

## A BIT OF DIPLOMACY

### An English Official Who Outwitted a French Admiral.

#### HOW PERIM ISLAND WAS WON

The interesting story that is told by a White House on the foreshore of the Arabian Coast at the Southern Entrance to the Red Sea.

On the foreshore of the Arabian coast in the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, at the southern entrance to the Red sea, stands a large white house concerning which the travelers to the far east may hear a curious story. In the middle of the nineteenth century, when M. de Lesseps after many difficulties had successfully floated the Suez Canal company, the governor of the British port of Aden, about 100 miles distant, was surprised one morning by the visit of a French squadron of very unusual size for that part of the orient, which, having encountered a terrific storm off Sokatra, had put in for repairs.

In the mind of the governor curiosity was at once aroused as to the destination of so large a command, a curiosity which increased as he found it impossible to extract any further information from the French admiral or his officers beyond the statement that they were upon an ordinary cruise, an explanation which the former was not the least inclined to believe.

Firm in the belief, therefore, that some political move of great importance was afoot, if not afoot, the governor, in order first of all to gain time, gave orders to go very tortoise-like on the repairs and then set to work to take the Frenchmen off their guard by giving a succession of such entertainments as both his slender means and the awful barrenness of the place would afford.

But, though at the end of two weeks the French and British officers had got upon the best of terms, the immediate destination of the French squadron remained as much of a mystery to the governor of Aden as before, and in spite of all possible delay the repairs were nearly completed.

Now, it happened that the wife of the governor possessed an Irish maid, who had been receiving attentions from one of the French petty officers—attentions which the girl did not regard seriously. It occurred to the governor that by such means something might be learned of his unexpected visitor's plans, and a private conversation between the governor's wife and her maid resulted in another between the latter and her French admirer, by which it was discovered that Perim Island was the objective point.

At this information the governor opened his eyes wide indeed, for, if the Suez canal were cut through, Perim, as commanding the southern entrance to the Red sea, in the middle of the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, would be a place of great strategic importance, over which, without doubt, it was the intention of the French admiral to hoist the tricolor.

Secretly giving orders, therefore, for a gunboat to immediately embark a detachment of soldiers and steal away in the night for Perim Island, the governor then announced a farewell banquet and ball for the day but one following, a final act of courtesy with which the French admiral would willingly have dispensed, for he was anxious to sail, but which he could not well refuse on account of the use he had made of the British supplies and machinery at Aden.

So the dinner and party in due course came off, the governor being in high spirits, because in the meantime he had received the news of the occupation of Perim, which under the circumstances would surely be followed by the longed for promotion, and the French admiral was equally happy for he hoped on the morrow to add the same important little speck of land to the dominion of his own country thereby covering his breast with the stars and himself with maritime glory.

Next day, after an interchange of cordial farewells, the French squadron sailed away to an apparently unknown destination, until, when clear of the land, the course was laid full speed direct for Perim Island.

Then what were the dismay and disappointment of the French admiral and his officers when, on coming in sight of their destination, they beheld the British flag flying and a company of soldiers drawn up to give them a proper salute. It is said the French admiral was so mortified at being thus outwitted that he first flung his cocked hat overboard and then followed it himself into the sea.

Be this as it may, as Perim was clearly already occupied by the British, the only counter move which the French could make was to take possession of a strip of the foreshore on the opposite Arabian coast, where they built the fortified white house in question, but as the place was entirely at the mercy of the guns on Perim Island it was shortly abandoned, to remain to this day as a monument of a French admiral's undoing.—Exchange.

#### In Honor of Minerva.

The most notable festival at Athens was in honor of Minerva. All classes of citizens on this particular day marched in procession. The oldest went first, then the young men, then the children, the young women, the matrons and the people of the lower orders. The most prominent object in the parade was a ship propelled by hidden machinery and bearing at its masthead the sacred banner of the goddess.

#### IDENTIFIED.

The Bank Teller Was Silenced and Paid the Money.

A lady with a severe and determined looking face and in whose eyes there was a gleam of triumph entered a bank and presented a check to the paying teller.

"I'm very sorry to trouble you, madam," said the bank teller politely, "but you'll have to be identified." He pushed the check across the marble slab toward her as he spoke.

"Identified?" repeated the lady. "What does that mean? Isn't the check good?"

The bank man did not smile, for this was the thirty-seventh lady who had asked this question that day.

"I have no doubt it is," he said, "but I don't know you. Do you know anybody in the bank?"

"Why, I'm Mrs. Weatherley!" exclaimed the lady. "Didn't you see my



"I'll show you who I am."

name on the check? See, here it is." The teller shook his head wearily.

"You must be identified," he insisted. "You must bring somebody who knows you." The lady drew herself up.

"That check," she said with dignity, "was given me by my husband. There's his name on it. Do you know him?"

"I do," said the teller, "but I don't know you."

"Then," said the lady, "I'll show you who I am. My husband is a tall man with reddish hair. His face is smooth shaven. He has a mole on one cheek and looks something like a gorilla, some people say, but I don't think so. When he talks he twists his mouth to one side, and one of his front teeth is missing. He wears a No. 15 collar, a No. 6 shoe and won't keep his coat buttoned. He's the hardest man to get money out of you ever saw. It took me three days to get this check." The banker waved his hand.

"I guess it's all right," he said. "Put your name right there—no, on the back, not the face."—Galveston News.

#### The Last Great Prize.

As we grow older and the shadows begin to lengthen and the leaves which seemed so thick in youth above our heads grow thin and show the sky beyond, and as those in the ranks in front drop away, and we come in sight, as we all must, of the eternal ride pits beyond, a man begins to feel that among the really precious things of life, more lasting and more substantial than many of the objects of ambition here, is the love of those he loves and the friendship of those whose friendship he prizes.—Henry Cabot Lodge.

#### No Boxes For Two.

Telephone girls sometimes glory in their mistakes if there is a joke in consequence. The story is told by a telephone operator in one of the Boston exchanges about a man who asked her for the number of a local theater. He got the wrong number, and without asking to whom he was talking he said, "Can I get a box for two to night?"

A startled voice answered him at the other end of the line. "We don't have boxes for two."

"Isn't this the theater?" he called crossly.

"Why, no," was the answer; "this is an undertaking shop."

He canceled his order for a "box for two."

#### Something Missing.

This is J. M. Barrie's favorite story about Bret Harte. When Harte reached Glasgow after his appointment as the American consul to that city his finances were at a comparatively low ebb, and instead of going at first to a hotel he found it expedient to seek lodgings at once. His search led him to a dour Scotch landlady, arrangements were made, and after leaving his belongings in his new home he went out to look after his official duties. Upon his return that evening he was met by the landlady. Her attitude was stern and questioning. "I've been looking over your belongings, Mr. Harte," she said, "but whaur's your Bible?"—Bookman.

#### One on the Professor.

One sarcastic college lecturer has got his deserts. A frequently inattentive member of his class appeared to be drawing in his notebook—perhaps a caricature of the instructor.

The lecturer paused and asked impressively: "Do you think that scribbling you are doing is important?"

"I don't know sir, I'm sure," responded the youth. "I was taking down what you were saying."

#### GOOD EXERCISE.

Practicing Juggling at Home as an Aid to Health.

It has been contended that the easiest and pleasantest way to keep in fit condition is to practice juggling, the art of balancing and catching objects.

When exercising at home, unwatched by a teacher, one is likely to perform his exercises in an incorrect or slovenly fashion, thus doing himself more harm than good, but the simplest feat of juggling can be done in only one way, the right way. Again, where physical exercise develops only a certain part or parts of the body five minutes' juggling calls into play every important muscle. Finally, few physical exercises train the eye or the hand. Juggling does both.

The mistake the novice is likely to make is that he tries to do off-hand what it has taken the experienced juggler years of practice to accomplish. The beginner should, of course, start with the easiest feats, such as balancing a walking stick on his forehead or tossing a ball from behind his back over his shoulder and catching it as it falls. If one is really fond of juggling he may invent his own problems.

Here are a few axioms: It is easier to balance a thing on your head than on your hand.

Up to the point where great physical strength is required the larger the object the easier it is to balance. Thus it is easier to balance a walking stick on your forehead than it is a pencil.

One should always look at the top of whatever he is balancing. Beginners make the mistake of looking at the bottom or the middle of the stick or whatever is being juggled. Again, when catching things do not watch your hands. Keep your eye on the object, just as you would to catch a batted ball.

In all balancing feats it should be remembered that the shape of the object is immaterial. What one has to do is to balance an imaginary line passing vertically through the center of gravity of the object, or, in other words, to keep its axis perpendicular to whatever it is balanced upon. Juggling is said to be the best and healthiest of indoor exercises, because it does not weary, because it develops every part of the body, because it trains the hand and the eye and because it makes for grace.—New York Tribune.

#### An Afghan Trick.

During a shooting match in the presence of the governor of Kandahar the sirdar noticed to his astonishment that the heads of sparrows were the favorite butt of the marksmen, who but seldom missed their aim, whereupon he declared that it was far more difficult to hit an egg. Sir Peter laughed at the supposition, but the sirdar stood his ground, and the matter was put to the test. An egg was suspended on a wall, and the soldiers fired at it; but, strange to say, not one of them hit the egg. The governor and his suit kept their countenances and excused the nonsuccess of the firing party on the ground of the difficulty of the thing. At last a ball happened to hit the thread to which the egg was fastened, and it fell to the ground without breaking. Now the mystery was solved. The cunning Afghan had used a blown egg, and the featherweight shell had been moved aside each time by the current of air in front of the ball and thus escaped being hit.

#### Snubbed a Duke.

Manners mark the man, but the typical Briton resents any advance from a stranger with a cold stare. Yet it is an Englishman who narrates an incident of railway travel. On the way to London in a first class compartment were two well dressed men. Opposite them sat an elderly gentleman, whose fur coat and silk hat both looked shabby. The elderly man made a remark about the weather. The others stared at him with insolent silence. When the train reached Waterloo there came two tall flunkies in fur tippets and corded hats to the door of our compartment, and one of them said to the shabby old gentleman, "Your grace, the carriage is here." Whereupon the two snobs turned thirteen different kinds of green and pink and purple, and I went on my way rejoicing. The cads had snubbed a duke.—Washington Herald.

#### The Nightingales.

The father of Florence Nightingale was William Shore, who assumed by letters patent the surname of Nightingale in 1815. The name, together with the family property, came from old Peter Nightingale, against whom Arkwright, inventor of the spinning jenny, brought in 1776 one of his actions for infringement of patent rights. Lea Hurst, the home of the Nightingales in Derbyshire, is only two miles from Cromford, where Arkwright set up his mill and the adjacent manor house of which he purchased from Nightingale.—London Chronicle.

#### DEGREES OF BURNS.

How They Are Marked and How They Should Be Treated.

The medical books describe several degrees of burns, according to the amount of damage the fire has done to the skin or the parts beneath.

The first degree consists merely in redness and stinging of the skin, such as is caused by the flame of a match touching the finger for an instant or by a drop of hot wax from a candle falling on the hand. Ordinarily this is a trivial accident, and the pain of it, if annoying, may be subdued by applying a cloth wet with a solution of cooking soda, but if a large surface is burned, as when a cambric night dress catches fire and blazes up for a moment, but is quickly extinguished, the patient may suffer severely from shock.

In the second degree, blisters form on the injured part. Care must be taken not to tear the blisters—in removing the burned clothing, for example. A little snip with clean scissors or two or three punctures with a clean needle should be made in the part of the blister which protrudes most, and as soon as the water has drained away the part should be covered with a cloth wet with soda solution or with equal parts of limewater and olive oil—called carron oil.

In burns of the third degree the upper layer of the skin is destroyed. This is the most painful of burns, for the sensitive cutaneous nerves are exposed. The first thing to do is to cover the part so as to protect the bare nerve endings from contact with the air. The same dressing as that for burns of the second degree will give relief until the physician comes. Carron oil is best, but the soda solution is better than nothing and much better than plain water or oil.

In burns of the fourth degree—the third and fourth degrees usually occur together—the skin is burned through and the bare flesh is exposed. This, strange as it may seem, is less painful than a third degree burn, for now the nerve endings, which receive and transmit the painful sensations, are entirely destroyed. It is more serious in its after effects, because it always leaves a scar which is disfiguring and may contract and draw the part out of shape.

In burns of the fifth degree the muscles and other tissues are more or less extensively disintegrated, and in those of the sixth degree the entire limb—finger, hand, arm, foot or leg—is destroyed.

In all these severe burns there is more or less shock, which may be so profound as to kill, and there are also serious symptoms caused by congestion of the internal organs and probably also by a poison formed in the burned tissues.—Youth's Companion.

#### The Chief Requisite.

Richard Watson Gilder had a dry wit of his own. He once received a call from a young woman who wished to secure material for an article of 3,000 words on "Young Women in Literature." "It was a fetching subject, full of meat," explained the young woman afterward, "and I saw not only 3,000 words in the story, but at least 6,000. But I never got any further than the first question. Mr. Gilder's answer took the very life out of me. I asked him, 'Now, Mr. Gilder, what would you say was the first, the chief, the all essential requisite for a young woman entering the literary field?' I waited with bated breath, when he answered, 'Postage stamps!'"

#### Where She Draw the Line.

A story of a little maiden who finally asserted her rights is related in an exchange.

She was only three years old, and it was her first visit to a number of relatives. Aunts, uncles and cousins crowded around her and kissed her over and over again. She stood it patiently and gave every kiss that was asked for without demur. After awhile, when she had run the gamut of affectionate relatives, Uncle Tom said, "Now, baby, I'll take you out to see the cow."

Outside the door she stopped and shook her little head. "Uncle Tom," she said, "I won't kiss the cow!"

And Uncle Tom took pity upon her and did not insist.

#### It Made Him Angry.

When a merchant in the Hill district who had been standing in front of his store saw two young men stop the other day and begin looking over his wares he naturally was pleased and immediately gave them attention.

"I want to know," began one of them, "if you have any clean shirts ready to wear?"

"Certainly, certainly!" was the quick response.

"Well, then, go in and put one of them on," was the reply of the smart young man as he and his companion continued on their journey.

Eyewitnesses say that the merchant didn't laugh.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

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