CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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Know All Men by These Presents.

That the Union Pacific, "the Overland Route," and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, commenced Sunday, October 28 to December 15, to run Pullman palace sleepers through daily from Denver to Chicago via Omaha and Council Bluffs.

Legal Notice.

In the District Court in and for Lancaster county Nebraska.

John L. Farwell, plaintiff, vs. Emil Shultz, Peter Connelly, Kate Connelly, A. C. Pennock, Union Trust Company, Omaha, in the State of Nebraska, and others:

The above named defendants, Emil Shultz Peter Connelly, Kate Connelly, and A. C. Pennock, first name unknown, will take notice that on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1888, the above named plaintiff, John L. Farwell, filed his petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain morigage executed by the defendant Emil Shultz to the plaintiff, John L. Farwell, upon the northwest quarter of section numbered twenty-six (26), in township numbered seven (7), north of range numbered five (5); east of the 6th P. M., in Lancaster county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of two certain promisory notes, dated January 1, 1883. One for the sum of $900 and the other for the sum of $700, the latter falling due January 1, 1888, and the former January 1, 1883, with annual interest at 8 per cent per annum on each, and that there is now due and payable and due on said notes the sum of $2,250.65, for which sum the plaintiff prays for a decree that defendants be required to pay the same, or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due. You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 31st day of December, 1888.

Dated November 15, 1888.

C. C. BURR, Att'y for Pl'ff.

CROUP.

SOME READING THAT WILL PROVE INTERESTING TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THE DISEASE.

Croup is the terror of young mothers especially during the early winter months, as it is then most prevalent. To post them concerning the cause, first symptoms, treatment and how to prevent it, is the object of this article.

The origin of croup is a common cold, children that are subject to it take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptoms of croup is hoarseness, it is a peculiar hoarseness, easily recognized and once heard always remembered. Usually a day or two before the attack, the child becomes hoarse and gradually shows symptoms of having taken cold, and this is where the mistake is usually made, the mother thinking her child has just taken cold gives it no especial attention until awakened in the night by the violent coughing of the child, finds it has the croup and remembers it has had a cold or been hoarse for a day or two. Such circumstances often occur, and in many cases the mother has nothing in the house that will relieve it, and may be several miles from a physician or drug store. You can well imagine the situation and her distress. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse or shows symptoms of having taken cold; if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given from that time on, all tendency to croup will disappear and all danger be avoided. The remedy prevents fully ten thousand cases of croup every year. It is the main reliance with many mothers throughout the Western States and Territories; they have learned its value and how to use it, and in those families croup is seldom known because it is always prevented.

The best treatment for croup is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy used as directed with each bottle. Careful inquiry fails to reveal a single case where it has ever failed although a great many severe and dangerous cases have been cured by it. Can any mother who has small children afford to be without such a remedy. It costs but fifty cents, can she afford to take the chances for so trivial an amount.

A Good Liniment.

When you need a good liniment try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It cures Sprains, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruses, Burns, Scalds and Toothache. 50 cent and dollar bottles.

Sold by W. J. Turner.

PERSONS WE HEAR ABOUT.

The German emperor affects to despise music as unworthy the notice of such a battle scarred veteran and world swaying statesman as he is—in his opinion.

Miss Braddon, who is writing her memoirs, naively says that she had no idea she was personally so interesting.

Emma Abbott is said to realize $78,000 a year from her real estate investments in the west.

A brother of Millet, the eminent French artist, lives in Boston and earns a modest living as a sculptor.

In order to avoid offending any political party in Spain the queen regent has got a young Irish woman, Miss Georgina Davenport, as a governess for the king.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, now Mrs. Herbert Ward, proved her earnest devotion to the principles of dress reform by having her entire wedding wardrobe made at a dress reform establishment.

Jane Hading has the usual French idea, or rather Parisian idea, of geography. "Why do the people speak English here?" she exclaimed when she reached Canada.

The crown prince of Germany, now 6½ years old, is drilled every day for half an hour by a sergeant major of the First Regiment of the Guards. He is an extremely handsome little fellow.

The shah of Persia has discovered a new lake in his dominions, and has written an article about it which he calls "The New Lake Between Kom and Teheran" He sent his production to a newspaper editor in Teheran, who, of course, published it, but the existence of the lake is still doubted by Persian geographers.

A memorial tablet has been placed in Christ Church, Hartford, Conn., above the pew long occupied by Lydia H. Sigourney. It bears some lines by John Greenleaf Whittier, who says: "I knew Mrs. Sigourney well when, as a boy, I came to Hartford. Her kindness to the young rustic stranger I shall never forget."

A prominent Chicago lawyer is Miss Ellen J. Martin, who has been practicing since 1876, and has build up an extensive office business. Her partner, Miss Frederica Perry, is also a successful lawyer and gives her attention to the court room work necessary to the cases that come to them.

The question regarding the age of various preachers is frequently asked. In all probability the oldest preacher in the world is the Rev. David Smith, who recently opened the general conference of the African Methodist Episcopal church in London with prayer. He is no less than 104 years of age, and has been a church member for ninety years.

The Banana "Lifters" at the Piers.

No sort of work about the South street piers attracts so much attention from the idlers along shore as the discharging of a banana laden ship. When the steamship Wergeland was at Pier 10 last week there were no less than fifty men about her, while the boys were not to be counted because of the way they dodged about. It takes over twenty men to do the work, including the truckmen who come and go. As the boys sneaked about they fell up against a stack of bunches of bananas from time to time, and the bunches contained less bananas at every fall. Now and then a boy got down on the steamer's deck. Here he was sure to be seen by the boss 'longshoreman, but he walked about with a look of innocence on his face until he got to the pile of over ripe fruit condemned by the inspector. Then he dropped on his knees after a furtive glance at the boss and began stuffing bananas into his shirt, which invariably bagged capaciously over the gunwale of his trousers. Three different boys were seen at this by a reporter, and in each case the boss looked at the lad out of the corners of his eyes until a dozen bananas had been picked up, and then there was a burst of profanity that was stunning to the unaccustomed ear. It would have frightened any boy but a wharf rat half out of his wits, and even these made haste to get ashore as the boss jumped for them.

But it was observed that the boss always jumped too short, and when he threw anything at the boys, which he did at every attack, he missed the mark by a very wide space. The reporter mentioned this circumstance to the boss. He crinkled the crow's feet about his eyes a bit and said:

"Hit thim! they're that scart they'd dodge a streak o' lightnin'. Look at thim legs and cheeks. Did yez ever see the folks av it? It's the banannies as makes 'em fit fer pigs."—New York Sun.

A Pensioned Brigand.

Under the regime of the Bourbons it was no uncommon thing for the government to enter into legal compacts with the banditti that infested Campania, and to pay them certain fixed sums. That the present Italian administration should have on its civil list a bandit in the receipt of regular pay seems hardly credible, but is a fact nevertheless.

On the island of Ischia there lives an old man who in his "better days" was a notorious robber captain, a man of great enterprise, and possessing remarkable talent for organization, who baffled all the attempts of the authorities to lay hands on the cutthroats under his command in all parts of Southern Italy. Consequently, the government at length decided upon entering into an agreement by which they allowed the man a full pardon and a pension for life on condition that he would retire from his "profession" and break up his band.

The bandit afterward settled down in one of the most beautiful islands in the world, where he discharges the duties of doorkeeper and guide to visitors, and receives an allowance of six francs a day, a sum which enables him to live like a prince.—Gazette du Nord.

The Author of "John Ward, Preacher."

One anecdote of Margaret Deland shows her simplicity and the absence of all conventionality. She had amused herself by writing poems and destroying them as soon as read, seemingly caring nothing for them or attaching little or no importance to the gift which they revealed. But one day as she was returning from marketing she called upon a friend, and while waiting in the parlar amused herself by writing a poem. The sudden entrance of the friend surprised her in the act, and a moment later, in a playful way, the poem was snatched away from the unthinking author. There on a scrap of coarse brown wrapping paper was her exquisite poem, "The Succory," which was thus barely saved from the ignominious fate of its predecessors.—Book Buyers.

A Popular Author at Home.

"Tom" Hughes is as popular as county court judge as he is as the author of "Tom Brown's School Days." He is now past middle life, and has the British robust figure and the British red, round face and small eyes; in fact, he bears an excessively jolly appearance. Mr. Hughes is an ardent cooperator, and after a heavy day's work in court thinks nothing of traveling some thirty or forty miles into the heart of Lancashire to address a co-operative meeting. He is a very quiet speaker and a general favorite with his audience.

Symptoms of Pneumonia.

This is the season of the year when pneumonia is to be dreaded and guarded against. This treacherous and dangerous disease may occur in connection with bronchial and other affections of the air passages induced by "taking cold." But if a person has first been attacked with symptoms of a cold, and they have existed for a day or more, he need have little fear that pneumonia will set in as a consequence. People who have caught cold, and are suffering from acute bronchitis—have a painful, "tearing" cough, are "sore across the chest," etc.—are very often apprehensive of the more serious disease under consideration. There is scarcely greater danger of its appearing then than there is while they are in their usual good state of health. We emphasize this fact, for we know that unscrupulous practitioners steal no little capital by pretending, as they often do, to "break up pneumonia," prevent patients from having it, etc. No immediate treatment can be applied by them or other physicians which will prevent pneumonia in any condition of the system. If the disease is coming, it will come, in spite of medical interference.

What symptoms should lead a person to suspect that he has pneumonia? An attack is usually sudden, and generally commences with a chill, frequently accompanied by what are called rigors—shivering, chattering of the teeth, etc. In the majority of cases this occurs during the night, and after exposure. The chill is severe and prolonged, lasting from half an hour to several hours. About the same time, or soon afterward, a pain is felt underneath the nipple on one—the affected—side. This pain is sharp, and is described as "stabbing." It is aggravated by coughing, sneezing, and when the patient takes a "long breath." Fever sets in early, and is one of the first symptoms. It usually runs very high, as is indicated by the great heat of the skin. One peculiarity, seldom noticed in other affections where there is high fever, is often observed in this disease, the skin is moist from the outset.—Herald of Health.

Opening Indian Graves.

On the farm of Mr. Bernard Stoltzen, about ten miles out of Covington, Ky., two Indian mounds were opened last week and some remarkable relics were found, which Mr. Stoltzen has forwarded to the Smithsonian institution. Both the mounds were small, the larger being about 8 feet high at the center and 22 feet in circumference, and the other about 5 feet high and 15 feet wide. In both were stone coffins. The slabs were roughly blocked out and stood together without mortar, and the tops of the boxes were a number of irregular pieces of stone just laid across. In one were a few moldy and crumbling bones, human, of course, and the other was full of dust. The bones were hardly recognizable, but one of them was probably a femur, and one part of the pelvis. The skull was quite gone. There was also a number of stone arrow heads and daggers, and a piece of wood—probably part of a bow—which had been wrapped around with some sort of an animal thong, and which seemed to be partially petrified. Two or three rude pieces of crockery were found, and several circular pieces of polished stone. The stone coffins were pointed very nearly, but not quite, east and west. There was a good deal of ashes about and some bits of charcoal. The graves were undoubtedly of mound builders, and we calculated, chiefly from the size of a tree which had evidently grown before one part of the mound had been made, that the tumuli were at least 500 years old.—C. F. Finch in Chicago News.

Love in Bird Life.

What frauds birds are. They are represented in poetry as sweet, gushing things, rising to greet the morn with melody and bursting forth in song on the slightest provocation. To read bird poetry one might consider them the most amiable of God's creatures, when the fact is, according to naturalists, the majority of singing birds are waspish and quarrelsome among themselves to a high degree. They behave worse during their singing season, which is also their time for mating, when they are popularly supposed to be flitting about in the most loving manner, tenderly beseeching each other to be "my valentine."

Those who have made a close study of birds will tell you that mates are won, not by love but pitched battles for the most part, the stronger party carrying off the prize. Some of the more pugnacious often fight until they are killed. The females battle furiously for the males, who sit calmly by observing the combat, quite unprejudiced and ready to say, "May the best bird win." Sometimes the conqueror flies off with her dearly won valentine, only to meet some superior female on the way who disputes the prize and wins it. If the superior female be a "star" singer in bird opera she probably has to support her husband until she can get rid of him and snare another.—Texas Siftings.

Where to Find Heaven.

There was a Methodist minister who preached one day on heaven. The next morning he was going down town, and he met one of his old wealthy members. The old friend said: "Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven. You told me all about heaven, but you never told me where heaven is."

"Ah!" said the pastor, "I am glad of the opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hilltop yonder. In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is sick in bed with fever; her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not got a bit of coal or a stick of wood, or flour, or sugar, or any bread. If you will go down town and buy $50 worth of things, nice provisions, and send them up to her, and then go up there and say, 'My sister, I have brought you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour,' then you ask for a Bible, and you read the twenty-third Psalm, and then you get down on your knees and pray—if you don't see heaven before you get all through, I'll pay the bill."

The next morning he said: "Pastor, I saw heaven and I spent fifteen minutes in heaven as certainly as you are listening."—New York Graphic.

Condition of Southern Negroes.

A good deal of loose talk is heard during the year about the condition of the negroes in the south. But there is such a thing as honest truth. Here is the latest bunch of statistics on the subject: In the south there are now 16,000 colored teachers, 1,000,000 pupils, 17,000 in the male and female high schools, and 3,000,000 worshipers in the churches. There are sixty normal schools, fifty colleges and universities and twenty-five theological seminaries. They pay taxes on nearly $2,000,000 worth of property, this in the southern states, which, if including the northern states, would double the property valuation.—New York Telegram.

Thirty-three Volumes of Sermons.

London's famous preacher, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, says that he is always preparing his sermons, reading and thinking, but the specific preparation begins at 6 o'clock on Saturday evening. His great difficulty is to find a text, he having preached so many sermons in the course of his life. His published sermons fill thirty-three volumes, and these he keeps on a shelf near at hand, so that he may look back and see that he does not repeat himself.—Harper's Bazar.