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A. C. MAYES,

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—AND—

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All orders left with County Clerk will receive prompt attention.

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Attorney at-Law. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Office in Union Block, East Side, Plattsmouth, Neb.

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The Washington Avenue

GROCCERS

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Provision Merchants.

Headquarters for

LOUR AND FEED,

We pay no rent and sell for CASH. You don't pay any bills for dead beats when you buy of this firm.

The best SOFT COAL always on Hand.

DONT FORGET

—AT THE—

5 CORNERS 5

Opposite Richey Bros Lumber office

DENTISTRY



GOLD AND PORCELAIN CROWNS—
Bridge work and fine gold work a **SPECIALTY.**

DR. STEINHAUS LOCAL as well as other patients given for the painless extraction of teeth.

C. A. MARSHALL, - Fitzgerald Bloc -

HENRY BOECK

The Leading

FURNITURE DEALER

—AND—



UNDERTAKR.

Constantly keeps on hand everything you need to furnish your house.

CORNER SIXTH AND MAIN STREET

Plattpmout - Neb

PERKINS - HOUSE,

217, 219, 221 and 223 Main St.,
Plattpmout, - Nebraska.

H. M. BONS, Proprietor.

The Perkins has been thoroughly renovated from top to bottom and is now one of the best hotels in the state. Boarders will be taken by the week at \$4.50 and up.

GOOD BAR CONNECTED

ASHTON'S

SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMA CURE

Warranted to cure all cases of Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever, etc. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases & Itch. Price 25c. Sold by all Druggists.

CONSUMPTIVE

DR. GROSVENOR'S BELL-CAP-SIC PASTER.

Always quick relief from pain. Rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy and lumbago cured at once. Gratified for sale by all Druggists.

BEATTY PIANOS (new) \$145. OR BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

AGENTS make 100% profit net on pianos. Corsets, Belts, Brushes, Curters, and needles. Samples free. Write now. Dr. Bridgman, 31 Broadway, N. Y.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED

By the use of the Grosvenor's Bell-cap-sic Paster. Guaranteed by all Druggists. Sold by all Druggists. Write for book of proofs FREE.

OH MY BACK,

That generally means pain and suffering. But why suffer? Dr. Grosvenor's Bell-cap-sic porous Plaster will relieve you in one night, sure. Send a penny stamp to Dr. Grosvenor & Richards, Boston, Mass., and learn how to remove a porous plaster scientifically—it will pay you—and don't forget that the best porous plaster in the world has the picture of a bell on the backcloth, and is called

DR. GROSVENOR'S Bell-cap-sic.

Needles, oils and parts for all kinds of machines can be found at the Singer office, corner of Main and Sixth streets with Henry Boeck.

Hair chains, rings, crosses and hair work of all kinds to order.

MRS. A. KNEE,
1726 Locust St.

Ayer's PILLS

Excel all others as a family medicine. They are suited to every constitution, old and young, and, being sugar-coated, are agreeable to take. Purely vegetable, they leave no ill effects, but strengthen and regulate the stomach, liver, and bowels, and restore every organ to its normal function. For use either at home or abroad, on land or sea, these Pills

Are the Best.

"Ayer's Pills have been used in my family for over thirty years. We find them an excellent medicine in fevers, eruptive diseases, and all bilious troubles, and seldom call a physician. They are almost the only pill used in our neighborhood."—Redmon C. Comly, Row Landing P. O., W. Feliciana Parish, La.

"I have been in this country eight years, and during all that time, neither I nor any member of my family have used any other kind of medicine than Ayer's Pills, but these we always keep at hand, and I should not know how to get along without them."—A. W. Soderberg, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills as a

Family Medicine

for 35 years, and they have always given the utmost satisfaction."—James A. Thornton, Bloomington, Ind.

"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe headache, from which I was long a sufferer."—Emma Keyes, Hubbardstown, Mass.


Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

THE INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER

A strictly first class machine. Fully warranted. Made from the very best material by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 25 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator.



PRICE \$100.

If there is no agent in your town address the manufacturers.

THE PARISH MFG. CO. **Paris, N. Y.**

F. B. SEELEMIER, Agent,
Lincoln, Neb.

THE HENNES METHOD for piano and organ, the favorite and most successful in France and Germany, also harmony taught.

MRS. MERGES.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You require relief, and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c, at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore.

Miss's Nerve and Liver Pills.

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequaled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25c. Sample free at F. G. Fricke & Co's.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have tried it you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore.

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PENNYROYAL PILLS

Chickering's English, Red Cross, Diamond Brand

For the cure of all kinds of nervous prostration, headache, neuralgia, pleurisy, lumbago, rheumatism, etc. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

A Mystery Explained.

The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nerve. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's., who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart-tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

Some years ago Chamberlain & Co., of Des Moines, Iowa, commenced the manufacture of a cough syrup, believing it to be the most prompt and reliable preparation yet produced for coughs, colds and croup; that the public appreciate true merit, and in time it was certain to become popular. Their most sanguine hopes have been more than realized. Over three hundred thousand bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy are now sold each year, and it is recognized as "the best made" wherever known. It will cure a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Height of Cruelty.

Nervous women seldom receive the sympathy they deserve. While often the pictures of health, they are constantly ailing. To withhold sympathy from these unfortunates is the height of cruelty. They have a weak heart, causing shortness of breath, fluttering, pain in side, weak and hungry spells, and finally swelling of ankles, oppression, choking, smothering and dropsy. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is just the thing for them. For their nervousness, headache, weakness, etc., his Restorative Nerve is unequalled. Fine treatise on "Heart and Nervous Diseases" and marvelous testimonials free. Sold and guaranteed by F. G. Fricke & Co.

The following advertisement, published by a prominent western patent medicine house, would indicate that they regard disease as a punishment for sin: "Do you wish to know the quickest way to cure severe cold? We will tell you. To cure a cold quickly, it must be treated before the cold has become settled in the system. This can always be done if you choose to, as nature in her kindness to man gives timely warning and plainly tells you in nature's way, that as a punishment for some indiscretion, you are to be afflicted with a cold unless you choose to ward it off by prompt action. The first symptoms of a cold, in most cases, is a dry, loud cough and sneezing. The cough is soon followed by a profuse watery expectoration and the sneezing by a profuse watery discharge from the nose. In severe cases there is a thin white coating on the tongue. What to do? It is only necessary to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in double doses every hour. That will greatly lessen the severity of the cold and in most cases will effectually counteract it, and cure what would have been a severe cold in one or two days' time. Try it and be convinced." 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co., druggists.

The Hennes Method for piano and organ, the favorite and most successful in France and Germany, also harmony taught.

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DR. GROSVENOR'S Bell-cap-sic.

TWILIGHT.

Oh, twilight hour of faint and mystic light,
When shadows fall across the fading land,
And long forgotten voices of the past
Float back and chant like spirits of the night.
In voices sad and solemn, till at last,
Wavering, they cease in the uncertain light.

When mists along the water rise and drift
And hang upon the rippling wavelets clear,
In which the dark reflections of the trees
Shadowy, indistinct and dim appear,
Like specters, tall and gaunt, the cedar trees
Stand dark against the golden tinted sky,
Whilst from their topmost boughs the settling
crow
Utters its desolate and direful cry.

The undulating reeds sway to the breeze
That o'er them sighs its plaintive wailing note,
In the twilight hush like vesper soft sounds,
As o'er the tranquil water it doth float.

Oh, silent hour, dreamlike and indistinct,
When long forgotten voices of the past
Return, and hold communion with the soul
Of sad and sacred hour of dying day,
Whose death the hallowed Angelus doth toll,
Kneel thou to silent night and hushed way.
—A. J. Stringer in Dominion Illustrated.

The Rothschilds' Charity.

A story about the head of the banking house of Rothschilds was related at the Grand Pacific hotel by Baron Heinrich, of Berlin. "Some years ago the old cashier of the great establishment," said the Baron, "went to Rothschild and told him that after thirty years of service he had managed to save 250,000 francs and he desired to go into business for himself. His employer regretted his cashier's departure, but bade him good luck. The cashier embarked in speculation and in a short time lost every cent. Recognizing the fact that while he was a good servant he was a poor master, he called on the Rothschilds, told his story and asked for re-employment.

"The banker installed him in his old place, and advancing him a year's salary advised him to invest it in a certain stock. The cashier did so. The banker instructed his brokers how to act, and between them they sent the price up to a point at which the banker advised the cashier to sell. The cashier did so at a profit that recouped for all his losses. The price then settled down to its normal figure, and the banker charged himself with the 250,000 francs which he knew his old employe would have been too proud to take outright as a gift."—Chicago Post.

The Price of Wisdom.

There is nothing stranger to youth than the persistence with which age prefers its experience; there is nothing more trying to age than the determination of youth not to accept it. The fathers, mothers and guardians who have learned their hard lessons would be glad to impart their knowledge, without its ruinous price, to those they love. But the youngsters will have none of it. No; they must buy their own wisdom, "vree their own weid," "pay the piper" themselves. No yearning affection can shield them from the trials and temptations they rush so gayly to meet.

But why should the elders continually mourn that such is the case? They have spent their lives in learning how to live. So did their predecessors. Their children will do the same. The law is universal. Knowledge comes only with age and wisdom with the close of life. It must be that it was so intended. The blunders of youth, the struggles of maturity, the regrets of age, are all part of the inevitable training of each soul; a training necessary before it is prepared to enter on a fuller life.—Harper's Bazar.

The Interview.

To the newspaper interview we are indebted for a vast amount of enlightenment, learning and wisdom that the interviewer has got from men who, without his suggestion, would never have given it to the world. The principle of interviewing, going right to the source of information, gives us accuracy also. And take it all in all, the American newspaper contains the most truthful history that has ever been written.

A fine interviewer is one of the most valuable men on a great journal. He must be a man of education, acquainted with affairs, skilled in the use of words; above all, he must possess an instinctive understanding of human nature. A fine man who is being interviewed is like a fine fish that you have hooked. You will fail if you attempt to "yank him." You must humor him a little; play out and red in; let him have his own way; and then he is lost and you land him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Defects and Excellencies.

"I am sorry, Henry," said Uncle George, "that you exhibit so little proficiency in orthography. That letter you wrote to Mr. Brown the other day had so many misspelled words that it set the whole counting room in a roar."

"H'm!" said Henry. "That's just the way in this world. There were a good many words in that letter that I know were spelled right, but of course I get no credit for that."—Boston Transcript.

New York has contributed 26 cabinet officers in all, Massachusetts 24, Pennsylvania 23, Virginia 21 and Ohio 17. Missouri comes well down toward the foot of the list with 4 to its credit. All of the original thirteen states except Rhode Island have been represented at one time or other in the president's ministerial council.

The late S. S. Cox was toasted once at a dinner in New York by an admirer who told him he joked too much and recommended him, in Emerson's language, to "hitch his wagon to a star." He promptly replied that he would do so and that the star should be Sirius.

The Dublin and Wrightsville railroad, extending a distance of nineteen miles between two Georgia towns, has been called the "cheapest railroad in the world." It was built and equipped for \$4,000 a mile and has earned 40 per cent. a year.

There is a law on the statute books of Massachusetts requiring that any person finding property to the value of three dollars or more shall have the same recorded at the office of the town or city clerk.

Following the Fashion.

"Fairbanks is getting awfully fat."

"That's only a tendency of the times."

"How so?"

"He is pushing himself into a corporation."

—Portland Oregonian.

Some Go to Sleep in DeBake's Order.

According to the best writers on the subject, it has been ascertained that in declining to sleep the senses do not unitedly fall into a state of slumber, but drop off one after the other. The sight ceases, in consequence of the protection of the eyelids, to receive impressions first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility to impressions, and then the sense of smelling.

The hearing is next in order, and last of all comes the sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses are thought to sleep with different degrees of profundity. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly and is the most easily awakened; the next easiest is the hearing; the next is the sight, and the taste and smelling awake the last.

Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice; certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning toward the center of nervous action. The necessity for keeping the feet warm and perfectly still as a preliminary of sleep is well known. From these explanations it will not appear surprising that, with one or more of the senses, and perhaps also one or more parts of the body, imperfectly asleep, there should be at the same time an imperfect kind of mental action, which produces the phenomenon of dreaming.—Chambers' Miscellany.

Senator Hearst's Men in Buckram.

One day while the late Senator Hearst was a young man and yet had his fortune to make he and a few companions were on a prospecting tour. Along in the afternoon they sighted a band of Indians, and, as in those days all Indians were hostile, Mr. Hearst and his friends naturally wanted to get away from there. All the prospectors, except the future senator, were mounted on horses. He was on a retired army mule, and soon found himself left in the rear. The Indians were on his trail and things began to look serious, when he called out to his rapidly disappearing companions:

"Hold on, boys; there's only a few of them. We needn't be afraid."

Just then the mule scented the approaching Indians, and with a wild snort started out at a gallop that soon left the horsemen far behind. When Hearst was about a quarter of a mile in advance he turned in his saddle and yelled at the top of his voice:

"Hurry up, boys; you'll get scalped. There's more'n a hundred of them."—Chicago Post.

Wyoming's Woman Miner.

Mrs. Shane, a widow with two children, came to Wyoming two years ago and took up her residence in Jawbone gulch, Silver Crown mining district, where she took a claim and with her own hands has kept up the assessment work. The claim promises to be a paying one, and already she has uncovered a body of rich gold quartz, with indications of richer ore as depth is gained.

Mrs. Shane is a soldier's widow, and is a lady of fine education. Her cabin in Jawbone gulch bears evidence of refinement, and while it is in one of the most out of the way places in the camp she has many visitors, among whom will be found the best people of Silver Crown and the surrounding country.

To judge from appearance she is about thirty-five years old. She has brown hair, blue eyes and fair and intellectual face. For the past year she has been teaching the Silver Crown public school, by which means she has made her living while waiting for her mine to reach pay.—Cor. Denver Republican.

Doctors Are Safe.

When the devil was sick his eagerness to become a monk is historical. A small New Yorker has been finding in the same way that altered conditions have a pronounced effect upon one's ambition. He is the son of a lawyer, and his admiration for his father has led him to announce frequently that when he became a man he intended to be "just the same business as papa." He fell ill, however, and the services of the family physician were sought with prompt and fortuitous effect. Convalescence is apt to engender reflection, and the small Robert became thoughtful the other afternoon, with this result: "I guess, mamma," he said, apropos of nothing, "I will not be in papa's business when I grow up. I would rather be a doctor, because, you see, he can't die."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Facts About a Venerable Goose.

John Ray, an old and respected resident of Croton Landing, and formerly of Putnam county, says that while residing in Putnam county he purchased a goose of one Isaac Hill, and that the goose was 63 years old when he purchased her for seventy-five cents. He kept her for three years. Each year the goose laid over fifty eggs, and the first year raised eleven goslings, which fell over a high wall in the creek and were drowned. The second year she raised twenty-two goslings, and the third year forty goslings. He then sold her at the end of the third year to one Amos Austin for \$100. Mr. Ray says to the best of his knowledge and belief the goose is still alive, making her 85 years old.—Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

One Old Story with a Modern Hero.

One day when Dr. Brooks was calling at the home of a parishioner a little boy of the family, who had been under the care of Dr. Brooks as long as he could remember, ventured to ask the great man, "Oh Dr. Brooks, were you in the ark?" His mother, who was in the room, jumped up, but the boy went on, "Oh, I guess you wasn't, 'cause the animals was all in pairs, and if there was another like you it would a snaked the ark!"—Boston Transcript.

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 steel 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 winkle, with provisions for three days and neither sail, 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 subsided 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 now bound for Callao on the 1st of May."

"What was the name of my wife and the twenty dollar pieces we had when I went away?"—Portland Oregonian.

RIDING A WHALE AT SEA

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

A Very Lucrative Business Spoiled by Perseverance 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 passing a moment'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 passing a moment's

"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.

"This sea otter is a rare animal now." "I suppose they are about all killed off by this time on this 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 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 PERCH.

"I was happy and contented, for, after years spent in the forests 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 those 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.

"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 steel 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 winkle, with provisions for three days and neither sail, 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 subsided 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 now bound for Callao on the 1st of May."

"What was the name of my wife and the twenty dollar pieces we had when I went away?"—Portland Oregonian.

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