

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 Bay 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 a dozen negro slaves. 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.

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 we encountered 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 complied, and the captain continued his story.

"Intelligence of the breaking up of camp, and of the consequent stoppage of supplies in cash, rum and muskets, 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 marched 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 rifle pits with his weird war cry of 'Amoo! hee! hee! hee! 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!" 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.

"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 ago, 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 slaveholders. He was again sold for \$1,500 at auction in Richmond in 1857 to a planter, who treated him kindly. He was among those arrested by Gen. Butler as a 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 kalsommed establishment."

"But your name is not Carambo now?" queried the reporter.

"My name is always Carambo," answered his Foulah 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 soi-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 5 years old and weighs six pounds. All of his joints are double. Among the many compliments 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 his sweetheart. He returned to prison after the ceremony, and in two years' time his wife will be able to join him in New Caledonia.

Tom White is a colored porter for a Macon (Ga.) firm. He has never been on a railroad train, and he had the idea that you got on and immediately found yourself at your destination. He was sent to Sandersville the other night and got off at the first station, where he was soon informed that he was twelve miles from Macon and about thirty from Sandersville. He walked back, arriving home at 3 o'clock in the morning. He said that he will never ride on a railway train again.

Tall men live longer than short ones.

SOCIAL CRUCIFIXION.

Husbands 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 out 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 their separation, of their leading distinct lives, of their steady divergence. 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 that purpose, without a feeling of inward bitterness of his wife's exclamation, of his submission to a wrong and the feeling finally produces habitual dissatisfaction and cynicism. His wife is unconsciously bringing about what she is trying to avoid—settled discontent with her and the conjugal condition. It were better she should let him do as he pleases than thwart it thus; for alienation would be slower with freedom than with fetters.

What a deal of mischief is society, frivolous, hollow, insignificant society, capable of doing! The dragged husband feels that he is a social impostor; that he abuses hospitality by partaking of it in a perverted spirit. He is in no mood to entertain or be entertained. He is bored to death, and his countenance shows it. He yawns behind hand or handkerchief, and for the moment fairly despises his wife, nothing across the room her animated chatter and her obvious gratification. His look and air are gloomy and funereal. If he were burying a friend he would, he fancies, feel more cheerful. Stealing furtively 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 chamber 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 old affection and sympathy.

The women are few who would make good their declaration of surrendering society if their husbands should flatly refuse to escort them. They think they would, and for a while they might abstain; 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 legless for several seasons, and then acquitted them, may run the risk of losing the early place occupied in their hearts (is not such loss mutual and unavoidable); but they cost far more.

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 conjugal 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 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 3 years old some friends visited the family, having 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 tires 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, 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. The quail has the gift of prophecy. 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 worst of foolishness. H.—So I think. W.—(after a pause)—What did she tell you, John?—Boston Courier.

A Word to the People.

The motto, "What is Home without a Mother," exists in many happy homes in this city, but the effect of what is home without the Local Newspaper is sadly realized in many of these "happy homes" in Plattsmouth.

THE HERALD

Is steadily finding its way into these homes, and it always comes to stay. It makes the family circle more cheerful and keeps its readers "up to the times" in all matters of importance at home and abroad.

During the Year 1889

Every available means will be used to make the columns of THE HERALD a perfect storehouse from which you can obtain all information, and will keep up its record as being the best Advertising Medium for all purposes.

AT 15 CENTS PER WEEK

This paper is within the reach of all, and will be delivered to any address in the city or sent by mail.

The Weekly Herald

Is the Best County Newspaper in old Cass, and this has been well proven to us by the many new names added to our list during 1888. Special merits for the WEEKLY, are all the county news, six columns of good Republican Editorial, News Accounts of all important political or business events, one-half page each week containing a choice piece of Vocal or Instrumental Music, choice selections of Miscellaneous Reading Matter. Advertising in it brings profitable returns.

Our Job Department

Is equal to any, and does work to the satisfaction of patrons from all over the county, and receives orders by mail from a distance, which are promptly filled. We have facilities for doing all kinds of work, from the plain calling card to colored work, books and blanks. Work neatly and promptly executed. Large stock kept on hand. Legal blanks for sale.

Knotts Bros.,

Office Cor. Vine and 5th, Telephone 38.

WANTED TO MARRY. On a wild mountain road between the Yadkin river and Salisbury, N. C., I came upon a humble cabin in which resided the Widow Watkins and her three children, the oldest being a boy of 15 and the youngest a girl of 5. I had heard of the widow while ten miles away. Her husband was a justice of the peace and something of a religious exhorter, and what he didn't know about the history of America wasn't worth looking up. His male ran away with him one day, and fell into a ravine and both were killed. The widow, as one of the natives expressed it, was "the well fixed woman of four counties," having a small farm all her own and considerable personal property. Half a mile from the house I met Jeremiah, the boy spoken of. He was bareheaded, barefooted, coatless, vestless, and so freckled that it was hard to say what his natural complexion was. He rose up off a rock as I approached, made an awkward bow and said: "Cribbins, stranger."

WANTED TO MARRY.

"Cribbins to you, my boy. And who may you be?" "Jerry Watkins."

"Son of the widow, eh?" "Yass. Be you'n he 'un?" "Yes."

"From the no'th."

"Come to see ma?" "Yes; I'll stop for dinner."

"Ma sent me out to meet you 'un."

"Many thanks to both of you."

"Say!" he continued as he trotted along beside me, "I like you 'un; you 'un wears white shirts and clothes, and I'll jigger (bet) you 'un know roots from tree tops. 'Hev you 'un cum to marry ma?"

"I laughed, and he was much put out for a moment. Then he said: "Wish you 'un would. Then I could hev a gun. If you 'un will I'll mind every thing you say."

"Perhaps your mother doesn't want to marry again."

"Maga! She'd marry you 'un like lightning. Say! If you 'un has her you 'un will git me a gun, won't you? Say! I saw a bar yesterday. Say! I know what I could shoot a powerful lot o' coons. Say! I'll speak to ma fur ye if you 'un will promise the gun."

"The widow was at the door to give me welcome. The second child, who was a 10-year-old girl, was barefooted and freckled and towheaded, and the youngest one had on only a single garment and was rolling in the dirt. "Cum right in an' squat," said the widow as we shook hands. "Pete McCoy was saying last night that you was thinstable? May, jostle him over a glass of butter-milk. We'll cribbins (eat) in about an hour."