

TWO DETERMINED GIRLS.

THEY LEFT HOME TO GET MARRIED AND WOULDN'T BE PUT OFF.

They Failed to Get the Men They at First Wanted, but Got the Next Best—A Trade of Brides Unwittingly Made by a Clerk Who Wrote the Licenses.

"Did you ever witness a double wedding in which there was an exchange of brides and grooms at the altar?" asked John Moran a well known Walnut street man.

"No, sir; I never did," replied the scribe.

"Well, I can tell you of an event of that description. It happened in this way: One afternoon, not long ago, two young men whom I had known in Streator, Ill., came to me and informed me that they had induced two sisters to elope with them from a town in central Kansas, and that it was necessary that the nuptial knot be tied without delay. They were, they said, expecting the irate father and the grown up muscular brothers of the girls to arrive in the city on the next train, with 'blood in their eyes.' As the 'boys' were old school-mates of mine, of course I told them that they had but to command me and I was at their service.

"We hired a carriage and drove to the hotel where the young ladies were awaiting the return of their betrothed, whose names are William B. and Charles W. It was then nearly 5 o'clock p. m. As soon as we could get the girls into the carriage we hurried to Recorder Hinde's office, where William and Charles presented themselves before the marriage license clerk and requested that they be given the documents necessary to entitle them to wed their girls. As I remarked before, the girls are sisters. Their given or Christian names are Lillie and Lidie.

After obtaining the licenses the young men and their ladies and myself went to the residence of a preacher, whose name I have forgotten. His church is on the east side of the city, and not more than six blocks away from The Journal office. Handing him the licenses, William and Charles requested him to join their loving hearts in the bonds of matrimony at once. Now Lillie was the intended of William, and Lidie the intended of Charles. Don't forget that.

"You can better imagine the consternation of the members of the wedding party than I can describe it, when the discovery was made that the young man who had issued the licenses had assigned Lillie to Charles and Lidie to William as life partners. In their haste to put their necks into the hymeneal halter the young men had thrust the licenses into their pockets when they were handed to them by the license clerk, without inspecting them to see if they were rightly made out.

"They did not discover that a mistake had been made until after they had joined hands and the parson began the double ceremony by saying: 'Do you William, take Lidie—for you William, take Lillie—for you Lillie, wedded wife—' 'Stop!' exclaimed William. 'I am marrying Lillie, not Lidie.' 'No, sir,' retorted the parson, 'you are not. You are licensed to wed Lidie.' 'The—' 'You say—' 'Let me see the document!'

"The license was shown him, and there, sure enough, was Lidie's name coupled with his own. The proceedings were immediately suspended, the parson informing the young men and the ladies that he could not marry them until their licenses were in proper form. Lillie and Lidie began weeping and nearly went into hysterics. William and Charles and I assured them that we would have the mistakes in the licenses rectified. Leaving the young ladies in the parson's parlor, we rushed out of the house and jumped into our carriage, in which we were driven at a rapid pace to the court house. At Second and Main streets, Great was our disappointment and vexation when we found the recorder was not at home. I was out of the city. Knowing nothing to do, we returned to the parson's residence.

"They sorrowfully told the young ladies that they had failed to obtain new licenses. They urged the parson to marry them, and told him they could have the necessary alterations made in the documents the next day. But the parson firmly refused. He pointed out to them the fact that the recorder was bound by his records, and they must show that the marriages took place in accordance with the licenses. By this time the young ladies had ceased weeping.

"Retiring to a corner of the room they held a whispered consultation, at the end of which Lillie called William to her and informed him that she and Lidie had decided that they would not leave the house except as the wives of himself and Charles. 'But the preacher won't marry us,' said William. 'Yes, he will,' retorted Lillie, 'and you and Charles have got to agree to it.' William said he didn't catch on, whereupon Lillie nearly took his breath away by informing him that she and Lidie had agreed to let the licenses stand as they were and get married according to them. 'If you and Charles don't do that we will take the first train and return home,' said she, 'and never marry either of you.' It was then William and Charles turn to consult. After talking the matter over for ten minutes they arrived at the decision that, as a mistake in the licenses had been made, which could not be corrected in time to enable them to have the double wedding come off as intended, and as the girls had decided to 'swap' one for the other, they would make the best of a bad matter and go ahead with the ceremony. If they couldn't get the life partners selected, they would not remain wifeless. The parson was informed of the new aspect the affair had taken on, and he began again the ceremony where he left off. The result was that Lillie became the wife of Charles and Lidie the wife of William, and I stood up as best man for the couples. It wasn't exactly according to the programme, but I guess all parties concerned are satisfied.

CANARIES AS ENTERTAINERS.

An Old Winkler Which Is Being Revived in San Francisco.

Birds are now used as a pleasing feature in the artistic decorations for balls, parties, teas, weddings and other society events. In his flight into the drawing room or reception hall the canary has not forced out any other useful or ornamental display, but has simply taken his place as a charming addition to the whole. It was the custom years ago to conceal music boxes in the drawing rooms where fashion met, so nicely arranged as to tune and tone that they forced the applause of even those who could not guess the source of the melody. They were very popular for a time, and their popularity killed them. Mrs. Eady procured a couple for her surprise party, and that effectually smote the fad on the head.

The canary has taken the place of the music box. From cages that are themselves most helpful for decorative purposes he sends forth a flood of melody that fills the pauses in instrumental and vocal music. The ornamental cage is placed amid flowers or evergreens, is brightened with ribbons and tassels, and forms a very attractive feature of the beauties of the room.

But the bird lives a sad, fast life. He is a creature of fashion and must obey its dictates. Like the other society people he keeps very late hours and soon shows the signs of dissipation. He quickly adopts the customs of the ball room and reserves all his music for the hours when he is placed amid the beauty and light and perfume of the evening.

In the shop he is quiet and moody, feels bored at the senseless chirp of the lullinich, turns up his bill at the song of the plebeian canary that is exposed for sale, and sits in sullen silence waiting for the moment when from his beautiful brass prison, all ribbons and tassels, he can pour forth his soul in an ecstasy of song.

A bird importing firm has a large number of canaries on hand "for rent." They are now as much a part of the decorations as the flowers and evergreens; as necessary as the piano or violin.

"Do you have many orders for canaries?" a member of the firm was asked. "Very many, especially at this time. We do a great deal of decorating with the birds. That seems to have become quite popular. They are in great favor at children's parties, where we send orders quite frequently. For hotel displays and drawing room receptions they are also in great demand."

"Do you always put them in brass cages for parties?" "Nearly always. That's part of the decoration, you know. Of course, when we send them to hotels, perhaps a hundred or more, they go in the wicker boxes, which are placed amid ferns, flowers, wreaths and evergreens. The effect is very fine, giving the room the appearance of a conservatory."

"Does the dissipation have any effect on them?" "It doesn't appear to have. It makes a difference with them in the store where they remain a trifle quiet. Just as soon as they get into the rooms where the party is to be held, however, they brighten up, hop around and chirp and gossip and sing like the guests. They are very interesting in their ways, and are no trouble. We have the feed boxes so arranged that nothing can get out of the cages, so that one need not fear getting shells in his eyes when looking up at them."—San Francisco Chronicle.

HIS FIRST PRACTICAL JOKE.

W. J. Florence says the first practical joke that was ever played on him was the means of getting him out of a scrape, and he has felt kindly toward that form of wit ever since. It was when he was a lad, playing minor comedy parts in a Broadway theatre at \$10 a week. He thought he was madly in love with a young actress at work for the same stipend. During the play one night he invited her to take some oysters after the performance. Then he rushed to his lodgings, changed his clothes, met her and took her to an oyster house. His bill there was \$1.30, but unfortunately he found he had left all his money in his other clothes. The waiter and the proprietor both said his story was too diaphanous, and made him give up his watch and his father's ring that he wore. Just then a white haired, bearded looking old gentleman came nevo. One of the private dining compartments, they used to have in those days, and thundered at the proprietor: "Give that youth back his watch and chain and ring. Let me pay his bill. You ought to be ashamed, sir. Any one can see this is an honest youth and his companion is a perfect lady. [The lady was in a perfect place again.]"

Out in the street Florence was over- come with gratitude. "Give me your address, sir," said he to the kindly old gentleman. "I will return you the money to-morrow."

"Oh, never mind," said the philanthropist; "that was a counterfeit \$20 bill I handed to that old fool. It is worth nothing, and he gave me \$18.10 change for it. That's the way I make my living. Good night."—Buffalo News.

HE WAS A CLEVER YOUTH.

Mr. Sol Smith Russell and took the other day to teach his son Bob a lesson in self defence. "Look here, Bob," said he, "whenever you get anything good you must give the best of it to your mother."

"I didn't do," said Bob. "To-day I had two apples; one was a runt, and I kept the runt one and gave the big yaller one to mother."

"That was noble—that was a really—that was just what I should do!" said Mr. Russell, proudly patting his pampered darling's head. "Now, that, my son, is what we call an act of self abnegation, of denial, of sacrifice."

"Yes, sir," said Bob. "But mother don't eat apples."—Chicago News.

ONCE A NIHILIST.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER IN THE ASYLUM AT STEGLITZ.

He Was Drawn to Assassinate the Czar, but Refused to Do the Deed—Vengeance of His Old Comrades—A Devoted Sweet-Heart and Wife.

In the blind asylum at Steglitz, a short distance from Berlin, there lives a man who until recently was as mysterious a personage as the famous "Man of the Iron Mask." Certain persons high in authority made application for apartments at the asylum which should be worthy of a wealthy occupant. He appeared a short time after, accompanied by a beautiful woman, who was addressed as his wife. The man was tall and well made, and dressed in the height of fashion, with hands that betokened gentility of birth. The woman was young and aristocratic in looks and bearing. About the face of the man was a linen mask, with an opening opposite the mouth and nostrils, which was never removed in the presence of attendants. He sat in a dark room, to which the servants were rarely admitted, and conversed with few. His food was given to his wife, and the inmates of the asylum knew nothing of their name and history further than the fact that they were from Russia.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED. Rumors were rife, as was natural, and many ingenious stories constructed to account for the strange imprisonment. But the mystery has at last been solved, and the "Man of the linen mask" proved to be the hero of a strange and touching tale.

A year before the death of the late czar of Russia, although the scion of a high and mighty family, the young nobleman like so many of his class, became interested in the trials and hopes of the Nihilists. Time and association made him one of their ardent sympathizers and assistants. When the murder of the Emperor was planned, unfortunately the execution of the dreadful deed fell to him. The news staggered him. His oath bound him to the Nihilists, his family ties to the czar. Thoughts of his people and the attendant disgrace influenced him and finally deterred him; he refused to commit the crime. A year passed by. Another revolutionist had thrown the bomb which he had declined to do, and Alexander was dead. He had forgotten almost that he had been a Nihilist; but not so those whom he had forsaken. Passing along one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg, when about to greet a lady upon the opposite side, something was dashed into his eyes, and in a moment the light of day had gone. His mouth was deformed, his cheeks burned and disfigured. It was the work of a Nihilist, before whose modern inquisition he had been found wanting; vitriol had performed the work. Mad with pain, he was taken to his home, but the injury was beyond reparation, and the doctor's aid in vain.

A WOMAN'S HEROISM.

The government had confiscated his estates upon learning of his revolutionary sympathies, but restored them in part when informed of the fate which had overtaken him. The mask was placed upon his head, for he was unpleasant to look upon.

But the heroism of one woman was shown—the heroism of his fiancée. She was a countless and the daughter of a house as famous and powerful in Russia as was his own. She was heartbroken when told of the fiendish act, and the meeting between the lovers was touching in the extreme. With sorrowful heart, he offered to break the engagement and make her free again. But the brave woman refused, and declared that she would remain with him till death took her away. And they were married in the little church on the old estate, attended by their relatives and friends. And on their wedding day they started for the blind asylum in Steglitz, where they had hopes of restoring the poor man's sight. And here his wife attends him with unflinching devotion and prays for the day when the afflicted nobleman can again look upon her face.—Cor. New York Tribune.

A NEW KIND OF FUEL.

It has been demonstrated in Vaca Valley that peach stones will make as good a fuel for household purposes as the best kind of coal in the market. The fruit growers, instead of as heretofore throwing the pits away, dispose of the stones at the present time at the rate of \$6 a ton. A sack of the stones will weigh about eighty pounds and will last as long as an equal number of pounds of coal and give a greater intensity of heat. At many of the orchards in the valley may be seen great stacks of peach and apricot stones which will eventually find their way to San Francisco and other places to be sold for fuel. The apricot stones do not burn so readily as the peach, and will not be used as good a price. The fruit not comm. He is pleased to raise them will una. A large number of peaches are dried during the summer season for shipment. As soon as the owners find that they have a market for the stones a greater number of pounds will be dried than heretofore.—Vallejo (Cal.) Chronicle.

A QUAIL FARM.

A correspondent in The London Field says: "I mentioned a short time ago that a match had been made by a Russian named Yeche with a trotting horse, which is thought a great deal of in his native country, but I was unaware that M. Yeche is also a large importer of quails. His quails, which are kept in a building the walls of which are lined with cages holding 100 birds in each, are sent to Paris from the south of Italy up to the middle of November, after which the imports come from Egypt. The birds are fattened after they reach Paris, and it is no uncommon thing for M. Yeche to have 50,000 in this building at the same time, while he disposes of about half a million weekly."

The Acropolis of Today.

The town of Athens, and especially the Acropolis, is now passing through a very remarkable period in its existence. It is with mixed feelings that even those who reside here, and whose chief interest is in archaeology, look upon the sweeping alterations that have quite changed the character of its appearance. The tendency to demolish all monuments of mediæval or modern history has been allowed free play of late years; in a short time hardly anything will be left that does not go back at least to Roman times. The line will probably be drawn here, though if one regards nothing but the work of the great age of Athens as worthy of preservation, it is hard to see why (for instance) the pedestal of Agrippa deserves more respect than the "Frankish tower," which certainly was more picturesque and of higher historical interest.

But now it is too late to regret what may have been lost. Only two or three insignificant fragments of later walls remain, and those of quite recent period; when they are removed the Acropolis will appear—but for the wear and accidents of ages—much as it did when the so called "Beule gate" was first built. This is an intelligible aim, and we imagine it will now be recognized by all as the best attainable. The Acropolis can never again present that picturesque medley of historical associations and monuments of all periods that delighted the visitor twenty or thirty years ago; but we may hope, when the ugliness of recent excavations and alterations has worn off, when a painfully exact appearance of order and arrangement has been avoided (as is promised), and, above all, when the old verdure and flowers have once more spread over the whole, that a new and more purely classical charm may be found to have resulted from the temporary loss of beauty.—Athens Cor. London Athenæum.

The Nile Crier.

When the inundation approaches the capital—usually at the end of June or the beginning of July—the Nile criers begin their work.

These criers are men whose business it is to call out, or rather to recite, before the houses of those who wish it, how much the Nile has risen during the last twenty-four hours.

The Oriental does everything, no matter what it is, gravely, slowly, with much dignity and verbosity, and is never chary of his time or breath. Even the form of his greeting in the street is a complicated ceremony of words and motions, which usually takes some minutes to perform. And in the same way this announcement of the river's rise, which seems to us such a simple matter, is a most serious affair.

The day before the crier begins his talk, he goes through the streets accompanied by a boy, whose part it is to act as chorus, and to sing the responses at the proper moment. The crier sings:

"God has looked graciously upon our fields." Response: "Oh, day of glad tidings." "To-morrow begins the announcement." Response: "May it be followed by success."

Before the crier proceeds to give the information so much desired he intones with the boy a lengthy, alternating chant, in which he praises God, imploring blessings on the Prophet and all believers, and on the master of the house and all his children.

Not until this has been carefully gone through does he proceed to say the Nile has risen so many inches.

This ceremony is carried on until the month of September, when the river has reached its culminating point, and the crier, as bringer of such good news, never fails to claim his "bakshesh," or bribe money—sometimes humbly and sometimes, too, very imperiously.—London Tid Bits.

Two Kinds of Conscience.

Let us take the case of a man of very meager culture and education, whose ancestors for generations have been oppressed and their lot one of bare survival. Has he a true conscience in reference to a large range of moral questions? To be sure he knows it is wrong to steal, and he probably could be trusted not to steal money; but how about pilfering? On the contrary, if your man of culture steals it will only be large amounts, for he despises and would feel disgraced by pilfering. Here you have the two extremes of society, with a common conscience about stealing; but it is a weak conscience at opposite ends.

The high born fellow will not pocket a slice of ham, but he will default in the handling of an estate or bank deposits. The one is feeble in moral judgment just where the other is strong. These two men have also a common moral law against murder. Neither one dissents from the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," but one of them, who is fond of society and dislikes the burdens of a large family, does not hesitate to commit homicide; the other would recoil in horror at such a crime, but he is ready at a moment for a shindy in which he is liable to kill some one or to be killed himself. In neither case does conscience speak loudly or condemn keenly. Your conscience is your power of morally seeing things. It is your inherited and acquired ability to judge when an act is wrong. It is far more easy to have a poor conscience than it is to have a good one.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Story of Carlyle.

I met Carlyle once—the man who enriched the language by the word "gig-manity." He was strolling along Cheyne walk, where his home was in Chelsea, and a small boy running across the pavement before him tripped and fell, crying, in the philosopher's way. Instead of taking compassion upon the poor little fellow, Carlyle struck him with his stick. At that I, who had been doing a bit of quiet hero worship, could not contain myself, and burst out: "Sir, I have read your 'Tailor Retained' and was about to begin on your 'French Revolution,' but no man who can find it in his heart to cane an unoffending child can write books that it's worth my while to read." Carlyle didn't care, I suppose, but there was a certain amount of satisfaction to me in freeing my mind.—San Francisco Weekly.

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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