

OUT OF ALASKA.

TENDERFOOT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST TRIP PROSPECTING.

Rossate Romance of Boundless Wealth and Magnificent Scenery—Fascinated by a Hospitable Indian—His Claim to the Country—A Bad Indian and Family.

On the morning of July 9 we left Douglas City on the favorite and fast sailing canoe Hiak, Capt. Jim (both well and favorably known in Alaskan waters), for a prospecting trip in Lynn Canal. As the day was fine and the wind fair, the sail through Gastineaux, Stephens' passage and Lynn Canal was life-lifting, as each one is dotted with little islands, rising from the water's edge to a height of a thousand feet or more, whilst the mountains on the main land are thousands of feet high, with ragged peaks not unlike the teeth of an old fashioned cross cut saw, the spaces between the peaks being filled with glaciers and the peaks themselves are covered with perpetual snow.

As I am a chee-chaco in the country (that's what my chums call me), everything appeared wild and picturesque, and as I burst out in exclamations of admiration every once in a while at the scenery, they would say, "Oh, shucks! that ain't nothing; you had ought to see the scenery on the Yukon."

The first night we camped on a creek about five miles from Juneau, where our native told us there was some quartz. We stayed and examined it, but did not think enough of it to locate it. The next day we arrived at our native's place (as he called it), situated at Lynn Canal, and distant about fifty miles from Juneau. It is a beautiful bay, filled with many islands and teeming with fish, from the mighty whale to the tiny herring, while the woods and mountains are full of game—the small and harmless ground hog and the large and fierce brown bear.

The Indian who accompanied us is a fine specimen of his race, as he stands over six feet in his bare feet, and weighs over 200 pounds. He is a Mormon in proclivities, for he has a number of wives, who appear well satisfied with him as their lord and master, and I could see no sign of the green eyed monster. He is a bear hunter by occupation, an enthusiast in that line, and many were the stories and hair breadth escapes he related. I can well believe he is a good hunter, as his larder is well stocked with fish, fowl and game; his wives were brown, fat and greasy; his dogs, of which he had seven, were all in splendid condition, and that is more than can be said of most Indian dogs. He told us the peculiarities of each, and showed us the many wounds they had received in the encounters with their prey. He also showed us the hole where he buried the bears' heads, and there must have been twenty skulls in it. I inquired of him why he did so, and he told me, "Bear all same Indian; and by and by he go to the happy routing ground."

As a host he is a prince, and right royally he treated us to all kinds of game put up in Indian style. We had smoked porcupine put up in seal oil, and our crowns who pretend to be an epicure said it was delicious; there were seal's flippers cooked in grease, which were not dissimilar to pig's feet; baked ground hog stuffed with mussels, which gave the hog a fishy taste and improved the flavor of the mussels. His bear's head cheese was actually immense, and there were many more dishes too numerous to mention. He showed many kinds of roots and herbs good for food and medicinal uses. He also showed his canned halibut, hocks and all of his dancing outfit. His headgear and mask cost him \$50; it was wild and uncouth, and was carved out of yellow cedar. It had a large nose like a parrot's beak, eyes made of mother of pearl, a mouth which contained the teeth of the only swash doctor on Noah's ark, ears made from the hide of the ichthyosaurus, hair made from the sea lion's whiskers. His hunting knife had some unique carving on the handle that represented some Indian myth the bears were afraid of. As a prospector, like many more following that vocation, I do not consider him a success, as we examined many places that he showed us, but could see nothing except white and barren quartz.

He had other places he wanted to show us, and we would have gone with him, but one of the party had an acute attack of malarial fever. The native told us the extent of his territory, and said he expected white men prospecting on his domain to pay him \$2.50 per day for his knowledge and services. He said the land and water belonged to his ancestors from time immemorial, and he inquired if white men owning a similar amount of land would allow everybody on it. His argument brought forcibly to our mind the "Blood-bought lands" of America and the land question that is now agitating the British empire, where lords, dukes and earls are holding hundreds of miles square that their ancestors acquired by might, while he claims his by right. The only difference I see between them and this Indian is that he will be glad to see you hunt or fish on his supposed country, while if you caught a trout in their waters or shot a pheasant in their woods you would get about five years.

So we parted with feelings of regret, promising to return if the Hoonah springs cured our companion. We ran across two men looking for fresh water. "Just think of it!" my chums exclaimed, "hunting for fresh water in Alaska! They must be pilgrims like yourself." The next camp we made was on a large stream, where we found an Indian and his family, a blond point, exposed to the elements from all points. He had to carry water nearly half a mile. We wondered why he built on such a bleak place, but he was not communicative, so we concluded he had committed some deprecation on his fellow Indians, and was continually on the lookout, as a foe could not approach him without being seen.

The next day we traveled against a head wind and a terrible rain, and after getting drenched to the skin we camped. It would be very pleasant prospecting in Alaska were it not for the rain, head wind and tides, thick brush and mosquitoes, and a few other little inconveniences. Then, again, if I was looking through a tourist's eyes from the deck of an ocean steamer, how romantic the majestic mountains and rivers, hundreds of miles of pine clad shores, and every now and then a vast glacier! Then in smooth, narrow channels can be seen the mammoth whale, forging his way along nearly as fast as the steamer, and every few feet can be seen the shining silvery sides of a beautiful salmon, disporting, or trying to escape from some fussy monster who is trying to catch him for a meal. I saw a seal gobbie one in less than two weeks. To me the animals on such a trip remind one of a great menagerie, without having to pay at the door, while the waters are a grand aquarium; and take it altogether, were it not for the stern reality of beans and bacon, a prospecting tour in Alaska is like visiting an ever changing panorama.—Juneau (Alaska) Mining Record.

Considering how much easier it is to tell the truth than it is to lie, we cannot help being astonished at some of the things we hear.—Sourville Journal.

OF MEMORY.

No Royal Road to Strength of Mental Powers—Practice, Practice, Practice.

Superstition knows no bounds. Ever since men began to be civilized there have been theorists who have made a living—and some of them a very handsome living—by professing to impart some wonderful secret which should increase the beauty or prolong the youth or strengthen the memory of the credulous disciple. All men and some women like to be thought young and beautiful; and the advantage of being able to say at any moment when Queen Elizabeth died and who stabbed Egion, king of Moab, is obvious to the meanest capacity. Teachers of memory will always find occupation, but those who think of employing them should think twice. There were distinguished professors of the art in antiquity, Greeks for the most part, omniscient and shifty, and ready, as Juvenal says, to undertake anything, from rope dancing to scaling heaven, for a consideration. In the modern world, it is said by Pliny, could repeat literally anything that he had once heard. Like astrology and divination, mnemonics has just that sufficient air of relation to reality which is sure to mislead the unthinking and the uncritical; and with the revival of learning in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth centuries this fantastic science came again into notice. It has never quite lapsed into obscurity since that time.

It is to be hoped that not many readers can recall, as part of their personal experience, the career of M. Gouard, who created an excitement in this country forty years ago with his system of "phreno-mnemonics," the idea of which was an application of the Arabic numerals. The syllables, se, te, ne, me, re, le, she, ke, fe, pe, represented the nine figures and the cipher, and by the combination of these syllables the mind was to lay hold at once on any fact, or date, or passage, and reproduce it without error. Part of the charm in all these systems lies in the abracadabra, the unintelligibility of a formula which affects the mind of the neophyte with its cadence, just as the old woman found that it did her good all over to hear that "sweet word, Mesopotamia." The formula and the readiness to believe in anything that promises to do away with the ordinary law of hard work will account for much; but how does it happen that no one of the thousands who have wasted substance and time on these hollow deceptions has left a record of his experience? That experience has been, by the nature of the case, uniform. No man has ever been found who succeeded in acquiring strength of memory by any other process than continual practice and effort. Those who seem to improve by following a system of mnemonics, improve only because they then first seriously give the memory work to do. The law for this is the same as the law for every power, mental or physical, as well as for every organ: give it exercise and practice, and it improves and gathers strength; neglect it, and the organ or the power dies.—Frank Leslie's.

Marrying the House Servant.

Appropos of matrimony, a curious mania seems to have broken out among the scions of our first families to marry the servants of the house. There have been half a dozen cases during the last twelve months of these model examples of dudedom converting their mothers' waiting maids into their mothers' daughters-in-law. Only a few weeks since another case of this kind was reported. In this instance the fortunate bride was the French maid of one of the best known women in society in New York. The son, he it said to his credit, although he is a decidedly sappy young fellow, professes an honest affection for his wife, and has positively refused to allow his family to cast her off. Between the fear of public scandal and the acceptance of a daughter-in-law of such humble station the family have not hesitated. They have accepted the situation with the understanding that the son and his bride shall travel about the world for a year or two, until the odor of her inferior condition has blown away, when they may receive her on sufferance. As a rule these marriages do not end so happily. The bride is generally thought off or forced into accepting a separation and divorce. Indeed, there was quite a row early last winter, occasioned by the refusal of a well known and opulent family of Kitchener antecedents to pay a servant girl, whom their son had married, the amount promised her in consideration of her permitting him to be divorced. The oddest part about these curious matches is the ease with which they are kept quiet. If the daughter of the house runs away with the coachman, the papers will, to a moral certainty, be full of it; but I suppose a superior interest attaches to the eccentricities of the fair sex. It is such a common thing for a dude to make a fool of himself that when he does it no one gives it any particular attention.—Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Boy with Two Hearts.

The patient was again anesthetized. An incision was made in the neck over the tumor. The cartilaginous cyst was corrugated slightly and resisted the knife strongly. The surgeon had to proceed with the greatest caution and be on the lookout for the slightest puncture of the artery. An opening was finally made through the cartilage, and it was extended for about three inches. The hemorrhage was only ordinary.

Within this hard sac there was a small body covered with a membrane. Dr. Wyeth had never seen anything like it before. To facilitate further cutting, as well as to find out what the body was, a strong light was reflected into the cavity. The surgeon cleaned within and turned away in dismay. And well he might, for there in full view was a miniature heart beating with great energy. The venous and arterial systems were perfectly developed, though on a small scale, and as far as could be judged extended through the entire body independent entirely of the heart in the chest. Dr. Wyeth did not cut any further, though he would certainly like to have seen what effect the removal of the auxiliary heart would have had on the patient. A photograph was taken of the heart with a detective camera before closing the wound.

In examining the cartilage it was discovered that the irregular formations of its surface was due to the existence of small ribs, which nature had thrown around the heart for protection. The wound was sewed with silk, and beyond a slight inflammation has not given any trouble. The swelling in the neck, of course, can never be reduced, but there is nothing to indicate that it will ever prove detrimental to the boy's health.—New York Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Missionaries to Big Luck.

"My friends," shouted a frenzied temperance orator, "Boston sent last year to Africa 1,000,000 gallons of rum—accursed rum—while the missionaries on that dark and benighted continent can almost be counted on one's fingers." "How many—hio—gallons of rum?" hiccoughed an interested listener. "One million gallons, sir." "Gra-gracious! An' only few missionaries?" "Yes, friend!" "Gra-gracious! Missionaries in—hio—big luck."—Time.

A DAY IN VENICE.

A TRAVELER'S GLIMPSE OF ITS DREAMY AND IDYLIC LIFE.

A Visit to St. Mark's Church—Drifting in a Gondola Down the Grand Canal—A Moonlight Scene—Music, Dark Eyed Maidens and Flowers. I am soon down stairs for a simple breakfast of coffee, rolls and omelet, and out on my way to the Piazza. As I pass over the Ponte della Paglia, the gondoliers are cleaning their boats and polishing the brass mountings and iron prows till they gleam in the sun like refined gold and silver. In the Piazza all is life, and yet that dreamy sort of life make Venice so idyllic; the shops are all open, and the cafes serving to natives and tourists the morning meal. The windows in the arcade flash out their brilliant setting of jewelry, gems, lovely Venetian glass, rare curios and stuffs from the east, like a priceless girdle around this matchless square of San Marco.

Of course, my first duty and pleasure, as it is my noontide and closing one, is to enter St. Mark's church; to wander about within the aisles and arches; to sit for an hour in some secluded corner, and contemplate its marvelous architecture of piers, of vaults, of domes; its almost inconceivable riches of alabaster, of marbles, of porphyry, bronzes, gold, silver, statuary and mosaics; to drink it all in, and fill our soul with calm and satisfying delight, and to return again and again and again day by day to the same feast, more like a dream than a reality.

From the Piazzetta at the Molo a gondola takes me along the grand canal to visit the manufactory of mosaics, glass, furniture and delightful Venetian iron work. Noon-time comes all too soon, and so leaving my gondolier at the Rialto, with the admonition to be at the Molo at 4 o'clock, I pass down through the Merceria and make my way on to the Piazza, stopping at one of the little shops in a side calle to get a horn of corn for the pigeons; others are before me, for the bell on the Torre dell' Orologio has struck the noon hour, and around the square many are engaged in the same charming occupation. I stop beside a young country woman within one of the arches who has a score of these beautiful birds on her person, one, two, three, on top of each other, all pushing, pecking and cooing for the bright, golden grain which she holds in her dainty outstretched hands, and the happy smile on her fair face attests to the pure enjoyment she is having.

A group of little ones, sitting on the pavement, around the base of one of the bronze pedestals to the flagstaffs, with the birds all about them, in their laps, on their hands, is another pretty sight, till some one on the other side of the piazza coos to the birds. The pigeons simultaneously, from all directions, rise and go swooping and swirling down upon it en masse as it falls to the pavement.

After lunch, or dejjeuner, visits to the ducal palace, and church, and afterward fill up the time till 3 p. m., when I return to St. Mark's to listen to the chanting of the choir. And what a chorus it is. Never before have I heard such sacred music; the strong, clear voices of the young mingle with the deep tremor of the aged fathers; the grandly toned organ peals forth its stirring accompaniment in delightful harmony. I rest upon the marble seats within the shadow of the south aisle, and the music seems to come from far away; it swells up among the arches and domes and comes down in mellowed and subdued reflections, and dies away in a gentle and lingering echo which seems to love and caress the very air it pulsates.

Leaving St. Mark's, I find my gondolier punctual at the appointed time, and we start out for our first drive up the Grand canal as far as the station and back again, which occupies two hours, or till dinner time. I call it drifting, for that comes nearest to expressing the silent, almost motionless gliding of this most fascinating of conveyances. The gondolier uses his oar, it is true, but the action is so graceful, the exertion apparently so easy, the progress so dreamy and slow that it seems to be simply drifting, as if carried along by some unseen current. Never before have I known what longing, what excellence, ideal rest—from all physical and mental activity—meant; the cushions are soft as down, my gondolier a most entertaining fellow, the afternoon simply perfect, the Grand canal a wonderland, all quiet and still, with not a sound save the distant warning cry of some gondolier at the entrance of a side canal; and as I lie back and allow aside my hat and the sun's rays, I am content.

Dinner being over, I once more direct my steps to the Piazza. The lamps are all aglow, and, if possible, the square is more enchanting by night than by day. Standing just to the right of the archway opening to the Merceria, one gets the finest view of the scene. The moon is midway up the eastern sky, just above St. Mark's, her mellow light dimming the lamps of the Piazza; the majestic Campanile is outlined in sharp silhouette, its angel crowned spire seeming to reach up and lose itself amid the shining stars; it casts a full dark shadow the full length of the Piazza in strong contrast to the whiteness of the moon lit pavement.

The shops are all ablaze; diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, corals, gold and Gemstones work their way in a thousand lights. The Arcade is full of surging humanity; the tables at the entrances to the cafes and out on the pavement are surrounded by almost every nationality, sipping coffee and grappa. The band stationed in the center of the square gives to the scene the added charm of fine music. Dark eyed Venetian maidens smile at one through a maze of soft black lace, mysteriously wound about their heads, half concealing, half revealing their beautiful faces. Flower girls laden with baskets or trays of exotics find ready sales, for the custom is universal; and Rosa, the fairest of them all, so demurely and coquettishly fixes a boutonniere in your lapel that one hasn't the heart to refuse the few sous anyway.

What a scene! One never to be forgotten, and as I write, the memory of it makes the time seem a thousand years till I am fortunate enough to be once more in Venice. Well might Jacopo Foscarini beg of his implacable judges to allow him to return to die in Venice!—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Ice Hills of the Arctic.

Advices from the fishing village of Kerschikara, in the Kola Peninsula, on the White sea, describe a wonderful phenomenon new in Arctic annals, which took place on Jan. 5 last. At 4 o'clock in the morning the inhabitants were awakened by a series of heavy, dull detonations like distant artillery. Shortly afterward a great ice wall to the northwest, several hundred feet high, was seen to be moving toward the village, doubtless in consequence of the pressure of ocean ice outside. The ice hills came slowly but irresistibly onward and passed over the village, which they completely erased, and kept onward for a mile inland. The ice traveled a mile and a half in four hours. The villagers saved their lives, but little else.—Home Journal.

TRINIDAD'S CHIEF INDUSTRY.

Culture of the Cocoa Tree—Gathering the Seeds for Market.

It is worth a little delay here to study what is fast becoming what will in the near future be the chief industry of the colony. Wiser than our Barbadian friends and more fortunate in territory, estate owners of Trinidad are turning their attention from cultivation of sugar, which is growing less profitable, to that of cocoa, whose future is a certainty. Like coffee, the cacao must be shaded from the sun; like it, it is guarded by another tree that is called the "bois immortelle." As we see it in Maraval valley and as it is everywhere, the cacao is a tree of from ten to twenty feet high, with rough, yellowish brown bark, large lanceolate leaves, and a dozen nuts the size and shape of young musk melons, growing directly from the trunk or larger limbs to which they are attached by a short pedicel. In color green while immature, they change to a chrome yellow or magenta red when ripe or to a mixture of both that is artistic.

When picking time comes they are cut from the tree, gathered into heaps and split open, the latter operation revealing the seeds or cacao arranged in layers of disks like copper pennies from end to end, and covered with a white gelatinous substance. This is gotten rid of by fermentation—by rotting it off in closed boxes; a process that needs constant caution, as it will destroy the kernels if carried too far.

The latter are dried in the sun, assorted and packed, when they are ready for market. Cacao trees begin to bear at about six years of age, and continue for fifty, during all of which time they need but the simplest care, and yield constantly. Therefore a cacao estate is an excellent thing to have in the family. But the valleys beneath whose shade and in whose well matured soil the tree flourishes best, are limited in extent, and there is but a comparatively small amount of government land left upon which to found new plantations. About the only way to acquire one now is to watch chances carefully and purchase either a large one that some vicissitude of fortune has thrown into the auction market, or pick up a number of small ones lying contiguous and join them into one. Ten years ago, estates could occasionally be purchased at a bargain, and the regular price was \$1 a tree. Now it is common to demand that a decent one is offered, and the price is from \$3 to \$5 a tree. Even at this last figure a cacao estate is no mean investment, as it requires no fertilization and is expected to yield \$1 a tree per annum.—Dr. William F. Hutchinson in American Magazine.

Lacy Larcum's Teaching Days.

"What was the most remarkable thing that happened in the big school?" "I am afraid you will scarcely believe it," she answered, with a merry shake of her head. It was the flight of a girl up the chimney. I had made her sit on the empty fireplace as a punishment, and to put her so far away from the other children that she could not make them partners in her unbecomingly frolics. She sat demure and shy at first. But there was a magnificent imp spirit in her. It snarped in her black eyes, and rippled in faint twitches at the ends of her red mouth. She gradually drew herself nearer the open flue, and before I could catch my breath she had seized some jutting bits of timber, lifted herself up, and a pair of flying heels disappearing through the chimney hole was the last we saw of her that day.

"Did you make her come back the same way, a la Mephisto?" inquired Mrs. Sherman.

"Oh, no. We were glad to get her back any way we could. We could not spare a girl of such possibilities."

"Had you any difficulty with the boys—the big fellows?"

Miss Larcum's face clouded. "Not serious trouble. I—yes, it is too bad to have to own it—made them go and get the rods that helped to catch them. I had to make one striking rail splitter acknowledge that I was his master, and he was a good friend ever afterward."

"I suppose you underwent a severe examination?"

"I had to raise my right hand and swear that I was able to teach the three R's and a good many other things. There was an examination also, but the swearing went a long way. It did not amount to much, however, in getting the salary granted. It was necessary to go to another county to get it. The amount was \$40 for three months."—Chicago Tribune.

Are Athletes Good Students?

Much prejudice is often manifested against intercollegiate contests, as it is claimed that they are detrimental to good scholarship. In order to discover the real state of the case, a thorough examination was recently made at Cornell university of the records of all the men who had engaged in intercollegiate contests since the opening of the institution. The result showed that the average scholarship for the year of each man who had rowed on the crews was 70 per cent., that of the ball players 73, and that of the track athletes 70, a standing of 70 per cent. being necessary for graduation. Fifty-four per cent. of all these men graduated, which is 7 per cent. above the university rate of graduation. The baseball and track athletes graduated 34 per cent. of their number, with an honorable standing (80 per cent), which is about in the same proportion as the university rate. Very few of the crew men, however, graduated with honors.

In physical development the reverse order was found to hold, the crew men coming first, the baseball players next and the track athletes last. The total average was considerably above that of the university. The results would seem to show that intercollegiate contests, when kept within reasonable limits, do not interfere with the general scholarship of educational institutions, and this is the attitude which the presidents of Cornell have always held toward the subject.—New York Tribune.

A Queen of the Congo.

Dr. Wolf says that while he was ascending the great Sankuru affluent of the Congo a number of the wild Bassongo-Mino, who had never before seen a white man, suddenly popped up out of the bushes one day, and aimed their arrows at the visitors as their steamer was approaching the shore only to drop a rod and draw their bows to find that the next instant a volley of arrows would have poured into the little crowd on deck had not a woman in the dress of a native queen suddenly leaped among the throng of savages, struck to the ground the bow of one man who was just ready to let his missile fly, and in a tone of authority bade the rest of the crowd to unbend their weapons and also their warlike front. The brief command and cautionary gesture of this picturesque female had a magical effect upon her warrior subjects, who relaxed their bows and grinned sheepishly at the pale faces, who were nervously beginning to finger their revolvers.—Boston Transcript.

To Be Expected.

A Connecticut firm is making ink out of green apples. We suppose, of course, it will not be a bad writing look-er-up.—Yonkers Statesman.

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