

SPANIARDS AND BLOCCANEERS.

How Ships Were Rigged Out in the Days of the Old Time Pirates.

As a rule, the Spanish-American merchantmen were formidable floating castles. They might carry 150 of a crew, with a company or two of disciplined soldiers. They mounted many guns of heavy metal. The "musketeers" were freely furnished with those dull pointed trabucos which belched out bullets by the quarter hundred and were excessively disagreeable at close quarters, and they were clothed in cuirasses of buff, which would turn a ball. The poop and the forecastle were solid forts, and the former was furnished with semicircular galleries, from which the defenders could fire with commanding precision. There were boarding ladders to be tried to the rigging, and even at the waist, where the sides were the lowest, boarding must have been like scrambling up the side of a house.

If we turn, on the other hand, to the light buccannering craft, it would seem there was no sort of equality. They were generally schooners or brigantines of small burden, with tall but tapering spars, carrying a tremendous weight of canvas. Their guns were necessarily few, though one or two were formidable. The men at the most could not be numerous, although packed away above and below like herrings in a barrel.

Where they excelled was in seamanship and dexterous maneuvering. In certain light winds they had it all their own way. If their luck was good, the enemy's gunners would fire wide of the small and shifting mark. Their very audacity often saved them from disaster, for at the closest quarters it was impossible to depress the guns so as to do them serious damage. When they did board, there was no need to give the watchword—death or victory. They were fighting not only with ropes around their necks, but with thumb screws and hot grid-irons in the more remote prospective. That accounts for the animation they threw into the attack, but we confess we are still mystified by the triumphs that crowned their audacity, for even the buccannery never denied the Spanish pluck, and the Spaniards were likewise fighting for existence. —Blackwood's Magazine.

The Art of Needle Making.

The art of needle making was kept secret until about 1650, when it was revealed by Christopher Greening. In the little town of Redditch, a few miles from Birmingham, the needle makers still ply their trade for all the world. Twenty thousand people make over 100,000,000 needles a year. From the ugly pig of iron to the fairylike needle are manifold processes, but probably the drilling of the eye is the most interesting of all. The experts can easily perforate a hair and thread it with its own end. The steel wire is cut into the length of a bristle, and the needles are born as twms, heads together, feet farthest apart.

In the old days the ends were sharpened at a cost of life that made this industry more deadly than war. The "grinders' asthma," by which strong men's lungs were inwardly ground to pieces by inhaled particles of steel, slew tens of thousands of strong men. Now a blast of air away from the grindstone makes a grinder's life a first class risk for insurance companies. Tempering, annealing and polishing are all worth seeing in the process. —Harper's Bazar.

Why Horses Are High in Paris.

One of the most prosperous industries in Paris is the sale and disposal of horseflesh for food. There are in the city of Paris 180 shops for the sale of horseflesh, and in the course of the year more than 21,000 horses, 61 mules and 275 donkeys have been killed and eaten by the Parisians. The most singular point about this traffic is that the price of the flesh is equal to that of good beef—29 cents a pound. It is only fair, however, to add that two-thirds of this meat has been converted into sausages, so that it is more than possible that the consumers are ignorant of the source of their toothsome dish. It is now easy to understand how it is that good horses are so scarce in the Paris faeries. At 20 cents a pound a fat horse would be worth more when he was dead than alive. —Chicago News-Record.

Names of Two Children.

Trivial circumstances give names to children. A gallant Irish soldier was the father of two girls, named respectively Jane and Phobe.

Some one asked him why he had selected the latter name, and he replied:

"Well, sorr, ye see our eldest was born in January, so we called her Jane, and the other was born in February, so we just called her Faybie."

The story would be better still if there had been a third daughter born in March and named, of course, Marcia. —Youth's Companion.

A Good Work.

"I hear you've been cultivating the society of that pretty widow, Van. What are you up to?"

"I'm trying to kill the weeds." —Kate Field's Washington.

A Busy Day.

Winks—I can't stop to talk, old boy. This is my busy day. Frank Friend—Got another note to pay, eh? —New York Weekly.

Picking Tea Leaves in Johore.

In Johore no tea crop was picked until five years ago, but this was due to difficulties in starting a new industry in a foreign country. Planting was commenced in 1882, when labor was difficult to find and expensive to keep. Now labor is cheap and plentiful. Twelve cents in these gardens receive 15 cents in Mexican silver per diem for every day they work (or, at present exchange, say 12 cents in American money). The whole garden has to be dug over three times a year, and with manure once in three years is capable of producing an all round average of 500 pounds per acre.

Every morning, with the exception of Friday (the Mohammedan Sunday), men, women and children are called out at daybreak by a horn to pluck the young leaves. At 11 a. m. the horn is again the signal for their return to the factory to have their morning pluckings weighed in by the manager.

Pluckers are paid at a fixed rate per pound of green leaf. Each basket of leaf as it is handed in is weighed by the mandore, the weight of the basket deducted, and a ticket for the balance handed over. At 1 p. m. the horn calls them out again, and a similar weighing operation takes place at 5 p. m., excepting only that the morning tickets are called in and the total pluckings for the day put against the name of each plucker in the check roll. With a good flush of leaf on the bushes a smart plucker can pick 60 pounds of leaf in a day. —Washington Star.

A "Soft Soap" For a Reporter.

"When I was living in Birmingham, Ala., in 1887," said Richard P. Powell of Cincinnati at the St. James last night, "the town was on a boom, the biggest in its history. Somehow or other there were but two coroners in the county of Jefferson. One of these was located in Birmingham and the other was out somewhere in the rural districts, where no one ever died. I was a reporter on The Herald and soon made friends with the Birmingham coroner. New railroads were being built all around the city, mines being explored and all kinds of improvements going on.

"Of course there were accidents, and the accidents oftentimes brought death. I got on the coroner's jury every case, and when I served my fees were \$3.50. Sometimes there were as many as 20 cases a day and never less than two; so you see that I lived on the sunny side of Easy Street while the 'snap' lasted. But it didn't take long for the hangars on around the courthouse to get envious, and when they began to howl the coroner had to change his jury and that let me out. Meantime I had cleared \$2,500 on jury fees besides salary as a reporter." —St. Louis Republic.

A Chinese Delicacy.

There may be found in the bills of fare of the Chinese addled eggs, fat grubs, caterpillars, sharks' fins, rats, dogs, Indian birds' nests and the finest of all their delicacies—trepang.

What is trepang? Trepang, or tripping, is a collective name by which a considerable number of species of most curious sea animals are designated; they are also known as sea rollers, sea cucumbers, in French as comichons de mer, and scientifically as holothurians. They are among the most sluggish of animals. Only the fixed or stationary animals are slower than the holothurians. They lie like gray, brown or black leather pipes or cylinders on the bottom of the sea.

One might watch them half a day long, if he had nothing better to do, and hardly see them change their position, and they rarely move more than a foot or two in several hours. Their class relatives, the other spiny skinned animals or echinoderms, are much more active. —William Marshall in Popular Science Monthly.

The Evil of Great Wealth.

"Beyond a very moderate amount," wrote Coleridge, "I regard money as a real evil." The man of other pursuits knows that one cannot possibly be very rich and carry on those other pursuits also, so engrossing is the mere care of property, and so difficult and absorbing is the wise use of it. Many a promising artist or author has been simply ruined for the purposes for which he was created by becoming heir to a large estate. Not that it demoralized him otherwise, but it left him no time for his natural work.

Volumes have been written on the suppression of genius through poverty, but very little has yet been said on the wrecking of genius through wealth. —T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

Beauty and Its Lack of Brains.

The trained Arabs of Egypt, who seem to possess poor brains and of course have no education, are often extraordinarily handsome, while in 1860 the grandest head in Asia, a head which every artist copied as his ideal of Jove, belonged to an Arab horse dealer, who outside of his trade knew nothing. —Million.

Celluloid Toothpicks.

The latest toothpicks look precisely like quill picks, but are made of sheets of celluloid sharpened at one end and then rolled up into a cylinder. Hotel keepers have their advertisements printed on them before they are rolled into quills. —New York Sun.

DEATH OF A KNOWING CAT.

A Connecticut Peline That Was Universally Liked and Feared.

Tommy Tucker is no more. Hartford's well known cat had farewells to earth after an eventful life of 15 years. Few cats enjoy the honorable career that had been the lot of Tommy Tucker. When a little mite of a kitten, with no claim to pedigree and with no home, he wandered into the paper warehouses of E. Tucker's Sons, on Trumbull street. He made friends, and from that day until his death he found a comfortable home.

Only once in all his life did he leave his home for a brief interval. Two years ago he was locked out one night. Not appreciating what he considered an injustice, he started for the home of Mr. Tucker on Edwards street. He failed to reach the home of his master, and also lost his bearings as to the location of the store. For seven days he was not seen at the warehouses, when he was returned by a lady who found him and recognized him as Tommy Tucker. During the seven days he lost seven pounds of flesh. His joy at finding his home was manifested as only a cat can show joy.

Tommy was a handsome cat. He was of the tiger variety, with a good showing of long white fur. His nose, breast and front feet were white, which were kept scrupulously clean at all times, as well as the rest of the body. The light and dark markings were sharply defined and the features were strong. The eyes were big and bright as new Columbian half dollars and the whiskers long. Tommy when in his prime weighed 17 pounds. In his old age he weighed somewhat less.

Tommy could perform many tricks and seemed very fond of his accomplishments. He would shake the hands of visitors and sit up when asked to. He was especially fond of ladies and in suitable weather would sit in front of the store to receive the attentions showered upon him by the admiring passersby. When young Tommy was fed with milk, and each morning a bowl was placed in front of the store with 5 cents to pay the milkman, it was the custom of the cat to look into the bowl to make sure that the money was not forgotten. At times when the dust was blowing a cover would be placed over the bowl. Tommy was bound to find out if the nickel was in the bowl, and would push the cover off. If the coin was seen, he would rest content until the milkman arrived, but if the bowl was empty he would make the fact known by an unusual activity between the office and the store front. —Hartford Times.

How a Whale Fights.

Approaching a whale at all times is like going into battle, notwithstanding the abandon of the fishermen. Have no fear that the right whale will swallow you. He could not do so even if he were so disposed, as his gullet is only large enough to admit a good sized herring. The sperm whale could swallow a man if he desired to do so, but he is no more inclined to swallow a man—particularly with his clothes on—than you would be to swallow a small bird with its feathers. But he will crush you in his ponderous jaws if he is fighting bull, and eject you in detail.

He will also chew up and spit out pieces of the demolished boat, break up the wooden utensils floating upon the water and fight every piece of wood until more than seven baskets of fragments may be taken up, and having fired himself off in this way he will lay off, angrily slapping the water with his fins, and challenge some other boats, or perhaps, in rare cases, attack the vessel. —J. T. Brown in Century.

Not Big Pay For City Men.

Two young fellows who were taking a pedestrian tour through the Berkshire hills recently lost their way after making the ascent of Mount Everest, and at nightfall were glad to seek quarters at a lonely farm house. The woman in charge got up an excellent supper, killing a chicken for them, gave them clean, comfortable beds and had a savory breakfast ready in the morning. When they asked how much they should pay her, she replied in a deprecating way that as times were a little hard she would have to charge them more than they might like to pay, but 123 cents apiece would be satisfactory. She was astonished when they gave her \$1, and probably thanks to this day that she entertained Vanderbilts unawares. —New York Sun.

The Love of Books.

A certain housekeeper, who takes a just and noble view of books, almost frightened her parlor maid into spasms by the stern reprimand which she gave her on this subject. The poor maid had just left one of her mistress's favorite volumes. "Never!" she uttered in a deep and trembling voice, "never drop a book in my house again. I would almost as lief have you drop the baby." —New York Times.

Louisiana's Oyster Crop.

Statistics for the year 1890 show that 189,000 barrels of oysters were fished in the state of Louisiana at a gross cost of \$250,000. They were sold for \$110,000, leaving a profit of \$160,000. In considering these figures it should be borne in mind that the industry is in its infancy. —Chicago Tribune.

THE GREAT MISGIVING.

"Not only," says some, "the thought of death dreads."

Asking for heaven, we fear no fabled hell. Life is a feast, and we have banqueted— Shall not the worms at well?

The after silence, when the feast is over, And void the places where the minstrel's stood. Differs in naught from what hath been before, And is not ill nor good!

Ah, but the apparition—the dimly sign— The beckoning finger bidding us forgoe! The fellowship, the converse and the wine, The songs, the festal glow!

And, ah, to know not, while with friends I sit, And while the purple joy is passed about, Whether the ampler day divinest fit Or homeless night without!

And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see New prospects, or falseher—a blinded thing! There is O'erme, the hourly victory. And there, O death, thy sting!

—William Watson in London Speaker.

Overheard at Niagara.

"The Niagara river, you will observe," said the guide up at the falls, "runs more rapidly on the American side than on the Canadian. This is natural. It is due to the larger degree of quickness in vogue in the United States. If the falls were entirely in the Dominion of Canada all the water that is bound for Lake Ontario would never get over the precipice, and Lake Erie would fill up and overflow the country, and there wouldn't be any country."

"Thank heaven, then, that it's in the United States," said the Philadelphian.

"Not by a darned sight," retorted the guide; "if you want to fire off any gratitude you'd just better be glad it's in New York state. If the falls were in Philadelphia they'd be stopping to think all the time or going to sleep, and deluge would come of it, and there wouldn't be any Philadelphia."

And then he resumed his monotonous chant of, "And in the next cage you will find the whirlpool rapids where Captain Webb!"

—New York Herald.

State Interference Needed.

"It is strange that states which are so careful to provide for the safety of lunatics do not compel railways to keep car doors locked while trains are in motion," said Abel O. Smith, addressing a knot of travelers that occupied reserved seats in front of the Southern. "The necessity of some such precaution has often been forcibly called to my attention. There is nothing that gives greater joy to the enterprising American heart than to jump off a train before it comes to a full stop, thereby saving some half dozen seconds at imminent risk to life and limb. Comparatively few people who jump off moving cars look where they are going. While performing this foolhardy feat one night myself I stepped on a valve, which rolled over and pitched me under the coach. At another time I was struck by a baggage truck and tumbled into danger." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Red, Blue and Orange Hallostones.

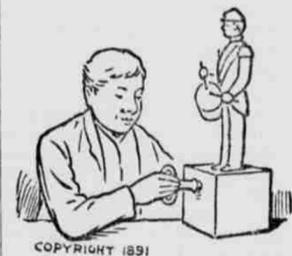
Humboldt, an authority on atmospheric phenomena who has never been disputed, tells of a heavy hallostorm which passed over Tuscany on March 14, 1813, every ice globe of the entire fall being of a beautiful orange color. Five years prior to this extraordinary event Carniola, Germany, was treated to a fall of five feet of blood red snow, followed by a slight fall of blue hail, which is said to have given "the whole face of the earth an exceedingly curious aspect." Red hallostones fell at Amsterdam in 1797, at London in 1663 (during the time of the great plague), and at divers places in Ireland and France in the early part of the present century. —St. Louis Republic.

Wool Treated with Chlorine.

Attention is called to the fact that wool which has been treated with chlorine acquires a stronger affinity for mordants and dyes, and in consequence is dyed much deeper shades than untreated wool. This being the case, care should be taken in so treating wool that too much bleaching powder be not used, from 2 to 2½ per cent. of the weight of the wool being quite sufficient, this to be made into a clear solution, acidified with sulphuric acid, the wool being worked in this for thirty minutes, rinsed in water, and then dyed in the usual manner. —Textile Mercury.

Injections to the Body.

Physicians say that animals' skins are so porous if worn next to the person. A similar objection is raised against the use of animal oils. Lanoline and all cosmetics containing animal oils have a tendency to make the skin coarse. Vegetable oils, as coconut oil, cottonseed oil, etc., should be used instead. —Exchange.



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Wound up —the man or woman who's "run-down." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery sets the wheels going. It starts the torpid liver into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, cleanses, repairs, and strengthens the system, and restores health and vigor. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, and builds up flesh and strength.

For all serofulous humors and blood-taints, and even Consumption (or Lung-serofula), if taken in time, it's a sarsaparilla, which claim to be good for the blood in March, April, and May, "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all seasons.

Unlike other blood-purifiers, too, it's guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or your money is returned.

On these terms, it's the cheapest. You pay only for the good you get. But it's the best—or it couldn't be sold so.

Advertisement for Wm. Herold & Son shoes, featuring a \$5,000 worth of shoes for sixty cents on a dollar. Includes text: 'EVERY STYLE OF SHOES MADE, for humanity from infancy to old age. SACRIFICE SALE of Ladies Jackets the Balance of the Month. CALL - IN - AND - EXAMINE. WILLIAM HEROLD & SON, 506 AND 507 MAIN STREET.'

Advertisement for Sapolio soap, featuring the slogan 'A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN. MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES SAPOLIO'.

Table listing products from Plattsmouth Nursery, including Apple Trees, Early Richmond, Plum Trees, Pear Trees, Apricots, Quinces, Garden Roots, Rhuubarb, Small Fruits, Grapes, Raspberries, Blackberries, and Gooseberries, with prices per dozen and per 100.

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F. G. FRICKE & CO., KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND —A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

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