STREET PAVING.

Omaha's Streets Compared With Streets of Other Cities.

A Reporter in Search for an Item Discovers an Interesting Case-Vain Search for Relief Found at Last--- A Frank and Interesting Interview.

A reporter meandering in search for an item several days since, overhearing a conversation in regard to the street paving of Omaha compared with other cities, determined to look the natter up, and came to the conclusion that the paved streets of Omaha compared very favorably with the same in any city in the United States. Baltimore, Md., is a well-paved city, the streets being mostly paved in what is known as the cobble-stone style. Washington, D. C., is probably the best paved city in the United States, the streets there, with few exceptions, being paved with the best asphaltum and what is known as the Belgium block, a gray granite block somewhat similar to the red granite block based in Omaha. The streets of St. Paul, Minn., are largely paved with what is known as the cedar blocks. This makes an excellent paving, but does not last nearly so long as asphaltum or granite blocks. Omaha streets are paved with asphaltum and granite blocks, with one or two streets paved with the cedar blocks, making a showing of paved streets second to none a showing of paved streets second to none in the country.

While on this tour of investigation the reporter engaged in conversation with



Tenth street between Mason and Paedde streets) a street pawer employed by Contractor Hugh Murphy. Mr. Taiford, a very intelligent genleman, was overseeing his gang of men laying the granite blocks on Fourteenth street near Capitol avenue, and being accosted by the reporter groeted that individual very pleasantly. "Yes," said Mr. Teiford, "I have been paving streets now for nearly two years. It is a fairly good business, and pays about as good as most outdoor jobs. It being an outdoor job is, in fact, the only objection I have to it. A man working on the streets is liable to be caught in a sudden shower and get wet through before he can reach shelter, and in the fall of the year, with winter close on us, we must work like Trojans to get our contracts finished before the extreme cold comes to stop us. While working at my business about one year ago I took a heavy cold, which brought on a severe hacking cough and numerous sick headaches. I would be working in the morning, when about 10 c'clock a severe sick headache would come on me and I would have to stop work for the day. I would go home and lie down, when the bough would assail me and make life miserable for me. I tried numerous cough medicines and could get no reilef. Things went on this way for a while when matters became worse for me. I commenced having night sweats, and would get up in the morning and, instead of feeling refreshed as I should have fet, I would feel more tired thrn when I went to bed. I then became seriously alarmed and consulted a doctor, who told me I had weak lungs. He treated me for quite a while, and I could obtain no relief. I changed doctors, and changed several times, but could get no relief. I cloud not work more than one or two days a week; I spent all the money I had, and the major part by my bears. I have only get an analysis of the street of the province of the strength of the province of the province

LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.

INTERESTING EVIDENCE OF A CONDITION NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

When catarrh has existed in the head and the apper part of the throat for any length of time r-tre patient living in a district where people are subject to catarrhal affection—and the discase has been left uncured, the catarrh invariably, sometimes slowly, extends down the vindpipe and into the bronchial tubes, which tubes convey the air to the different parts of he lungs. The tubes become affected from he swelling and the nucous arising from catarrh, and, in some instances, become plurged ip, so that the air cannot get in as freely as it should. Shortness of breath follows, and the patient breathes with labor and difficulty.

In either case there is a sound of crackling and wheezing inside the chest. At this stage of he disease the breathing is usually more rapid han when in health. The patient has also hot ushes over his body.

The pain which accompanies this condition is of a dull character, felt in the chest, behind the breats bone, or under the shoulder blade. The pain may come and go—iast few days and then be absent for several others. The cough that occurs in the first stages of bronchial catarrh is ary, comes on at intervals, hacking in character, and is usually most troublesome in the morning on rising, or going to bed at night and it may be in the first evidence of the disease extending into the lungs.

Sometimes there are fits of coughing induced by the tough mucus so violent as to cause vomiting. Later on the mucus that is raised, is found to contain small particles of yellow mater, which indicates that the small tubes in the ungs are now affected. With this there are often streaks of blood mixed with the mucus. In some cases the patient becomes very pale, has fever, and expectorates before any cough stance are spit up, which, when pressed bestance are spit up, which, when pressed be-LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.

ppears.
In some cases smal imasses of cheesy substance are spit up, which, when pressed between the fingers, emit a bad odor. In other cases, particles of a bard, chalky nature are spit up. The raising of cheesy or chalky lumps indicate serious mishlef at work in the lungs.

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ONE DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

The Pretty Legend of the Indian Plume.

A VISIT TO HORSESHOE LAKE.

A Picturesque Place-An Attractive Retreat for Rest and Recreation-Duck Hunting and Pishing.

Written for the Omaha Bee by Sandy Griswold. There is not much of romance to the every day man in a trip from this city to Horseshoe lake, the nearest hunting and fishing grounds of any considerable notoriety. Still, there are some pretty, picturesque views, too, that even a dolt must notice. Long, sinnous reaches of the river, with their background of emerald bluffs, strike the eye and enliven the scene between here and the ancient Mormon settlement of Florence. That is about all, save to lovers of nature, who, like Thor, see beauty in everything, the solitary old snag, the barren rock, the naked plain. Otherwise, the country is one unbroken stretch of rolling landfields of wild sunflowers, which, with a mingling of other vegetation, and a towering oak or a graceful elm thrown

here and there, with an tumble-down rail fence, old would be most exquisite, deed-fields of ripening corn and brown stubble and jungles of noxious weeds, reticulated vines and bramble and briar at every whipstitch, with once in a while a sluggish, intermittent rivulet, unworthy of the name, and the painting is sketched before you for criticism.

No grand old woods, no charmings farmsteads with fields and fences, drive and walks, and everything as cleanly, neat and methodical as a model house-hold, such as are to be seen in the older eastern states, are here to stimulate the fancy and engage the mind. But they are coming. Nebraska is a grand state, and her farmers, intelligent, thrifty and imitative. However, once through Flor-ence and off to the northwest, then east, over the prodigious backbone of a line of gigantic bluffs that follows the majestic Missouri for hundreds of miles, and the scenery, while it grows hardly more startling, is more varied, more engaging

I made the trip recently in company with a gentleman with whom I have spent many glorious days upon all the best ducking grounds between Kosh-konong and the Chesapeake. We went upon a sort of an excursion of exploration to overlook the prospects for fall duck-shooting in Nebraska, and returned with convictions that they are great.

with convictions that they are great.

It was a pleasant morning, only Sunday last, just after the furious thunder storm of the night before. The blue vault was of that tender transparent tint through which we seem to penetrate into unbounded depths, and over it the waning summer breeze wreathed its graceful cloud paintings. Now a turreted castle, now a millared palace, next a fleet bears. now a pillared palace, next a fleet bears up, then a long cavalcade of knights on snowy steeds, a troop of Spanish muleteers, a caravan of Arabs and their undulatin geamels, palm trees, banyans, ragged masses of cotton and then a superh Himmalayan neak

ragged masses of cotton and then a superb Himmalayan peak.

The landscape, too, was full of revivifying animation. A vagrant breeze set the tall grass in graceful motion; the redheaded woodpecker, the same, bright, headed woodpecker, the same, bright, shy, saucy bird the country over, with an upward slide clutched the bark of some old dead tree and rattled with his flinty beak till echo laughed again; the hair winnowed hie sable shape far overhead; the ground squirrel made a brown streak across the soggy road, and the rabbit, jerking his long ears, bounded athwart our winding way. Infrequently a farm our winding way. Infrequently a farm house was passed, a welcome relief at any time, even with their straggling outbuildings, unkempt fields, scrawny orchards and barbed wire fences. But just a mile or so north of Florence, nestling midst a very crypt of seemingly impene trable undergrowth, perched upon the apex of the loftiest of all hills, and off a quarter of a mile or more from the road, and the vision was greeted with a magnificent picture, indeed; the ro-mantic suggestion of old world baronial life given by a beautiful brown residence, with unique angles and pointed turrets, and belonging to whom I know not. But we were soon by and over the bluff, the horse laboring through several inches of sand as we passed down an avenue that had been cut some years before by brawny arms from out a very concrete of wild plum, sumach, hazel, grape, box-wood, scrub-oak, gnarled cottonwood and pig-hickory. Here and there, on either hand, was an expanse of wild meadow with wooded acclivities. The sunlight breaking through the scurrying clouds, lay like a golden mantle on the distant stubble fields, embroidered at the edges by the shadows of the hazel and and the oak. On we rustled; the newness, the picturesqueness, the romance of the strange scene delighting us. The un-certain light tinged the adder's tongue into deeper purple and made a scarlet in-taglio of the Indian plume, fitting in some

cranny of the bank along the narrow THE INDIAN PLUME! It is a lovely flower, rising in a slender spire of superb scarlet, nearly a foot high, its delicate petals like the geranium's. While the crimson of the sumack and the russet of the hazel burr glowed, the Indian plume seemed to almost blaze in the fervid sunshine and to kindle into ruby light the green nooks where it nes-tled. I have always admired the flower, tled- I have always admired the flower, and once, ten years ago, when hunting deer up on the Thunder Bay river in north Michigan, I heard from an old Chippewa Indian the legand of its birth.

Many, many moons agone, Oonomo was the sachem of the Chippewas dwelling by the river of the Thunder Bay. One daughter was

She was called the Indian Plume. Beautiful as a star and pure as a snowflake on the wintry summit of Michiinack. She was betrothed to Monowayno, who was as fleet as the wind on trail of deer or foe. All went happily and the life of the sachem's daughter was like the days that the Indian summer smiling in the sullenger. THE LIGHT OF HIS LODGE. sachem's daughter was like the days that the Indian summer smiling in the sullen face of winter, breathes in purple mist through dingle and dale. But at last a dark cloud swept over the Chippewas, and the white-haired old sagamore, the frolicsome boy, the strong warrior and the blossoming maiden fell alike beneath it. The nation cowered before this resistless foe. Oonomoo bowed his aged head and died, and Monowayno, the fleet and the brave, was sent upon the shadowy trail. The tribe veiled their faces in dread. The great Manitou was angry with his children. In vain the calumet sent its smoke from the lips of the prophet toward His dwelling place. In vain was the wolf-dog slaughtered to

van was the wolf-dog slaughtered to drag away the sins of an unhappy race. One day the prophet declared the Manitou had appeared to him. He came in a night of storm, of lightning, of tempest and death, but in wondrous splendor that shone over the turbulent waters of the Thunder hay. And thus he said. the Thunder bay. And thus he said:
"Not the smoke of the calumet nor the blood of the wolf-dog will soften my wrath. The warm blood of the human heart alone will appease it. That spilled, again will my smile beam upon my children!"

The old prophet ceased, and a deep silence hushed the crouching nation. And then like a waif from an unknown realm, the slender indian Plume glided within

the cordon of grim warriors encircling

Bay. The Indian plume is a beautiful but now as said as the wail of the wind in the time of the falling leaves, "let the blood of her heart wash away the sins of ner father's people!"
And grasping a knife from the belt of

Aud grasping a knife from the belt of one of the braves she rushed close to the stream on which she and Monowayno had skimmed together in their birch canoe, and plunged it into her bosom!

The red blood spurted upon the earth, the keen blade had cleft her heart!

Reverently and sorrowfully did the warriors lift her in their arms, and silently and solemnly did they lay her slender form beside that of her dead lover.

When the next morning trod through the forest, his golden fingers dallied with the spot that had been stained with the slood of the slender Indian Plume. blood was there, but instead, a slender flower, red as the flush that kindles the cheek of the sunset as it sinks in the

gloom of the night.

The death cloud vanished like the leaf
of May before the breath of October, and
soon its presence darkened no more the hearts of the nation. And ever after was this flower worshipped by the Chip-pewas, Ottawas and the Pottawattamies. The warriors twined its blossoms in their scralp-locks, the maidens spangled its glowing sparks over their tresses of darkness. When the chill breath of autumn blighted it they mourned; when the late summer warmed it into bloom they were happy. To this day it glows in the heart of the remnant of the nation as an emblem of love and unselfish devertion.

Horse shoe Lake.

But am I forgetting Horse Shoe Lake and the outlook for canvas-back, red head, mallard and widgeon?

Along about noon, after innumerable mishaps, and losing our course several times, we reached the lake country, and the road perrowed and grew more averaged. the road narrowed and grew more exe-crable as we approached, with thickets and broad tufts of wild grass in the cen-ter until it diminished into a mere trail, loubling and twisting like a water snake in the herbage of the meadow. Side cul de-sacs entired the wheels of our phaeton, whence we were frequently obliged to back to get upon on the road and through which, now and then, the sturdy steed forced them by main strength, over sand and rocks and a film

strength, over sand and rocks and a film of agglutinative mud and water.

A thunder-pump rose from her seat in the wild rice at the road side, and fanned heavily away with a hoarse cry, the light glittering on her brown shape; that feathered buffoon, and peculiarly American bird, the blue jay, scolded from every clump of pucker brush like an old woman, while the crow cawed mockingly as he flow roces as if delighted at our as he flew across as if delighted at our

plight.
Finally, however, after paying an admission fee of 10 cents each and 10 cents for the horses, at Neal's corner, we drove down a lane bordered with scraggy willows and odorous weeds, and the lake lay before us!

The view now changed as suddenly as the scenes in a theater. The banks of the lake are low, with a sparse woods along the shores, which frequently yield to broad spaces of natural grass, wild rice, reeds and Lilliputian cane, called indifferently by the man who presides over the only domictle within view, parks and wild meadows. They were skirted next the impid waters, either with thick-ets or swamp maples, the green of the opposite shore being seen through the loops and vistas of the foliage. Sometimes these bayous wind like bays into the recesses of the background woods, beckoning the fancy to distant nooks of beauty. Here and there, in the forked head of a dry tree, was the nest of the fish-hawk, a rounded mass of gray, withered sticks. From the abun-dance of water in these woods, the bird haunts almost every scene, and his grace-ful shape, and wild scream, gives a savage charm to the place. Spread over the shallow waters was a broad floor of lily-pads, glistening as if in green varnish. while rice and reeds and moss chook

what might in some seasons be a passa-ble channel.

After feeding the horses and gormandizing on our own lunch, we learned from the man that runs the place the ins and outs of the puddle, then took a boat for exploration. We skimmed over the shadows in the water, where some jagged shadows in the water, where some jagged branch & was so accurately depicted, it seemed that the skiff must be rent in gliding over it. Black soaking logs, almost burried in the water weeds lay along or pointed from the banks, whence the king-fisher and the the grey plover vanished at our approach, while from among the rice and rushes, every once in a while, a startled teal would whiz, or an old hen mallard, with her resounding quack-quack-quack quack-quack-k! q-u-a-c-k! quack-quack-quack q-u-a-c-k! q-u-a-c-k would rise and quarter away.

It did not require any great length of time to convince us that Horseshoe lake is a famous ground for ducks, and guess-ing from the numbers already in, the shooting this fall is wonderfully promising, but still we rowed on. We at last reached a big bend to the left, and round this we went and a broader sheet of water, dotted with many fields of reeds and rice, expanded at our prow.

The view was surpassingly beautiful. On each side the lake curved gracefully away, at the left in an uninterrupted line, and at the right blending to all appear-ances with a network of small islands, and, on the point of the nearest one stood a tall crane, like a post, evidently waiting for a chance to drive his long beak through some unwary bass or perch. Then as far as the eye could reach were headlands, crescent bays, island edges and liquid vistas that extended outward until swallowed up in the flags and rice and weeds of the shore.

tended outward until swallowed up in the flags and rice and weeds of the shores. We stopped and gazed upon the lake in its wild beauty, with playful breezes darting over its gloss and the sunlight kissing it into radiant smiles, and then, with a sigh of regret, turned our boat and were on our downward way to the landing. The dash of the oars echoed pleasantly and the ripple of the wake made hollow angles and pulsated among the lilles and rushes of the margin.

Here I thought once would I live; here, in this free wilderness, this tranquil realm of content, where honor is not measured by success, where pretension does not trample upon merit, where genius is not a jest, goodness not a seeming and devotion not a sham. Here where the light of day is undarkened by wrong, where solutude is the parent of meditation and eloquent of God. Here would I live, listening to the loon's strange bravura and communing with all those teachings that guide the insight, soften the heart, and purify, while they

expand, the soul.

Ten o'clock, however found me snug n bed, but threatened with a chill, at my hotel in Omaha.

Don't Laugh at Nervous People. Their sufferings are very real, although you, with your vigorous physique and strong nerves, can scarcely believe it. Rather suggest the use of nostetter's Stomach Bitters which, in removing every trace of dyspepsia and regulating the liver and bowels, strikes at and exthe liver and bowels, strikes at and extirpates the most prolific cause of chronic nervous trouble. That nerve-shattering disease, fever and ague, is among the formidable allmenta, to the removal of which this genial remedy is specially adapted. Nervous prostration, resulting from prolonged mental or physicial effort, is also a state of the system where the intervention of this tonic is very desirable, more particularly as its use is to quiet and relax the tension of overwrought nerves. The Bitters are invaluable in rheumatism, neuralgia and kidney troubles. Employ no substitute for it.

IN ALVAN CLARK'S WORKSHOP. How Careful the Great Manufacturer

was in Making # Lens. On a table in Alyan Clark's manufactury at Cambridge was the finished Pulkova lens which weighed 450 pounds, and consisted of two lenses each thirty inches in drameter, says Otto Michels in the New York Sun: Generally these lenses are made to accurately fit, and are joined together with Canada balsam, but in such large glasses as the Phikova and joined together with Canada balsam, but in such large glasses as the Pulkova and the Lick, they are fitted in a metal frame with an adjustment so that they can be made to approach each other, or otherwise. If a single lens were used, the object inspected would be-fringed with various artificial colors and other defects due to spherical aberration, but by the simple artifice of wants two kinds of simple artifice of using two kinds of glass these defects are cured to a great extent and a nearly perfect image is se-

When the evening was sufficiently advanced the great Pulkova glass was placed in its temporary fitting in the garden. There was no moon and the darkness was intense. The glass was brought out on a four-wheel hand truck and lifted into the tube by five men and fixed by revolving it in the screw fitting. The tube was forty-five feet long and weighed with the attending fittings about seven tons. Two piles of brickwork supported the whole. There was no clockwork movement and the roughest apparatus was employed, the telescope was raised and moved by a guide rope, the motion of an equatorial movement being initiated by using a common windlass. As the motion of the earth caused the object to pass across the field of the telescope, the observer gave the order "follow," when a slight turn of the windlass kept the object in view. Such were the rough appliances used to test this \$60,000

The planets had all set, and I had to be satisfied with a view of a fixed star, which is an excellent object for testing the optical properties of a lens, but very uninteresting otherwise, as the largest telescope can make little impression on a fixed star; no disk can be seen, merely a speck of light. The star selected was a small one, and barely visible as a pale, minute object. On looking at it with this minute object. On looking at it with this magnificent instrument its wonderful light gathering powers were at once evident, for the star shone with the justre and brilliancy of an electric light. It was an object which brought out all the imperfections of the glass, and to the eyes of Mr. Clark and his sons many were evident, and, it was said, two months' work was necessary to correct them. During the trial the leps was lowered and five men revolved the glass in ts fitting. On its being placed in position again one of the sons was about to make another test when the old man shouted: "Wait, boys, let her cool."

I was curious to know what this could mean, and Alvan Clark explained that the correction was so delicate that the heat from the hands of five men holding the metal case of the objective would change the correction, so it had to "cool." On the front or crown gliss lens was a very marked flaw, due to the lapping over of a stratta of glass indecoding. By measurement I found it to be one and a quarter inches long, by one-eighth of an inch in diameter, almost iff the center of the lens, near the front surface. This was a very provoking circumstance in a \$60,000 glass. Mr. Clark had ordered another disc of glass, but Prof. Von Otto Streuve decided to accept the damaged one, at least for a time, as it seemed very doubtful when another glass might be expected to be made in France. law would not alter the definition of the lens, but would merely stop a fractional part of light passing through the lens.

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Strange Harplike Music at a Funeral. Savannah News: A most remakable story that is well authenticated comes from Banks county, concerning the burial of the late Dr. A. D. Chinault. He died on June 18, of fever, and was buried June 20, at Winn's buring ground, near Lula. After the grave had been pre-pare, the corpse carried to it and all the funeral rites performed, the collin was owered in the vault and the grave was just begun to be filled, a strange noise was heard that sounded like music from a harp. The crowd was considerably agitated, and a general commotion followed. No one knew what or where it was. To some it appeared to be in the grave, and to others in the trees. There is no doubt about there being a strange noise being heard, one that will, in all probability, never be explained this side of eternity. Rev. G. H. Cartledge, who was conducting the funeral rites, says he did not hear the noise, as he is a little deaf, but noticed the congregation was excited and that there was something unusual operating upon the audience.

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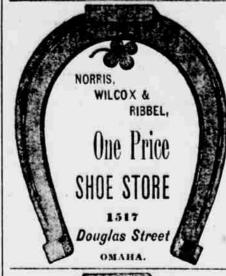
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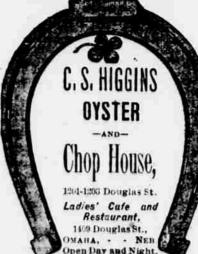
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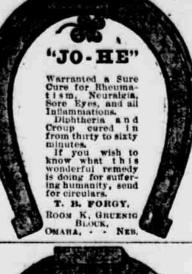
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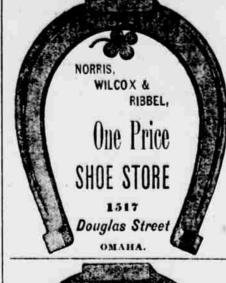
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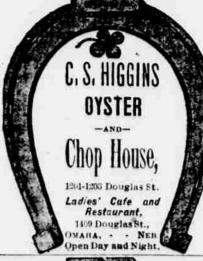




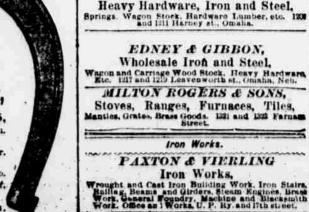








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