

PRIZED HAIR ROPES.

Those Used by the Darling Egg Gatherers of St. Kilda.

An Irish paper not long since offered \$150 for a genuine St. Kildean hair rope, such as is used by egg gatherers. On the lonely island of St. Kilda the most appropriate present a young woman can give to her fiancé is a rope made of horsehair, or, better still, of human hair. The rock scalers of this island consider themselves rich above mention if their brides are able to make them such gifts. The ropes are of various lengths, a good one being forty or fifty feet long.

According to a woman traveler who has spent much time at St. Kilda, the ordinary rope consists of a stout hempen cord wrapped round and round with sheep's wool, then with horsehair and finally on the outside with human hair.

It is the work of years to manufacture such ropes—and the maiden of St. Kilda bestirs very early in her childhood to save her hair combings—and also to dry and bleach certain rough grasses that grow on the wind swept island. The fibers make the cable stronger, and the elastic quality of the hair prevents chafing against the rude cliffs during the rock scaler's descent. A curiosity collector wanted to buy one of these ropes, which are used by the St. Kilda egg gatherers. He offered \$100, but the amount was refused scornfully.

THE ESKIMO SMOKER.

He Dearly Loves Tobacco and Not a Mite of It Is Wasted.

"No man is fonder of tobacco than an Eskimo," said an Arctic traveler. "The Eskimo depends for his tobacco solely on the white man. For a pound of it he would sell his oldest son."

"It is odd to see an Eskimo smoke. He chomps his tobacco fine and mixes it with chopped willow twigs so as to make it go further. Then he cleans out with a picker of bone the small stone bowl of his pipe, and then he plucks a lock of hair from his deerskin suit and rams it down in the bottom of the pipe bowl so as to prevent any of the finely chopped tobacco from escaping into the stem.

"Finally he lights the pipe and smokes it in a swift series of long, strong puffs so that there may be no waste. Each puff is inhaled deep down into the lungs, and the first puff's smoke is still streaming from the nostrils long after another puff has been started. There must be, you see, no waste. There must be none of that vain combustion of tobacco without benefit to the smoker, which goes on continually among us." "Often the most experienced Eskimo will smoke so hard and fast that tears will stream from his eyes, he will cough violently, and sometimes vertigo and nausea will seize him."—New York Press.

Animals That Are Always Enemies.

Many animals are born with an inherent antipathy for other animals. The excessive fear shown by young rabbits which for the first time smell a ferret and of young turkeys which hear the shrill cry of a hawk they have never heard or seen before, are proved examples of the strength of these instinctive antipathies. But the case of the weasel and rat is, perhaps, more to be noticed because of the greater equality of the antagonists. The feud is so bitter that a meeting between them almost certainly means death to one or both. Friendships are not uncommon between the cat and dog and have been known between a dog and wolf, but the mutual attitude of the weasel and rat is invariably war—war that is waged to the death.

The Word "Nugget."

"Nugget" was formerly used to signify a bit or lump of anything, as a "nugget of tobacco." Nowadays, however, it is used principally of gold as it comes from the mine. This use is Australian. Governor Sir William Denison of Australia wrote in 1852, "In many instances the gold is brought to market in lumps or nuggets, as they are called." In Queensland there is a peculiar use of the word unknown in the rest of Australia. There, when a man appropriates unbranded calves, he is said to be "nuggeting."

He Understood.

Paul Louis Courier, when bitterly assailed by a French professor, quietly remarked: "I fancy he must be vexed. He calls me Jacobin, rebel, plagiarist, thief, poisoner, forger, leper, madman, impostor, calumniator, libeler, a horrible, filthy, grimaacing rascal. I gather what he wants to say. He means that he and I are not of the same opinion, and this is his only way of putting it."

The Kind She Wanted.

Husband—Anything you want in town today, my dear? Shall I order some more of that self rising flour? Wife—We have plenty left, but I wish you would stop at a registry office and order me a self rising servant girl.—Illustrated Bits.

Preparing the Soil.

"I notice the young Widow Prettyman doesn't have her widow's weeds so much in evidence now." "No; she's clearing those weeds away. I believe she sees signs of a second crop of orange blossoms."—Philadelphia Ledger.

That's Why.

"You say you conceal nothing from your wife?" "Absolutely nothing." "And why do you not?" "It is evident that you do not know my wife."—Houston Post.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself; nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.—Emerson.

TREASURES OF GOLD.

Just Store of Wealth Emptied From New World Into Old.

It has never been told how vast was the treasure that was emptied from the new world into the old in the glorious days of the Spanish dominion. We can only judge of how great it was by collateral evidence. The booties of Cortes and Pizarro are famous in annals of new world history. In them we have read how the soldiers of the former carried away only a small part of the treasures looted at Mexico, yet were so loaded down with stolen gold that when they fell from the causeway into the lake in the memorable retreat from Mexico they sank and drowned as weighed with plummets of lead; also we read how Pizarro exacted as a tribute for the liberation of the Inca Atahualpa gold that filled to the depth of several feet a room seventeen feet wide by twenty-two feet long and that was valued at 1,300,000 pesos d'or, the equivalent of nearly \$15,500 of our money.

When Drake sailed the south sea in the Golden Hind upon his piratical voyage of circumnavigation in the years 1577-79 and when he captured the Nuestra Señora della Concepcion—surnamed the Cacafue or Spillfire—of Cape San Francisco, it took three days to transfer the treasure from the captured ship to his own. In that single haul there was realized a "purchase," as it was called, of over twenty-six tons of silver, besides eighty pounds of virgin gold, thirteen chests of pieces of eight containing over \$1,000,000 in money and an enormous amount of jewels and plate.

Upon the evidence of John Drake we read that when the Golden Hind laid her course for England, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, she was so heavily "ballasted" with pure silver that she "rode exceedingly deep in the water."—Harper's Magazine.

THE MOONSTROKE.

A Sailor's Experience After a Night Nap on Deck in the Tropics.

"People laugh at moonstrokes," said a sailor. "They call them shellbacks' superstition. I once had a moonstroke, though, and I tell you it was no laughing matter.

"In a full moon one night in the tropics I fell asleep on deck. The moon shone directly on me. I lay in a white pool of moonlight. So three hours went by.

"Then, when they woke me, I felt like a man in a dream. My mouth hung open, as it does when I sleep, and I couldn't close it, and my head lay over on the side, and I couldn't straighten it up. "Nor could I understand what people said to me, nor could I obey orders. Voices I'd hear far away, but they seemed meaningless, unpleasant. I was very drowsy. All I wanted was sleep.

"They worked on me for two days, rubbing me down with cold water and dosing me with castor oil, before they brought me round. And always after that I have been careful never to sleep where the moon's rays could get at me. My moonstroke happened eight years ago, but still at every full moon I am stupid and drowsy, my head droops a little to one side, and my mouth tends to hang open.

"There's many a sailor has been moonstruck, but this accident never befalls landsmen. Landsmen, you see, never sleep out of doors."—New York Herald.

The Ducking Stool in England.

The latest recorded use of the ducking stool in England (the designations cucking and ducking were, of course, synonymous in the days of Queen Elizabeth) was in 1809. It was at Leominster, when a woman named Jenny Pipes, alias Jane Corran, was paraded through the town on the ducking stool and ducked in the water near Kenwater bridge by order of the magistrates. In 1817 another woman, called Sarah Leake, was wheeled round the place in the same chair, but not ducked, as, fortunately for her, the water was too low. The instrument of punishment in question has not been used since then.—London Notes and Queries.

India Rubber Tree Fruit.

The fruit of the india rubber tree is somewhat similar to that of the Ricinus communis, the castor oil plant, though somewhat larger. The seeds have a not disagreeable taste and yield a purplish oil. It is a fairly good substitute for linseed oil, though it dries less rapidly. Mixed with copal and turpentine, it makes a good varnish. The oil may be also used in the manufacture of soaps and lithographic inks. The seeds are somewhat like tiny chestnuts, although darker in color. The Indian girls are fond of wearing bracelets and necklets made of them.

Loafers as Trouble Makers.

Did you ever consider how much trouble and turmoil in the world is stirred up by loafers? Do it and you will be surprised. Investigate carefully and you will find that nine of the ten fusses and quarrels that you know of in your town or neighborhood were started by loafers who had no business of their own to attend to and so got busy with other people's affairs.—Burlington Republican.

In the Lead.

Hostess (introducing first violin to sporting and nonmusical guests)—This is Professor Jingelheim, who leads the quartet, you know. Sporting Guest (thinking to be highly complimentary)—Leads—eh—ah—by several lengths, eh—and the rest nowhere! What?—Punch.

Nothing is impossible to industry.—Perlander of Corinth.

IS WEARY OF WAITING.

Heed the Lesson Taught From this Very Sad Story.

A woman fifty-one years old recently took her own life in Chicago, leaving to her family this pathetic explanation: "I am so tired, so tired—there is so much to do." She had finished her task before seeking the sleep that knows no awakening. A heavy washing had been dried, ironed and laid in neat and orderly piles. Her little home had been made clean and trim as possible, after which she sought the lonely attic for the final stroke in this saddest of all domestic tragedies. Weary and heavy laden, traped and despairing, the head of the household preferred a leap into the void to longer lingering in a world of ceaseless work. Tears, deep and bitter, were shed by the surviving children, but they were unavailing; sorrow, sincere and heartfelt was manifested with the weeping, but it was too late. Only to the living is it possible to extend help, the dead are beyond our assistance or our sympathies.

In how many of the hundreds of homes visited by the Journal does it find a tired mother? How many overburdened, utterly discouraged, wish for the last night and the long sleep? Surely on the wide surface of a sorrowing world there is no spectacle so infinitely sad as that of a mother dead from despair. It is all the more pathetic because of the reflections of those most bereaved that they could have done much to relieve and prevent. A kind word in time, a little assistance here and there, even a look of sympathy might have taken one wrinkle from the brow and one thorn from the heart. "So tired!" Yet why with strong and lusty children all around, perhaps a healthy husband not intending to be unkind; perhaps daughters only too intent on their own affairs. "Bear ye one another's burdens" was an injunction either unheard or unheeded in this household, and may this not be the case in many others. Mother has done the work so long and so uncomplainingly, she has so continually sacrificed and effaced herself for those she loved that they were unable to realize that she could possibly become tired. But she is human, there is an end to endurance; the chord stretched too far will eventually break, the heartache will at last become too painful to be borne. Then the attic, the morphine pill, and all is over!

Take a lesson from this sad story, if you still have a mother living, and resolve that nothing shall be neglected, nothing omitted, to smooth her pathway, to lighten her burdens, to mitigate her silent anguish. We know how great the loss when they are gone; we never realize to the full how great the treasure when still with us. It is the tendency of youth to be thoughtless: it is characteristic of children to give full bent to their own pleasures and ambitions, leaving mother and father to attend to the drudgery. Instead of lightening them they often heedlessly add to the loads left to parents to bear. The mother, out of that love which is the one truly and only unselfish of all human emotions, often encourages them in this, fails to remind them of duties left un-done. She keeps a pleasant face, though there is a keen pain gnawing at the vitals; she sings her song of cheer, though the heart of the minstrel is breaking. "I am so tired, so tired—there is so much work to do and the task will never, never end!" Great is the shock, deep the grief, when it is all over; but the irreparable calamity has happened. Mother is gone, gone by suicide too, the self-slaughter against which "the Almighty has set His everlasting canon." Happy the child who can look upon the features of the dead without the reproach of having been at least partly to blame. Happy the household, none of whom can feel that this ceaseless task was made the harder by their neglect or that the weariness was due to something which they might have been instrumental in relieving.

Plenty of Ice.

Many people in this locality are still worrying over the danger of an ice famine next summer. A gentleman who has lived in Plattsmouth for forty years tells a Journal reporter that he has never known a winter in Nebraska when there was not plenty of good ice at some time during the winter. And speaking of the remarkable temperature of the recent days this gentleman said: "It is needless to be alarmed about the ice crop. There will be plenty of ice between now and April. If memory serves me well I have seen colder weather in February than in any other month. Five years ago we had a January as pleasant as this one, and everybody began to fear that we would be compelled to import ice the next summer. They along came February and March with more than twenty days of zero weather, the mercury showing ten below about the last week in March. I am content to see these balmy days, well knowing by experience that we shall have plenty of zero days before the spring shall come."

For Those Who Laugh.

Society uncovers a multitude of feminine shoulders.

A pick-pocket is an artist with a light and dainty touch.

Ignorance may be bliss, but that kind of bliss isn't worth much.

It is up to you to win the prize, let others explain how they lost it.

You will hear a poor sermon in the preacher's mind is on the collection.

Don't waste words when talking to a woman; cut your story short and let her talk.

Most men do what they do because they think at the time it is the proper thing to do.

The more henpecked a man is the more ferocious he tries to act when he is away from home.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand, increase the grocer's profits to beat the village band.

A married woman says it's still a debatable question whether it is better to be a man's first love or his last.

No woman should be expected to work for a husband after marriage. She usually works hard enough trying to get him.

Most people manufacture their own luck—be it good or bad.

Whoever gets blue over mere trifles is apt to paint things red to get over it.

A doctor is making money when he begins to call his patients his clientele.

He who waits for something to turn up is likely to turn up in the almshouse.

It is said that one smile makes a flirtation. One flirtation makes two acquainted. Two acquainted make one kiss. One kiss makes several more. Several kisses make an engagement. One engagement makes two fools. Two fools make one marriage. One marriage makes two mothers-in-law. Two mothers-in-law make a red-hot time.

THE OLD COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Fond Recollections of Youthful and Happy Days That Have Passed Away.

Did you live in the country when you were a child? If you did, you know what fun it was to spell for "headmarks." How your eye glowed with expectation, like that of the fisherman who feels a little wiggle at the end of the hook, as the misspelled word came slowly toward you down the line, and with what ecstasy you spelled it, marching triumphantly past the heads "Hanged along in rigid row. Linky, golden, brown and tow."

The reading class, too, was a delight, not the one of which you were a member, with its "Wake up, little sister, the morning is bright," and "What will poor robin do then, poor thing?" but the one made up of the big boys and girls of the school.

With what a ring "Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day," echoed in your ears, and "Hush, hark, a deep sound strikes like a rising knell." You liked, too, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and in lighter vein "One Hoss Shay." For you the summit of earthly ambition would be realized when you could stand in that row of "advanced ones" by those lofty back seats and read as did they.

And algebra sailed into your horizon like a star of the hundredth magnitude, with its wonderful x's and y's and z's. And grammar with its old-time diagrams, links upon links, and physiology, and even astronomy. How much your teachers knew, every one; about all that was worth knowing. You took this for granted and the old-time superstition that any confession of limitations on their part would detract from their dignity and importance tended to strengthen the belief. But books were not all. You remember the one that you liked "best of all." You were loyal, and the days were full of sunshine when the youthful sweetheart was present and clouded when the familiar face was not there.

The best time out of school, you recall, was at noon, when, luncheon over, all trooped to the yard for the delight of such games as "Anty Over" and "I Spy" for the little ones, and "Drop the Handkerchief" and "O, Sister Phoebe, How Happy Were We," for those of the larger growth.

And there were the joys of the walk home at night with the other children, through flower-sprinkled lanes and by-ways in springtime and orchards in fall, where trees with their low branching trunks seemed to bespeak a kind of companionship between themselves and the boy that liked apples.

But now the country school is going or has gone. Ghosts stand here and there, ancient landmarks, dismantled, forlorn, mute reminders of what has been. The life and associations that made them what they were have flowed out into the highways and traffic of business; but in all the noise and din there sometimes come memories of the old school house on the hill.

Ah, thankful you may be if it was yours to go to the country school. To those who have known it, it has incomparable values; it was full of the initiative of all that makes life worth living.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR stops the cough and heal lungs

Dragging Down Pains

are a symptom of the most serious trouble which can attack a woman, viz: falling of the womb. With this, generally, comes irregular and painful periods, weakening drains, headache, nervousness, dizziness, irritability, tired feeling, etc. The cure is

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in my womb and ovaries," writes Mrs. Naomi Baker, of Webster Grove, Mo., "also in my right and left sides, and my menses were very painful and irregular. Since taking Cardui I feel like a new woman and do not suffer as I did. It is the best medicine I ever took."

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Read, Reflect and Be Sure That You Act Accordingly.

1. Thou shalt not go away from home to do thy trading, nor thy seeking for favors.

2. Thou shalt patronize thy home merchant, thy home printer, for yea, verily doth the home printer spread over the tidings of thy goodness and greatness and many will patronize.

3. Thou shalt employ thy home mechanics that they shall not be driven from their homes to find bread for their little ones.

4. Thou shalt not ask credit as goods cost much and the merchant's brain is burdened with bills. His children clamor daily for bread and his wife abideth at home for lack of raiment as doth her sister. Blessed yes, thrice blessed, is the man who pays cash.

5. Thou shalt not ask for reduced prices on thine "influence," for guile is your heart and the merchant readeth it like an open book. He laugheth thee to scorn and shouteth to his clerk, ha! ha!

6. Thou shalt do whatever lieth in thy power to encourage and promote the welfare of thine own town and thine own people.

7. Thou shalt not suffer the voice of pride to overcome thee and if other towns entice thee consent thy not for thou mayest be deceived.

8. Thou shalt spend thy earnings at home that they may return from whence they came and give nourishment to such as may come after thee.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against the town wherein thou dwellest, but speak well of it to all men.

10. Thou shalt keep these commandments and teach them to thy children, even unto the third and fourth generations, that they be made too flourish and grow in plenty when thou art laid to rest with thy fathers.

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