

THE LAST DAY.

The Cass County Fair Ended Friday.

Large Crowds Attend—A Partial List of Awards.

The day was most delightful and refreshing. Although many people were on the grounds the crowd was hardly so large as Friday.

The baby show in the afternoon was a great attraction and several infants were on exhibition, and the decision of the judges will be found elsewhere.

We give Thursday's races and all the premium awards we have time for below. The races at the fair Thursday were as follows:

Free for all trot, best three in five. Van Duke, Nat Brown 3 3 3 Elmwood Chief, R. B. Kreebo 1 1 1 Billy Ford, Arthur Perry 2 2 2 Time 2:41, 2:31 and 2:32; purse \$150, \$90 and \$60.

Free for all race, best three in five: Madison, W. A. Ketchum 1 1 1 White Billy, C. M. Holmes 2 2 2 Lowry Todd, Platt Ketchum 3 3 3 Time 2:04, 2:12 and 2:01; purses \$75, \$45 and \$30. Gentlemen's Roadster, best three in five:

Clarence L. C. P. Whiting 2 1 1 Nig, Dr. E. W. Cook 3 3 3 George, John O'Keefe 1 2 2 Time, 3:14, 3:00 3:05 and 3:02; purses, \$37.50, \$22.50 and \$15.

Bicycle race, half-mile beats, best two in three: T. M. Paterson 1 1 Sam Patterson 2 4 T. H. Pollock 3 2 J. K. Pollock 4 3 Ed Holmes 5 5 Time, 1:37 1/2 and 1:44; purses, \$15 \$10 and \$5.

A partial list of the premiums is as follows: HORSES AND MULES, CLASS 1. Best draft stallion four years old or over, first premium \$10; entered by Marshall & Gall. Best jack two years or over, first premium \$10; entered by Nicholas Holmus. Best family carriage team weighing 1,000 pounds or over, first premium \$8; taken by W. D. Jones' grays; second premium \$4, taken by Sam Ritcheison, of Eight Mile Grove. Best draft mare, weighing 1,400 or more, first premium, \$10, was taken by John B. Holmes; second premium, \$5, taken by J. Grassman.

Best mare of any age or breed, sweepstakes, \$10, taken by J. Grassman. Best colt under one year, \$5, taken by L. Ruestekoltz.

Best pair mules any age, first premium, \$5, taken by W. L. Propst. Best roadster, first premium \$—taken by Wm. Gilmour.

SWEEPSTAKES. Best and largest display of boots and shoes, \$15, taken by Peter Morges. Best and largest display of musical instruments, \$10, taken by J. P. Young. Best and largest display of harness and goods kept in harness shops, \$10, taken by O. M. Streight.

Best and largest display of dry goods, \$15, taken by Solomon & Nathan. Best and largest display of hardware, stoves and tinware, \$10, taken by Jno. S. Duke.

CATTLE, CLASS 2. James W. Thomas, of Plattsmouth, 1st with no competition, \$10. M. A. Hartigan received on best bull 1 year old and under 2 1st—\$8—no competition; best cow over 3 years 1st; best heifer calf 2nd, no competition, \$2.

Moses Dodge on best cow, any age or breed, 2nd, no competition, \$5. M. A. Hartigan received 2nd, on best cow of any age or breed.

J. N. Thomas received on best bull calf, no competition, \$2, and on best bull 2 years old and over, \$10, with no competition.

Henry Eikenbary, Supt., and Samuel Barker and Theodore D. Buck, Judges. SWINE, CLASS 3.

Levi Churchill; Best boar, 1 yr. or over, Rock Bluffs, 1st, \$10. Best boar under 1 yr.; W. L. Propst, Plattsmouth 1st \$4.

Best sow 1 yr. old or over, 1st \$6; best sow with litter of pigs, 1st \$10; best boar 1st \$10; best sow, \$10; best boar under 1 yr., 2nd \$2; W. L. Propst of Plattsmouth.

Best sow with sucking pigs; R. F. Dean. Best sow 1 yr. old or over; Moses Dodge 2nd \$3.

Best boar 1 yr. old, 2nd \$5; best boar under 1 yr. 1st, \$4; best sow under 1 yr. 2nd \$2; Eli Sampson.

A. B. Taylor, C. H. Vallery, H. Wolfe Sr. and Frank Mitchell, judges. BEES, CLASS 7.

Mr. J. M. Young, of Rock Bluffs, was awarded premiums on the following: Best colony of Italian bees. Best colony of black bees. Best bee hive in use containing bees. Best gallon of extracted honey, '87. Best comb honey, not less than 16lb. Best gallon of extracted honey, '86. Best display of honey, not less than 20lb. Best display of the comb from the foundation for brood and sur-

plus, showing the different stages of development from the foundation to full drawn. Best display of honey extracted. All the above were awarded first premium.

Henry Wolfe, Supt., J. Capen, M. Clemon and Levi Churchill were the judges.

Scarcity of Brick.

President Cleveland need not have any fear that the people of Sioux City treasure up against him his veto of the Sioux City public building bill. The people of the northwest are a generous people. They recognize that he is president of the United States, and that he meets the responsibilities of his high place according to his best light and within all the puzzling exterior limitations which encompass a president.

And, perhaps, it is just as well, anyhow, that the Sioux City government bill was vetoed. The needs of Sioux City in constructing the great packing houses and in other building operations this year have been such as to make great scarcity of "brick."

By all means let the president come, and welcome to him.—Sioux City Journal.

Ninety Days and Thirty Minutes to Leave the Town.

John Doe and James More were before Judge Mathews' Saturday morn. In the warrant the first man's name was given as John Doe but before the court he pleaded his name as Timothy McCarty. Doe was charged with malicious assault with a knife, and More, with begging by tramp.

Doe is the man who has been laying around town lately with his left hand tied up as though it were hurt, but it is said it is simply fly blistered for the purpose of begging. Friday night he was making more or less disturbance in a tough crowd on lower Main street, and John Fitzpatrick asked special police John H. More to arrest him. More took Doe by the left arm and Doe objected as its being a sore arm and at the same time whirled partially around and thrust his right hand into his side coat pocket. Policeman More noticed the movement and immediately seized the right arm and drew it behind him (Doe), as he did so he grabbed Doe's hand and discovered a half opened knife in it, the blade of which pricked his hand. The knife was taken from him and he was hustled off to jail, using very bad and threatening language on the way, and after he arrived.

Doe appears to be a hard case, wears a stealthy evil look, and called at the jail a day or so before his arrest and wanted to see "the boys," but he was refused admittance. He claimed he could raise \$50 to help them, but as they were sentenced the \$50 would not have been of any avail. He seemed well acquainted with the whole outfit—the gang who broke into the beer house—and he told one of the officers he had been out of the penitentiary just two weeks.

At trial Saturday morning he did not deny the evidence after it had been given by policeman J. H. More, and took his sentence—a good round 70 days at hard labor—without any smiles. James More, at his trial, plead guilty to begging for food and being drunk and disorderly and said when he came to town he had some money but spent it in drink. He was a fair appearing man to be begging and said he stopped here on his way to Denver and acknowledged he intended to beat his way there in box cars. Judge Mathews sentenced him to 30 days at hard labor and suspended the sentence 30 minutes, which time was spent (as was intended) in a successful effort to get out of town, and he will probably remain there during the present municipal court administration.

Dillon Gets the Earth.

Oh! what a crowd! Even the heart of that veteran actor and prince of comedians, John Dillon, must have danced with delight as he beheld that sea of happy faces that greeted him at Foster's Opera House last evening. It was not a house full but a perfect jam, every seat, aisle and corner being occupied, and when the popular favorite made his appearance, fully twelve hundred people manifested their appreciation of his great abilities by loud and continued applause. The play was his new farce comedy entitled, "Wanted the Earth," that is scorching a great success everywhere, and well it may, for the piece fits Dillon and Dillon fits the piece. In fact, Mr. Dillon has not been so happily cast since he electrified the continent in "All the Rage." The piece is not without faults from a dramatic standpoint, but like the "Bunch of Keys," and other light comedies, the fun is so fast and furious that one forgets everything but to laugh. It is also a pleasure to note that the star is not handicapped by a weak company, each member being capable, and so me strong and when we add that Mr. Dillon has lost none of his old-time fire and charm it goes without saying that a better satisfied audience has ever, if rarely been within the walls of the theater.—Iowa State Register.

Cardinal Gibbons intends to take a western tour soon.

A Ring on a Swollen Finger.

"Will you please saw this ring off my finger?" It was an old woman who made this request of a Broadway jeweler, and as the worker in gold and silver took the wrinkled, though fat and shapely, hand in his it trembled violently, and a tear dropped upon the counter.

"Excuse me," continued the old lady, "but it is my wedding ring. I have never had it off since I was married—forty-five years ago. I have refrained from having it cut, hoping that my finger might get thinner and that I could take it off without breaking it."

"And what if I can remove it without cutting?" inquired the jeweler. "But can you?" said she, looking up in a half credulous way. "If you can, do it by all means."

Then the jeweler took the swollen finger and wound it round from the top downwards in a length of flat rubber band. The elastic band exerted its force upon the tissues of the finger gently and gradually until the flesh seemed to be pushed down almost to the bone. The old woman's hand was then held above her head for a brief interval. Then the bandage was quickly uncoiled and re-wound about the member. This was repeated three times, and finally the finger was found upon uncovering the finger that it was small enough to admit of the ring's being removed with ease.

"I have never failed but once," said the jeweler, "and I have removed many rings from fingers even more swollen than yours. Do I charge for it? Oh, yes, I ask the same amount that I would get if the ring were left to be mended after being cut. One dollar. Thank you!" and as he turned to his bench and the old woman left the store he added: "But after all she might have done the same thing herself. It's not the work, however, I charge for; it's the know how."—New York Mail and Express.

Joke on a General.

Appropos of Gen. Faidherbe, an amusing anecdote is related of an adventure which befell him when he commanded the Army of the North in the war of 1870. His charger, a splendid gray Arab, had been wounded at the battle of Pont Noyelles, and the general was obliged to leave it behind in an arm. Some days after his Gen. Faidherbe was at lunch, a non-commissioned officer of the Prussian army came up with a French dragoon and a horse which Gen. Von Goblen had sent him with a polite message, believing it to be his property. The horse was a miserable animal, and Gen. Faidherbe, amazed at the apparition, asked the dragoon for an explanation. The man related that he had been taken prisoner with three comrades by a patrol of German cavalry two days before, and that he had hit on the bright idea of representing himself as the orderly and being a deserter of the German army. Gen. Faidherbe, the German officers had communicated his statement to Gen. Von Goblen, who had courteously returned the animal to the French general. Gen. Faidherbe, however, asked the German soldier to take the dragoon and the horse back with him, and the man had to return strikingly the failure of his ruse. Gen. Von Goblen, as soon as he learned the truth, directed that diligent search should be made for the Arab, but it had been so carefully hidden away that he never succeeded in restoring it to his adversary.—Chicago Times.

The Average Country Journalist.

Every now and again I see in the city papers sneers at the country papers and jokes at the expense of rural editors. It may be that my experience has been peculiarly fortunate, but I have found that the average country journalist with whom I have come into contact has more brains, more straight out, square toed ability, more pride and interest in his profession, and more money, than his city brother. It is the greatest credit of the country offices who make the best men in metropolitan journalism.

I read of the country editor who takes his pay in squashes and cord wood, but I see the country editor who pays me in checks on his local bank, checks which are always good. I read of the poverty stricken rural newspaper man, but in my experience, and I have met a good many of them, the rural journalist is apt to own a share in the paper he edits, the house he lives in, a horse and buggy, while the metropolitan writer who invents the highly humorous paragraphs concerning his country brother too often owes a mortgage on his back. And finally, a good country editor is a king pin in his locality. He is looked up to and respected as a leader of public opinion, a man who knows what is going on in the world. I can't imagine a more enviable position than that of the owner and editor of a good country paper. Compared to the grind of a city daily, the work is light, and the rewards are proportionately greater.—The Journalist.

The Old Clown's Days Are Over.

Col. W. C. Crum, the advance agent of Forepaugh's circus, says: "The day of the clowns is nearly over. Formerly they were half the show, but now they attract but little attention. The enlargement of the shows is the chief cause. The big shows now have two or three rings, and the circle of seats is so far off that the people cannot hear the jokes of the clowns. In the old days an average clown received from \$100 to \$200 a week. Dan Rice, who was considered the greatest of them all, was paid \$1,000 a week, which was the highest salary a clown ever received. He was a bright, ambitious young fellow, possessed of much originality, and he reached the top notch of his profession. Once an educated young Englishman, a graduate of Oxford university, who possessed excellent comic talents, was brought over to this country, and he was paid \$300 a week. At the present day the pay of the clowns ranges from \$20 to \$50 a week."—Courier-Journal.

The Non-payment of Rent.

In the reports of the health of towns commissioners it is continually pointed out that sickness is the chief cause of the non-payment of rent. One witness says: "Three out of five of the losses of rent that I now have are losses from the sickness of the tenants, who are working men. Rent is the best got from healthy houses." Another says: "Sickness at all forms an excuse for the poorer part not paying their rent, and a reasonable excuse, so that filth causes sickness, sickness inability to work, inability to work poverty and non-payment of rent, to say nothing of starvation."—Science Book Review.

Hard and Soft Water.

The importance of soft water for domestic purposes is illustrated by the experience of a large London asylum, in which a change from hard to soft water resulted in an estimated annual saving in soda, soap, labor, etc., of more than \$4,000.—Arkansas Traveler.

NEED OF PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

Fathers, Examine the Studies Pursued by Your Sons—Mental Exercise. I have been assured by learned professors that the collegiate course is merely an exercise, useful in forming and strengthening the mind. Therefore, useless studies become useful as dumb bells, stiffening the mental muscles and imparting tone to the intelligence. Would not useful studies and the acquiring of facts needed in the daily grind to come be equally healthful to the mind?

The great our graduates acquire is barely a smattering of each subject. Why? Merely because there is not time to give each branch of study conscientious and exhaustive research. It may be asked why, then, the number of studies is not limited. The answer is simple. Between the vanity of the parents, who like any that their sons are deep in this abstruse subject or that high sounding science, and the stubborn conservatism of the faculty, retaining Eighteenth century sentiment in this Nineteenth century of practical life, the course is filled with tares and there is no room for the wheat.

Of what use are Latin and Greek to the youth who must soon strip in the struggle for bread? The barest excuse is that they give an insight into the derivation of language. Well? A dictionary will do as much. Why waste four years in hammering verbs and nouns, declensions and conjugations into a boy who is destined afterward to sell coffee or soap? Of what valuable use is French? It will take several years to learn, and the acquirement is purely ornamental, and in most cases not worth a dollar to the future man.

Fathers, examine the studies pursued by your sons. You will find that you are expending your money and wasting their most precious time storing up glittering tinsel to the exclusion of what can benefit them in the sterner days to come. Cast them adrift upon the sea of life without a thorough education in some practical subject of value to the world, and which in a needy hour they may cast into bread, and you are casting them adrift in ships of lead without a life preserver or a spar aboard. A sunken rock or a storm and they are lost.

If they need mental exercise let them juggle with practical subjects—mechanics, bookkeeping, drawing, practical chemistry, arithmetic, the English language and physics. Let them learn how to keep accounts, how to handle tools, how to build and work an engine, how to detect adulterations in staples of commerce, how to understand the machinery of the great practical world—and not learn the vagaries of the mind in dream.

If you have learned the bent of your son's mind, confine him strictly to studies pertaining to his calling and cast all others away. Our boys are not fools. They know the uselessness of half the labors imposed upon them, and being an American, they resent the encroaching upon their liberty. Rather than Latin or Greek, they take up the fantastics of the poker deck, they twinkle a banjo, and are erudite only in the latest fashions pertaining to trousers or collar. We neglect to give them weapons to fight the battle, and they become strikers in the end. We turn them loose upon the world with no means for employment; they reply by becoming idle and profligate, prematurely wasted, the soul of Saturn in the body of Adonis, crowded from the race for fortune and fame by stragglers of humbler life, whose education in narrow lines, but was sturdy and sharp as an ax to hew their path.—Henry Guy Carleton in New York World.

Looking Through the Telescope.

In regard to planets, we must remember that a telescope does not give us a bird's eye view. We see the nearest planet only as an orb in which all such details as on our earth belong to continents are absolutely lost. Mars, the planet most favorably seen, presents continents, oceans, ice patches and such cloud masses as extend far enough to cover those larger features from time to time. But we cannot hope to see rivers or mountain ranges on the ruddy planet.

I know not, indeed, what to say about certain markings which Sig. Schiaparelli, of Milan, and recently M. Perrotin, of Nice, think they have seen. They are straight, broad lines, and they run across the continents, and lately Schiaparelli has seen them doubled. If they are canals they are enormously broad, certainly twenty times wider than the Mississippi at St. Louis. They look too regular and straight (as Schiaparelli pictures them) to be natural formations; and if he is right about their being double they must be artificial. The great Lick telescope may tell us something about these strange features; I must confess I strongly expect that the telescope will tell us that the parallel canals, if not the whole set, are optical illusions. It is, at any rate, worth remarking that they have only as yet been seen with telescopes of moderate power and when the planet is unfavorably placed for observation.—Richard A. Proctor in Youth's Companion.

What Key West Looks Like.

The key has about as much shape as a camel, and in a general way lies east and west and contains about six square miles. It is as flat as a single, the highest point being about fourteen feet above the mean sea level. To the casual visitors it looks as though the sea, particularly in a storm, would submerge this insignificant rise, but it is a matter of record that it never has done it. The city proper covers the western end of the key, and it was previous to the great fire of March 30, 1886, very densely settled, and about as un-American looking as could well be imagined, bearing a strong resemblance to a West India town. The houses are of wood and quite plainly built. There are, I think, only four or five brick buildings, and certainly not more than six.

The streets are of very good width, tolerably straight and passably clean. The roadway is coral rock. There is no soil to speak of, what passes for soil is triturated coral, very rich in phosphates and making an excellent fertilizer, but by itself deficient in fat. To garden one must use a pick rather than a hoe. Very few vegetables are grown here and vegetation is confined mainly to cocoanut trees. Here and there can be seen a pine or an Alexander or a star of India or a royal poinciana; a few nutmegs and prickly ash trees and poppenack bushes. Flowers and flowering shrubs grow in abundance.—Rochester Post-Express.

Safeguards Against Cholera.

Max Von Pettenkofer, a German medical authority, considers that cholera is not contagious in the sense of being communicable directly from person to person, but that it belongs to the malarial group of epidemics, the germs of which find their way from the soil into the air, and thence through the lungs into the system. He regards good drainage and pure water as the most efficient safeguards against an outbreak.—Boston Budget.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA, IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF ANDREW STURM, GUARDIAN OF THE ESTATE OF IDA H. STOLL, DECEASED, AND HERBERT L. STOLL, MINOR HEIRS OF IDA H. STOLL, DECEASED, FOR A LICENSE TO SELL LAND. And now on this day comes the above named Andrew Sturm, guardian of the estate of Ida H. Stoll, Lena M. Stoll and Herbert L. Stoll, minor heirs of Ida H. Stoll, deceased, and presents his petition duly verified praying for a license to sell and convey certain strip of land north of the line of the Nebraska City branch of the Missouri Pacific Railway Co. in the south half of the south east quarter of section number ten of township number ten north of range number twelve east of the 6th P. M. in Cass County Nebraska. It appearing to the undersigned, one of the Judges of the District Court of the Second Judicial District in and for Cass County Nebraska that said land is not such as to constitute an estate to exceed \$15.00 and that it could be sold for \$12.00 and that the interest thereon would be more valuable to said minors than the rental of said premises and that the interests of said minors would be promoted by a sale of the same. It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before me at my chambers in the office of the Clerk of the District Court in Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 29th day of October A. D. 1887, and that notice thereof be given by publication in the Plattsmouth Herald, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said county and of general circulation therein, at which time and place all persons interested may show cause, if any there be, why license should not be granted to said guardian as prayed for in said petition. Done at my chambers in the city of Plattsmouth Cass County Nebraska this 5th day of September A. D. 1887. SAM'L M. CHAPMAN Judge. J. H. BELLEWS Atty for Petition.