

FOR CARRYING BABY.

An Invention That Will Eloquentlly Appeal to Mothers.

There is always something being invented for the benefit of one class or another, and the latest production of inventive genius, the patent "baby carrier," will especially appeal to the great host of mothers.



perfect comfort and safety are insured for the child. The "baby carrier" weighs under three ounces, will wash, and when not in use can be folded up into a very small compass and carried in the pocket.

RUGS VERSUS CARPETS.

A European Practice Which Cannot Be Too Highly Commended.

The practice of European housekeepers of covering the floors with rugs, which may at any time be lifted and shaken, cannot be too earnestly commended, and we are pleased to note that the fashion is growing in favor in this country.

Minor Conveniences.

Among the minor conveniences for the toilet are brushes or scrubbers made of loofa pods. These are flattened and tacked upon wooden handles of suitable length.

Wash Your Face at Night.

There are many girls who retire at night thoroughly tired, and forgetting, therefore, to wash their faces just before seeking their pillows for the much-needed slumber.

Nice Way of Serving Eggs.

A delicate way of cooking eggs this season is to break them on little plates. Small china preserve plates will do, but there are special plates which come for serving eggs "sur le plat."

PAYING THE BLOOD TAX.

PEASANTS PAY MONEY FOR MURDERERS COMMITTED IN 1375.

A Debt Which the Inhabitants of the Pyrenees Have Religiously Paid Annually for Over Five Centuries—The Ceremony Described by a Witness.

The Independent des Basses-Pyrenees publishes a very interesting description written by M. Alfred Cadier, a French Protestant clergyman at Pau, of a ceremony which he witnessed on the frontier of France and Spain.

The blood tax which the inhabitants of the former were ordered by the pope to discharge is paid still, the ceremony taking place annually on July 13 in the mountains, about seven hours' march from Ossa, at the pass known as La Peyre St. Martin.

A GALA SCENE.

A crowd of people is to be seen making their way to the rendezvous. The shepherds of the Barotons valley, with their red waistcoats interspersed with dark threads, the mayors and delegates of the villages of Arette, Laune, Aramits and Issor, the foresters of the mountain, the custom house officers without their guns, the clergy, represented by the priest of St. Engrace and two curates, and a few English tourists from Ossa helped to make up this singular assembly.

First was the alcalde of Isaba, who was to act the part of lord chief justice. He was wearing a black robe, bordered with red, and a large collar-styie by way of bands, while he carried in his hand the wand of justice, in the shape of a black stick with a silver knob.

THE CEREMONY.

The two parties having halted at a distance of about twenty feet from their respective frontiers, the herald substitutes for his red flame a white one, which is the symbol of pacific intentions, and the alcalde of Isaba exclaims in Spanish, "Do you wish for peace?"

To this the French mayors reply in the affirmative, also speaking in Spanish, and in order to testify to the sincerity of their intentions, their herald lays down his lance upon the top of the stone in the direction of the frontier, whereupon the Spanish herald comes and inserts his lance into the French soil, resting the shaft against the stone so as to form a cross with the French lance.

Last of all, the alcalde of Isaba steps forward, and, lifting his wand of justice over the pile of hands, pronounces the oath, which all swear to keep. After this oath has been taken the alcalde of Isaba exclaims three times, "Paz darans" (peace in the future). Peace is thus anew concluded, and to ratify their having given up all idea of vengeance the men of Roncal order the escort to discharge their guns in the direction of France.

How a Plant Protects Itself.

One little plant of South Africa protects itself by assuming a curious likeness to a white lichen that covers the rocks; the plant has sharp pointed green leaves; these are placed close together with their points upward, and on the tip of each leaf is a little white, scaly sheath.

KNOW THE MAN.

Two Strangers Ran Up Against Moses Frost and Were Surprised.

Moses Frost stood 6 feet 4 in his socks, and was called "the best man on the river"—a phrase that expressed admiration for his physical, not his moral, qualities. He was, nevertheless, generous, truthful, brave and altogether a fine specimen of the wilder Canadian backwoodsman.

"There is some use in havin the reputation of bein a purty good man," he squeaked modestly. "I reckon ther haint been no peaceabler man on the river than me sinst they give up tryin to whale me, 'most three year back. Last time I fit was because two men that never seen me before didn't know me when they did see me."

"Well, surveyor, it was about New Year's, the time me'n Lilly Ann got hitched. My woman was dead sot on seein the fashions down to Portage du Fort. So we started two days after the shindig for to have a weddin trip. She said that was the right way. We stopped at Rattray's instead of Paddy Senly's place—the best ther was goin was'n't too good for Lilly Ann them days."

"Well, Lilly Ann was mighty took up with the circus picters on Rattray's barn. I'd 'a' took her in, too, on'y it was gone more'n four months."

"The high bridge over Brabylon's creek?"

"Yes, that's it. I guess it's maybe the length of your chain down to the creek in summer. That time the holler was drifted half full of snow. Well, there was the two of 'em on the bridge—ons of 'em looked like a good man. Says he to me: 'We're wantin a ride!'"

"I can't give ye no ride," says I. "Ther haint no room, boys, for I've got the woman, don't you see?"

"With that the big one runs to the head of my pony. I didn't want to get out and hurt the man, but says Lilly Ann, 'Be you goin to stand that, Moses? If you be, I'll get out and whale 'em myself. She'd 'a' done it, too, surveyor. Mebby you never heard what Lilly Ann done to Joe Manfraud that time he?'"

"You'll tell me that story another time. Moses: What did the two men do?"

"Oh, yas. Well, I jumped out and the other one come up, squarin off. He fell easy. Then the big one runs in. Mebby you never see a bull moose comin at you lickety pelt?"

"The fellow ran at you head down, eh?"

"Jesseggssackly. Well, I stood to one side sudden, and give him a trip. Ther I takes him by the trovis and the back of his neck and pitches him over the railin."

"With that Lilly Ann says, 'You're purty good yet, Moses,' and she jump out, laughing. There we stood and looked over the bridge right down."

"Hurted! How could he be hurted, an him fell into seventy feet of snow drifted in the gully? He did have some considerable trouble gettin footin to lift out his head. Then he looks up and says he, 'Who in thunder be you, anyhow?'"

"'He's Moses Frost,' says Lilly Ann. "'Murderation,' says he. 'If I knowed that we wouldn't have wanted no ride.'"—Youth's Companion.

Monkeys and Troches.

As I was lingering before the monkey cage in the Dresden Zoological garden, a slight tickling in the throat, a chronic trouble with me, induced me to take out of my pocket a box of bronchial troches and to put one of them in my mouth. Instantly a large monkey of manifestly aspiring nature thrust out his hairy arm and palm with a beseeching look that I would give him one.

A Foolish Question.

One of the peculiarities of human nature is to ask a question that is exceedingly foolish. For instance, if one sees a friend knocked down by a coal cart, the first question that he is apt to ask is, "Did you get knocked down?"

MECHANICAL FLIGHT.

There is a Possibility That Man Will Fly Through the Air Before Long.

Above us is the great aerial ocean, stretching over all lands, and offering an always open way to them, yet a way that has never yet been thus trodden. Can it be that the power we have always lacked is at last found, and that it only remains to learn to guide it?

Let me, in answering, compare the case to that which would present itself if the actual ocean had never been traversed because it was always covered with fields of thin ice, which gave way under foot, which indeed permitted vessels to be launched and to float, but which compelled them to move wherever the ice drifted. Such vessels would resemble our balloons, and be of as little practical use; but now suppose we were told, "The ice which has always been your obstacle may be made your very means of transport, for you can glide over the thinnest ice, provided you only glide fast enough, and experiments will prove not only how fast you must go to make the ice bear, but that it is quite within the limits of your strength to go with the requisite speed."

All this might be true, and yet, if no one had ever learned to skate, every trial of this really excellent plan would probably end in disaster, as all past efforts to fly have done. Indeed, in our actual experience with the air, men have come to the same kind of wrong conclusion as would have been reached in supposing that the ice could not be traversed, because no one had the strength to skate, while the truth would be that man had plenty of strength to skate, but is not born with the skill.

The simile is defective so far as it suggests that man can sustain himself by his unaided strength on calm air, which I believe to be impracticable; but it is the object of experiments to prove that he has now the power to sustain himself with the aid of engines recently constructed as soon as he has the skill to direct them.

If asked whether a method of flight will soon be put in practice, I should have to repeat that what has preceded is matter of demonstration, but that this is matter of opinion. Expressing then, a personal opinion only, I should answer, "Yes." It is hardly possible that the secondary difficulties will not be soon conquered by the skill of our inventors and engineers, whose attention is already beginning to be drawn to the fact that here is a new field open to them, and though I have not experimented far enough to say that the relations of power to weight established for small machines will hold for indefinitely large ones, it is certain they do so hold, at any rate far enough to enable us to transport, at speeds which make us practically independent of the wind, weights much greater than that of a man.

Progress is rapid now, especially in invention, and it is possible—it seems to me even probable—that before the century closes we shall see this universal road of the air embracing air, which recognizes none of man's boundaries, traveled in every direction, with an effect on some of the conditions of our existence which will mark this among all the wonders the century has seen.—S. P. Langley in Century.

A Remarkable Deaf Mute.

One of the most remarkable inmates of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb is Richard Clinton, who, though deaf, dumb and blind, has in the fourteen years he has spent in the asylum acquired an education and a self-supporting trade. He was born in Dublin with the senses of sight and hearing perfect. One eye was destroyed in childhood by an explosion, and an attack of scarlet fever cost him the other eye and his hearing.

He was for a time in a school for deaf mutes in Ireland, but it was not until he entered the New York institution that he derived benefit from the instruction given him. Here he has been taught the ordinary branches of education and has acquired the trade of bottoming chairs. He learned to write by using a rule to guide his hand. Of late he has learned to use the typewriter and has discarded the pen.

Clinton uses the sign language in conversation, and reads the replies of his companions by touching their hands. His touch is abnormally sensitive, as is often the case with the blind. By touching the hand of a friend he recognizes the person, and he recalls an old acquaintance from whom he has been long separated by feeling his face, hands and form.

The other boys in the Institution treat Clinton in their play as roughly as if he had sight. He never resents such treatment. He is only angered when he is pitted. When he is pushed he recognizes the persons attacking him by the manner in which they touch him. Many tricks have been played upon him but it rarely happens that he gets caught twice by the same trick.—New York World.

Affected Locomotion.

Grace lends a fascination to an ordinary figure which the most symmetrical proportions cannot exercise without it. But unfortunately a great many ladies entertain mistaken ideas as to what constitutes the poetry of motion. Neither the demonstrative swing nor the high tragical gait with which some of our Hebes and Junos endeavor to show off their different styles of person approximate it at all. The tall and stately creature with trailing garments who moves, or tries to move, as if she trod on necks and liked that sort of pavement is not nearly so Junolike as she may think. Such styles of going are affectations; and affectations of every kind are an abomination to people of correct taste. A lady should neither amble nor strut, but glide along as if unconscious that anybody was looking at her. Walking should be an unstudied act, not a performance. All the world is not a stage, in the common acceptance of the term, nor is it necessary that ladies should tread in streets like tragedy queens, or genteel comedy misses, or skipping sou-brettes.—New York Ledger.

Advertisement for Santa Claus Soap, N.K. Fairbank & Co., Chicago. Includes text: "AND REMEMBER SOME SANTA CLAUS SOAP TO PROCURE N.K. FAIRBANK & CO., CHICAGO, MAKE IT! ALL GROCERS KEEP IT! EVERY HOUSEWIFE WANTS IT!"

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