

AN AFRICAN KING.

AT ONE TIME A MONARCH, HE IS NOW A 'LONGSHOREMAN.

Capt. Farrell Tells the Story in the Presence of the King—He Ate the Ears and Tongue of a Missionary—Brought to This Country as a Slave in 1857.

The party boarded the Lord of the Isles and were soon discussing some good Santa Cruz in the cabin of Capt. Farrell.

"I was midshipman in the English navy," said the captain, "serving on board her majesty's good ship Scorpion thirty years ago, when slavery was still an institution of this country. The Scorpion was dispatched from the Mediterranean to join the Atlantic squadron in the Bight of Benin, and had orders to put down the slave trade, then unusually active. Before we had been three months on the coast we captured half a dozen dhows. We were informed by a missionary that there was a camp or depot about a mile inland, where slaves and ivory were exchanged for rum and money, and as our instructions were to extirpate the evil wherever it was to be found, 500 marines and blue jackets of the squadron were marched to attack this depot. The resistance was merely nominal, and I believe our small force could have taken all Central Africa.

"Now it happened that Carambo IV, king or sultan of western Foulah, had died a few days before the attack, and his son—(permit me to introduce to your majesty a reporter of The New York Star)—his son, I say, succeeded him as Carambo V."

Carambo smiled in a melancholy sort of way at this recital, and tears came into his eyes, which he turned away his head to conceal.

"Take another drop of Santa Cruz, Carambo," suggested the captain. The king drank, and the captain continued his story.

"Intelligence of the breaking up of camp, and of the consequent stoppage of supplies in cash, rum and blankets, reached Carambo by carriers early next morning, and burning with ardor to have revenge, and signalize the beginning of his reign with a victory, he implored an army down to the coast, which reached our camp four days later, and promptly began an assault. To do his majesty nothing but justice, stripping as he then was, he led his savage legions like a hero, and though his warriors fell thick and fast around him, he jumped, spear and buckler in hand, right into our line of fire. His wife, who was crying 'Amoo! hail! hail! hail! Amoo!' He was wounded on the right temple with a sword, and captured after a desperate struggle, while those of his party who did not disperse were also taken prisoners. It was an ugly gash you got, Carambo?"

"Yes, Massa Farr'l," said Carambo, turning the right side of his face toward the narrator, and showing a scar stretching from the outward corner of the eye down to the jawbone. The mark was barely perceptible, but it was there, and no mistake.

"Before Carambo left his capital for the attack," the captain continued, "he had ordered the roasting and eating of a Portuguese missionary priest. Did you eat any of him, Carambo?"

"Yes," answered the king, simply, "I ate his ears and his tongue."

"Yes, I remember. It was for this that, while we released his subjects after a day or two, we took the monarch himself prisoner to the island of Ascension. We also learned that he had sacrificed fifty of the late king's wives on his tomb, and was about as sanguinary a young man generally as might be picked up in Central Africa."

"I was the Napoleon," spoke up Carambo, proudly, as he gulped down another snifter of Santa Cruz.

CHECKING A ROYAL CAREER. "Possibly. I visited the island two months after, and found Carambo hand and glove with the royal marines who garrisoned the place. He had learned to smoke, and drank all the rum he could get with great gusto. He wore a pair of long Wellington boots and a grenadier's big shako, which were all he did wear, and enough, too, in that hot climate. The shako was distorted into the shape of a crown, and with this on his royal cranium he stalked about the island, and accepted the title of king with infinite grace. I saw him dozens of times after this when calling in for coal and water, and found him growing so demoralized that I wrote to the admiral, who, in turn, represented his case to the government, with the result that he was released and sent home, on swearing allegiance to Queen Victoria. That was the last of him I saw until I met him on the wharf half an hour since, running a cotton truck. Perhaps Carambo can tell us how he came here."

This Carambo did in very bad, but still intelligible, English. It appears that in his absence his subjects chose another king, who marched poor Carambo down to the coast with 1,500 others and sold him to American slavers. He was again sold for \$1,300 at auction in Richmond in 1857 to a partner, who treated him kindly. He was among those arrested by Gen. Butler as contraband of war in 1862, and of course made free by President Lincoln's proclamation. For the rest, he came north after the war, worked in various capacities, but being a man of great strength he finally decided to work along shore until he could make money enough to run a lal-somnig establishment.

"But your name is not Carambo now?" queried the reporter. "My name is always Carambo," answered his English majesty with dignity, "but they call me John Howard, and I live at 46 High street."

"Here," said the captain, philosophically, "you have a king in your midst, and yet you do almost royal homage to every lord or so-distant lord that comes along. It is very singular."—New York Star.

Charles H. Ball, of New York city, owns a monkey which is attracting considerable attention. The animal is a year old and weighs six pounds. All of his joints are double. Among the many accomplishments of the monkey is his ability to talk. Not only can he say "papa," "mamma" and "cuckoo" as well as any parrot, but he will, when hungry, say, "Jack wants his grub."

At Dijon a convict under a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude was permitted to leave his prison and marry.

SOCIAL CRUCIFIXION.

Enshelms Who Go Into Society and Are Made Miserable Thereby.

The subject of going into society together is one of endless discussion between men and their wives; these favoring, pressing, insisting on it; those opposing, ridiculing, protesting against it. Women often carry their point by declaring that if their husbands will not go they will not, either. A just or generous man is averse to keeping his wife at home simply because he considers social entertainments of any and every kind stupid and disagreeable. He knows that she delights in them, and that for her to relinquish them is a positive sacrifice. There is no more reason why she should stay away than why he should go; and, therefore, he goes, but goes reluctantly, with ill will, and, as it were, by compulsion.

It may seem singular that she should permit him to, knowing as she does how hateful the thing is. It seems downright selfish in her—and women are rarely selfish—but she believes that she cannot afford to release him; that her frequenting society without him is the beginning of the separation; or, their leading distinct lives, of their social divorce. Her belief may not be correct, but it is sincere. Hence is she not warranted in maintaining her position to the last?

At any rate, she maintains it, though not without great cost, greater often than she realizes. Her husband resents more and more his dragging into society. He never puts on his dress suit, or orders the carriage for the park, or wishes a feeling of inward bitterness, or his wife's exactingness, or his submission to a wrong; and the feeling mainly produces habitual dissatisfaction and cynicism. His wife is unconsciously bringing about what she is trying to avoid—settled discontent with her and the conjugal connection. It is better she should let him obey his propensity than thwart it thus; for alienation would be slower with freedom than with fetters.

What a deal of mischief is society, frivolous, hollow, insignificant, capable of doing! The dragged husband feels that he is a social impostor; that he abuses hospitality by partaking of it in a perverted way. He is in no mood to entertain or be entertained. He is bored to death, and his contentment shows it. He yawns behind hand or handkerchief, and for the moment fairly despises his wife, noticing across the room her animated manner and obvious gratification. His look and air and gait are funeral. If he were hating a friend he would, he fancies, feel more cheerful. Stealing into a corner, ever and anon, to glance furtively at his watch, he thinks that it must have stopped. Has there ever before been so long an evening? His wife indicates that she is about to leave; but he knows what that means, and resigns himself to another leaden-footed hour.

Everything must have an end; finally she departs, and his face for the moment is flushed with pleasure, immediately dispelled by the remembrance that there are to be five evenings more of similar boredom within the coming week. He dreams of what he has undergone and must undergo in the torture chambers of society; his sleep is broken and feverish; he rises in the morning despondent and irritable. His wife may dimly suspect the cause; but she lacks the intelligence, perhaps the magnanimity, to relieve him of his onerous obligation. In the end he will be very likely to throw it off, and it will be accompanied by no little of his ill affection and sympathy.

The women are few who would make good their declaration of surrendering society if their husbands should fully refuse to escort them. They think they would, and for a while they might; but the enticement is too great to be long resisted. First, they will go out alone occasionally; then frequently; at last regularly. Women who have dragged their legs for several seasons, and then acquitted them, may run the risk of losing the early place occupied in their hearts (to not such loss, actual and unavoidable, with most couples, in any circumstances); but they get on far more comfortably.

Men love freedom above everything; and when they have it they are more amiable and patient than when it is in any way curtailed. Husbands who have been exceedingly disagreeable at home, so long as they have felt constrained to discharge social duties in their own persons, have behaved quite decently after turning over those duties entirely to their partners. The average woman gets rid of her romance and sentiment by five or six years of connubial experience (the first year will answer for the average man), and prefers domestic peace and toleration to the cherishment of the loftiest ideals.—Junius Henri Browne in Chicago America.

A Small Economist. A little boy whose parents were always discussing ways and means in his presence was constantly reminded of the expense of everything until the early lessons of domestic economy were sunk deep in his soul. When he was 8 years old some friends visited the family, leaving with them a year old baby. This was such a fund of delight that the small boy's parents remarked that they should like such a baby in their own household, and they looked at him to see how he would take the suggestion. What was their surprise when he answered gravely: "You know you couldn't afford it!"—Detroit Free Press.

Endurance of the Apaches. A white man fires after covering a march of twenty miles on a dead level prairie. An Apache would make at least fifty miles in the same time over rough, rocky mountain piles, and not feel half so much fatigue as the soldier would in making his score of miles. Cavalry cannot work in such a country, and white men cannot compete with natives in their own stronghold.—Philadelphia Record.

The Quail a Prophet. In some parts of Tyrol the number of his calls is believed to denote the price of corn, each call signifying a guilder. In other parts, if he calls six times, the year will be a bad one; if eight times, it will be tolerably prosperous; but should he call ten times or beyond that number, everything will flourish.—Audubon Magazine.

Skeptical, but Curious. Husband—I had my fortune told today. Wife—You don't believe in that sort of thing, do you? H.—No. W.—Nor I. It is all foolishness, the

put your shoes outside your door, Herr Rheinhardt? The candidate thought not; he had last at home, and though all last night he had been thinking of heavenly kind to him here, he had only one heart's desire, and most certainly no Christ Child would put that in his shoes. Still if Fraulein Frida desired it, she must know any wish of hers was his law. Here the parents entered, good nights were hurriedly said, and soon all was quiet. The children made a merry ruck for the breakfast table Christmas morning, displaying their shoes filled to overflowing. When some of the rapture had subsided they asked the candidate what he had found. Nothing, not even his shoes. Possibly they had been taken away for a joke. The children cried out in distress. At this moment the door opened to admit Frida, walking slowly, her eyes on the floor. For an instant she hesitated, gave one look at her mother, who returned it encouragingly, then walked straight up to the candidate, took his hands out. She stumbled a little, but managed to catch her, and then for the first time he saw that her pretty little feet were vainly trying to keep inside of his clumsy shoes. He stood an instant irresolute, while Frida's lips quivered, and her courage almost failed her. Then she was in his arms, and the good mother, with tears in her eyes, drew the little ones out of the room and closed the door. Translated for Current Literature from The Berliner Tagblatt by Miss J. M. Burgoyne.

FRIDA'S GIFT.

Every woman desires, above all things, to be loved, and Frida was no exception to the rule, but when it came to being put upon a pedestal and worshipped from a distance the pleasure did not outlast the novelty.

It was cold up there all alone, and she wanted to be warmed. Respectful homage might do for guests, but she was only a loving hearted little German girl, who had just passed her sixteenth birthday, and been invested with the embroidered bronze slippers, which signified that childhood had passed, and she might take her place in the world as a young lady, and be called "you," instead of the familiar "thou" of years past, and who had had no thought, beyond papa, mamma and the children, till the young candidate Rheinhardt came to be tutor to her brothers and keep her from forgetting what she knew.

Much time was passed in the school-room, and Franz Rheinhardt soon discovered that the docile, golden haired pupil would be the sweetest bride on earth for some one fortunate enough to win her. That it should be himself never entered his mind. As soon would he have asked one of the royal family to keep his house and mend his socks—which shows of how much advantage is deep reading and knowledge to a man in understanding a woman.

Had not taken very long for Rheinhardt to become Frida's ideal of all that was great and good. His learning she venerated, his abstraction covered, to her, the most profound thinking, while his careless and neglected dress only excited a longing to take upon herself the humble task of ministering to the creature comforts of this young divine, who, to an unprejudiced onlooker, was at most an awkward, shy, self-conscious teenager, only distinguished from his fellows by a firm, an all abiding belief in what he professed.

This hero worship, however, did not blind Frida to the story told by Rheinhardt's near sighted blue eyes. She saw that loving her in this reverent way he had raised a barrier between them that she alone could remove, and when could it be better done than now, at the feast of the blessed Christ child?

She could not as yet tell how, but it should be done; he loved her already, would soon tell her so, and in the meantime she reveled in innocent dreams of the future.

He would soon have a parish, of course, and she would work hard; oh, yes, and do all he told her with the children's classes; but if she could only look a little older, such a curly head and baby face would ill become a coffee table surrounded by—Heaven preserve us! Frau Doctor this, and Frau Professor that, oh, no. She will knit and mend his socks, brew cherry cordial for his cough, keep his books dusted, and never, never lose his loose leaves of his sermons; anything but take her place as Frau Pastorin and receive all these awe inspiring ladies. Startled by this idea into looking up, she met his eyes fixed on hers, felt sure he had read her thoughts, and hid her blushing face behind a huge pile of un-mended socks.

Poor Franz never dreamed the blush was for him; he saw himself through his own blue glasses and sighed, patiently going on with little Max, who could not, under repeated explanations, be made to understand that the square of a number was not the same as twice.

Was the child duller than usual, or was it that he could hardly see the slate through the mist of a vision—a vision of a little roomy smaller than this, oh, yes, but warm, with curtains and fire grate, if his studies on three sides with books and benches are on a stand at his right hand.

In the middle of the room there is a table with a green cloth, and a napkin folded diamond fashion under the lamp. There is a work basket too, and it belongs to a dear little wife whose feet are on the fender, a little golden haired wife, whose name is Frida. But he must have spoken the name aloud, for she looked up. "Did you speak to me, Herr Professor?"

"Pardon, Fraulein, I but thought aloud; we would, I have the book and slates to-night, little ones and I, for stories of the Christ Child."

"If you will listen, I will tell them better." So, while the good mother in the next room dressed the children's tree, the candidate told quaint old legends of how the oxen in the stable warmed the Holy Babe with their breath; how the wise men who worshipped him here, after his death, baptised him in the Nile; and of how the Christ Child fills the lives of good children, and knows who only a red is deserved, till the little one opened wide with the same wonder they felt every year, and they ran to him, for his Sunday songs, sure of his presence for the little nightingales and had already brought their milk from the dear home teacher.

Frida said, and left alone, she very much liked the little room, and she was sure, with Fritz, the other children, and the good mother, she would have a good time.

Coal Tar and Petroleum.

For the past twenty years, writes a correspondent in American Florist, I have used gas tar not only on greenhouse gutters but on benches and other parts exposed to dampness as well. He says: For gutters I have found nothing better for making them tight. My method of application is to heat over a very gentle fire and apply with a paint brush white wash. The heating facilitates the work, as it spreads and penetrates the wood more rapidly, besides forming a hard and glossy coat when cold. Care should be observed not to fill the vessel too full, as it is liable to foam and rise over the side and communicate with the fire. I give my gutters a coat once a year, generally in August, as a warm, still day is to be preferred.

While on this subject it occurs to me that possibly some of your many readers might be glad to know that crude petroleum is also a great preserver of wood. I have found it invaluable for greenhouse stages, etc., as a prime coat for all wood work where exposed to the weather. It prevents warping and checking and at the same time repels water. I consider it just so much lead and oil saved. If followed with a coat of paint it remains on the surface and forms a solid body. Buildings treated in this way will suffer no harm for several years without other paint.

The Japs Don't Save.

You will find but few rich Japanese. The rule here is that the people are not accumulative, in our sense of the word. They have never learned the philosophy of investment, and they spend all they make. They have in the past had no investment of money, except in lands, and the saving done has been largely for rebuilding their houses in cases of fires, which are very frequent. Dr. Hepburn, who has been in Japan for more than thirty years, is my authority for the statement that a Japanese house is thought on the average to last only five years before it is destroyed by fires. The frame work and the interiors are like tinder, and whole villages are swallowed up almost monthly in Japanese conflagrations. The people are the most careless people in regard to fires I have ever seen, and there are no fire departments to speak of out of the four or five large cities. This danger has thus been an incentive to saving, but above this there is a little. Seven-tenths of the people, at a rough estimate, live from hand to mouth, though the postal savings banks which have been introduced bid fair to teach them differently. Interest is high and the banks make money. There is not a large government debt, and the most of the debt is held at home.—Frank G. Carpenter.

Smuggling Lard in a Coffin.

A Brussels lace merchant had received from a Belgian, residing in Paris, an order for a large quantity of Malines lace. The goods were carefully packed in a lead coffin, which was dispatched to the Paris address as containing a corpse, says a Paris exchange. The Paris merchant had to wait so long for the arrival of the "body" that he at length complained to the manager of the Northern railway, who informed him that the coffin had been detained at the frontier owing to the non-compliance with certain prescribed formalities relating to the transmission of corpses. Our merchant at once took train to Quiévrain, dressed in solemn black and with a mourning band round his hat, and wearing an expression of profound sadness. But in spite of his emphatic protest against such an act of degradation the officials insisted on opening the coffin, when the truth came to light, and the ingenious smuggler was taken into custody.—New York Telegram.

Paying Dearly.

In a small village of New England, a few years ago, some of the young girls acquired habits of eating starch, coffee, clover, and the like, to improve their complexions. The habits increased by inclination, and the girls consumed large quantities of these substances—all good in their place, but very harmful when taken alone, and in excess. In less than a year four out of the six girls were under the doctor's care. The coffee eater became the victim of insomnia, and was so nervous and timid that she could not sleep. The starch eater had her things made her cry and tremble with terror. The clover eater had become a victim to hysteria, and was in a deplorable state. These who had the starch habit learned to the full extent the meaning of dyspepsia.—Yonah's Companion.

A Telling Argument.

It is now noted that the abolition of the car stove will make a clear gain of the space in each car which the heater occupies, and that each train of seven or eight cars will thereby be enabled to carry twenty-five or thirty more passengers. This is the long sought for argument to be employed with effect in opposing the use of steam heat instead of gas by the railroads. It appears to the

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