

A PROBABLY FATAL ACCIDENT

A Boy is Seriously Injured by an Engine While Attempting to Save His Pet Dog.

His Skull Badly Fractured--Little Hopes of His Recovery.

Yesterday morning, as engine No. 138 pulled an extra freight train from the yards here, a boy about 13 years of age, named Judd Vance, accompanied by Mr. George Buchler and wife, were making preparations in the vicinity of the Water Work's engine house for a little sport in the way of fishing. The boy was not satisfied with the location as a fishing quarter and requested the rest of the party to move further up the river to a more favorable spot he knew of, where he thought there were better chances to secure a good supply of the funny tribes. The boy had brought his pet dog along to participate in the sports, and as they were nicely started on their way up the river the engine neared them. Just at that time the dog jumped on the track, and the boy fearing he would be crushed by the engine, jumped to his rescue, but did not succeed in keeping out of the way himself, and, as he stooped to seize the dog, he received a terrible blow on the top of his head, to the right of center line, from the cross-bar over the cow-catcher, severely crushing his skull in. He was removed to his home on Billings avenue, and is still alive although in a very critical condition. Dr. T. P. Livingston was soon in attendance and rendered what assistance was in his power for the boy's recovery. The piece of his skull which the doctor removed measured 2 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches. This piece was driven in under the skull. He is resting a little easier today, but serious doubts are entertained as to his recovery, as it is said he stands about one chance in a hundred.

University of Nebraska

Yesterday we received a card from Irving J. Manett, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, at Lincoln, giving a program of their commencement exercises, and appended we give their program:

Saturday, June 9--Field sports on the University grounds. 8 p. m., exhibition of the Union society.

Sunday, June 10--8 p. m. Baccalaureate discourse.

Monday, June 11--9 a. m., competitive infantry drill. 2 p. m., competitive artillery drill. 5:30 p. m., dress parade and award of prizes. 8 p. m., exhibition of the Philodetican society.

Tuesday, June 12--8 p. m. exhibition of the Palladian society.

Wednesday, June 13--8 p. m., commencement concert at the University chapel.

Thursday, June 14--10 a. m., commencement. 2 p. m., laying of the corner stone of industrial college building. 8 p. m., Chancellor's Levee at the Senate chamber.

All exercises of commencement week, except as otherwise noted, will be held at the opera house.

From Weeping Water.

Decoration day has come and gone by. It passed off quite acceptably. Not near so many people were out as should be on such occasions. There were two runaways caused by the beating of the drums. One team smashed the buggy, the other was stopped before any damage was done. The address was very good.

Buildings are going up everywhere. Politics is not boiling very much now. Too cool weather for it. Too cool for corn, even for small grain. When hot weather comes, then will the water works be of service here. Politics will boil; soon will rise on the surface. There will be need of a good deal of stirring with the stirrer to keep it from boiling over.

As our reporter was wending his way down Main street the other evening, his attention was attracted by several loud talkers who were about to risk a small quantity of "filthy lucre" on their capability as to lung power by testing the amount of wind which they each could utilize on a lung tester which Mr. Goring had on exhibition in his drug store. After each had exercised his lungs to such an extent by a loud flow of eloquence and were quite sure none could blow the machine out of gear, each had his turn. As is invariably the case where a crowd is seen in trouble on the street, a couple of politicians were participating in the exercises, and from all appearances were doing excellent work. The democrat, being defeated in his contest with the other politician apparently did not feel the best over the defeat and wishing to knock his competitor out of the box, became a little sarcastic over the matter and expressed himself by saying he always knew the republican to be a good blower. In reply the republican said that he had received and accepted in good part considerable abuse from him in various ways, but the worst rub against his grain was occasioned a short time ago when he handed in his name to the Young Men's Democratic Club, stating that he wished to become an honorary member. As the democrat is a much smaller man, the republican restrained himself considerably, but threatens him, if a second offense as serious as the first on his good character ever presents itself, that it will surely go hard with his opponent, the democrat.

Now is your chance if you wish a good watch send us thirty subscribers to the HERALD.

A BOY DROPPED IN A WELL.

He Dropped Over Thirty Feet, Breaking Two of His Ribs.

Last evening about 5:30 o'clock a boy about ten years of age named Charley Eaton, son of Mr. Frank Eaton, Third street, while playing in the yards opposite the B. & M. freight depot, recently purchased by the company, which a short time ago had been used as residence property and had a number of houses on it which the company has recently removed leaving a number of the wells open and without fencing around them, did not notice while in his playing where he was going and fell in one of the wells dropping a distance of over thirty feet, breaking two of his ribs. Fortunately the well has no water in it to speak of or the boy would surely have drowned, but as it was there was only enough to soften the ground which, no doubt, was the means of saving his life. Some one near by hearing the boy's screams soon discovered his location, and it was only a short time until the whole neighborhood learned of the accident. A rope was soon procured and after trying a noise at one end dropped it to him. The little fellow was possessed of considerable nerve, for after the rope reached him he secured it under his arms and was soon lifted to the top. He was asked if he had been badly hurt and replied: "No, not very much, only it is awful hard for me to breathe." Dr. Shipman was summoned and was soon in attendance. He says the boy will be confined to his home for some time although he is not fatally injured.

JUST A SPARK OF LIFE LEFT.

Sheridan's Death Can Only be Averted by a Miracle.

WASHINGTON, June 5.--2 a. m.--General Sheridan is resting quietly. Dr. Pepper is expected to arrive from Philadelphia within half an hour. Colonel Blunt has just driven down to the train to meet him. There will probably be no change during the night as the sinking spells usually come on in the daytime. The action of the heart is so rapid that more blood is forced into the heart than can be sent, hence the congestion and subsequent hemorrhage. The general's diet is confined almost exclusively to peptonized milk, which does not give the strength required to combat the disease.

Midnight--Those waiting at the bedside are expecting the spark of life to die out at any moment. All the hope and cheerfulness which marked Sunday has gone, and instead of hope and life, it is despair and death. Mrs. Sheridan, who has been a constant attendant, bears every indication of hopelessness. The brave woman realizes that there is no hope and that her gallant husband is surely passing away. When the attack came on today, it came without the premonitory symptoms which have usually manifested themselves. It was sudden and it was by the most strenuous efforts that the break in the thread of life was prevented. The general had an hemorrhage which showed that his lungs are in much worse condition than has been admitted. Masses of coagulated blood of a dark color were expelled from the lungs and the sands of life seemed fast ebbing away. In spite of his weak condition and the sapping of his constitution by his military exertions he rallied at the last moment when the case seemed lost, and just as his troops were led from hopeless defeat in the old days, did his determination to defeat disease overpower the conqueror once again. But it was but the rally of a forlorn hope. He can not win. He must succumb. Today the nurse from Baltimore, the faithful Sister of Charity who has been constantly at his side, was compelled to give up, and she was relieved by another from that place.

Father Chappelle, of St. Mathew's church, has been at the house all the evening. He is still there and ready to administer the last rites of the church. Everyone has given up hope, and while all admit that previous predictions have not been borne out those present today say that the end is certainly near, and that nothing but a miracle can save him.

As for the editor he has run the gauntlet of rebel bullets and has escaped the scalpel of furious subjects of editorial criticism, but may Jehu protect him from ever being set on by the festive, lightning heeled broncho. He draws the line at the broncho.--C. W. Hyatt.

Today our surplus products are estimated by the millions of bushels; today the treeless desert is being converted into flourishing forests and orchards, at the rate of over 25,000 acres annually; today we can boast of over 4,000 miles of running railroad within our borders; today it is of national, yea, of world wide record, that Nebraska, among the youngest of the sisterhood of states, has borne off national and inter-national agricultural and promulgated awards; today it is an acknowledged fact based upon scientific analysis and crop products, that no more productive soil exists. Today with quite a million enterprising, intelligent, go-ahead people, doubling in population in less than one fourth of a decade, and fifty millions fertile acres to operate upon agriculturally, who dare predict for the future even for a single decade to come? --R. W. Furnace.

MEXICAN MATTERS.

A Workingman's Demonstration in Favor of President Diaz.

CITY OF MEXICO, VIA EL PASO, TEX., June 4.--Today there was an immense workingmen's demonstration in the interest of the election of Gen. Porfirio Diaz. All the workingmen's societies and labor unions of the capital and surrounding towns assembled early this morning at the statue of Carlos III. at the city end of the Reforma Drive, which leads to Chapultepec. There were perhaps 6000 persons in the assemblage, and many hundred banners with appropriate inscriptions and seven or eight bands. While the column was forming a number of orators addressed the assemblage, as was done at several points of the city. A little later the column passed through the principal streets, and finally halted in front of the National Palace, where many thousand people had already been gathered for more than half an hour. The air was rent with cheers or rather "vivas" for Porfirio Diaz, the people's candidate for president. When Gen. Diaz made his appearance on the central balcony of the palace the enthusiasm was increased tenfold. Gen. Diaz bowed repeatedly, but an address was impossible on account of the size of the multitude and the height of the balcony. A little later the President received a committee composed principally of presidents of societies, when there was a pleasant exchange of sentiment, Gen. Diaz replying to the remarks made by expressing his gratitude for the workingmen's demonstration of sympathy, and called attention to the improved condition of the country and predicted continued and increased prosperity.

The fact is, Gen. Diaz is the choice of nine-tenths of the people for president, and the opposition to him is too insignificant to justify organization. It is to be supposed that there will be a few electoral votes cast for other favorites, but they will be very few. There is a feeling that it is absolutely necessary for the good of the country that Diaz should remain in office four years longer, in order that he may continue the work of reform and improvement which he has inaugurated.

MILLS STRIKES A SNAG.

He Attempts to Force Action by the House and the Republicans Defeat Him.

WASHINGTON, June 4.--The republican members of the house explain their action in breaking the quorum in the house today by the statement that the day was under the regular order set apart for motions to suspend the rules and pass measures called up by individuals. In preparation for such an order Representative Merrill of Kansas had made ready to move to pass the senate dependent bills. Had democrats seen fit to dispense with "suspension day" and proceed with consideration of the tariff there would have been no opposition. But the burden of complaint among the republicans is that after Mills had recognized the character of the day by a motion to suspend the rules and pass resolution setting apart certain evening sessions for action upon committee reports, parliamentary usages were violated by the refusal of the speaker pro tem, to recognize members on the republican side to make a suspensory motion. Therefore they refused to take up the tariff bill. The apparent explanation of the course pursued by the democratic side is that the committee on rules wished to make an opportunity for legislative business other than the tariff bill. Therefore Mills pursued the plan of moving the report in the shape of a resolution on suspension day, when it could not be amended under the rules.

Pacific Directors Chosen.

HASTINGS, Neb., June 4.--The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pacific railway company in Nebraska (Missouri Pacific western extension) was held today and the following directors were elected: Edwin Gould, New York; Church Howe, Auburn, Neb.; E. G. Merriam, St. Louis, Mo.; B. P. Wagoner, Atchison, Kan.; Herbert R. Howe, Auburn, Neb.; S. H. Clark, St. Louis, Mo.; W. P. McCarty, Hastings, Neb. The new board of directors will meet on July 12 for the election of officers.

Judge Gresham carries five bullets with him, which were fired into his body during the war. Mr. Cleveland has no bullets that anybody knows of, and it is too late to consult his substitute--Walt Mason.

When the prohibition candidate is elected to the presidency the festive goat and sportive cow will hilarious leap from bough to bough, and the rivers will run backward, but all sorts of strange things are liable to happen. Even the millennium is confidently expected by a great many people.--Walt Mason.

The editor of the Manchester (Mo.) Signal has become weary of toil without recompense, tears all in vain, and in the last issue of his excellent volkshatt he says: "We are getting tired of giving two dollars worth of advertising for a couple of 25 cent tickets and then be classed as a dead head. That game is nixy with us hereafter."

THE VILLAIN PURSUED.

A "MASHER" DISCOMFITED BY A LADY'S SELF POSSESSION.

An Incident Which Took Place on a Brooklyn Promenade--A Self-Complacent Club Man Brought to Grief--Compendious Feminine Dignity.

Ordinarily the women of Brooklyn are exempt from bluet on the street. That universal nuisance, the "masher," is not often seen in this city. An incident that passed under the Hambley's observation, however, shows that there are exceptions to the rule, and that some of our well-to-do occasionally transgress the proprieties of gentlemanly behavior in their treatment of the fair sex. The incident occurred on a bright Saturday afternoon. Fulton street, in the fashionable mercantile quarter above the city hall, was crowded. Roland dandies, blooming youths and radiant maidens brightened the thoroughfare on both sides. The swirl of hats and silks was audible above the tinkle of car bells. Rich perfumes, exhaled from dainty handkerchiefs, floated about the air. Wonders in military dress about like so many miniature flower garlands. The scene was brilliant, enlivening and picturesque.

Suddenly a woman more beautiful than any on the promenade appeared in the throng. She sailed along like the Puritan, the Mayflower or Volunteer amid a squadron of inferior yachts. She was a beauty, and no mistake. Her figure, of about medium height, was admirably proportioned and superbly developed. Her skin, as smooth as ivory, was delicately tinted. Her hair, of the rily and the rose, her rich brown hair, brushed straight back from the temples, revealed a perfect forehead. From beneath her pretty bonnet her luminous gray eyes, deftly shaded by sweeping lashes, looked forth in candid confidence upon the surroundings. From the tip of the plume in the bonnet to the little feet that pattered on the pavement this dainty lady was dressed in exquisite taste. Her costume, a dream in old gold and rich browns, admirably became her charming person. Nothing could have been more modest than her demeanor, and yet, by her superior charms, she attracted general attention. Men, and women too, stopped to look after her in admiration. Quite unaware of the sensation she created, she continued quietly on her way. But the villain still pursued her.

CHESMAN WITH CHAGRIN.

Just as she neared the corner of Bridge street the "masher" appeared. Those familiar with Brooklyn affairs would readily recognize him as a well known club man who is largely engaged in the wholesale importing of champagne, and is a wealthy and well connected. His personal friends number a small army. His reputation has been above reproach in the elevated social circles in which he moves, and he enjoys the delights of a refined home and a large and interesting family. Bounding along at a rattling pace, he approached the belle of the scene. He was in the mood to be rapidly beside her. She looked neither to the right nor left. He bent upon her face a gaze of ardent appreciation. Onward she marched without recognizing his proximity. They moved forward side by side for perhaps a hundred feet.

The "masher" turned crimson with chagrin. That he had been so completely deceived as if she had been within the sacred precincts of her bonnet. Suddenly the interloper whispered swiftly in her ear and switched into a side street in order to note the effect of his words. What he said elicited not so much as the responsive elevation of an eyelid. She pressed rapidly and with a much dignity on her way. When she reached Macomber square she gracefully tripped across the car tracks and entered a respectable palace in the neighborhood. Her pursuer, very much crestfallen, slunk into a convenient inn and proceeded to drown his discomfiture in copious libations. Had he learned a lesson that would prevent a repetition of his misconduct--Brooklyn Eagle "Hambley."

Usefulness of the Phonograph.

The improvements in the phonograph have now been such a degree of perfection that the instrument is practically ready for general introduction. Undoubtedly means will be hit upon from time to time to enhance the value and efficiency of the phonograph, but it stands today, in our opinion, far more practical and complete than was the typewriter when first brought out and placed on the market. Each of all the talk and conversation on the subject, for which the daily press is chiefly responsible--certainly not those who are introducing it--is a machine of admirable performance, whose utility is so wide and various that it is hard to determine just which work will give it the largest fields of employment. And then, too, aside from the practical use, is the wonder--for wonder it is--that not only can the human voice be registered, but it can be duplicated in countless electrotypes.

We may be wrong, but not greatly, in believing that this century will be memorable above others because it is that which first preserved articulate speech for after time. All poetry, of every age, is full of the yearning, one of the deepest in human nature, for the voice whose gentle greeting could be heard no more, and yet this tender sentiment will be gratified, and each elusive tone and accent now has conferred on it a perpetuity that is not an attribute of even the graven stone or brass--Electrical World.

Popular Newspaper Literature.

What sort of literature is our popular modern newspaper likely to give us? It would be unfair to ignore the fact that some of our newspapers do exert the best literary influence on their readers and conscientiously subordinate other features of their work to their duties as educators. But the typical modern newspaper, to meet the taste which it has created, must surrender whole columns to writers who aim only at being amusing, and often succeed only in being pert, slangy or scandalous; and it must find or invent "news" items which have about as lofty an influence on the minds of readers as the wonders of the fair had on the mind of Moses Promised. A continual flood of such matter is not to be offset or corrected by an occasional brilliant editorial or a half column speech by a public man, or a "syndicate" story by a good writer.

And the effects are cumulative. Such newspapers are steadily training a large number of readers to false standards in the only literature of which they have close and daily experience, and the newspapers themselves are steadily being forced to an adoption of these false standards. In brief, the newspaper of the past, by reason of its lack of opportunity, was compelled to restrict its readers to matter of permanent educational value; the newspaper of the present, through its superabundance of opportunity, is too often training its readers out of all knowledge of or care for educational standards.--The Century.

Never walk under a safe that is being hoisted, if you don't want it to get the drop on you.

ENERGY OF THE SUN.

Amount of Heat Which His Rays Generate--Mechanical Power.

The most satisfactory way of arriving at an idea of the enormous energy of the sun is by measuring the amount of heat which his rays are capable of generating, and further, by our knowledge of the relation which exists between heat and mechanical work, we are able at once to estimate the amount of work which the sun is capable of doing, and also the quantity of energy he must be losing every year. By suitable arrangements we can cause a certain quantity of his radiation to be absorbed by water or other substance, and note the rise of temperature which results, and as we know the mechanical equivalent of each degree of temperature in water, for instance, it is only a matter of calculation to arrive at a knowledge of the sun's total energy.

Like everything else connected with this wonderful body, figures give us an adequate conception of his energy, and various illustrations have been used by different investigators. Thus, Herbold considered it in relation to the quantity of ice which it would melt in a given time, and states that the amount of heat which the earth receives from the sun is overhauled would melt a inch thickness of ice in two hours and thirteen minutes. From this it can be calculated that if the body of the sun were entirely surrounded by a sheet of ice on its surface of more than a mile in thickness, the sun's heat would cause it to melt, not in a hour, nor in a minute, but in a single second, and the melting of the pendulum, and it would be water; seven more, and it would be dissipated in vapor.

Of course, of this enormous quantity of heat the earth receives but a very small fraction. The remainder, except, of course, what the other planets receive, passes away into space, and is lost forever, so far as can be ascertained, to the solar system. If we were in mechanical power what we do receive, we find this to be on each square foot of surface equivalent, on the average, to about fifty tons raised a mile high yearly, or to one horse power continuously acting, to every thirty square feet of the earth's surface. It is by this enormous supply of energy that the whole world is kept in motion. It keeps us warm, and drives our steam engines and water wheels; it circulates our atmosphere, and brings us rain and snow in due season; it grows and nourishes our plants and animals, and, in a word, is the source of almost every earthly blessing.--The Scotsman.

The French Essentially Home Loving.

Yes, the French are essentially home loving. And their morality, so often impugned by ignorant critics, who find it easier to repeat idle nonsense than to study for themselves, their morality will bear favorable comparison with that of any English-speaking nation; of this I am convinced from the depths of my soul. But we are happy, and care not a jot what impression we make. You will never hear a Frenchman ask a foreigner: "Now, what do you think of us?" We never trouble to show our best side to the foreigner. That is what makes us so popular to so many outsiders. In France, the view that there is all open to every looker on; there is nothing hidden. What there is, that you see; no slightest effort is made to hide defects. In some of the Englishmen, the American, and forgetting the carefully hidden view which exists--and with a vengeance--in his own great towns, cries out upon the immorality of Paris.

I will go so far as to say that in France there is not even so much vice as there appears to be. Let me explain myself. Far from attempting to hide our faults, we, as a nation, are proud to make a show of them, and have not. The Frenchman is the braggart of vice. Like the Anglomaniacs, represented by Mr. Robinson in that charming comedy, "The Heavens," "such fellow," in France, "wants every other fellow to believe that he is a devil of a fellow, but he isn't." The small jokes that a Frenchman will go in for may be ridiculous in your eyes, and you may think that they may, and often do, curtail the reputation of a reprobate. But you, dear reader, when you get a chance, look beneath that boasting exterior, look at the man in his family relations, follow him to his home--there comes the rub--his home is closed to you, and you cannot easily know what a devoted husband, what a devoted father, in this same man who is so fond of posing in public as a "jolly dog."--Max O'Reil in the Comptroller.

The Execution of Criminals.

Suppose all the irreclaimable convicts in London executed in silence, secretly, with no possibility of pain, would the announcement of the fact create half the repugnance which the execution of one criminal does now? Capital punishment is just; but something to make the judge and juryman reflect, to make him fear for his own responsibility, to make him search his conscience, in theological phrase, is an indispensable check and in striking pain, and the knowledge of details, and personal action in execution, to the extent of human power, take that check away.

It is foolish to assert that this would not be the case, or that men would be equally moved by the bare record of the number of deaths. Who is moved by the registrar general's weekly returns, or the returns of deaths in a prison? Do you suppose that Mary Tudor's martyrs, dying invisible, without pain, without report save that they were dead, would have shocked London into Protestantism? They would have passed, as even now convicts sentenced to labor for life pass, to their doom unheeded, except by the few who make their destinies a study.--London Spectator.

The Fate of a Tragedy.

Wilson Vance, some years ago a bright correspondent, now a wealthy citizen and president of the chamber of commerce of Elmira, N. Y., tells an amusing story of a tragedy after the play was finished a certain great comedian of Gotham called upon him and heard it read. The actor was delighted and said if the author could make a comedy out of it he would take it. In a few weeks the tragedy was a sparkling comedy of a high order. The comedian clearly ruled over on the floor with unstrained laughter and declared the comedy the best he ever heard read. Two days afterward the comedian wanted one character killed in the play, because it might rob him of glory. His wishes were obeyed. Every two or three days he asked to have a character either killed or tossed down. Finally he saw the play was perfect only to be wanted a new female character introduced to do song and dance and bring business. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. The young dramatist rebelled and declared his comedy should not be profaned in such a way. Negotiations ended.--New York Press.

REASONS

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth 25¢ a bottle.

Notice to Creditors. State of Nebraska, Cass County, ss. In the matter of the estate of John Richardson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the claims and demands of all persons against John Richardson, deceased, are to be presented to and proved by the county court, at the court house in Plattsmouth, Mo., on the 25th day of December, A. D. 1888, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon. And that six months from the date of the death of John Richardson, to-wit: the 25th day of June, A. D. 1888, is the time limited for the creditors of said deceased to present their claims for examination and allowance.

I, Wm. H. Gresham, Judge of the County of Cass, Nebraska, do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the original filed in my office on the 25th day of June, A. D. 1888.

Wm. H. Gresham, County Judge.

State of Nebraska, Cass County, ss. In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska, a notice is hereby given that on the 25th day of June, 1888, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the office of the County Judge of said county, the following matter will be heard and considered:

The petition of Mrs. T. G. Cole, for the appointment of a guardian for the person and estate of her minor child, John G. Cole, and for the appointment of a guardian of his property, filed in said court on the 25th day of June, 1888.

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