

A RACE AFTER THE BABY.

How the Mother Was Transferred from the Engine to the Train.

Twenty years have passed since a certain Bath sea captain, entering the port of New York, telegraphed his wife at Bath to join him at the metropolis, prepared for a sea voyage. Accordingly, a day or two after the arrival of the message saw the wife embarked on the through train from Bath to Boston, accompanied by an infant child scarcely 2 years old.

This car was shunted on to the end of the Portland train at Brunswick, and the child asleep, the captain's eyes were directed to the opportunity to fill the depot with milk in the depot rest-room. While the mother was intent upon this, the train slipped quietly out of the station, and when the mother emerged from the restaurant door it was fast disappearing under Spring street bridge. Eagerly she explained the situation to the sympathizing group of railroad men who gathered around. Baby and purse, containing all her money and ticket, were in the fast disappearing train. A hurried council followed, and a plan was instantly formed.

Old No. 23, "The Brunswick," was sidetracked, waiting the passage of the train just gone. Uncle Thompson, the station baggage master at that time, ran hastily to this engine and asked her aid to overtake the flying train. The genial Charles, ever ready to aid the cause of any female in distress, volunteered to catch the robber. Hastily filling the fire box with wood from the tender while Thompson was assisting the woman to mount the engine, with a command to the switchman to "give us the main line," with hand upon the throttle, No. 23 flew quickly over the switches and commenced her run.

An empty engine shoving a heavy train up "Oak Hill grade," which extends four miles straight away from Brunswick, has an easy task, and before they had covered more than half of that distance they could see the object of their pursuit. To sound his whistle, calling the attention of the train men to the chase and thereby stop the train, was not part of the programme, fearing that he might run over them should they suddenly stop. So quickly running along, the rear of the train, reaching the pursuit, he is soon immediately behind them. Then his tender—for they are running backward—rubs against the rear platform of the train, and while the engineer holds her there Thompson assists the woman over the tender, down upon the platform of the car containing the baby, still fast asleep, the mother clasping tightly the bottle of milk.—Waverly Magazine.

Beauties of Walking.

"Yes," remarked a portly insurance agent to The Man About Town, "I do take a constitutional every morning; but it isn't a cocktail by any means. It's a good, brisk, after breakfast walk down from Garrison avenue to my place of business on Third street, and it makes me feel fresh as a daisy. I tell you there's nothing like a winter's morning and a swinging two mile stroll to make your blood circulate and your brain freshen. But I've noticed one thing peculiar about St. Louis. The women are better walkers than the men. There are twenty young girls employed in stores who walk from their homes to business and back in the evenings, to one young man as you can see by watching the pedestrians of a morning going down Olive street or any other popular thoroughfare. This habit of walking a great deal applies also to young St. Louis ladies who are in what is called the upper circles. It is a good thing, but has had one unlooked for result, which is the establishment of the St. Louis 'walk' as a descriptive term. I have heard it commented on by strangers many a time. Our girls have a free, vigorous stride and carriage which is remarkable. If they are walking with a gentleman they have no trouble in keeping step with him. There is no mincing Japanese trot about them. It's a fair square heel and toe."—St. Louis Republic.

About an Even Thing.

A simple, good hearted servant girl, who is valued highly by her employers, came to her mistress the other day to ask advice. She said she'd been wont to give another girl in service a present at Christmas time for many years, and the ways received a present from her. "This year she didn't know what to buy." "How much do you think of spending?" her mistress asked. "I can afford about \$2, ma'am." "Then you take your \$2 and give it to your friend and ask her to buy a present for herself. She knows what she wants better than you do." This struck the girl as a splendid idea and she carried it into effect. Her friend was delighted, too; so much so, in fact, that the next day she presented Mary, the girl who had inaugurated the reform, with \$2 in like fashion, asking her to buy a present to suit herself.

Thus, not a cent changed hands, and the two young women felt they had demonstrated their mutual regard in a highly satisfactory manner.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Cheapened Books.

The appearance of the latest English dictionary, absolutely unabridged and bound in cloth, at the low price of \$1.75 a copy, lets a flood of light on modern publishing methods. It would seem impossible to get out the book so cheaply. With its vast contents, its Greek and Latin roots, and all its complicated arrangements of type. But it was not set up at all. It was simply photo-lithographed. Photographs were taken of the separate pages, and these were next made into electrotype plates to be printed on cheap paper and bound together. Of course the original cost was the mere trouble of printing the book. In this way the standard works of science and fiction are now turned out at a cost that makes a good library within every one's reach.—New York Sun.

A Pat Illustration.

A funny incident occurred in a Danbury church last Sunday. The minister was talking in a very solemn manner, and the congregation was as still as it possibly could be. The preacher was discussing the social condition of the world, and concluded a long sentence with: "Some of you, brethren, sleep away as placidly under the terrible danger of everlasting punishment." There was not a sound, and in the midst of the stillness a prolonged snore sounded out loud enough to be heard over the whole building. What made it still more laughable was the fact that it came from a well known citizen and a deacon of the church, who had become drowsy during the long discourse and nodded off.—Hartford Times.

The Loveliest Woman in St. Louis.

The loveliest woman that I have seen in St. Louis—and I have seen many, and all of the celebrated beauties—is not "in society." She is a humble school Sister of Notre Dame, a teacher of the poor and ill clad pupils of a parochial school. Day after day I see her accompanying a long line of restless little ones to and from church. Meeting her (to me) is like beholding a vision from the ether and perfect world. Chid in the course habitually of her order, she glides along, the outlines of her figure showing the acme of grace and symmetry. Her hands and feet are such as artists dream of, but seldom create. Her face—"Oh, call it fair, not pale,"—is such as one imagines the Madonna had, so pure, so noble, so exalted. It is not the face of an ascetic, but that of a woman contented and peaceful in mind, healthy of body and gifted with a trusting faith that illumines like a light from heaven. Her eyes—the windows of a sinless soul—have such an expression that a glance from them penetrates one's heart like a ray from above, filling it with a strange sense of unworthiness and a vague longing for a purer bliss.

On such a woman no man dares to look with lewd desire. Her innate virtue disarms passion. Such as she is too good for man. She is God's "the spouse of Christ" and truly she appears entirely worthy of her distinguished vocation.—New York Mercury.

A Word Counting Machine.

A telegraph operator in Minneapolis has invented a word counting machine which may be used by itself or attached to a typewriter. It is much the same sort of thing as a pedometer, only it is more accurate. It is as large as a small clock. The works are inside the nickel case, on one side of which is the face. The machine will count up to 2,500 words, and can be used for any number by keeping tally of the number of times it passes the 2,500 mark. There are two hands like the hour and second hand of the watch. Every time a word on the typewriter is finished the same motion which spaces for the word registers on the word counter. When the second hand counts up to twenty five words the large hand moves forward a quarter of a space. The face is divided into twenty five spaces, one for each hundred words, and a glance at it shows at once how many words have been written.

The use of the word counter is not limited to typewriting machines, but it can be used in writing and in dictation by keeping it at hand and making a slight pressure at the end of each word. Some operators attach it to their desks and work it with a string attached to their feet. It is a useful invention, especially in telegraphy, and in making an article of a specified length.—New York Sun.

A Happy Old Landlord.

A bridegroom is generally supposed to be in a generous mood upon his wedding day, and therefore a few charitable benefactions up and down our land which date their foundation from the "happiest day" in the founder's life. The great hotel keeper Froidler, of Buda-Pesth, who has just been divorced from his wife, is of the quite contrary opinion. It was not upon his wedding day, but upon his divorce day, that he was inspired with the enthusiasm of humanity. In gratitude for his divorce and in perpetual memory of that "happiest day" of his life, he has founded three charitable institutions—first, a pension fund for dejected Hungarian journalists; secondly, an exhibition for school boys of Austrian birth who can pass the best examination in the Magyar language and literature; and, thirdly, a village hospital in his own native place, Inzerdorf. Future generations are to be glad and rejoice because a wealthy landlord obtained a divorce, but they will hardly be able to say they owe the endowment to "the joyous ancestor."—Fall Mail Gazette.

No Match, No Match.

"It happened this way," he explained. "We had been out to theatre together, and I never went out once during the performance 'to see a man.' But I was wild for a smoke. I suggested a walk home, just to get a whiff, and when we got to Fifth avenue I searched my pockets for a match. I hadn't any, and there wasn't a fellow in sight who had a lighted cigar. Then I made a fool of myself, and climbed up a lamp post and lit the weed with a piece of the theatre programme. She seemed to cool off all of a sudden, and the next time I called 'Miss M.'—was not at home." A little package of jewelry and a note settled me. Miss M.—might have got over that coolness, but it happened that one of the Elissas had seen me climb that confounded lamp post, and the next thing I knew the little imp of a dandy got in a cartoon depicting the violation of a smother, beginning with a picture of Crowley and ending with a devilish good likeness of me hugging that lamp. My girl saw it, and was so mortified that she gave me the mitten."—New York Star.

Writing History.

Poor William Rufus' end was sadder than we wist, if we are to believe a youth, who says that "William Rufus was gored to death by a stag in the forest. His father had made to hunt the deer." Another writes: "Prince William was drowned in a butt of Malaga wine; he never laughed again." A small biographer of the Maid of Orleans writes: "Jean of Arc was the daughter of a rustic French peasant which lived in the forest." * * * should not like to leave her pleasant home, but after a while she went away." "In the rainy season," says a little pedant, "the barren desert becomes animated with torrents of luxuriant vegetation." Before leaving the humors of boys, an old question and answer may be given.—"What do you mean by a temperate region?" asked an inspector, with a dialempsis on the word temperate. A little boy replied: "The region where they drink only temperate drinks, sir."—Chambers' Journal.

THE TIME LOCK OF LIFE.

Points Where the Characteristics of Ancestors Control Man.

There is a theory, you know, that we inherit traits and conditions from our remote ancestors as well as from our immediate ones. I sometimes fancy that they descend to some people with a time lock attachment. A child is born; he is like his mother, we will say; gentle, sweet, kind, truthful for years—let us say seven. Suddenly the time lock turns, and the traits of his father (modified, of course, by the acquired habit of seven years) show themselves strongly—take possession, in fact. Another seven years, and the piggishness of a great uncle, the stinginess of an aunt, or the dullness, in books, of a rural grandfather.

Then, in keeping with the next two turns of the lock, he falls in love with every new face he sees, marries early and indulges himself recklessly in a large family. He is an exemplary husband and father, as men go, an ideal business man and a general favorite in society. Everybody remarks upon the favorable change since his stupid, priggish college days. All this time through every change he has been honorable and upright in his dealings with his fellows.

Suddenly the time lock of a thieving ancestor is turned on; he finds temptation too strong for even that greatly underestimated power—the force of habit of a lifetime—and the trust funds in his keeping disappear with him to Canada. Everybody is surprised, shocked, pained—and he, no doubt, more so than any one else. Emotional insanity is offered as a possible explanation by the charitable; long headed, calculating, intentional rascality by the severe or self righteous.

And he? Well, he is wholly unable to account for it at all. He knows that he had not lived all these years as a conscious, self controlled thief. He knows that the temptations of his past life had never before taken that particular form. He knows that the impulse was sudden, blinding, overwhelming, but he does not know why and how. It was like an awful dream. He seemed to be powerless to overcome it. The time lock had turned without his knowledge, and in spite of himself. The unknown, unheard of thieving ancestor took possession, as it were, through force of superior strength and ability, and then it was his hour. The hereditary shadow on the dial had come around to him. The great uncle's hour was passed.

He, no doubt, was turned out some other dazed automaton—in Maine or Texas—who had fallen heir to a drop too much of his blood, and she, poor thing, happened to be a girl this time, forthwith proceeded to fall in love with her friend's husband—seeing he was the only man at hand at the time; while the thieving ancestor left, in shame and contrition, a small but light fingered boy in Georgia to keep his engagement with our respectable, highly honored and heretofore highly honorable man of affairs in Wall street. The time lock of heredity had been set for this hour, and the machinery of circumstances oiled the wheels and silently moved the dial.—Bedford Magazine.

A Diamond in the Fire.

There is a very unhappy young maiden at the branch telephone exchange at Hunt and Broadway. She was possessed by her affianced with a diamond engagement ring, which cost \$125. Proud of the jewel, she was exhibiting it to her companion at the exchange, and from one to the other the thing went clear along the line. Operators seated at their respective tables, and admired by all of them. Arriving at the upper end of the line, the young lady who last examined it wrapped it up in a small piece of paper, and, calling the check boy, handed it to him, thinking that he knew that it belonged to Miss —, and that he would hand it to her.

The boy walked to the stove and tossed the valuable little package into the fire. One of the rules of the exchange requires the young ladies, when they sharpen their lead pencils, to gather up the chips in a little paper, call the check boy and have them thrown in the stove.

In the case of the diamond ring, the check boy took it for granted that the package handed him was the pencil chips and tossed it in the stove, in which at the time there was a red hot fire.

Every effort was made to find the ring, but not even the diamond has been recovered. The engaged young girl is inconsolable.—Cincinnati Telegram.

Their Last Moments.

When the famous musician Rameau was dying, his confessor wearied him with a long homily, and he, rallying his failing energies, exclaimed: "What on earth makes you come here and chant to me, Monsieur le Cure? You have a deuce of a bad voice."

More than a century ago an actor named Paterson played the Duke in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" at the Norwich theatre. He had just delivered the beautiful speech:

Reason thus with life. If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing That none but fools would keep, when he staggered back and expired.—New London Telegram.

A Massachusetts Hermit.

Jonathan Reynolds, also known as "Whisco B. Lime," died here. He took up his abode some twenty-five years ago and made a hut of rough boards loosely put together, with an old stovepipe projecting from the side. It had a cellar, in one corner of which, on some sticks, was a straw bed. Here Reynolds slept, with a dog as his companion. Sunlight never gained admittance there. In another part of the structure was a place for his horse, which was usually in better condition than his own apartment. He lived a lonely, isolated life, the secret of which probably goes to the grave with him.—New Bedford (Mass.) Cor. New York World.

A young physician, of Fall River, Mass., is laid up with a disease of the tongue, attributed to excessive cigarette smoking.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

An Irish Member of Parliament Gives His Views on the Subject.

It would be ludicrous on my part to set up as an authority on public speaking, says William O'Brien, member of parliament. Nothing short of the imperious necessities of our Irish struggles and a command from Mr. Parnell could ever have made me a public speaker, and these necessities once satisfied, I cannot imagine anything which would induce me to remain one. However, as you are kind enough to evince any interest in my personal experiences, it is but a very trifling return of good will on my part to tell you the very little I have to say upon the subject.

If there is anybody, not a fool or a bore, who ever presumed to address an audience of thinking men upon any grave topic without preparation in some shape, in the mind if not on paper, I have not the least pretension to the gift. My rule is to think as much as possible of what I want to say, and as little as possible of how I am going to say it, and my first speech (it was to the electors of Mal low) was wholly written. When the moment came to speak it the flowing language all swam before me and disappeared. I was only saved from a catastrophe by the intense enthusiasm of the crowd, who knew I was no speechmaker, and did not care three straws for my own words, but once fired by their magnetism, I found the argument of my written speech come back to my memory most serviceably, and I found plainer and more direct words to enforce it.

Since then, unfortunately, the incessant demands of our struggle in Ireland have, in nineteen cases out of twenty, rendered anything like written preparation a ridiculously impossible luxury, which is all the greater pity that every idle word of ours is scrutinized by malignant eyes for something that may serve against us, whether for the purpose of a prosecution in Ireland or quotation in England.

For the last two years my practice has been to wake at 7 o'clock on the morning of a meeting, if not obliged to be out all night, and turn over in my mind for an hour or two the most effective line of argument for the day, sometimes jumping out of bed to jot down some particular hint or phrase that may occur to me. Any thing in the nature of a lecture, requiring literary elaboration, I write and read, but I am sorry to say my experience of this kind of deliverance is that the audience would lose nothing if they saw it first in the morning papers.

My first general advice to young men on the subject of public speaking would be not to become public speakers at all, unless in very special circumstances and with very special gifts; or, if they must make speeches, to spare no possible pains in thinking out those portions of their discourse which are intended to convince the reason, and trust to their own central fires for that indescribable glow of language which no written words can impart to appeals to human feeling.—Boston Herald.

An Interrupted Song.

An English sailor was employed in clearing the side of a ship in the harbor of Sierra Leone, when he suddenly disappeared from the view of his astonished messmates. He had his feet in the water as he sat at his work, and he was singing a song. He never came to the surface. His friends were far from suspecting the cause of his disappearance until a day or two after, when one of his limbs was discharged from the maw of a captured shark. The shark had caught him by the foot and dragged him down, and, as there was too much reason to believe, had waded a few feet over his remains with a swarm of other monsters of the same species. No single circumstance of horror seems wanting to the story of this poor fellow's doom; and, to complete the count, we have the almost fateful carelessness by which it was brought about. Only a sailor, perhaps, would have shown such indifference to a perfectly well known danger of tropical seas. His snatch of song at the moment of his disappearance seems the most cruel touch of all.—London Daily News.

Senator Palmer's Little Problem.

Among the other good things that Senator "Tom" Palmer, of Michigan, has said is recorded the following:

In a little gathering at his house a young congressman from Massachusetts, said: "Senator Palmer, I presume that between legitimate lumbering, timber thieves, forest fires etc., Michigan is pretty fully denuded of her timber crop."

Senator Palmer looked at the young congressman commiseratingly for a few seconds and then said in his fine German silver voice: "Young man, there is enough lumber standing in Michigan today to build a fence fifteen boards high three times around the earth once a year for fifteen years. Now, that's an easy thing to reckon, as it is 25,000 miles around the world. Go and reckon it up, and you can set the number of feet of lumber Michigan is prepared to furnish the world."—Washington Post.

Nothing Could Hold Them.

Tourist—It must have been a terrible cyclone that wrecked this church so completely.

Kansan (with his arm in a sling)—Twa'rnt no cyclone. You see, it happened on Sunday, an' I was preachin' on the folly o' seekin' riches, when some feller hollered through the window that there was three pussy lookin' capitalists in town looking for land, an' the congregation riz up as one man an' busted the walls right out tryin' to git out first.

Tourist—But you seem to have received personal injuries.

Kansan—Yes, I got my arm broke, but I was sort o' reconciled. I reached the capitalists in time to sell my lot over on Prospect and Wall streets.—Time.

A Word to The People.

The motto, "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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