

CAPTURING A BRIDE.

One Way Savages Have of Choosing a Wife When Many Men Want Her.

The oblong wedge, the Maori order of battle, advanced, singing in a low tone, and gesticulating in what they would have called a mild manner. On they advanced, the movement raising no suspicion in the breasts of their adversaries, it being part of the customary ritual of the war dance, until the thin end of the phalanx overlapped the Mania, and stood between them and the gates of the pa.

Suddenly a change was visible in the antics of the Ngatiroa. Their gesticulations became violent, their eyes protruded, their heads were thrown back, and their throats uttered a mighty shout. As the cry passed their lips a stream of warriors rushed up the banks of the guilty and joined the cluster of their comrades, now swollen to a compact mass of 600 men.

When the Mania realized the rise practised upon them they never for a moment thought of giving up the fair cause of the incursion without a struggle. Into the pa poured both parties—the Mania to rally round the girl; the Ngatiroa, except the small party expressly told off to carry away the lady, seeking every man an opponent to wrestle with. Each party was anxious to avoid bloodshed, both being "Tribes of the River." The uproar was therefore greater than had they been engaged in actual warfare, it being more difficult to master a man by strength of muscle than to knock a hole through him. At length superior numbers prevailed.

Those who fought around the lady were dragged away. She was roughly seized, and such a tugging and hauling ensued that, had she not been to the manner born, she must have been rent in pieces. At last but one young man, a secret admirer of the lady, retained his hold. An active young fellow, he had so twisted his hands and arms into the girl's hair, and fought so vigorously with his legs, that he could not be removed until he was knocked down senseless.

The contest ended, and the bride being borne in triumph to the canoes, both parties proceeded to pick up their weapons and smooth their feathers. Everything had been conducted in the most honorable and satisfactory manner.—Lieutenant Colonel A. B. Ellis in Popular Science Monthly.

A Wonderful Sense of Smell.

The buzzard's wonderful sense of smell is a curious subject that has often been discussed, the discussion of the matter having resulted in a general uniformity of opinion among scientists that they locate their food by their sense of smell alone. C. L. Hopkins, the noted biologist, says that he has noticed that in Florida they never leave the roots where the night is spent, especially on damp, foggy mornings, until the moisture has been dried by the sun. They then move slowly across the wind until a "scent" is struck, when they move more slowly "up the wind" until the carrion is located. Sometimes they will drift down the wind past their prey, until they have struck the scent, which they follow up until they have found the object of their search, sometimes in the densest thickets. Mr. Hopkins says that he has upon several occasions killed wild hogs in the thickets, and after dressing them and taking what meat he wished would see twenty or more buzzards coming down with the wind. On one occasion they had discovered some animal remains he had covered up, and on another had found a dead snake which he had buried.—St. Louis Republic.

The Old and New Way of Scouring Wool.

Our ancestors scoured their wool in tubs, much as our wives and daughters scour our clothes today. In the hand washing of wool, a tub was filled with the suds, in which one or two men with long poles stirred the wool until clean, when they lifted it upon a traveling apron, which carried it between a pair of rollers which squeezed out the water. The same principle is applied in the automatic scouring now in vogue.

Great forks or rakes seize the wool as it is carried by rollers from a feeding apron into the iron tanks, and by alternating motions of their teeth give it a thorough scouring. Thus cleansed, the wool is delivered by rollers to the drying machines, where hot air and great fans are now utilized to extract all the moisture without tearing the fiber.—S. D. North in Popular Science Monthly.

A Learned Jewess.

Eve Cohen Bacharach was born in Prague in the latter part of the Sixteenth century. The mother, who was a "woman of great knowledge," carefully educated the daughter, and together they took great delight in studying rabbinical literature. The most abstruse works written by the learned men among her people were thoroughly appreciated by the youthful pupil. Later in life her explanations of the "festivals and penitential prayers" were listened to with rare pleasure. She was, it is recorded, in "Aramaic translations and paraphrases on the Bible quite at home." No less marked was her proficiency in Hebrew, which she read and wrote with ease and elegance."

Will Eat in Heaven.

We cannot discuss the subject of heaven with editors who show by their statements that they have never studied the question of the resurrection. Our bodies will be material after the resurrection. This is an article of faith. Heaven is a material place. The object of the resurrection is to reward the body for its partnership in the good done by the soul in the flesh. It shall have bodily enjoyments after the resurrection. Will eating and drinking be one of them? We think so. Why not!—Western Watchman.

A Candid Confession.

He—Life with me has been a failure. She—You must have had and wasted some opportunity. He—No, I have spent half my life raising whiskers to conceal my youth, and the other half dying them to conceal my age.—Munsey's Weekly.

THE UNKISSED KISS.

I have kissed the girls a-plenty,
Aged from one year old to twenty,
Kept her better far than honey, I can taste their
sweetness yet;
But far dearer than the kisses
Given me by kindly maids
Is the ever verdant mem'ry of a kiss I did not
get.

For one winsome little fairy,
With a grace so light and airy,
Kept me ever fondly saying, "I'll achieve my
purpose yet;"
But at length she shyly vanished
With the gift for which I fainted,
And she left me sadly sighing for the kiss I did not
get.

Reader, pardon this digression,
Does pursuit or does possession
The greater pleasure bring? I really can't
say, and yet

I've forgotten many misses
Who bestowed on me their kisses,
But I'll always recollect the girl whose kiss
did not get.

Now, of course, there is a moral
In this simple story for all
Those indolent young ladies, who will som-
times such regret,
That they let their kisses freely,
For they'll find a lover really
May remember more than all the rest the
kiss he did not get. —Chicago Herald.

The First Post Diluvian Family.

An English divine has prepared a startling table of the figures, perusal of which will make one thankful that he is living in the latter part of the Nineteenth century instead of in the days immediately following the landing of the ark. He shows that if one of Noah's boys had lived to be 500 years old, having his first child at thirty and his last at four hundred and seventy, and allowing for but one addition to his family every three years, and supposing them all to live to the ripe old age of 450, he could gather around him at least 147 sons and daughters.

With a reasonable degree of prolific bearing his grandchildren would number between 10,000 and 12,000; the great and the great-grandchildren taken with the others enumerated above would swell the figures to something like 50,000, this, too, if monogamy alone were practised. If polygamy were the rule, as it probably was at that time, the figures would be still more startling.—St. Louis Republic.

Methods of Sea Doctors.

It is related that a lieutenant in command of one of her majesty's gunboats deemed the responsibility of the charge of a medicine chest too much for him. Immediately she was off soundings the gallant officer mustered all hands and divided the contents of the chest equally, so that each had "his whack and maim." There are two other naval yarns in this connection well worth mentioning.

A man-of-war doctor whose name is unfortunately lost to posterity had a simple method of locating a man's ailment and alleviating it (save the mark) by drastic and infallible remedies. He would tie a piece of tape around the waist of the complaining mariner, and command him to declare whether his pain existed above or below the tape. If above an emetic, if below a dose of salts followed as a matter of course.—Pall Mall Gazette.

How the Tea Plant Started.

As you drink a cup of tea do you ever think how tea came to grow? Tell your next visitor the story. A Persian prince, on his way to meet his brothello, vowed that he would not sleep until he saw her. After traveling seven days, he stopped to rest under a shade tree, and there, being no longer able to resist the temptation, he fell into a sound sleep.

When he awoke he was so sorry that he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground. From them grew the tea plant. It is rather unfortunate that the story stops here, because it would be interesting to know what the lady thought of a sweetheart without eyelids, and whether it would be possible for them to grow again.—New York Sun.

Sat Upon by an Ostrich.

A gentleman had a theory that any creature, however savage, could be subdued—"quelled," as he said, by the human eye. One day he tried to quell one of his own ostriches, with the result that he was presently found in a very pitiable predicament, lying flat on the ground, while the subject of his experiment jumped up and down on him, occasionally varying the treatment by sitting upon him. Doubtless it was safer to lie down than to stand up to be kicked, but to be sat upon as if one were an egg must have been indeed humiliating.—London Spectator.

Future of Terra del Fuego.

The notions of Terra del Fuego which prevailed ten years ago have been completely upset by recent explorations. The latest travelers there are Messrs. Ronson and Willems, who have returned to France from their scientific mission in Terra del Fuego. These explorers believe the northern part of the island can be turned to good account, and that the day is not far distant when large herds and flocks will be raised upon ranches established all along the river valleys. A large district north of the Straits of Magellan, in Patagonia, which was wholly unoccupied twelve years ago, is now full of little farms devoted to raising sheep and cattle.

The owners have prospered so well that the territory they occupy has become too crowded. It is impossible to extend this business further north, and the farmers will therefore be compelled to turn to Terra del Fuego, which will receive the overflow from Patagonia. On Dawson Island, near the northwest coast of Terra del Fuego, Jesuit fathers are now engaged in stock raising, and for two years or so a fine ranch has been established on the northern coast of Terra del Fuego, where there are today about 30,000 sheep and 6,000 cattle. The English have been the first to establish themselves in this territory. Stockraisers are now reaping a profit of 50 per cent. per annum. The explorers say the availability of the island for stock raising has been amply proven, and there is now no doubt that a prosperous future is before it.—Chicago Times.

THREE STREETS.

I sought the new, unknown to meet,
And found a gay and favored street
Where fashion walked with flitting feet;
And here I found a golden stream,
Pierced swiftly through the summer air
And darted o'er the human stream;

Then nestled 'midst some dusky hair.
I gazed upon the hair's dark grace,
The tender frame to woman's face,
That pictured all its charms so sweet.
Then as I looked I met her eyes,
Deep as the blue of southern skies,

And from them gleamed a baby smile
My own poor features to beguile.
Through every vein, throughout my frame,
There swept a dry, an ardent flame,
Love's passion!

"Twas in the time of Love's defeat,
I wandered through a busy street,
And paced to where four crossways meet;
And as I gazed, the thronging crowd
Presented to me without head or heed,
With flitting feet, two anxious brevies
To cast a glance upon my need.
The chill neglect, the biting blast,
That o'er my heart as ice wind passed,
And turned to bitter all the sweet,
Brought from its frozen realms a gift,
The love of self, a careful thrift
To guard its treasure and to guide
The current of its burning tide
Through every vein, through every pore,
An angry summons at my door!

Ambition!

I wandered for a dim retreat,
I found a quiet moss grown street,
And trod its length with tired feet;

And as I passed, a door ill kept
And battered with the strife of years
Opened, and a figure stepped
And met me with a face of tears.

A figure that had beauty's mien,
A face that in a mood serene,
Unmarred by grief, had been more sweet
Than angle that painter's art had traced,
Or chiseled marble coldly graced.

And as I gazed with anxious will
There came a glow, a silent thrill
Through every vein, through every part,
The swift borne message to my heart,
Life's mission!

—H. Boyd Carpenter in Good Words.

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 on 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.

A Serofulius Boy

Running Sores Covered His Body and Head. Bones Affected. Cured by Cuticura Remedy.

When six months old, the left hand of our little cradle-beg-n-to-swell had had every appearance of a large boil. We politiced t'pur, all to no purp. se. About five months after, it became a running sore, or other sores formed. He then had two of them on each hand, and as his blood became more and more impure he took less and less interest in life. There came on his chin beneath the under lip which was very offensive. His head was one solid boil, and a great deal. This was his condition at two to two months old, when I undertook the cure of him, his mother having died when he was a little more than a year old, and could walk. A little boy did not get up if he fell down, and could not move when in bed, having no use of his hand. I immediately commenced with the CUTICURA REMEDY.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT

The new blood Purifier internally to clean the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements and thus removed the the cause, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an excellent skin Purifier externally (to the skin and scalp) to cleanse the hair, cure every disease and humor of the skin, and blood, from pimples to serofilia.

Sold elsewhere. Price CUTICURA, 50c; SOAPS 25c. RESOLVENT, 50c. Prepared by the Patent Druggists, and sold over the counter Boston. Send for How to Cure Blood Disease.

MR. E. S. BRIGGS, Bloomington, Ill.

My grandson remains perfectly well. No signs of serofilia find no sores.

Feb 7, 1888.

MR. E. S. BRIGGS, Bloomington, Ill.

W. A. BECK & CO.

MEAT MARKET

SIXTH STREET

F. H. ELLENBAUM, Prop.

The best of fresh meat always found in this market. Also fresh Eggs and Butter.

Wild game of all kinds kept in their season.

SIXTH STREET

MEAT MARKET

First National

BANK

OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

Paid up capital \$50,000.00

Surplus 10,000.00

Offers the very best facilities for the prompt transaction of legitimate

Banking Business

Stocks, bonds, gold, government and local securities bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed on the certificates.

Drafts drawn, available in any part of the United States and all the principal towns of Europe.

COLLECTIONS MADE AND PROMPTLY REMITTED.

Highest market price paid for County Warrants, State and County bonds.

—DIRECTORS—

John Fitzgerald D. Hawksworth

Sam Waugh F. E. White

George E. Dovey S. Waugh

John Fitzgerald C. H. Ba-

President

W. A. BECK & CO.

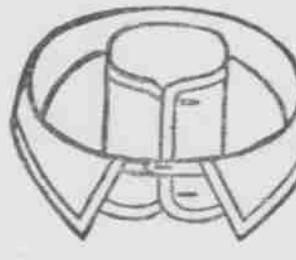


SAVE MONEY

AND BUY OF

JOE,

THE LEADING ONE-PRICE CLOTHIER
Opera House Corner PLATTSMOUTH



MIKE SHNELLBACKER.

Wagon and Blacksmith shop

Wagon, Buggy, Machine and

plow Repairing done

HORSESHOEING A SPECIALTY

—He uses the—

NEVERSLIP HORSESHOE

Which is the best horseshoe for the farmer, or for fast driving, or for city purposes ever invented. It is so made that anyone can put on sharp or flat corks, as needed for wet and slippery days, or smooth, dry roads. Call at his shop and examine the NEVERSLIP and you will use no other.

J. M. SHNELLBACKER.

12 North Fifth St. Plattsburgh

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD THERE?

IF SO

Remember that R. O. Castle & Co have an immense stock of

LUMBER AND ALL BUILDING MATERIAL

AT HAVELOCK

And Guarantee Satisfaction in all Things

R. O. CASTLE & CO.