

COCOA AND COCAINE.

THEY ARE MADE FROM ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT SHRUBS.

One Is a Delightful Food, the Other Is a Powerful Nerve Stimulant—Chocolate and Cocca Are Identical—How the Former Grows—How It Is Obtained.

The introduction and the common use of the terms "cocoa" and "cocca," applicable to medicinal substances, have had the effect of confusing people's minds with regard to the source and preparation, and, in some cases, creating a prejudice against the use of wholly different substances—chocolate and cocca. The medicinal wines of cocca and the powerful alkaloids and nerve stimulants, cocca and hygrine, are prepared from the leaves of erythroxylon cocca, a shrub indigenous to Peru and Bolivia, wholly different to theobroma cocca, a small but beautiful tree, which grows luxuriantly both wild and cultivated in the northern parts of South America, Central America, Mexico and the West Indies, from the seeds of which chocolate and cocca, and from the oil cocca ointment or "butter," are prepared.

When the Spaniards first visited Mexico, four centuries ago, they found the natives using chocolate. It was introduced into Europe as early as 1520, and has since been more or less extensively used in every civilized country. Linnaeus was so fond of it that he gave to the tree from which it was obtained the name of Theobroma—food for the gods. Chocolate and cocca are only two forms of the same substance.

HOW COCOA IS OBTAINED. The tree twice a year yields a crop of reddish spongy fruit, shaped somewhat like a cucumber. The ripe fruit being collected at the decline of the moon, the tree continues its yield for twenty or thirty years. Each fruit or pod contains from six to fifty beans—usually about twenty—and there are from ten to twenty pounds of such beans from each tree at each crop. The beans are usually about the size of large almonds. They are frequently (from a confusion of language) called indifferently "beans," "seeds," "nuts," "berries," and "fruits," but their character will be better understood by regarding them as beans contained within a pod. They are generally picked out and dried for exportation.

Besides the beans the pulp contains a creamy and cordial juice, and by steaming and pressing the beans will yield one-third of their weight of a kind of butter to which the richness of cocca is due.

For preparing the beverage material the beans are exported in their original state, to be converted into cocca or chocolate by a manufacturing process. They are first roasted in slowly rotating ovens, then broken by machine into such a state that the husks may be separated from the kernels by a blast of air, and they are afterward treated and beaten and converted into a pulp by means of their own oil.

The pulp, when ground between millstones till it assumes a consistency something like that of treacle, is in a state to receive any of the modifications that will fit it for the market. It may be "plain cocca," or "homoeopathic cocca" or "vanilla chocolate;" it may have arrowroot or sago or sugar mixed with it; or if the manufacturers be finctured with roguery there may perchance be bean meal or other adulterants mixed with the pulp.

CHOCOLATE IN MANY FORMS. The pulp, when fully prepared in any of these diverse ways, is cast into large molds; the cakes thus produced are cut into minute shreds by machine, and the shreds are rubbed, sifted and packed for sale.

The preparations of cocca and chocolate made in France are more numerous than usually made in England or the United States; they comprise vanilla chocolate, milk chocolate, chocolate bonbons, chocolate papillotes, chocolate crackers, chocolate pastilles, chocolate with taraxacum or with sarsaparilla, chocolate with tar—in short, there is no end to the list; for one admit the principal of mixing cocca with vegetable infusions or decoctions or essences and the variety becomes interminable.

The French limit themselves to the use of the word "chocolate," derived from the Mexican name of the plant (chocolatl); they seldom speak of "cocca." What are called "cocca nibs" are the beans roughly crushed. "Flake cocca," also, is another name for the beans when crushed between rollers, but before anything else has been added to them. The husk of the seed after roasting contains a good deal of nutriment; indeed, so do the pods likewise, and all three are more or less used in making cheap cocca.

The plant is certainly used in more ways than coffee—drank as a thick decoction (made to somewhat resemble gruel), made into various confections and pastries, eaten as bonbons, etc.—while a poor decoction is drunk in some places by boiling the husks separated from the beans.

While chocolate and cocca contain an essential principle, theobromine, comparable to caffeine and theine—the alkaloids of coffee and tea—it is much less potent as a disturber of the nervous system; and chocolate and cocca are proportionally more welcome as a beverage, besides possessing specially nutritive qualities, which render them much more sustaining than tea.—Dr. H. N. Bell in Sanitarian.

Pinions Are Wings, But—Bowles—Mr. Stiffany, I would like you to fix the wings of this watch. Stiffany—Wings? I do not understand you. Bowles—Perhaps I haven't got it right. What are those appendages by which a butterfly is enabled to fly? Pin—pin—Stiffany—Pinions? Bowles—Oh, yes; fix the watch's pinions. Stiffany—Oh!—Jewelers Circular

Rubber Rings His Feed. For a long time lumps of crude rubber and elastic bands have mysteriously vanished from the counter of Morrissey's "all night" pharmacy in Brooklyn. Nobody was able to throw any light on the enigma until Drug Clerk Bosworth made a discovery.

It was late at night and the store was quiet. Trade had been dull for an hour and Bosworth felt like taking a nap. Just as he was about dropping off to sleep he happened to look up and caught a glimpse of "Doc," a big cat that lives in the pharmacy. He was at lunch, and was feasting on rubber bands.

One by one he extracted them from their little glass receptacle and munched away with evident relish. Bosworth did not disturb him, but sat still and counted the rings as they vanished down the cat's throat. When forty-three had faded from view "Doc" stopped eating, gave a wide yawn and stretched himself out for an after dinner nap on top of a showcase.

Having accidentally solved the mystery, Bosworth resolved to have some fun at "Doc's" expense, so, after the cat had been dozing for an hour, he called him. "Doc" came to the front quickly. In his hand Bosworth held a large elastic band. This he extended toward the cat. "Doc's" eyes seemed to sparkle as he contemplated the luscious morsel, and without hesitation seized it with his teeth.

Bosworth, however, had a good grip on the other end. When the cat pulled, Bosworth pulled, too, but the little tug of war did not last long, for the mischievous clerk suddenly relaxed his hold on the band, and as it snapped back it caught the unlucky cat a stinging cut on the end of his nose. He dropped the band as if it were a hot potato, sprang from the counter and ran out of the store with a cry of distress.

Since then, although Bosworth and his friends, to whom he related the incident, have repeatedly tried to induce "Doc" to submit to being hand fed with rubber rings, he steadfastly refuses to indulge. His abnormal appetite has been cured.—New York Herald.

A Change in the Manner of Marketing. If any one is desirous of seeing the only extant specimen of old fashioned marketing it can be witnessed in and about Washington market on Saturday morning. In a former generation the head of the household rose at daylight, and grasping a huge basket betook himself to Washington, Clinton or Jefferson market to secure the choice cut of beef and the freshest vegetables and berries. The leonine head and massive figure of Gen. Scott could be seen nearly every morning at Jefferson market, and every burly butcher and red checked market woman looked for his greeting as a matter of course.

At Clinton market the heads of the Lord, Lydig, Griffin, Aymar and other families of social note did not disdain to put in a personal appearance, and amid the jokes and laughter that the wit of the society man and the ready repartee of the market woman provoked the work of filling the basket was a pleasant one. Times change, and the grandsons of the men who carried their own baskets to market are waited upon by the butcher and green grocer at their houses, but some of the gray haired sons of those venerable men still go down to market on Saturdays, and they naturally have enough imitators to make this personal visitation a feature, on Saturdays especially. This set are careful purchasers and only buy after examination and study. They know what is good and where to get it, and evidently it pays them to carry their own baskets.—New York Sun.

Two Words. People who wish to send home telegrams from abroad commonly arrange a system of cipher in order to make the expense as small as possible. A story is told of one man, however, whose ingenuity supplied the lack of any prearranged cipher.

A western man who owned a great farm in Dakota was obliged to cross the water for business purposes. For three months he heard nothing from the man whom he had left in charge of the farm, and at last he became somewhat disturbed. He was an illiterate person, though a capital farmer, and the writing of a telegram was a matter of some difficulty. At last he sent off the following cryptic message: "Is any all right at the farm?"

Instantly he awaited the answer. It would be expensive, he felt sure, whether it brought good or bad news, judging by his own experience.

But his trusty foreman was a person of few words and strict ideas of economy, and the envelope which his anxious employer received as soon as possible contained simply this message, "Things is."—Youth's Companion.

A True Philanthropist. A philanthropic lady, Mrs. Magnusson, is about to sell her family heirlooms for the purpose of opening a high school for girls in Ireland. Some of these articles are 700 years old, and the unique collection comprises belts, clasps, bracelets, brooches, old wood earrings and spoons.

This lady has, by the help of some friends in England, succeeded in erecting a building on a piece of ground which belonged to her, and it is for the purpose of furnishing the interior, of supplying books, and paying teachers that the lady has determined to part with her cherished heirloom. The great test of a woman's devotion to any purpose seems to have been, from Queen Isabella down, the sale of her jewels to forward its interests, and it is an indisputable fact that comparatively few women can endure this test of her loyalty.—New York Sun.

All cigarettes contain, according to Professor Laffin, a competent scientist and chemist, five distinct poisons. Three of these are the most deadly oils, one in the paper wrapper, one in the nicotine, and the third, and the worst, in the flavoring. The other poisons are saltpeter and opium.

ANOTHER POCAHONTAS.

AN ALASKAN VERSION OF THE JOHN SMITH ROMANCE.

Ah Wing, a Chinese Cook, Is Cast Away, Rescued by Indians, and Is Being Fattened for the Pot, When an Indian Maiden Saves His Life.

Pocahontas has been outdone by an Alaskan maiden. John Smith was only in danger of having his brains spattered over the surrounding real estate when Pocahontas rescued him with her love. The John Smith of Alaska was not only in danger of being killed, but of being eaten when the woman in whose eyes he found favor saved him.

The Alaskan John Smith was not a titled explorer when he fell into the hands of the savages, nor was his name John Smith. He was only a common, yellow skinned sea cook. His name is Ah Wing, and there is nothing attractive about him. He is about as homely a mixture of Chinaman and Malay pirates could be found in a day's walk. His Pocahontas answers to the name of Julie just now, but nobody knows what her Indian name was. She is a long way off being Pocahontas' equal in beauty, and the Siwash features of generations were consolidated when her face was made. Still the romance is there.

Ah Wing and Julie, now Mrs. Ah Wing, arrived here on a codfish schooner several months since, but have not gone into society yet. They reside on Ross alley, in Chinatown, and submitted to an interview. They only submitted to it, they did not take part in it, and when it came to securing the story of their love the reporter was obliged to obtain his information from a third party, to whom Wing had confided it in explanation of his off color bride.

SAVED BY JULIE. Ah Wing some nine years ago was a cook in the employ of the navy department, and was shipped north on the Jamestown. While on the Sitka station Wing's time expired or he deserted—just which is not quite plain—and shipped aboard a whaler. The whaler was wrecked and Wing was cast upon an inhospitable ice floe. Julie was the daughter of a chief of a tribe of Indians, and while hunting with her father discovered Ah Wing, who was as near dead from starvation, cold and exposure as it was possible for him to be and retain life. For days and days Julie nursed him, and he finally recovered to find himself the object of a great deal of attention on the part of the Indians. They could speak no Chinese or English, and Wing had no comprehension of their dialect. He was at a loss to understand the solicitude with which they fed him, and the interest they took in watching the accumulation of fat on his ribs. At last the horrid truth dawned upon him—at least so he says. They were going to barbecue and eat him.

He attempted to escape, but was captured and returned to the village and put under guard. The fatal day arrived. Wing was informed by pantomime that an incision would be made in his neck and his life fluid allowed to escape into a soapstone basin. He gave all up for lost, when he was inspired by the sight of Julie in tears. He made love to her. She comprehended and went to ask papa. The old chief was fond of his daughter and could refuse her nothing. He issued an edict against baking Wing. The remainder of the village protested, and the chief was obliged to state why he desired the stranger's life preserved. The objectors gave in, and Wing and Julie were married in Indian style.

Wing lived with the tribe for some time, but never became very popular. He was not much of a hunter, and preferred to lie around the house, sewing with the women, to chasing polar bears, walrus, seals and the like.

Finally he had a chance to escape. A boat's crew came in from a schooner to trade for skins. Their cook was dead, and Wing begged them to take him away with them. Wing's father-in-law gave him leave of absence for three months and sent Julie along with him to insure his return.

MIXING THREE LANGUAGES. They sailed away, and after much marine wandering and transferring from one vessel to another, arrived in San Francisco. Wing had a taste for the needle and secured a job at tailoring. The faithful Julie proved an adept and shares Wing's labors. They still find some difficulty in conversing. Wing knows a few words of English and a few of Indian. Julie knows a few of English and a few of Chinese.

When their discussion becomes animated they resort to all three languages at once, and the talk is very exciting. There is a little Wing now, and he is learning all three languages. Their home is on the top floor of a Ross alley tenement, where Julie is rapidly being converted into a Chinawoman by her fellow lodgers. She is quiet at all times, and is presumably mourning for the freedom of her native snow fields. She does not go out, because the noise and the bustle of the streets frightens her. Wing's leave of absence has long since expired, but in the confines of civilization he has become the master, and has no intention of returning to the land of his wife's people.

The story has been pretty well authenticated, with the exception of the intention of the Indians to eat Wing after killing him. His own countrymen do not believe this part of his story, but Wing adheres to it stoutly, and the strongest tie between him and his wife is his gratitude to her for saving him from such a fate.

Voyagers to the far north state that they have heard of cannibalism among the Indians, but it has always been attributed to isolated instances of starvation's necessity, and not habit.—San Francisco Examiner.

Judge J. P. Smith, of Fort Worth, Tex., whose wealth is now estimated at \$1,000,000, once walked from Kentucky to Texas, because he did not have money enough to pay his passage.

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The sanctum of M. Louis Pasteur, for example, is one of the most simple in the high order of truly physical comfort. It is not enumerated with the scientific paraphernalia often met with in the homes of medical men. A large carved oak table stands by the side of the armchair in which the great scientist often sits in quiet contemplation of his past labors and future hopes. In that high stool of green cases at which he casts an occasional glance stores of valuable notes are placed in perfect order. They are ready for reference should a fresh problem arise in the course of his labors in bringing about the prevention or cure of the terrible affliction to the study of which he has devoted so many years of his valuable and successful life. M. Pasteur usually wears a close fitting skull cap when in his sanctum. He is grand cross of the Legion of Honor, member of the French academy and perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences.

THE GREAT TOWER BUILDER. M. Gustave Eiffel, the engineer whose wonderful popularity has grown so rapidly, is accustomed to ruminate in a quiet looking but very comfortable sort of library. He is fond of walking about when in deep contemplation, and frequently makes a habit of fronting his chimney-piece, the shaft of which is ornamented by a very artistic and beautiful female bust. On each side of the chimney piece is a handsome Venetian mirror. It was in this sanctum, situated in the Rue de Prony, that M. Gustave Eiffel solved the last few serious difficulties which at one time threatened the completion of his Champ de Mars triumph; and there it is that he now meditates over the opposition formed by some of the members of the municipal council to his project for the construction of the Metropolitan railway for Paris. The main objections to the metropolitan scheme are that it would destroy the beauty of the boulevards and ruin the line of omnibuses running from the Madeleine to the Bastille. It is not at all unlikely that the engineer who triumphed so gloriously in the case of his tower will achieve another victory with the railway he proposes to construct. The man of the iron tower is an officer of the Legion of Honor.

M. Francisque Sarcey, the well known theatrical critic of The Temps, and one of the brightest of the galaxy of Parisian chroniclers, inhabits during his long working hours a library in which he is almost surrounded by his books. M. Sarcey is beyond what is usually considered the prime of life, yet he looks well as, "with spectacles on nose," and wearing a soft and smooth white beard, he poses himself carefully and closely over his table in front of the copy he is carefully preparing. He is reputed to be a model of gallantry toward the ladies; but the case might be reversed when it is considered that the lady artists whom it is his duty to criticize not infrequently call at his house to ask a favor or an act of justice for their professional requirements. There are two places where Sarcey may very often be met with; one is his library, and the other is his faucon d'orchestre, whenever a grand performance or a premiere representation is given at any of the principal Parisian theatres.

WEAVERS OF ROMANCE. M. Georges Ohnet, the celebrated romancer and dramatist, still young and handsome, with his smooth dark hair carefully brushed and parted, usually sits in pensive attitude in one of those luxurious armchairs with which his study abounds. The sculptured chimney piece by the side of which he takes his place in winter is a work of art in three stories, surmounted by a beautiful clock and a looking glass out of old or young human reach. The author of the "Maitre de Forges" is one of the most amiable of Parisian litterateurs, as all who have visited him at his charming residence in the Avenue Trudaine can affirm. M. Georges Ohnet is as young in the Order of the Legion of Honor as he is in his age; but with time both may surely be expected to ripen and advance to a brilliant maturity.

M. Emile Zola dwells in the artistic quarter Clichy, where, in the Rue Ballu, he possesses a sumptuously furnished sanctum, provided with sofas, peacock pictures of the greatest beauty, statuettes, evergreens and objects of art in every variety. All these strikingly apparent comforts and delights combine to encourage that inclination for the dolce far niente to which the indefatigable pretender to academic honors does not for one moment yield. With his limpid hair falling in a loose style on each side of his head, after the manner of many popular knights of the palette, he continues to wear the same binocle as when he wrote "L'Assommoir" and "La Terre." In fact Zola, by his free and easy appearance, looks more like an artiste peintre than a literary man. He may be considered a painter also, since he writes pictures with his pen almost as vividly as those who paint them with their brushes. M. Emile Zola is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the red ribbon is well placed and well merited as the reward of his profound thought, bold imagination and vigorous expression that are sometimes severely criticised but invariably admired.—Galignani's Messenger.

The Phenicians are amongst the earliest nations which are supposed to have used the saw. The scholar is not surprised to find a very pretty story accounting for the discovery of the saw in Grecian mythology. Here the inventor is said to have found the jawbone of a snake, which he imitated by jaggung an iron plate.

What is



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