

A GREAT SHOT.

Wonderful Feats of a Hunter Who Could Shoot.

"The finest rifle shot that ever walked the soil of the west was a man named King Woolsey, an old timer, who lived near Yuma, A. T., in the good old stage-days of the west, 20 years ago," said Wallace McLaurin, a commercial tourist of Philadelphia.

"The last time I saw him was one day while the stage stopped to let the horses rest near Texas hill, on the Gila river, in 1872. His fame as a rifle shot had spread all over the west, and the mention of his name filled the Apache's heart with fear and trembling.

"Then he took a common bullet, tied it to an infinitesimally small thread, fastened the thread to the limb of a tree 20 feet above the ground, placed a small neck bottle on the ground and started the bullet swinging to and fro. He walked back 50 paces, wheeled suddenly around and fired.

"Well, gentlemen, you may stuff me with sawdust and exhibit me as the biggest bar in the universe if Woolsey didn't cut that string in twain with his rifle ball and make the bullet drop in the mouth of the bottle."—St. Louis Republic.

Looking at Thermometers.

There is a morbid desire in the breast of mankind to look upon scenes of suffering and horror.

We instinctively turn to that page of the daily paper where are recounted the sickening accidents of the day. With a feeling of mingled dismay and curiosity we approach the scene of some accident and elbow our way within view of the sufferer.

We know a certain sight will shock our sensibilities, and yet, shuddering, we draw near and view it.

If you want a practical illustration of this, just watch the crowds about the thermometers on a cold, freezing day.

Here comes a man, wrapped up in an ulster, slapping his hands together and trying his best to keep warm.

He sees the thermometer at a distance and shivers. At that very moment there creeps into his mind an abnormal, gloomy desire to look at it.

He creeps stealthily up, takes on furtive glance and slinks away his teeth chattering and his blood curdled.—New York Herald.

Climbing a Coconut Tree. Coconuts when ripe fall to the ground, and when necessary are plucked by men who climb up. It sometimes makes one's blood run cold to see them run up the trees like monkeys.

Two ways are practiced for mounting the trunk. In the case of a small tree, or at an old moment, the man walks up the trunk, keeping his feet flat against it and throwing his weight back from it as much as possible, retaining his position at the same time by the tension of his arms.

A Difference. A little hotel on Market street hangs out a sign, "Beds, 25 and 50 cents." A guest walked in the other day and asked to be shown a specimen of each kind of bed. He found that they were exactly the same size, in the same room, and both were covered with woolen comforts that looked just alike.

Guest—Why do you charge more for one bed than the other? They are as much alike as two leghorn hens.

Landlord (condescendingly)—We charge the sheets, sir, on the 50-cent beds once a week, and on the 25-cent beds once a month.

Guest—Guess I'll take a 10-cent seat by the stove and nod.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Size of the Pyramids.

The largest of the pyramids was originally 481 feet high and 833 on the sides, the base covering 11 acres. The stones, which are in 208 layers, average 60 feet in length. One account says that 350,000 men worked for twenty years in fashioning the Titanic pile.—St. Louis Republic.

The Dog With a Purpose.

Darky language is not very elegant or grammatical, but it sometimes has an originality and force of expression that convey its meaning better than any dictionary would do.

A colored man who had come up, took a hand in the confusion with great enthusiasm, and they finally pulled the big dog off. The little dog went down the street like two yards of white paint, and the other broke loose and went in hot pursuit.

Making Lemonade.

"I learned a new thing," said a woman recently, "while visiting an English friend who is living in this country. We had a small dance one evening of my stay, and my hostess served the most delicious lemonade I ever drank. I spoke of it the next day, and she told me it was made with freshly boiled water—the secret, she said, of thoroughly good lemonade.

"I have a regular rule," she further informed me, "which insures success if I am making a quart or a gallon. For a quart I take the juice of three lemons, using the rind of one of them. I am careful to peel the rind very thin, getting just the yellow outside; this I cut into pieces and put with the juice and powdered sugar, of which I use two ounces to the quart, in a jug or jar with a cover. When the water is just at the tea point I pour it over the lemon and sugar, cover a once and let it get cold. Try this way once, and you will never make it any other way."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A College Experience.

While I was in college my room contained no clock, and I did not have a watch. My supper hour was 5:30 p. m. and I always left my room at 5. For awhile I had to inquire of the landlady the time. Later on as I studied from 1:30 until 5 in my chair by the window, a queer, nervous sensation overcame me as the hour of 5 p. m. drew near. I always imagined that I was studying over my supper time, and invariably drew on my coat and hurried off to my supper. I can say that in six months I never came a minute too early or late, and I never looked at a clock. Now that is instinct, of course. I have heard of many such instances, and it has occurred frequently under many conditions, but I must say that instinct is a sure and true guide, and that it plays a great part in the ordinary routine of our daily lives.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Old Time Skipper.

Inmates of the wardroom on an American man-of-war often allude to the captain as the old man or the skipper. The latter is not, as many suppose, a slang term, but a sound word, of excellent etymology, and valuable as carrying within itself an interesting bit of commercial history.

Hidden Tattoo Marks. An escaped convict was on trial before a French court, and the question turned upon his identity with a prisoner known to have been tattooed. There was no appearance of colored marks upon his arm, and the question submitted to M. Leroy, a medico-legal expert, was whether the man had ever been tattooed. M. Leroy applied strong friction to the skin of the man's arm. This had the effect of bringing out white lines as cicatrices, with a slight bluish tint. By this means the word "Sophie" was plainly legible in white marks on the reddened skin. This proved the identity of the convict.—Toronto Mail.

A Monster Kite.

A kite made in New Haven is twelve feet across and fifteen feet high, covered with red cambric. Twelve hundred feet of manilla cord is used in raising it. This is run from a great reel about the size of a steering wheel of a steamer. It requires two men to turn the cranks, which, it is stated, will bear two tons pressure.—Exchange.

Whittier and Holmes.

Whittier's regard for Oliver W. Holmes may be seen from this extract of one of the dead poet's letters to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: "I have been ill, but I went to the Holmes breakfast for the good doctor's sake. He and I are very old friends, not merely literary friends. We love each other.

PRACTICAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A Lesson in Street Car Etiquette Taught by a Boston Girl.

It was between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening, and the Tremont street car was crowded. A good many of the passengers were workmen, and those who were fortunate enough to have a seat, even if it was a very narrow one, seemed to lose half the pleasure of it in watching the door every time the car stopped.

One of the arrivals, however, was a motherly looking woman, whose every feature indicated that she had "a will of her own."

Several of the young girls had selected the seats they meant to have when they had ogled their present occupants out of them, and one young man with a careworn look, who knew he was a victim, but did not want to give up the battle, decided to compromise rather than acknowledge his defeat.

"No, thank you, sir. I am as well able to stand as you are. You had better keep your seat." Then, warming up to the subject, she continued: "I cannot understand this nonsense of giving up everything to women, as if they were poor, weak creatures, unable to stand. Here is a carful of men who have been working hard all day and want a rest on their way home, but they are supposed to give up their seats to a lot of young girls who have nothing to do but saunter through the stores all day long and have not forethought enough to go home before the cars become crowded. I think it simply ridiculous. It is a good while since I have been on a street car at this time of the day, and I propose, so far as I am concerned, to leave the seats to those who have the best right to them."

The young man looked confused, a number of the older men shook their heads approvingly, others looked on in wonder, and the girls for whose benefit the remarks were apparently made seemed undecided whether to giggle or pout. They cast longing glances at the vacant seat, but not one of them had the courage to drop into it.

The car stopped. A young woman got on board. She looked at the deep red cushion, then at the girls who were hanging on the straps, and seemed unable to understand it. A smile went around the car, and for several blocks there was a vacant seat in a crowded electric.—Boston Herald.

Reducing One's Size.

We have the authority of Edwin Cheekley, physiculturist, that men wear corsets frequently when the increasing size of the body below the belt gives indications of what Cheekley mildly calls "advancing maturity." But anybody may get rid of that accumulation of fat, which is a dead give away as to one's age, the physiculturist says. The fat gathers over the region about the waist because that part of the body gets no exercise.

The remedies proposed for ridding away the fat deposits are: first, deep and slow breathing; second, working the muscles of the abdominal region in and out. As to the breathing, the fat person who would be thin must stand erect, place his hands upon the front of his body below the waist and breathe as long and deep breaths as possible, "filling the lungs to their lowest extremities." Then exhale the air slowly. Do this 10 minutes at a time, morning and evening, and several times a day if possible.—Exchange.

The Pit of Creus de Souci.

The wonderful pit of Creus de Souci in France is situated in a sheet of recent basalt on the south side of the Pay de Montchal. The opening is 82 feet in diameter and 38 feet deep, but at that depth a hole about 10 feet wide communicates with a hollow 70 feet deep, at the bottom of which is a stagnant pool overlaid with carbonic acid which forbids access to the water surface. The interior is a vast hollow, apparently formed in the basalt when semifluid by an explosion of volcanic gas. The temperature falls from 54 degrees Fahrenheit in the open air to 34 degrees near the water.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

New Light on Wolsey.

In a historical examination the following was written: Wolsey was a famous general who fought in the Crimean war, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell, "Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age."—Miss A. C. Graham in University Correspondent.

A Monster Opal.

An opal ranking as third among the finest in the world is described as having three longitudinal bands of the holoquin kind, from the uppermost of which rose perpendicularly the most resplendent flames. It measured 9 by 6 inches.—Harper's Bazar.

MOURNERS BY THE SEA.

By the side of the sea three mourners pale sat idly watching an idle sail.

"Where sank your ship?" One turned her head.

"By the sweet Spice islands it lies," she said.

"And often I fancy on days like these Their breath floats to me over southern seas."

"Where sank your ship?" "By tempests tossed, On a shore of amber and pearls 'twas lost."

"Oh, often I dream of its beautiful bed And the rainbow gleams that are round it shed!"

"Where sank your ship?" Oh, wan, white face, Does she know not, then, her lost love's place?"

"My ship sank not," she said, and cast A tiny shell on the waters vast.

No balmy odors nor gems of price Her dreams to its resting place suffice. Her ship lies frozen in arctic ice.

—Christian Register.

THE DEAN OF JOCKEYS.

John Osborne, Who Has Retired After Forty-six Years' Work.

John Osborne, the veteran jockey of England, recently retired from the turf after an active career of more than forty years. The occasion was made memorable by the presence of many distinguished men, among whom was Sir Charles Russell, Gladstone's attorney general. All of these were subscribers to the purse of 3,600 guineas which was presented to Osborne as a token of appreciation of his honest work on the turf.

Osborne's first great "win" was the 1,000 guineas in 1836, with Manganeuse. The following year, on Vedelette, he won the 2,000 guineas. Among Osborne's other triumphs are numbered the Derby of 1839, on Pretender; the St. Leger of 1833, on Lord Clifden; and of 1874, on Apology; the Oaks of 1874, on Apology; the 2,000 of 1839, on Pretender; of 1871, on Bothwell; of 1872, on Prince Charlie; and of 1873, on Cambello, and the 1,000 of 1874, on Apology. His smaller victories are numberless.

A Scotch Tenant's Grievances.

Mr. Hope Johnstone, of Annandale, who owns one of the largest estates in the south of Scotland has raised an action in the Dumfries sheriff's court against one of his hill tenants which is exciting great interest in the north. Mr. Hope Johnstone sues the tenant for payment of the last half year's rent amounting to £125.

The tenant pleads that he is entitled to retain the sum due because the landlord has violated the agreement concerning the burning of heather, with the object of providing additional cover for game, the result bearing that the tenant's sheep had no young heather to eat.

He also pleads that he has suffered severe losses in consequence of the landlord's keepers having killed down weasels, hawks, owls and smaller birds, owing to which there has been a plague of voles, which have eaten up the pastures. The case is regarded throughout Scotland as a test action, and if the tenant is the winner, then landlords who sacrifice everything to the preserver of game are likely to have a bad time of it.—London Truth.

Six Shooters and Bayonets.

General Grant recommended that the bayonet be abolished in the United States service and the six shooter be substituted for close fighting. The recommendation was a good one. While the bayonet is the most worthless of all weapons invented by man, the six shooter is the most deadly short range tool ever devised. Give me a club three feet long and I'll whip any man who tries to bayonet me; give me a six shooter and I'll make a bad break in any column of bayonets.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What He Is There For.

There is a new policeman stationed at one of the up town crossings of Broadway. Some one said to him the other day: "So you are here to keep the horses from running over the ladies, are you?" "An 'indade it's not, sir," he replied. "I am here to keep the ladies from running over the horses," sulking the action to the word by quietly and very firmly drawing a woman back who seemed determined to rush right over the three horses of a heavy dray.—New York Herald.



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