THE WEEKLY HERALD: PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, MARCH 30, 1893.

Once upon a time there was a lady who was young, beautiful, accomplished and very rich. She was also very clever.

But her most striking characteristic was that she was every atom a woman. She had three lovers who had been college eronies. She always spoke of them as her

There was a fourth gentleman whom she knew, but by no means intimately, who was a friend of the other three.

One of the three friends was tall, handsome, athletic, had languishing eyes, a long mustache and a fine figure; one was clever, almost brilliant, and what some women call "intellectual;" the third was rich, good looking and "successful."

All these were considered good catches by mammas who had marriageable daugh

ters and were popular.

The fourth gentleman was a silent man. who kept his own counsel, went his own gait and was thought to be independent in his fortune as he was known to be in his

After a season in which the young lady had been greatly and generally admired each of the three friends, having observed the growing attachment of the other two. discovered that he was in love with her. each tensed the others about her to sound them, each denied the charge, hated the others warmly for the time, and each decided to get ahead of his friends.

All three made the fourth gentleman his confidant.

The society beau was the first to declare himself. He had had the best opportuni ties, had danced with the lady all winter. had the finest figure, had been the best dressed man in the set, had driven a good team and had talked easily of Browning's poems and of Kipling's stories.

The occasion which presented itself to him was auspicious. It was a spring after noon in the grounds of a beautiful country place, where an entertainment was being given by a mutual friend. The spot was secluded; the air was balmy; the flowers were dazzling; the birds sang.

He was arrayed faultlessly, and he and the lady were alone. He naturally began to talk love to her and was about to reach the point where his voice should grow deep and his look intense. They were at the end of a long flower bed blue with pansies, which just matched her eyes. He stooped and plucked one. As he rose she said: A race to the other end-you that side, I

this," and dashed off. She ran like a deer. He had a record and could easily have beaten her, but as they approached the other end he saw that her path divided there. One fork ran off from him; the other turned into his.

It flashed on him in a second. He would let her run into his arms. He waited to let her choose. She chose, and when they re turned to the house he had her answer. He resolved to say nothing of it.

Just afterward the second gentleman found his opportunity. It was after the intellectual entertainment. He had easily outshone all others. He took her into the library. Old books were about them; beautiful pictures were on the walls; the light fell, tempered to the softest glow. He recognized his opportunity.

He felt his intellect strong within him. He approached her skillfully; he hinted at the delights of the union of two minds per fectly attuned; he illustrated aptly by a reference to the harmony just heard and to numerous instances in literature.

He talked of the charm of culture; spoke confidently of his preferment; suggested. without appearing to do so, his fortunate advantages over others and referred with some contempt to commonplace men like

the fourth gentleman Her eyes kindled; her form trembled. He felt his influence over her. He repeated a poem he had written her. It was good enough to have been published in a maga

Her face glowed. He glanced up, caught her eyes and held his hands ready to receive her. She lifted her hand, looked into his eyes, and he had his answer. They strolled back, and he determined to keep it all a secret.

Passing, they happened upon the third gentleman, who spoke to her, and No. 2 a moment later left her with him.

He led the way into a little apartment just by. It seemed to have escaped the no tice of the guests. It was sumptuously fittes up for a tete-a-tete. Wealth and taste had combined to make it perfect. She exclaimed with pleasure at its beauty.

After handing her a chair as luxurious a. art could make it the gentleman began. Its told of his home, of his enterprise, of his success, of his wealth. It had doubled year after year. It was hers. He laid before her his plans. They were large enough to be

bewildering.
She would be the richest woman in he acquaintance. She could be an angel with With mantling cheek and glowing face she bent toward him.

"It is yours," he said, "all yours. You will be worth"-He paused, then stated the sum. She

leaned toward him with an earnest gesture her voice trembling. He had his answer As they passeed out through the corridor they met the fourth gentleman. He did not speak. He stood aside to let

them pass. He glanced at her lover, but it he had looked at her she did not see him He was evidently leaving. "Are you going?" she said casually as she passed.

"Is it late?" "I do not know." She paused, and her lover politely passed

"Why are you going, then?" "Because I wish to go."

"Will you take me to my chaperon?" "With pleasure."

"With pleasure?" "With great pleasure." "You are not very civil."

"I had not intended to be." "Do you think"

Sometimes. This evening, for instance, There is your chaperon.' 'I did not think you"-

"So I supposed. You made a mistake. Goodby.

Goodby!"

"Yes. Goodby."

The wedding cards of the young lady were issued within a few weeks, and 10 days later she was married. In the press accounts of the wedding the

bride was spoken of as "beautiful, accomplished, clever, wise and good." And the groom was described as "handsome, stylish, intellectual and wealthy."

Some people said they always thought she would have married differently; some said they always knew she would marry just as she did. These were mostly women. She herself said that she made up her mind that evening. Thomas Nelson Page in liarper's Monthly.

A Good Fighter.

Sheraftera tiffy-Before we were married you called me a lily of the Nile.

he-I meet was very good at geography. Gress I was thinking of the Amazon -New York Weekly.

CATCHING AN ELECTRIC CAR.

a Mile a Minute.

There is one elderly gentleman in Boston who will think a long time car while it is in motion.

He was standing on Tremont street with a nervous glitter in his eye that showed that he was in a hurry to got somewhere. Car after seem to suit the old gentleman's fancy, and his glances up the street became more frequent and more apo-At last one appeared in the dis-

tance that caused the watcher's eyes some car, with a broad green belt and a yellow dasher. True, it was bounding along at a rate of 60 miles an hour; but what of that? The old gentleman was in a hurry, and then he knew how to get on easy enough. He had seen lots of people do it. All you had to do was to wait until the middle of the car was opposite to you, and then stretch out one hand and one foot, grasp the rail, and there you were. Nothing could be simpler.

The electric car came bounding playfully along, and the elderly gentleman shifted his weight on to one foot so as to be ready for it. When he was opposite to the middle of the green belt, he leaned a little forward, stretched out one hand and grasped the rail as it flew past. Either he hadn't ascertained correctly how the thing was done or else he was a trifle slow with the other foot. At any rate he didn't board the car.

There was a terrific jerk, and the old gentleman found himself streaming horizontally behind the car like a pennant on a masthead. After he had flown for several blocks in this manner, the elderly gentleman concluded that his position was ridiculous for one of his age, and with a short mental prayer he let go the rail. Before he landed he turned five double somersaults and a very difficult handspring, besides knocking down three inoffensive passersby.

When he had been restored to consciousness, and his hat and glasses had been fished out of the snow by some kindly souls, he sent one meaning glance in the direction of the retreating car.

Some people may call this civili zation," he said bitterly, "but I call

And disdaining the sympathy of his rescuers he jammed his snow covered hat over his eyes and tottered feebly in the direction of the Parker House. - Boston Herald.

Was This Instinct?

One day while busy writing I heard Carlo in the dining room asking to go out. The outside doors were open, and I said, "Yes, Carlo may " and returned to my desk. Soon he repeated his request, and I rose saying, "Now, you must go, and not bother me so!" but he lay quietly, though anxiously, in the middle of the floor. Going to him, I found he had my canary between his front feet, not a feather injured, but waiting for me to release it in safety.

The cage had accidentally been left open, and finding the bird free, with these outside doors of the room open. he had gently caught and held my pet. Why should he catch it when the doors were open, when if closed he made no such effort. Who will say this was mere instinct?-Mary E. Holmes in Science.

The Act of Sneezing.

The practice of saying "God bless you!" whenever a person sneezes must be widespread indeed when we find a similar salutation, Mbulen! dit erally equals live) obtaining among the Feejceans of the South Pacific, a race developed by the blending of the Malayo-Polynesians with the Papu ans, the Feejee group being the border land between the two. It has been said by a London physician that one is nearer death at the actual moment of speezing than at any other period of one's life. Herein perhaps lies the reason for the kindly wish and may account for the prevalent idea that it is dangerous to interrupt a person in the act of sneezing. -Notes and Que

Postage Stamp Affixer.

A cleverly constructed little machine has been designed for the purpose of affixing stamps to letters and circulars, and by its means the process can be carried out with extraordinary rapidity. The motions of detaching, damping and affixing are all performed by one revolution of a small wheel attached to the machine. From 4,000 to 5,000 letters an hour can be stamped, and one of the most important advantages of the machine is that it will register the number of letters thus treated. -Exchange.

Not Interesting.

Mother-Where have you been so long:

Little Son - I've been standin watchin two men unloadin bricks. Mother-I shouldn't think that

would be very interesting. Little Son-No, it wasn't. They didn't miss and get hit on the toes once. - Good News.

A Philanthropist.

"Do you see that gentleman! He has dried many a tear.

"What a good heart he must have Do tell me who he is.

"He is a man who sells handkerchiefs."-Exchange.

OVERCHOWDED NEW YORK.

THE WEEKLY HERALD PLAISMIN OR NERESSES

Not So Easy as it Seems When It Is Going The Tenement Districts Compared With Those of Other Citie

A recent census report shows that there are \$1,000 houses in New York, before he again boards an electric occupied by a number of families so great as to imply that there are nearly four families (3.82) for every house in the metropolis. When it is recalled that there are thousands of beautiful homes in New York occucar whizzed by, but they did not pied each by one family only, that miles of avenues and streets are lined with houses each individually owned and occupied by one family group, it will be realized to what extent in other parts of the city crowd ing occurs, when to accomodate an to brighten. It was a very hand | average of nearly four families to each house the remaining houses only are available.

Comparing the condition of New York with Philadelphia the difference is most marked. In Philadelphia the average number of families to each house is one family and one-tenth, as against three families and over three-quarters in New York for each house. In New York the average for each house is 19 people, while in Philadelphia the average is not 6 people per house. The death rate tells the rest. In New York it is 28 in every 1,000, in Philadelphia 22 per 1,000. While New York has 19 people to each house, London has only 7, with a death rate 3 per cent lower than New York.

The extent of the crowding in New York is made painfully apparent by the statement of the national census, which shows that out of a population of 1,600,000 no less a number than 1,200,000 live in apartments, flats and tenements. Still further is this confirmed by the sanitary census made by the police in which it was found that there were herded in what the board of health designates as the "tenement district" no less than 276,000 families. This number, exceeding a quarter of a million fam ilies, averaging five persons to each, is so great as to excite surprise that such a condition can exist in the chief city of the new world, where conditions of civilization, as illustrated by the character and number of homes, ought to have their most perfect exemplification. But the facts as presented in official reports. in the death rate and in the personal observations of men and women who take a deep interest in the condition of human kind in the metropolis, show a condition of density full of danger, in which the indications toward improvements are few and

Questions of the Senses.

far between.-North American Re-

Perhaps the reader has days when nothing goes upward or straightforward, but downward, backward, crookedly, spirally, any way but straight ahead. Never mind whether these ills come all the same day or not; we all know well that they come. "What are the senses," some old worthy has inquired, "but five yawning inlets to hourly and mo-mentary molestations?" What else are they when on an icy cold morning, after hugging your pillow for an hour after conscience tugged to pull you up, you arise to find that the household fires have taken that zero morning to turn black in the face and die? How, when you have especial and most pressing work to do or engagements to meet upon a certain day, and when you wake to find yourself in the gri of an all day headache, or other paralyzing ill Or, in an equally important emergency, just as you settle to your absorbing task, or haply dress for your engagement, your sensitive friend arrives blandly on the scene?-Bos-

Energy Great, but Useless.

ton Commonwealth.

An electrical writer has calculated that the firing of a small pistol sets free about 600 foot pounds of energy. while a watch consumes about one one-fifty-four-millionth of a horsepower, the energy of the bullet being sufficient to keep the time for two years. An Edison telephone transmitter requires about one one-thousandth of the energy in a watch. It would therefore be worked for 2,000 years on the energy exerted in the pistol. A lightning flash of 3,500,000 volts and 12,000 amperes, lasting one one - hundred and - twenty-one - thousandth of a second, would run a 160horsepower engine for 10 seconds.-

Loss of Life From Disease In War. In the Franco-German war the German troops lost less than a third of their dead by disease, while formerly the loss had been four times that from wounds. The following figures gives the deaths from disease for every 100 men lost in the campaign: French in the Crimean war. 79; United States troops in the American war, 80; Germans in the last French war, 29. The small loss from disease compared with that from wounds in the French army promises much for military hygiene in future campaigns.-Lord Playfair.

Instinctive Action In Death.

The cannon ball which plunged through the head and tore out the brain of Charles XII did not prevent him from seizing his sword hilt. The idea of attack and the necessity for defense was impressed upon his mind by a blow which we would naturally suppose to have been too tremendous and instantaneous to leave the least interval for thought.-Philadelphia A Leather Same For Horses.

In England and in many parts of Europe proper they have for a long time been using for a horseshoe a regular curiosity made of compressed leather. At the factory where they are made three thicknesses of common cowskin are pressed into a steel mold, and while held in position by powerful clamps are subjected to a bath of some chemical preparation which makes them surprisingly hard and durable. It is claimed for these shoes that they are much lighter and last longer than those made of iron, also that split hoofs are unknown in horses constantly provided with them. The shoe is perfectly smooth on the bottom, no calks being required the impact causing the surface to adhere even on the smoothest ice. Although, as above stated, the shoe is hard and durable, it is also very elastic, thus preventing sprains and bruises and making the horse's step lighter and surer. Straw treated with a solution unknown to American and European chemists has been used for horseshoes for centuries in Japan. Perhaps some American genius will outdo England and the Japs by giving us a durable paper horseshoe. Who knows?-Philadelphia Press.

Paris Skeletons.

Paris is the head center of the skeleton trade. The mode of preparation is a very delicate operation. 'The scalpel is first called into requisition to remove the muscular tissues. Its work being done, the bones are boiled, being carefully watched meanwhile that they may not be overdone. After this cannibalistic procedure they are bleached in the sun. Even the spots of grease are sure to appear when they are exposed to heat. The French treat these with ether and benzine, securing thereby a dazzling whiteness, which is a distinguishing mark of their skeletons. They are warranted never to turn yellow and to stand the test of any climate. New York in midsummer is not too hot for them. They are put together by a master hand.

A brass rod with all the proper cur vatures supports the spinal column. Delicate brass wires hold the ribs in place. Hinges of the most perfect workmanship give to the joints a graceful and lifelike movement. Cleverly concealed hooks and eyes render disjunction at pleasure possible. The whole construction plainly indicates the care and skill of an artist and a connoisseur.-Boston Her

Character In the Voice.

How much character and significance lie in a voice! I was sitting in an office waiting for its owner to return when a woman entered and spoke to the clerk. My back was toward her, and she only inquired where Mr. Blank was and said she would wait, but I realized instantly that she was "somebody." It was not merely the quality of her voice. deep and resonant, but an indescribable something in the intonation which conveyed to my ear the intelligence that I listened to a woman who was the possessor of brains, energy and power.

When she came within my range of vision, I saw a woman of middle age, large, massive, unconventional in appearance, and with a face ev ery line of which was impressed with the qualities suggested by the voice. When the man for whom I was wait ing came in, he addressed her by a name which I instantly recognized as belonging to a woman well known for her strong and original writings on sociological problems, and the revelation of character given by the voice was justified by the disclosure of her identity. - Boston Advertiser.

English Love For Old Churches.

The English people have a deep seated love for their old churches and cathedrals, and they spend money lavishly for their preservation. In the last 20 years not less than \$53, 048,140 has been expended in the res toration of these edifices, and this does not include any sum below \$2. 500. In London alone no less than \$4,101,645 has been thus expended. In addition, \$48,038,915 has been devoted in the country at large to the erection of new churches. Another notable fact is that most of the money raised for these purposes has been derived from private gifts. - Boston Journal.

Trick of Beggars' Children. The children of beggars are often

seen to be covered with tumors and wens, while otherwise they are perfectly healthy. An inquisitive surgeon has found the cause of the swellings. It is a trick of the father or mother to appeal the more strongly to the charity of the world. With an instrument like a hypodermic syringe the skin is punctured and the breath is blown under it, causing it to stand out like a tumor or other excrescence in a way that would deceive almost any one. New York Tribune.

All In One Pound of Coal.

If a pound of coal is subjected to a dry distillation, and the products and residual treated chemically by the processes for obtaining the well known coal tar colors, the pound thus treated will yield enough of magenta to color 500 yards of flannel, vermilion for 2,560 yards, aurine for 120 yards and alizarine sufficient for 155 yards of red cloth.-Age of Steel.

ALL BUT ONE THING.

So, my life, you want a story as rosy co. ored as your tempting cheeks!

Then listen to this, though I very much fear you know it already but too well. Once upon a time the king of heaven called the most mischievous of his angels.

"With this purse," said he, "go to the bazaar where they retail prices of women with the 60 celestes that you will find in it buy what is necessary to make up one that will proclaim your taste in the matter, and when it is finished send it to the world by way of the first conveyance, directed to that poor poet who is asking us for it with such extremity. Recureful that you do not for get any piece and let us see how you acquit yourself

The angel reached the bazaar in a single

Good day, master. "Good merning, child. What brings you

"Thave to buy a woman in pieces. Come, now, take down all you have and of the first quality, for there is no lack of money." "Very well, boy. First, the eyes, if it suits you to begin there. Here you have all

kinds and colors-green, blue, black, "Let us see. How much are those blue

ones, so light and pure" "Ten celestes."

They are dear.

"The best in the shop."

"Put them aside. Raise that glass and take out that little dewy, red mouth." "It is marked 4 celestes. There is noth ing fresher in all the bazaar.

"Put it with the eyes. And that nose a well. Oh, what hair was ever prettier than that? "Which!"

"That hanging up there, colored like rays of the sun.

"You don't choose badly, youth. You light on the best I have." "Well, and these little ears; I think the

will match those velvety cheeks. "And, as for that, with this set of pearly teeth. What do you say?"

"Pearls appear to be just the thing to guard the rosy tongue that I see in the farthest showcase. Bless me! What a throat and neck. How finely the head we have just formed will set upon them! Let us now see some bodies.

"Here they are Choose I have a fine assortment. "That is so, but hold on. Not this one

nor that either, but that over there, which indeed is so beautiful. What forms! What contours! It is a work that does you honor, master. 'Many thanks, little fellow. I see you

understand it." "All right. Now, after putting those ala baster arms to it, and fastening on those shapely legs, and to the arms those delicate white hands, and to the legs those neat lit tle feet, our work is complete is it not And what a lovely result, now that we have it all put together. How handsome, how successful! The poet must be very hard to

please who is not enthusiastic over such perfection." 'Something is wanting, however."

"Can it be possible?" Yes, child; the heart. You have forgot-

"How is that? Does it not go along with the body?"

"We sell them separately." "Very well. Put in a most tender and loving one. Our poet will thank us for it.

"I must tell you, youngster, that the ten der ones come high. "Then see-wait a minute. Cast up the amount of all that I have selected, and with

the balance remaining we shall add a heart to her.'

over there-the throat, the hands. Here it is-just 60 celestes."
"Sixty celestes"

Not one less.

"Unfortunate coincidence"-"What is up?" "That this is precisely the total amount which I can spend."

"What shall we do, then?" "Could you not come down a little in

Impossible! Not a farthing. You are getting the very best in the store. No, of course not. Certainly. What is so beautiful is costly. There is nothing more

perfect. "Listen to this suggestion: Some piece might be exchanged for a cheaper one, and

with the difference"-"Let us try it." What do you say to those eyes somewhat less deep?"

"Oh, we must not touch the eyes. It would be a crime." What about this mouth, which is paler than that?" "I'd as little have that as the other eyes.

It would be profanation." "And this body?"

"The other is so pretty." "And the hands?

"Oh. no! Leave them." "Nothing different. I take it as it is."

"But, rogue, what do you mean? With out a heart?" 'Yes, without a heart. After all, as the want of it cannot be seen, nobody will no-

tice the defect." 'As for me, do as you please." There is your money.

"Goodby, young man. "Goodby, master, till I see you again." And the cherub, light as a sunbeam, gathered the beautiful woman in his arms and descended to the earth, beating the air with

his wings. And as I reach this part of my story you

vill not fail to ask me, "And could that woman live without a heart?" And I then, with great distress, will be obliged to answer, "That, my charming, ungrateful one, hobody can know better than yourself." - New York Mercury.

Unsuspected Talent.

Burns was living in the town of Ayr, and though still young bad attained more than a local reputation as a post.

One day he was passing through the main street of the town and saw two strangers sitting at one end of the inn window. With idle curiosity be stopped to look at them. Seeing him, and thinking the rustic might afford them some amusement while they were waiting, the strangers called him in and asked him to dine with them. Burns readily accepted the invitation and proved a merry, entectaining guest,

When dimer was nearly finished, the strangers suggested that each should try his hand at versemaking, and that the one who failed to write a rhyme should pay for the dinner. They felt secure in the challenge, believing that their rustic guest would pay for the meal. The rhymes were written, and Burns read the following:

I, Johnny Peep, saw two sheeps Two sheep saw me. Half a crown spicce will pay for their fleece, And I. Johany Peep, go free.

The strangers' astonishment was great, and they both exclaimed: "Who are you?

You must be Robbie Burns!" And Robbie Burns did not pay for the dinner - Youth's Companion.

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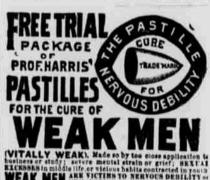
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Table Talbe. It is one of the gastronomical

maxims, and rather a true one, that "digestion is the business of the stomach, and indigestion that of the doctors." And we have no hesitation in saying that the 'business of the doctors would not be half so thrifty, if the business of the stomach were not upset by the fryingpans of bad cooks. We live in hopes however. The world is progressing and progress means that it will sooner or later, find out and do away with the misery and doctor's bill that lie hidden under the cover of a frying-pan. Cookery is claiming its place among the great scienses, and no publication has done more, if as much, to establish its claims as Table Talk. The maga-zine will deserve the past success it has achieved, and it certainly has our best wishes for the future-A sentiment which ought to find an echo in the tens of thousands of homes that have been cheered and benefited by its treatings. The March number is now ready.
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