

RECOLLECTION.

As when a player, weary of the day, Takes up his straggled and plays along...

KENYON'S VERSION.

We had it rough, Molly and I, for five years. We were New Englanders, both of us...

In the first place, we were burned out in the town and never saved a thing but the clothes we wore in and my team...

I picked up a few head of cattle cheap that fall, and for a year we lived in a wagon, carrying and driving our cattle across the ranges...

We got into a cabin in the fall. Four of us, each one poorer than the others, took a section of government land...

It really began to look as if we had touched bottom. That next spring we got our crops in—corn, hickory, and...

But the day the grasshoppers came there was mighty little laughing done. Clayton came in where I was taking my noon smoke and had dropped down on a chair by the door...

"Mountaineers!" he said, with a kind of gasp. "What?" I said, not knowing but it was another kind of Indian.

"Grasshoppers?" It seems he had been there before. I ran out, and sure enough there they were, coming up against the sun like a low kind of cloud...

We held a council of war. The end of it was that we drove our stock into the town the next day, thirty miles, and sold it. It didn't make us rich, but at least we got the price of the hides...

Well, it's no use to go over that. It wasn't a pleasant trip. We started out for the fall of killing. We camped out at night, and rode and shot and dressed game by day...

I wanted to push through and rest home, but the horses were played out and all the next day, after we struck the level, we just crawled along...

There was a doctor in the town, and Clayton had a good horse, and we had to do about that as we had done about everything else—take our chances.

I didn't forget that day. Along in the middle of the morning a norther began to blow. It did not snow, although the sky thickened up with gray, woolly looking clouds...

Love the prairie! Well, you can love them a good deal better on paper than anywhere else. Right there's an awful fascination about them, somehow. It's like the sea. A man that's not his living out of them for ten years is fit for nothing else in God's world...

That night we went into camp ten miles from home. There was a ravine and plenty of brush, and the horses were ready to drop in their tracks...

There was a faint light over everything. It was a grayish blue, and it made a gray kind of light over everything. We were at the bottom of a dry canyon that ran east and west...

It was years since I had smelled it, and I sat and listened to the music and looked at the people, with their comfortable clothing and faces that were cheerful, not worn and wrinkled with care and weather...

Somebody halted over the top of the hill. "What camp's that?" "Kenyon and mine." "I showed it you"—scrambling down the sides of the gulch on his sure footed mule...

"Not a brute that will travel." "I'll do my own traveling on foot." "You'll pass in your checks before morning."

"No, the wind is at my back; no fords; I'll keep going," and I went. Went, half running, with the wind driving me on till I was ready to drop. Once I fell and lay there with the wind dragging and tearing at me till I began to grow sleepy, and then I had to get up and go ahead again.

Physicians as Opium Slaves. Many physicians become slaves to the opium habit. A recent Austrian medical author speaks of the incredible number of physicians who have fallen victims to it...

less. I should drop with exhaustion in a few minutes, and I must keep going. And then I found burned grass under my feet. There had been a fire over the prairie...

The wind had come down, as it will sometimes, suddenly and entirely. The silence was horrible. I got on my feet stiff and numb. In all that gray, still, ghastly space there was nothing to tell east from west or north from south...

It was still enough, but the cold was dangerous. I could not stop. I must move somewhere. I must make myself a purpose—a purpose to keep myself alive at least till daylight came.

I began walking. It did not matter in what direction. If only my strength held out till morning—strength to keep off that horrible drowsiness. I know I stumbled heavily along. I was thinking about Molly and her baby; it all seemed like a dull dream.

Then, all at once, another one of Molly's Bible verses flashed into my mind; something about a "star in the east that went before them till it came and stood over the place where the young child lay."

More than once I fell, but I always got up and went on. I was talking to myself part of the time, hearing my own voice and thinking it was some one else's. I lost my sense of time again, but kept on doggedly; and then, suddenly, the light flashed brighter, whirled about in a wild sort of way, and went out entirely.

I gave a shout and ran forward. I thought I should die if I lost it. And there I was standing on a wide trail, with a sort of square dark shape standing up in the distance before me, with light and voices coming out of the chinks, and somehow, there was the door, and my hand on the latch, and in another second I was in the room.

Bureau out! Yes, sir. That was the last thing; but they had had warning before the fire came down on them. Jim Clayton had seen the women and struck new for the big road and they took the first shelter they came to, a stable that had been built in the days when all the California supplies went overland by mule train...

Device for Reporting Sporting Figures. Mr. D. Wilkins, pressman of The Chicago Mail, has recently patented a device, the practical workings of which, we are credibly informed, have increased the extra edition of that journal containing the results of the horse-race from 1,300 to 24,000 copies...

Canadian Exaggeration. The French Canadians are a peculiar people. They can make the best soup in the world. They can cheat you at bargaining so as to make you laugh. They lie picturesquely—I think that describes it. I know what it means, if you don't. You, too, will know when you have my experience...

THE UBIQUITOUS HEBREW.

His Adaptability to All Climates and Conditions—Jews Found Everywhere. It has been frequently remarked that the Jewish race has a wonderful power of adaptation to all climates. Jews are found in all parts of the globe, and seem to possess a remarkable facility for acclimatization, even under the most unfavorable circumstances...

In 1686 a Portuguese Jew of Amsterdam, named De Pavia, discovered a sect of Jews in Cochinchina. According to a tradition preserved among them, they were descended from a tribe of Jews who had quitted Palestine on the destruction of the second temple. From their long residence in Cochinchina they had become completely bronzed. These are not the same as the Malabar Jews...

Cayenne was subsequently conquered by the French, who made it a penal settlement, and the Jewish colony was forced to retire to Surinam. Notwithstanding frequent persecutions, Jews are still found in Persia, more especially to the south of the Caspian sea, where the soil is very fertile, but the climate very unhealthy...

The Jew is found in every part of the world; in Europe, from Norway to Gibraltar; in Africa, from Algiers to the Cape of Good Hope; in Asia, from Cochinchina to the Caucasus; from Jaffa to Peking. He has peopled Australia, and has given proofs of his powers of acclimatization under the tropics, where people of European origin have constantly failed to perpetuate themselves...

Among the standard medicines quoted in the medical books of Nuremberg of 200 years ago are "portions of the embalmed bodies of man's flesh, brought from the neighborhood of Memphis, where there are many bodies that have been buried for more than 1,000 years, called mummies, which have been embalmed with costly salves and balsams, and smell strongly of myrrh, aloes and other fragrant things."

The learned doctors of France, Germany and Italy all made great use of this eccentric drug, and in the Seventeenth century grievous complaints arose of its adulteration. M. Fournet, chief apothecary to the French king, records that the king's physician went to Alexandria to judge for himself in this matter, and, having made friends with a Jewish dealer in mummies, was admitted to his storehouse, where he saw piles of bodies. He asked what kind of bodies were used and how they were prepared. The Jew informed him that he took such bodies as he could get, whether they died of some disease or some contagion. He embalmed them with the sweepings of various old drugs, myrrh, aloes, pitch and gum; wound them about with a care cloth and then dried them in an oven, after which he sent them to Europe, and marvelled to see the Christians were lovers of such filthiness. But even this revelation did not suffice to put mummy physic out of fashion, and we know that Francis I, of France, always carried with him a well filled medicine chest, of which this was the principal ingredient...

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