

the other day about some hunter on the plains who was pursued by a relentless cyclone. In sheer desperation the hunter turned and fired his trusty rifle at the rapidly approaching funnel-shaped cloud. Instantly the wind began to lose its nerve, and in less than a minute the landscape was as beautiful as a day in June.

Mr. Betts shut himself up and wrestled with the secrets of nature. At last he struck pay gravel, and his patent is applied for.

"It is a large rubber ball filled with gun cotton or dynamite," he explains, "which will be hurled with terrific force at the advancing cyclone. The explosive will have a fuse to it which will be ignited automatically."

He further explained that the propelling instrument was so arranged that it always pointed at the cyclone. The ball was thrown after the wind had attained a certain velocity.

Mr. Betts has had a great deal of trouble in arranging this last detail. For he found that if he set it at too low a notch the machine would go off in a stiff breeze and throw the rubber ball of dynamite over into a neighboring pasture or down into a cow lot, doing great and immediate damage to the cows without any material advantage. Then, again, if the machine were set too high, it would not get into active operation until after the entire family had crossed the Dark River and the cyclone was in the next county.

Mr. Betts says there is no question but that a dose of dynamite will knock any cyclone cold. The machines can be put on a high pole out of the reach of goats and children.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**Terms That Really Mean the Same.**  
The English language must appear fearfully and wonderfully made to a foreigner. One of them, looking at a number of vessels, said, "See what a flock of ships." He was told that was a flock, and that a fleet of sheep was a flock, and it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, and a bevy of wolves is called a drove, and a drove of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of warriors is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a pack, and a pack of swans is called a whiteness, and a whiteness of geese is called a gaggle, and a gaggle of brant is called a gang, and a gang of ducks is called a team.

A team of widows is called a company (or trip), and a company of teal is called a flock, and a flock of snipe is called a whisp, and a whisp of bitterns and herons is called a sedge, and a sedge of plovers is called a flock, and a flock of larks is called an exaltation, and an exaltation of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of iron is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whines is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of soldiers is called a corps, and a corps of sailors is called a crew, and a crew of robbers is called a band, and a band of bees is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.—Ashton (Eng.) Reporter.

**She Was Heroic in Her Way.**  
A somewhat amusing incident occurred at an English provincial theater during a performance of "Called Back." Early in the evening an old lady took up her seat in the balcony and concentrated her attention on the play. When Antony received his coup de grace at the hands of Macari the lady became very excited and fainted. She was taken down to the vestibule, and on recovery it was suggested she should leave the theater. This, however, she declined to do, being anxious to witness, as she put it, "the beautiful play."

She accordingly returned to her seat, apparently well. The vision scene in Act I next proved too much for her, and again she fainted. Once more restoratives were applied, and she declared her intention of staying to the end. Nothing occurred in Act II to arouse her sympathies, but the Siberian scene in Act III, in which Dr. Ceneri shuffles off the mortal coil, again upset her nerves, and once more she fainted. By this time the management had had enough of the thing, and the old lady was sent away in a cab to her residence, not far off.—Jester.

**Shaving Is Dangerous.**  
We have often heard that shaving the face with a razor was a bad thing; that it injured the nerves and caused weak eyes; that it removed the natural covering from the throat and neck, and that altogether it was thoroughly physiological. A writer in The Medical Classics has been looking into this matter a little more closely. By the aid of a microscope applied to a closely shaven face he discovered that the skin resembles a piece of raw beef. The razor removes not only the hair, but also a portion of the cuticle. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the naked eye, but under the microscope each little quivering mouth holds a drop of blood. The nerve lips are also uncovered and the pores are left unprotected, making the skin tender and unhealthy, and the person is liable to have colds, hoarseness and sore throat.

**Dining in Paris.**  
Ladies of the world in Paris have introduced a new fad, and this is to go and dine with their husbands and brothers at the Cercle de la Rue Royale. These dinners take place in private salons attached to the club, and are the most select and choice little feasts imaginable, the cooking being of the very best. The Marquis de Moray gave one of these dinners to several of his friends. The table was decked under a canopy of sea roses, and the cloth was concealed by a field of Russian violets, which filled the room with their intoxicating perfume.—San Francisco Argonaut.

### A SEA OTTER HUNTER'S HARD TRIP OFF THE PACIFIC COAST.

**A Very Lucrative Business Spoiled by the Perverseness of a Stupid Bull-Headed, Humpbacked Whale—An Incredible Story of Hard Luck.**

In passing up Front street a reporter's attention was attracted to a singular appearing man who stood in front of a hide and fur store examining a very handsome sea otter skin which hung in the window. His hair was long, and his face covered with a full growth of beard of a rich auburn hue, which hung down on his breast. His clothing was of strange make and material, and his tout ensemble was calculated to give one an idea that "the wild man of Borneo had just come to town." The reporter approached the window, and after pausing a moment said:

"That is a very handsome skin!"  
"Yes," said the stranger, "it is very fine. There is nothing that produces better fur than the sea otter. I have shot many of them."

"Might I ask where?" said the reporter.  
"The sea otter is a mammal now."  
"I suppose they are about all killed off by this time on the coast," said the stranger. "It was ten years ago when I was shooting them on the coast of Washington territory, and they were not very numerous then, but in the course of two years I had killed over fifty, besides a good many fur seals, and had saved up over \$5,000 in cash, when I was suddenly broke up in business and taken to a strange country by a very singular accident."

On being pressed for an explanation the stranger told the following remarkable story: "Ten years ago I was hunting sea otters on one of the wildest parts of the coast of Washington, several miles north of the Quillayute Indian reservation, between Destruction Island and Cape Flattery. It is one of the wildest and most out of the way places on the coast. I had been shipwrecked on Destruction Island, and had been rescued by the Quillayute Indians and had been living with them several years, and had married the daughter of one of the head men of the tribe."

**A DANGEROUS PERIL.**  
"I was happy and contented, for, after years spent in the forecastle of a ship, the life I led among the Indians was comparatively pleasant and luxurious. Besides, as I told you, I had saved up several thousand dollars, when in a moment, by the freak of a stupid, bull-headed, humpbacked whale, I was torn from my home and family and cast penniless on the shores of a stranger and wilder country than the one I had so unceremoniously left, among people compared to whom my Quillayute friends were civilized and intelligent."

"You know, of course, how sea otters are shot by the hunter having a stand rigged up away out as far from the shore as possible, by setting up three tall poles, so that they cross a few feet from the top, and by building a kind of crow's nest in the top of this frail structure. I had rigged up one of these stands away out at low water mark and made it as comfortable as possible, and sometimes spent two or three days out there, my wife keeping a lookout and securing any otters or seals I shot. I was doing first rate, owing to being so far out, and, although several times badly scared by rough weather and by schools of whales, which came around my lookout, I could not think of giving it up for a place which might be safer, but where I could not kill so many otters."

"The last time I got into my lookout was early one morning. As the weather had been stormy I was expecting that otters and seals would be coming near the shore, so I took along a good supply of provisions and water and plenty of tobacco and ammunition, expecting to stay out two or three days. As soon as it was light and the tide was near the flood, I saw a number of otters lying asleep in the water just beyond range, and while I was waiting for them to drift down toward me along came a school of half a dozen or more of the small whales common on that coast."

**OFF TO SEA ON A WHALE.**  
"They came toward my lookout rolling and spouting and playing, and at length I saw one of them making right for the lookout. I was afraid he would upset me, and yelled at him, but, whether by accident or design I knew not, he plunged between two of the poles on which my nest was perched, and striking the other with his nose shoved it away in front of him, and over went my nest, landing on his back, one of the poles sticking straight ahead and the others straddling him as a man does a horse. When I saw I was going I jumped and landed astride the whale's tail, and quicker than a wink with my keen sheath knife I cut the muscles on each side of his tail, which prevented him from going down. I then clambered up to my nest, and there I was aloft on a whale, with provisions for three days and neither sail, oar nor compass."

"The first thing I did was to cut some loops in the thick hide of the whale and secure my nest by lashing it firmly to his back. He struck out from shore and made the best speed he could with his partially disabled tail. I hunched my provisions and water, and as I had some whisky and plenty of tobacco and was used to living in my nest, I got along very comfortably for a week, when things began to look blue. Fortunately a Russian ship bound for Vladivostok came along and picked me up."

"I was so uncomfortable on board that as we were passing the Kooril islands I stole a boat and got ashore, and, after spending about six years there with the wild inhabitants, succeeded in getting across to Japan and finally in a ship to South America, and arrived here a day or two since on a ship, and am unbound for Callam county, Wash. to see what has become of my wife and the twenty dollar pieces we had when I went away."—Portland Oregonian.

"Love cannot fail" when joy grows pale,  
And hope's blithe heart forlorn;  
When sin makes black the shining track  
Beneath the hills of morn;  
When faith is weak, and dare not seek  
The soul's abiding place;  
When doubt detaches from Time's dark drift,  
A man, bewildered face;

When pain's keen blade deep wounds has made  
From which we vainly shrink;  
When life burns low, with flickering glow,  
Above death's somber brink;  
When earth's last light fades into night,  
"And all is said and done,"  
"Love cannot fail," and must prevail,  
For God and Love are one.  
—W. H. Hayne in Sunday School Times.

### LIFE IN CALIFORNIA IN '49.

**A State of Society in Which Women Had Little or No Part for a Time.**

Life in California was at that time a wild romance. No words of mine can describe the scenes that were enacted during that chaotic period. Thousands of men, organized in bands or wholly disorganized, were constantly arriving from every part of the world and leaving for the diggings. Outlaws and professional gamblers opened saloons by the score at every point where men congregated. Money was scattered everywhere as if by the wind. Miners who had realized fortunes in a few days came down to Stockton, Sacramento and San Francisco to squander them in a night. Scarcely a woman was anywhere to be seen. All restraining influences of society were absent, and I cannot find an expression better suited to the case than "Pandemonium on a frolic."

As there were no wives there could be no homes or families. A few stores had been hastily put up along the shore, made of rough boards or canvas, and all of them were doing an enormous business. The rest of the village consisted of shanties or tents used for restaurants and saloons. Human life was a moving panorama. The whole place was alive with a mass of unkempt men clad in flannel shirts and heavy boots, who were inspired with the one desire to hurry on to the mines.

This rough life was not without its touches of sentiment. One day the town was electrified by the rumor that an invoice of women's bonnets had arrived and could be seen at one of the stores. The excitement was intense, and there was a rush from every direction to get a realistic view of even so insignificant a substitute for female society. I do not overstate the truth in saying that the thoughts of home that were awakened in the breasts of the rude looking men at the sight of those bonnets started tears from eyes which the worst forms of privation and hardship had failed to moisten.

The Christian missionary was already on the ground, and good Parson Williams had managed to find a place where he could preach on Sunday. One of the first men who arrived with his family came to one of these meetings attended by his wife and baby. During the sermon it chanced that the baby cried, and the mother was about to withdraw, when the preacher addressed her thus:

"My good woman, I beg you to remain: the innocent sound of that infant's voice is more eloquent than any words I can command. It speaks to the hearts of men whose wives and children are far away, looking and praying for a safe return to their own loved ones at home." Never shall I forget the sobs and tears which those words evoked throughout that rough assembly. That infant's cry seemed to them the music of angels.—John C. Fremont in Century.

### Antiquity of Fishing.

Probably no branch of industry can lay claim to greater antiquity than that of fishing. Its origin would seem to be coeval with the earliest efforts of human ingenuity, for the oldest monuments of antiquity show the fisherman in full possession of the implements of his calling, and even those tribes of savages which have learned neither to keep flocks nor to till the fields are skilled in the fabrication of the hook, the fish spear and the net. The earliest civilization of the eastern Mediterranean was begun with fishing. Sidon, which means "the fishery," was originally a fishing village, and its enterprising inhabitants devoted their attention mainly to the collection of a certain kind of mollusks, from which they prepared the famous Tyrian purple, prized more highly for the richness and variety of its hues than any other dye known to the ancients.—Washington Star.

### Are You Right or Left Handed?

Theories as to the origin and cause of right handedness may be divided as follows: According to one class of theories, it rests on an anatomical basis and depends on a physical cause which exerts its influence in every one of us. According to another class, man originally had no preference for either hand, but became right handed by conventional usages, which may or may not have had their origin in some anatomical features. For any theory of the first class to be satisfactory it must, first, account for difference in sensation as well as in force or dexterity; second, it must account for the occasional appearance of left handedness; and, third, it must not be inconsistent with the fact that most of those who have their organs transposed—the heart on the right, the liver on the left, etc.—are right handed.—Thomas Dwight, M. D., in Scribner's.

### Guard Your Speech.

Elmer Young, an Oswego man, felt funny the other morning, and he said to Mrs. White, who was going to the grocery, "Trot along after your coal oil, sissy." She had him arrested, and the court decided that "sissy" was slander and gave her a verdict for \$50.—Detroit Free Press.

### Her Changed Estate.

Mistress (to former servant)—Where are you living now, Bridget?  
Bridget (haughtily)—Shure, mum, Oi don't live any where. Oi'm married.—Kate Field's Washington.

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Baby is Sick—The woeful expression of a Des Moines teamster's countenance showed his deep anxiety was not entirely without cause, when he inquired of a druggist of the same city what was the best to give to a baby for a cold? It was not necessary for him to say more, his countenance showed that the pet of the family, if not the idol of his life was in distress. "We give our baby Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," was the druggist's answer. "I don't like to give the baby such strong medicine," said the teamster. "You know John Oleson, of the Watters-Talbot Printing Co., don't you? Inquired the druggist. His baby, when eighteen months old, got hold of a bottle of Chamberlain Cough Remedy and drank the whole of it. Of course it the baby vomit very freely but did not hurt it the least, and what is more it cured the baby's cold. The teamster already knew the value of the Remedy, having used it himself, and was now satisfied that there was no danger in giving it even to a baby. For Sale by F. G. Fricke & Co. Druggists.

Croup, whooping cough and bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. 4

The Orepolis operator slept on his post of duty, and has been relieved.

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No farmer or stockman can afford to be without Haller's Barb Wire Lintment. Animals supposed to be permanently injured and useless, have been made valuable by its timely use. We are so well pleased with its results that we heartily recommend it to our customers. For sale by all druggists. 2

**Parseparrilla.**  
There is one fact so plain that no one need be mistaken, and that is no person can have good health where the blood, the very life itself, is in an unhealthy and impure condition. We guarantee Haller's Sarsaparilla and Burdock Compound to remove all humors and impurities from the blood and eradicate every particle of disease from the system. For sale by all druggists.

I am now prepared to deliver ice to any part of the city. Telephone 72. H. C. McMAKEN. wtf

Catarrh in New England. Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to everyone using it for catarrhal troubles.—G. K. Mellor, druggist, Worcester, Mass. I believe Ely's Cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public.—Bush & Co., druggists, Worcester, Mass.

An article of real merit.—C. P. Alden, druggist, Springfield, Mass. Those who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Cream Balm has given satisfactory results.—W. P. Draper, druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Mmes. Wise & Root have just received over 200 styles of hats and largest assortment of French flower and combination for hats ever brought to this city. Our readers will profit to call at once and inspect these handsome goods.

Are we in it? Are we in it? Are we in it?  
Well I should say so, when it comes to wall paper, or wall paper or wall paper, we are clear in it, that is with the largest stock greatest variety and the lowest prices. We call the attention of, and invite, every one to come and examine our stock and prices. Who are we that advertise thus? We are the lowest price, and the leading house in the wall paper business, the only small things about us is our prices. Gering & Co., druggist.

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