat, and then began industriously to scrawl all over the papers before him with a pen. He and the captain had a friendly chat for half an hour. Then the two dined together, and afterward the captain hunted around until he found a smaller club for the boy found a smaller club for the boy.
When he was taken away the next
day, all the men gave him a hearty
farewell and the captain gave him a watch charm and a quarter as a reward for faithful service. Charley said when he left the station that "being policeman was fun."—New York Tribune.

A Curious Breton Almanac. Apropos of almanacs, to which we

referred yesterday, a full Breton cal-ender may be found in the "Alma-nach des Traditions Populaires," issued annually. Here we learn that the with that primitive people; while each of the first twelve days of the year infallibly foreshows the weather of each of its twelve months. If the weather or its twelve months. If the weather goes wrong there are many saints to apply to for remedy. St. Valentin and St. Marina replace Neptune, and order about the winds; Mikail gives fine days; Milion preserves from hale and drought; Nonna and Pern give rain; and Sylvester—generally connected in Germany with red noses—prevents white frosts, while Kler and Barba act as lightning conductors. No fewer white frosts, while Kler and Barba act as lightning conductors. No fewer than seventy-six saints divide the duties of Esculapius; among them Mark, who is supposed to pay special attention to snake and musquito bites; Ceres is represented by eight, and Lucina is the prototype of four. Pie crust rises at the bidding of Riwal; Anton and Kristina fatten pigs and fill crust rises at the bidding of Riwal; Anton and Kristina fatten pigs, and Jill cures them when they are ill; mad dogs fice before the names of Tujen and Bienzi; Isidore destroys moles, and Herve is the declared enemy of wolves. Things must get mislaid a a good deal in Brittany, for three saints—Goneri, Pergat and Jann Diarc'hem—have nothing else to do saints—Goneri, Pergat and Jann Diarc'hem—have nothing else to do but look out for them. Ninoc makes children grow fast; Dider and Glaoda teach them to speak, and Libouban, Tujen and Lijer see that they walk early. The last is a saint (Leger) who makes horses run in England. Perhaps out of the whole calendar St. Pezr (Peter) has his hands fullest; for he has to fill all the hives with honey and all the nets with fish, besides giving full broods of chickens to the hens, and in his odd moments charming away rheumatics and lumbago. physician of the Westends, and now they have taken steps to render further employment of a doctor unnecessary, or nearly so.

Wife—Why, my dear, what have they some?

"They have bought a filter."—Phila-lelphia Record.

The manual is odd moments charming away rheumatics and lumbago. The "Almanach" also contains a collection of Normandy beggars' chants, with music; fairy tales, popular riddles, and the addresses of all recognized "foll:loristes" throughout the world.—Gelignani's Messenger.

A Word to the Peop.

The motto, "What is Home without a Mother," exists in many near Central park, I guess. I'm Cen- 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.

the back room and make yourself at home," and the man took the curly haired child into the patrol room. When Charley reached the room there

Is steadily finding its way into these homes, and it always comes to stay. It makes the family circle more cheerful and keeps its readers "up to the times" in all matters of importance at home and

"Now, you're a policeman," said one of the men, wiping his dripping face and bending over the child. He marched gravely around, saluting all the men with his club almost as tall as he. The laughing fellows of the laughing

Every available means will be used to make the columns of THE HERALD a perfect storehouse from which you can obtain all insee the captain. They asked him to fall in line with the rest, and the little fellow did so, his stick over his shoulder. He marched by the side of

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saw the rosy face of the boy looking This paper is within the reach of all, and will be delivered to any address in the city or sent by mail.

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