

Scattered the Crowds.

The scene gave Tecumseh, Ala., ex- at enough on Sunday to last it for ar. Forepaugh's show traveled on trains. As it is against the Georgia to run through this state on Sun- ay, it was decided to stop at Tecumseh and feed the animals and rest. At all the stations there were large crowds, and at Tecumseh there were several hundred when the last train approached. As it was slowing down one of the ferocious lions managed to tear off the door of its cage. Hector, which was the brute's name, thrust its head out right in the faces of a group of negroes who were standing on the platform. They could not have been worse scared if the evil one had dropped down among them. Hector made a leap, with open mouth, into the crowd. Such a scattering and such yelling were never seen nor heard in Alabama. Some of the negroes fell down in abject fright, but the most of them struck off for home on a hard run. A dozen tried to climb telegraph poles. One man sprang down a well. Hector lit on his feet, but rolled over and over. When he got up there was hardly a man, woman or child within fifty yards. One woman, though, who had fainted, was lying near the lion. With one bound he was on her, his ugly teeth showing and his tongue rolling out. The people who were looking on were horrified. The tamer was a long way off, and there was no one near with a pistol or rifle. To attempt to rescue her would be almost certain death. To the astonishment of every one the beast, instead of mauling the woman, simply seized the body, turned it over with his paws, and after eyeing it suspiciously walked off leisurely. He thought that the woman was dead. Hector was recaptured and reeaged without trouble.—Atlanta Constitution.

Death of a Noted Negro Woman.

Over the eastern branch of the Potomac, in Anacosta, better known as Uniontown during the war, there was buried recently a woman whose story did much to stimulate the antislavery sentiment in the north. She was a revelation of the possibilities of patient negro ambition. Born fifty-six years ago, in Prince George county, Md., she was a little slave girl of six when her owner put her out to service in a Washington family. At that age she began to board modestly to buy her freedom. Year after year she got by the means for nothing larger fell to her in tips. She had collected \$100 in coppers when the attention of some of the public men of that day was called to her. Hannibal Hamlin, then in congress but afterward vice president, became especially interested. He told the story of Emeline Belt with such pathos that \$250 was contributed by northern people. Then a series of entertainments was given to aid her, and a few years before the war the girl, grown to womanhood, was able to hand over to her master \$700 and receive her freedom.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mohammed's Birthday in London.

Mohammed's birthday has been duly celebrated in the metropolis of the British empire by the Anjuman-i-Islam, London—a society consisting of Indian Mussulman gentlemen residing in England—giving a dinner in honor of the prophet in the Holborn restaurant. A large number of Mussulmans assisted at the convivial assembly, at which Mr. A. A. Hissanally, president of the Anjuman-i-Islam, was chairman. After the health of "the queen-empress," "the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the royal family," had been enthusiastically honored, the chairman proposed the toast of the evening, "Health to his imperial majesty Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan, commander of the faithful and guardian of the Kaaba!" The toast was received with great cheering. The proceedings were brought to a close by some recitations from the Koran.—London Telegraph.

Love That Stood the Test.

Those who witnessed the solemnizing of the nuptials in which Miss Mary E. Flynn and James A. Rolk were made life partners at Newport, Del., the other day, recalled a frightful accident which befell the couple one dark evening three years ago. The young lovers were run into by a fast express on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, and hurried bleeding and unconscious to the ground. The horse was cut to pieces and the vehicle wrecked. The bride elect was hurt more seriously than the groom, and her life was despaired of. She recovered somewhat, but is a cripple for life. This frightful calamity did not cool the ardor of the lovers, and the anniversary of the accident which nearly killed both was celebrated by a marriage.—Cor. Baltimore American.

Why She Stopped the Car.

On Tuesday a broken trolley very delayed the Western avenue street cars an hour or more just at dinner time. When the first west bound car passed, Twelfth street the conductor was awakened from a reverie by a cry from within the car to stop, while a younger lady was seen wildly gesticulating, apparently for his benefit. The car was stopped. The young woman, out of breath, ran up to within a few feet and shouted: "Ma, your dinner's on the table in the dining room. The cars were late and I could not wait." "Ma" shook her head and then the younger one turned and resumed her journey cityward.—Minneapolis Tribune.

After coolly throwing a sleeper's wooden leg out of the window, a Massachusetts burglar proceeded to plunder the room. When the movable valuables had been gathered for transportation the burglar left a note for the cripple, stating where his artificial leg could be found.

A new industry which promises to become of permanent value to persons living on the seacoast has been started in Norway. This is the burning of seaweed, which is found in great abundance on the coast, and the preparation of kelp for the manufacture of iodine.

BENNETT & TUTT

Have all kinds of dried fruits, Apple butter, some made Sorghum molasses, and Snowflake honey, Crystal sugar, canned fruit, and everything else kept by a first class grocery.

- Oysters, Celery, Cranberries, Mince Meat, Sweet Pickles, Nuts, Raisins, and many other nice things for your Thanksgiving dinner can be had at BENNETT & TUTT.

It Was Not a Man.

Officer C. O. White has lately been put on the Twenty-sixth street beat, which includes Payallup avenue. White is a fearless officer, and the other night, as he was making his beat along Payallup avenue in a deep shade close to the side of a building, he descried the form of what he supposed to be a hobo taking a snooze. Of course this would never do, so with a preliminary whirl of his club, a little cough, and a perceptible brightening of his stature he approached the hobo.

His One Foolish Act.

The young woman had secured permission to speak to the good looking young officer. It was just a feminine fancy—a desire to learn something of his story. "You don't look like a criminal," she said abruptly. He smiled at the rather uncertain compliment. "I never did but one criminal thing in my life," he said. "Only once" she said, in rather a disappointed tone. She had expected to find a man steeped in crime. "Why, your sentence is for ten years, isn't it?" "Yes, miss. I got it for that one criminal act." "What was the cause of that one?" she inquired curiously. "Just a whim, miss—a youthful whim," he replied rather bitterly. "I thought it mainly to carry a revolver." "And you were attacked some night?" she asked quickly. "And you?" "He shook his head. "And you're here just for that?" she said. "Like others, just for that," he returned quietly. "I quarreled with a friend, lost my temper, and—I'm here, miss. That's all." He suddenly turned away and went back to his work.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Egyptian Statues Unearthed.

The correspondent of the London Times at Alexandria, Egypt, states that three colossal statues, ten feet high, of rose granite, have just been found at Aboukir a few feet below the surface. The discovery was made from indications furnished to the government by a local investigator, Damino Pasha. The first two represent in one group Rameses II and Queen Hetemara seated on the same throne. This is unique among Egyptian statues. The third statue represents Rameses standing upright in military attire, a scepter in his hand and a crown upon his head. Both bear hieroglyphic inscriptions, and both have been thrown from their pedestals face downward. Their site is on the ancient Cape Zephyrium, near the remains of the temple of Venus and Arsinoe. Relics of the early Christians have been found in the same locality.

A Sleep Walker's Fearful Leap.

James S. Clague, a stock raiser of Greeley, Colo., walked into the police station at Burlington, La., recently, hatless, coatless and generally bruised up, and told a remarkable story. He said he had left his home to visit friends in Galva, Ill., and had taken a sleeper at Denver. The last thing he remembers was retiring to his coach. When he awoke he was lying in the ditch at the side of the track not far from Burlington, badly lamed and half frozen. He walked to the police station from there. His theory was that he had jumped from the train while asleep when it was running full speed. An investigation by railroad authorities proves the truth of the man's assertion. He is now in the hospital quite ill from his terrible exposure.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

The Car in Plain Clothes.

When the emperor of Russia passed privately through Berlin the other night he was attired in plain clothes, and it was the first time that he had ever appeared in public thus arrayed. The emperor's towering figure was not displayed to advantage in a loose suit of brown tweed, especially when contrasted with the splendid Russian uniform in which Prince Frederick Leopold appeared, and his majesty was the only personage in plain clothes. The emperor, who stopped for nearly an hour at the Stettin line station, dined on sandwiches, which he washed down with several bowls of tea, which was made on the spot by his own servants, with his own caravan tea.—London World.

Books in Russia.

It appears from the organ of the Russian Association of Booksellers and Publishers that the number of works published in that country last year was 4,358 and that the total number of copies sold was not far short of 12,000,000. Translations from foreign languages counted for only 54 per cent. Of these a little more than one-third were from the French. Of one work by Zola 2,990 copies were sold. Next came Gaboriau, Daudet, Hugo, Jules Verne, Moliere, Flaubert, Dumas. An edition of "Paradise Lost" sold 6,000 and one of "Hamlet" 10,000.—London News.

Books in Russia.

Twelve ground hogs, ten skunks, two swarms of bees and about fifty pounds of honey were found in a large hollow tree near Forth, Randolph county, Mo.

And This is Boston.

It was autumn. He was a Boston book agent. The front door bell rang. The kitchen girl answered the peal. "Good morning, ma'am." "Hullo!" "To the lady of the house in?" "Can I see her?" "You can." Both stood in motionless silence expectantly. "You said I could see the lady of the house?" "Hullo!" "Well, why don't I see the lady of the house?" "You see her." Girl looks down fearfully. Aunt looks up bravely. "I would like to see the personage who was the property." "At Lenox." "Then I want to see the man, woman or child, lady, gentleman, dowager, old maid, bachelor or heir at law who rents this property from the Lenox owner." "Oh, you want to see the woman that assists me with the world? Why didn't you say so the first place? This vulgar carelessness of the use of the word 'lady' is very arranting." "Yes, I expect so—is she in?" "No." "When will she be in?" "Won't be in." "Why not? Where is she?" "I gave her a week's vacation to spend with her husband at Marblehead, so's she could rest up ready for the fall house cleaning. You didn't think I was going to do it all myself, did you?"—Boston Globe.

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How Cocanuts Are Harvested.

The busy season on a cocconut plantation is when the nuts ripen, which they seem to do all at once, and every hand is engaged in gathering and conveying them with carts to the drying ground, which is always in close proximity to the bungalow, so as to be as much as possible under the eye of the manager. Here they are split in half, longitudinally, with an ax—a feat which is dexterously performed with one blow by the man appointed for this duty—and then spread out to dry. The intense heat of the sun rapidly shrivels the kernel, which curls up into a ball the size of your fist and detaches itself from the shell.

This is now what is called "copra,"

and is shipped to the nearest point of landing in sacks, where it is either transported in bulk to Europe or more generally made into oil, the refuse—oil cake or "ponak"—being sold locally for feed for cattle.—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

How They Learned to Make Perfumes.

What the French know about perfume making is not all the result of their own experience. The traditional history of the art is that the Hebrews imparted the little they knew to their captors, the Egyptians, who in turn gave their formulas to the Greeks and Romans. The Moors then took a hand at improving these crude efforts, and when they invaded Europe left their art in Spain, whence it soon reached France. There it found its home and resting place, and today no nation can compete with France in the science and art of perfume making.—New York Evening Sun.

The Swamp Angel.

The Swamp Angel was an 8-inch, 200-pounder Parrott rifled gun, mounted by the Federal troops in a morass on Morris island, Charleston harbor, in 1862. On Aug. 23 and 25 the city of Charleston, five and a half miles distant, was shelled, the gun bursting at the thirty-sixth shot. After the war the Swamp Angel was sold for old metal and conveyed to Trenton, but having been identified, it was set up on a granite pedestal at the corner of Ferry and Clinton streets in that city.—Detroit Free Press.

For Honest Men's Rights.

That is a rather fine point of law which holds that a man with burglar's tools on his person, who goes up the steps of a dwelling house where he has no lawful business, has made an attempt to commit burglary, but it is good law for the protection of the community. The steps of a dwelling are private property, and one who trespasses upon them with unlawful purpose has committed an unlawful deed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Unusual Position.

Photographer—If you'll hold your chin a little higher, sir, I can take a better picture. Mr. Heapeck—Hold my chin higher? Why, man alive, I've been married twenty years!—Texas Siftings.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

- CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, at between Fifth and Sixth. Father C. M. E. Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 12:30, with Benediction. CHURCHMAN.—Corner Lehigh and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder J. K. Reed, pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M. EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. B. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. & 4:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:30 P. M. GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St and Grand. Rev. H. H. Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M. PRESBYTERIAN.—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Grand sts. Rev. J. T. Fair, pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30; preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The Y. R. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings. FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St. between Main and Pearl. Rev. L. F. Hill, D. D. pastor. Services: 11 A. M. & 8:30 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayers meeting Wednesday evening. GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. W. H. Pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday school 9:30 A. M. SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth. COLORED BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Powell, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayers meeting Wednesday evening. YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—Rooms in waterman block, Main street. Gospel meeting for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—E. J. M. Wood, pastor. Services: Sunday School, 10 A. M.; preaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.



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