

SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA

A BRUTAL BUSINESS THAT SEEMS TO BE ON THE INCREASE.

The Atrocities of a Slave March Depicted with Painful Distinctness—The Flag of a Great Republic Put to a Base and Degrading Use.

No one who understands how human life is estimated by savage peoples will doubt the shocking and revolting accounts of travelers regarding this phase of the traffic...

The men who appear the strongest, and whose escape is to be feared, have their hands tied, and sometimes their feet, in such fashion that walking becomes a torture to them...

Each time some one breaks down the same horrible scene is repeated. At night, on arriving at their halting place, after the first days of such a life, a not less frightful scene awaits them.

It is enough. Our hearts are sick with slaughter. Let the witnesses stand down. In the smoke of this torment to go up for ever and ever?

Slavery on the increase. For a time denied, then doubted, has at last been reluctantly admitted, even by the government of England.

About twenty-five years ago I was in Boston one day, in a book store—a wretched day, rainy, sloppy and muddy—when I saw the striking figure of a little man...

Quite an idea upon the plan and purpose of fishing came to light at Vienna last week, when a fellow went fishing down on Gum creek.

Not a Man of His Word. "W-w-will you b-b-be m-mine, Miss Laura? C-c-can't you t-trust me th-through a-l-l-life, my angel?" asked the stuttering young man.

Turtle over 80 Years Old. H. A. Andrews, of this city, has in his possession a box turtle, commonly called land turtle, which was marked with his initials in 1809.

A MORNING WALK.

Though we have said good-by, clasped hands and parted ways, my dream and I, there still is beauty on the earth and glory in the sky.

The world has not grown old with foolish hopes, nor commonplace nor cold, nor is there any tawdriness on the happy harvest gold.

Spent the night in slighting, in tears and vain regrets, heartache and crying—Lo! breaks the windy, azure morn, with clouds tumultuous flying!

Life is not all a cheat, a sordid struggle, trite and incomplete, when sun and shadow flee across the billows of the wheat.

When upward pierces heaven The bird's shrill exultation o'er the sheen Of the young barley's wavy fleece of silky, silvery green.

Didst think, oh, narrow heart, That mighty Nature shared thy puny smart? Face her serene, heart whole, heart free; that is the better part.

Are the high heavens bent, A vault of snow and sapphire wonderment, Merely to arch, dull opotist, thy dismal discontent?

Wouldst pour into the ear Of the young morn the thoughts that make thee dear?

View the land's poplars splendor through the folly of a tear?

The boon thou hast not had— 'Tis a slight trivial thing to make thee sad When with the sunshine and the storm God's glorious world is glad.

'Tis guilt to weep for it! When blithe the swallows by the poplars fit, Aslant they go, pied cloven gleams thro' leavages golden fit.

While breezy poplars stain The long, low grassy reaches of the plain Where ashen pale the adlers quack before the hurricane.

Ah! there are still delights Hid in the multitude of common sights, The clear and wanted pageant of the summer days and nights.

The word is not yet said Of ultimate ending, we are quick, not dead, Though the dim years withhold from us one frail joy coveted.

Our life is all too brief, The world too wide, too wonderful for grief, Too crowded with the loveliness of bird and bud and leaf.

So though we said good-by With bitter futile tears, my dream and I— Each slender blade of wayside grass is clothed with majesty! —Cornhill Magazine.

The Poetic Bank Cashier. It was in Indianapolis, or somewhere around there. He was a trusted clerk in the bank, with all the usual Sunday school connections and religious reputation.

Didn't Look Like a Poet. "About twenty-five years ago I was in Boston one day, in a book store—a wretched day, rainy, sloppy and muddy—when I saw the striking figure of a little man...

A False Fisherman. Quite an idea upon the plan and purpose of fishing came to light at Vienna last week, when a fellow went fishing down on Gum creek.

Not a Man of His Word. "W-w-will you b-b-be m-mine, Miss Laura? C-c-can't you t-trust me th-through a-l-l-life, my angel?" asked the stuttering young man.

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The Eiffel Tower. The whole tower could be lifted by four men of average strength. The case has been proved. When it was about half its present height a few men actually did lift it.

A French count when brought into court by eighty-two different creditors acknowledged that he was somewhat financially embarrassed, but he wanted a little more time to conclude a marriage with an American girl. It was granted.

"E Pluribus Unum" on Coins.

"Did you know that the legend 'E Pluribus Unum,' which has appeared on different United States coins, was never authorized to be so placed by law?" said a numismatist.

A great many of our early coins, before there was any legal authority for national coinage here, were made in England. The State of Kentucky had some peculiar copper coins which were minted in England in 1791 and bore the national motto.

A Monkey Feels De Se. Not long ago the authenticated case of the suicide of a dog from grief at being beaten by its master was chronicled, and now we read of a monkey destroying itself under very remarkable circumstances.

In reply to the assertion that the world in the future may be dependent upon America for its supply of coal, a foreign exchange cites the numerous undrained coal fields of the Netherlands, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Bohemia, Servia and Hanover, which are estimated at 59,000 square miles.

The Voltaic Battery. At the very beginning of the present century Volta, stimulated by Galvani's recent discovery of what he called "animal electricity," invented the "pile" and the "crown of cups."

A Human Fly. One of the prominent figures in Westery, R. I., is "Steeple Jack," by which name William Wallace, the chimney repairer, is known.

A Change of Weapon. Last winter I climbed Lookout Mountain in company with a veteran of the late war. It was his first visit since the day of the memorial assault.

On the Quiet? "Can you shoot a revolver?" she asked in a whisper of the girl next to her on the car.

"Why?" "You know Annie Blank? Well, she learned to shoot a revolver and it got out, and after that she didn't have one flirtation a month. I'm not going to tell anybody until after I'm married." Detroit Free Press.

Buenos Ayres.

On entering Buenos Ayres from the pier one can hardly realize that it is the chief city of South America and one of the most flourishing places in the world.

The great majority of the working classes are Italians, and the inscriptions on all the shops near the water are in that language.

Such was the prescription given on last Friday afternoon to a poor laundryman on the corner of Broome and Delancey streets by a Chinese doctor.

This is the prescription for the cure of cancer, translated from the original: Raw earth, 3 ounces; winter wheat, 3 ounces; ginseng pills, 3; spirit of cinnamon, 1 1/2 ounces; southern apricot seeds, 1 ounce; willow leaves, 1/2 ounce; muscadine oil, 1 ounce; red dog's tail, 1 ounce; peach skin, 1 ounce; clam shell, 2 ounces; sandal wood, 5 ounces; dandelion dried, 1 ounce.

Grass That Is Not Green. It may be noted that the one defect of the Riviera is, that it is not green.

Flapping of a Fly's Wing. The slow flapping of a butterfly's wing produces no sound, writes Sir John Lubbock in his book.

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CHINESE PRESCRIPTIONS.

Some of the Horrible Doses the Doctors Mix for Their Patients.

The New York Chinese doctors are beginning to lose their hold upon their heretofore devoted clients. This has been accomplished by simple but solid American medical genius.

Imagine a man who, having taken a big dose of opium with the avowed purpose of having his carcass housed in Evergreen cemetery as early as possible, so that his bones may be ready for speedy shipment to China, having a doctor with big round eye glasses sit down to feed the poor fellow's pulse for two hours and a half, and then give him the following prescription to be boiled into a soup and then drunk:

Pocked lizards, two pairs, 4 males and 4 females; Cortex ginseng root, 1/2 an ounce; willow cricket skins, half a dozen, 3 males and 3 females; sweet potato vines, 1 ounce; white nuts, 1 ounce; lotus leaves, 1/2 an ounce; rat-bonies, 1/2 of an ounce; black cat's, 2 ounces; fish bark, 1/2 an ounce; devil fish toes, 1/2 an ounce; reindeer's horn, 1/2 an ounce; birds' claws, 1/2 of an ounce; dried ginger, 1/2 of an ounce; coffee mulls cold ones, 1/2 an ounce.

Of the dozen or more sick Chinamen who have recently been dragged nearly to death by such wonderful compounds many have been subsequently cured by American physicians when they had been given up as hopeless by their own doctors' inefficiency is the principal cause of their recent downfall.

It may be noted that the one defect of the Riviera is, that it is not green. A few of our forest trees would make the landscape perhaps too perfect.

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