

## EFFECTS OF A WAVE.

A STEAMER STANDS HIGH AND DRY OVER TWO MILES INLAND.

A Tidal Wave That Carried Away Everything but a Lighthouse and Destroyed Over 40,000 Lives—The Steamer Intact but is in the Midst of a Jungle.

Tourists that visit Batavia nowadays are quite out of the fashion if they fail to make the passage through Sunda strait and see all that is left of Krakatau and the vestiges of the ruin wrought by the terrible eruption of 1882. If they push up the Bay of Lampong, on the Sumatra side of the channel, they are likely to land on the low shores occupied by the village of Telok-Betong, and hire carts for a short jaunt into the interior; and when they have gone about two miles they will pause to take in the curious scene presented; for here is seen one of the most interesting results of the great wave of Krakatau.

There was just one man amid all that wild scene of death and devastation who was not overwhelmed in the common ruin. He escaped while 40,000 perished. He was the lighthouse keeper, who lived alone on an isolated rock in the strait. It was broad daylight when Krakatau burst asunder, but in a few moments the heavens were so densely shrouded by dust, mud and smoke that the darkness of midnight covered all the channel. The guardian of the lighthouse was in the lantern 180 feet above the sea level. Here he remained safe and sound in the midst of the terrible commotion.

He felt the trembling of the lighthouse, but it was so dark that he could not see the threatened danger. He did not know that a tremendous wave had almost overwhelmed the lighthouse, and that its crest had nearly touched the base of the lantern. He did not hear it because he was deafened by the awful detonation of Krakatau.

In a few moments the wave, over a hundred feet in height, had swept along a coast line of a hundred miles on both sides of the channel.

Scores of populous villages were buried deep beneath the avalanche of water. Great groves of cocoanut palms were leveled to the ground. Promontories were carried away. New bays were dug out of the yielding littoral. Every work of human hands except that lighthouse was destroyed, and 40,000 persons perished in the deluge that mounted from the sea or beneath the rain of mud that filled the heavens.

A little sidewheel steambot was borne on the top of that wave through forests and jungle, over two miles into the country, and was left as the wave receded. It will be remembered that for weeks before the final cataclysm at Krakatau, the volcano was in a state of eruption. Pleasure parties were made up at Batavia to visit the volcano. Not a few people landed on the island, little dreaming that in the twinkling of an eye two-thirds of it was to be blown into the air as though shot from a gun. They wished to get as near as they thought they might safely venture to the growing, steaming crater.

This little steambot, on the day before the explosion, carried one of these parties to the island. There were only twenty on board besides the crew. They spent a couple of hours around the island and then steamed up the deep and narrow Bay of Lampong, and it is supposed they anchored for the night in front of the big town of Telok-Betong, which was one of the largest settlements on the south coast of Sumatra.

The ill-fated pleasure party was never heard of again. It is supposed that the boat was turned over and over like an eggshell in the surf. It had every appearance of such rough usage when it was found some months later. The machinery and furniture were badly broken and were strewn about in the greatest confusion. But the vessel held together, and was finally set down in good shape, erect on her keel.

Only two bodies were found in the vessel. They were, of course, below deck. As it was morning when she was picked up by the wave it is supposed that nearly everybody was on shore. Not a vestige remains of the villages that lined the water edge. But the bulk of this little boat still stands, battered and broken, though as erect as when she ploughed the channel, and she is the most curious and interesting relic of the greatest volcanic eruption of modern times.—New York Sun.

**The Venom of Snakes.**  
As to the venom of serpents, no distinct chemical principle has as yet been detected in it, though such there must be, seeing that the effect of the saliva of different poisonous snakes is different—the blood coagulating after a fatal cobra bite, though not after that of a rattlesnake or a viper. It has also been ascertained that if the blood of a poisoned animal be injected into a healthy one the latter will be poisoned in the same way as if it had itself been bitten, although its flesh may be eaten with impunity.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that a snake's poison can have no effect unless actually mixed with the blood. It will act after being absorbed through such delicate skin as that which lines our lips, though its action when thus received is less powerful.—Quarterly Review.

**An Important Amendment.**  
A bill was introduced into one of our state legislatures granting permission that the bishop of the diocese might be buried in the crypt of his cathedral. One of the members who did not admire the bishop greatly, moved an amendment to the bill that it take effect immediately on its passage.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Thousands in It.**  
"How is that little mining scheme of yours getting along? Any money in it?"  
"Any money in it? Well, I should say so! All of mine, all of my wife's and about \$3,000 that I got from my friend."  
—Exchange.

**Saved by His Boots.**  
General Marbot tells, in his "Memoirs," how his light boots once saved him from being killed by Austrian lancers. At the battle of Eckmuhl he was ordered by Marshal Lannes to conduct a regiment of cuirassiers to a point where it was to charge a regiment of Croats.

The French charged and annihilated the Croats, but carrying their charge too far, were in their turn repulsed by a regiment of Austrian lancers. As the French retreated at a gallop they came to where Marbot was standing, his horse having been killed. Only a few hundred feet intervened between the lancers and the cuirassiers, and if Marbot had been left behind he would have been killed.

Two mounted soldiers gave him their hands, and thus, half lifted from the ground, he bounded along, while they galloped at a rapid pace into their own lines.

"It was time for my gymnastic course to end," he writes, "for I was completely out of breath and could not have continued. I learned then how inconvenient are the heavy long boots of the cuirassiers in time of war, for a young officer in the regiment who, like me, had his horse killed under him, and was supported by two of his comrades on the return gallop in the same manner I was, found himself unable to keep pace with the horses on account of his heavy boots. He was left behind, and was killed by an Austrian lancer, while I escaped by reason of my light boots."

**Took the Lesson to Heart.**  
"Going home!" he exclaimed. "Well, I should say I was going home."  
"Oh, well, there's no hurry. Wait a few minutes."

"Not a minute. I'll never be late to any kind of a meal again. My wife has taught me better."  
"Curtain lecture?"  
"Never a lecture, but—well, you've eaten steak?"  
"Certainly."

"Real nice, tender, juicy steak?"  
"Of course."  
"With the potatoes just right?"  
"Yes."

"There's nothing in the same class with it when a man is real hungry, is there?"  
"No; I can't say that there is."

"Tomatoes, croquettes, terrapin and all such things have to take a back seat, don't they?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, did you ever eat a real good steak cold?"  
"Um, yes; I believe I have."

"Ah! Now you're in my class. I was half an hour late yesterday and she just let one of the finest steaks I ever saw stand on the table till I came. Did you ever try to measure the amount of regret in every mouthful of cold steak that you could have had hot?"  
"Go home, old man. Your wife has all the best of it."—Chicago Tribune.

**How the Map of Peking was Made.**  
How a military map of Peking was secretly made is told by General Sir Robert Biddulph. During the China war of 1860, in which Sir Robert was engaged, our army was greatly embarrassed by the absence of any map of the city. But it happened that the Russian legation had, only a few months before, contrived to make a map in spite of the jealous watchfulness of the Chinese.

They had sent an officer, in a small covered cart, such as they use to carry their women about, completely covered in. An indicator was attached to the wheel. He drove for a certain distance to a certain crossroad, for example, and "took a shot" with his instrument; then down the next road, and in that way, made a complete plan of Peking, with all its streets and roads, both in the Tartar city and in the Chinese city. General Ignatieff, who produced the map, offered its use to the English. There were no photographers then attached to the army; but an Italian photographer, who had followed the army for his own private purposes, being set to work, produced a number of copies, which proved extremely serviceable.—London News.

**Faith of Italian Fishermen.**  
The blind faith of the Italian fishermen in the efficacy of holy relics is pathetic. Many of them keep themselves in a state of utter impoverishment in providing necessary amulets and charms. Not only is the fisherman's person covered with these, but his boat must also possess all possible saving power through these religious appliances. Should some great storm arise and genuine danger come, one by one these objects are cast upon the waves with a faith that is positively sublime. Meanwhile his wife ashore, possessed of the same implicit and pious confidence, gives her most precious relics to the sea that her husband may come safe to land. And I have no doubt that when fatal disaster comes, as it always does, this man sinks into the silence beneath the tempest with his last spark of vital consciousness an undimmed flame of trust and faith.—Exchange.

**Gross Superstition in Hungary.**  
A strange story of superstition is reported from Honollez, in Hungary. Several bodies of men had been found there with their heads cut off. An investigation was made by the police, and it turned out that these mutilations had in every instance been committed by young men who were betrothed to the widows of the decapitated persons. The husbands had died a natural death, and their widows believed that in case they married a second time their first husbands would reappear and destroy their wedded happiness. Hence they had persuaded their new bridegrooms to decapitate their deceased partners.—Pall Mall Gazette.

**A Judge Compliments a Lawyer.**  
It is related that Judge Jere Black said of Thad Stevens: "That he was one of the brightest men ever born, and could say the smartest things, but that, so far as being under any sense of obligation to his creator for superior mental endowments, his mind was a howling wilderness."

**Ensnare Liqueur Cars.**  
To those seeking a rescue from liquor's curse or other evil habits brought about by morphine, tobacco, etc., the Ensor Institute at South Omaha offers one of the most reliable and best places to go with the absolute certainty of a permanent cure. Write or visit the institute.

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it more or less half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago Ill.

**Wanted:**—An energetic man to manage branch office. Only a few dollars needed. Salary to start \$75 per month and interest in business. The Western Co., Kansas City, Mo.

The wisdom of him who journeyeth is known by the line he selects; the judgment of the man who takes the "Burlington Route" to the cities of the east, the south, and the west, is never impeached. The inference is plain. Magnificent Pullman sleepers, elegant reclining chair cars and world-famous dining cars on all through trains. For information address the agent of the company at this place, or write to J. Francis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Omaha.

**The First Step.**  
Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c, at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore.

**ALittle Girl's Experience in a Light House.**  
Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach Mich, and are blessed with a daughter, four years. Last April she taken down with Measles, followed with dreadful Cough and turned into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones".—Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial, bottle free at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore.

The population of Plattsmouth is about 10,000, and we would say at least neo-half are troubled with some affection on the throat and lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. Trial size free. Large Bottle 50c and \$1. Sold by all druggists.

Itch on human and horses animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's sanitary lotion. This never fails. Sold F. G. Fricke & Co. druggist, Plattsmouth.

For years the editor of the Burlington Junction, (Mo.) Post, has been subject to cramp colic fits of indigestion, which prostrated him for several hours and unfitted him for business for two or three days. For the past year he has been using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy whenever occasion required, and it has invariably given him prompt relief. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co., druggists.

**How's This!**  
We offer 100 dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. Cheney & Co. Props, Toledo, Ohio.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by their firm.  
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo Ohio, Walding Kinnan & Tarvin, Wholesale druggist Toledo Ohio.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, action directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists; Testimonials free.

The Missouri Pacific will sell round trip tickets May 9 to 14 inclusive, to Portland, Oregon, the Presbyterian general assembly being held there May 19 to June 2. Tickets good until May 19 and returning inside 90 days at \$60, going via one route and returning via another. Apply at ticket office for particulars.

**Specimen Cases.**  
S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.  
Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill, had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven bottles of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well.  
John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

## PLACES OF WORSHIP.

**CATHOLIC.**—St. Paul's Church, at between Fifth and Sixth. Father Caney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

**CHRISTIAN.**—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder A. Galloway pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

**EPISCOPAL.**—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

**GERMAN METHODIST.**—Corner Sixth St. and Grand. Rev. H. L. Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**—City's new church, corner Sixth and Grand sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30; preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.  
The Y. R. S. 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. J. E. Britt, D. D. pastor. Services: 11 A. M., 8:00 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

**GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.**—Corner Main and South. Rev. W. H. Pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday school 9:30 A. M.

**SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.**—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

**COLORADO BAPTIST.**—Mc. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Roswell, pastor. Services 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

**YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.**—Rooms in v. afternoon 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 9:30 P. M.

**SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.**—Rev. J. M. Wood, pastor. Services: Sunday School, 9 A. M.; preaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.

**SANTA CLAUS SOAP.**

**"OH SAY!"**  
bring out some of that old SANTA CLAUS SOAP we've bin usin' it right smart, and the Whimmin' folks say just as long as I kin git it fur em they won't prefer me about dittin' a washin' masheen. All of you fellers keep it I reckon if you don't I kin send to

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A long-tested pain reliever. Its use is almost universal by the Housewife, the Farmer, the Stock Raiser, and by every one requiring an effective liniment.  
No other application compares with it in efficacy. This well-known remedy has stood the test of years, almost generations.  
No medicine chest is complete without a bottle of MUSTANG LINIMENT.  
Occasions arise for its use almost every day. All druggists and dealers have it.

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Corn, Bran, Shorts Oats and Baled Hay for sale as low as the lowest and delivered to any part of the city.  
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Can supply every demand of the city. Call and get terms. Fourth street in rear of opera house.