

MY LOVE ANNIE.

BALLAD.

Words by MISS MULOCK.

Music by GEORGE B. SELBY.

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NINTH ANNUAL INSTITUTE.

Cass County's Institute Meets at Louisville, July 22, 1888.

FIRST DAY.

All day long the teachers kept coming in from all parts of the county with an occasional visitor from adjoining counties. As per arrangements the opening exercises were held in the M. E. church, consisting of music by the Glee club, prayer, address of welcome by Rev. Parker and a response by A. L. Timble, followed by a social hour, which was an enjoyable affair, affording the teachers an opportunity for renewing old acquaintances and becoming acquainted with the citizens of Louisville, who are deserving of great credit for the manner in which they received them and their anxiety for their welfare during their sojourn here, and especially Mr. J. A. Sutton deserving of credit for the efficient manner in which he is looking after the comforts of attending teachers.

SECOND DAY.

JULY 23.—The institute proper began at the High School building at 9 o'clock a. m. with Supt. Spink and instructors W. W. Drummond, of Plattsouth, Will T. Cline, of Weeping Water, and J. A. Sutton, of Louisville, present and forty-one teachers from all parts of the county. After listening to a few well timed remarks from Supt. Spink, W. W. Drummond, and others, the institute proceeded to perfect an organization. On motion, J. A. Sutton was elected Sec. with T. E. Williams as assistant. It was decided by a vote of the teachers present that all canvassing agents for periodicals, school journals, and text books, be excluded from the institute during all the regular sessions, which consists of one each day, beginning at 8 o'clock a. m., and continuing until 12:30 o'clock p. m.

Institute Notes.

J. A. Sutton teaches penmanship and reading. The subject of the lecture last evening was "Satan." Why are not some of the Plattsouth teachers attending the Institute. W. W. Drummond as usual takes the branches of mathematics and physiology. The teachers should organize a Cass county teachers association while at the Institute. Supt. Spink is proficient at croquette, and challenges anyone in the county to a

contested game.

The teachers generally spend the afternoon playing croquette on the several school grounds in town.

—There is talk of having a regular old-fashioned picnic in Jackman's grove, one afternoon next week.

In looking over the teachers we fail to recognize many teachers that were in attendance three years ago.

Will T. Cline as an instructor in history and geography, is considered by the teachers well able to lead on the subject.

The lecture last evening by Dr. Creighton, of the Wesleyan College at Lincoln, was well attended by teachers and citizens.

Mr. F. Harlan, of Waco, Neb., is a visitor. Mr. Harlan speaks well of the manner in which our institute is being conducted.

Mr. Drummond's love story yesterday afternoon was listened to attentively. We are only sorry the prospective bride denied him the pleasure of kissing her.

The number of teachers enrolled the first day were forty-one, second day sixty, and it is thought that ere the institute closes the meeting will reach over one hundred.

The problem used by Drummond in mental arithmetic yesterday was: What two numbers between 35 and 840 have the former for their G. C. D. and their latter for their S. C. M.

Lady school marns are considerably in the majority, probably owing to the fact that many of the gentlemen teachers farm during the summer, and are obliged to look after their crops at this time.

An Epidemic.

The present base ball fever has reached its magnelegant arms out and has in its relentless grasp every class of our citizens and up to the present time there seems to be no cure but that of the diamond itself and this seems to make them all the more sore.

There's the barbers and printers, The leas and the fats, The bankers and the doctors And sellers of hats, The lawyers and salesmen And makers of boots, The real-estate bunners And other galsoots, The first nine of Plattsouth And clippers are fine, And there we are ready To now draw the line.

Before starting out yesterday they could laugh loud and hearty, There were fish in the air, whales before them arose, Ho different today each one of that party Sees very little now except a sun-burnt nose.

Pointers From State Fishery.

SOUTH BEND, Neb., July 25.

A few days ago, Mr. J. Streight, one of our most enterprising merchants, asked us to take a seat in his carriage, behind his spanking bays, and in a very few minutes we drove up to the pretty cottage of M. E. O'Brien, superintendent of the state fishery; after a hearty shake of the hand by O'Brien, a few pleasant words from Mrs. O'Brien, and a few minutes play with little Lottie, their charming little daughter, we went to the hatchery house, in which are the large aquariums of all the different kinds of fish, the hatching apparatus, and very many glass jars, of the different kinds of the finny tribe, snakes, lizzards, etc. etc., preserved in alcohol. To see the contents of this house alone, would well repay any one for a trip of 100 miles. From the hatching house we went up towards the spring house. Between the two houses there are four ponds with solid stone dams, each containing speckled trout, from one to three and four years old; and when Mr. O'Brien would scatter a handful of feed across the water, it would seem to be aliy with the speckled beauties, as they would leap about trying to get the feed. Below the hatching house, is a breeding pond, and the one next to the lower dam is the deepest. In this are the big fellows. Mr. O'Brien says that they usually lay in the deep, dark, pools and are slow to rise for feed, except in the early morning; however, when he threw in some, two or three big fellows broke water, and when we saw them, we could not help but wish we had them at the end of a good rod. From here we went to the black bass pond, which is alive with bass, and sun fish, the sun fish being there to make feed for the bass; it was a pretty sight to watch them playing in and out among the green moss that covers the bottom of the lake, always on the watch and when an unfortunate grasshopper lights upon the water, a dozen hungry mouths are ready to snap him up. Just east of this pond is a larger pond, or lake, that is designed for carp, but I think there is none in it now. In this lake is one of the prettiest boats that we ever saw in the west, a regular little daisy. From here we went to the large pond on the west, which is the carp hatching pond. Already this season over 20,000 young carp have been taken from this pond, and still the supply is unlimited, but at this season, the weather is too warm to move the young

fish. In this lake we saw some white pond lillies, which are seldom seen in the west. Mr. O'Brien brought the bulbs from the east and thinks that he has them successfully started. From this pond we went to the dog kennel, where we were shown some ten, or a dozen of the prettiest bird dogs that we ever saw, but chief among them was a cochen spaniel that Mr. O'Brien brought from Michigan. He is a beauty and as smart as he is pretty. After having passed a very pleasant morning, we bade our friends good bye and very reluctantly turned our backs upon their pleasant home. H. N. S.

Fighting for Whisky with Winchesters.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 25.—A letter was received by Marshal Gross this morning from one of his deputies, stationed at Harlan Court House. The letter shows that a most alarming feud exists there. The date of the letter is July 22. It runs as follows:

"We are having a state of warfare in Harlan County at this time between the whisky men and the citizens. The whisky men are determined to sell at all hazards. Our county judge done all he could to stop it, but could not do so until he had taken the 'blind tigers' by force of arms. In this way he captured and poured out all the whisky. Then the whisky men left town and got their friends assaulted the town and a battle was fought which resulted in the wounding of J. S. Bayley and William Mappings, of the citizens side, and William C. Polin and Joseph Blair, of the whisky men. This was on the 21st inst. The whisky men were dislodged after a heavy battle; then they went out and got their friends and William Howard who waylaid and killed three men in this vicinity two years ago. They crept before day this morning into the bushes and began firing on the town with Winchester. Again, a terrible battle occurred which resulted in the wounding of Jake Howard, one of the whisky men. The county judge, with about 100 men, armed with Winchester, occupy the court house, and will hold it or die. We are expecting another battle, as the whisky men are scouring the country in all directions getting men and guns."

Do you not feel encouraged when in the ham-mock to doze And a passer by stops and mumbles something through his nose And when ex-hausted by heat you ask, "What did you say?" And he looks down with pity and says, "It's a very hot day."

Beginning the Second Week.

JOHNSTOWN, Neb., July 26.—Early this morning the work of rescuing Anderson was resumed. The men worked as rapidly as the circumstances would permit in removing the dirt from above him. This had to be done with the utmost caution, as the displacement of one board or the giving way of any part of the earth in which the curbing rests is liable to cause the whole structure to collapse and precipitate Anderson to the bottom, a hundred feet below. About all that is covering him now are the boards of the old curbing, that have formed into something of a roof and to get to him a hole must be cut through this. It will be a very dangerous task, as the curbing and a large quantity of sand are resting on these boards. An effort was made to saw the boards, but after cutting one board the curbing sank a few inches and considerable sand caved in. Anderson asked for tools and material and has been working most of the day—as much as his strength would permit—making the curbing from his platform and bracing the roof. Food and water has been given him regularly and he is much stronger today. Work has been suspended until daylight, when the boards will be cut again, and if Anderson's curbing and bracing stand the test his chances are good of getting out alive.

From Thursday's Daily.

—Judge Russell issued a marriage license yesterday evening to Mr. Isaac E. Wilson and Miss Emma I. Snoko.

Mr. J. S. Rouse, who has been spending a few days with the family of Judge Matthews, returned to his home at Greenwood this morning.

Miss Alma Waterman, who accompanied Mr. Henry Waterman and wife on their trip east two months ago, returned home this morning, looking much refreshed for her trip. She reports having a delightful time.

Miss Lida Patterson, who has been attending school at Evansville, Ill., and who has been to Pittsburg recently on a visit, has returned home. Mr. Sam Patterson accompanied her as far as Cincinnati and remained over to take in the exposition there.

He said, "It is extremely warm is it not?" She said, "Well yes, 'tis sorry." Said he, "Why not seek a shady spot." Said she, "S-s-e-s-m-a-t-t-r with Fitz's Forty."

The Old Doctors

Drew blood, modern doctors cleanse it; hence the increased demand for Alteratives. It is now well known that most diseases are due, not to over-abundance, but to impurity, of the Blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

Recommended

above all others, we used it with marvellous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned." — J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Texas.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time." — E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier." — W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"Ayer's medicines continue to be the standard remedies in spite of all competition." — T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth 25 a bottle.

The illustrations of the August number of *Outing* form quite a revelation as to the pitch of excellence attained in magazine art. They number over sixty, and their perfect execution attests the unstinted manner in which the new management of this superb magazine is catering to the tastes of the public.

The *Journal* goes back to 1860 for good times and compares the high taxes and hard times of 1888 with the low taxes and days of democratic simplicity under old Jimmy Buchanan in 1860. We wonder if there is a democrat in all this country so ignorant that he cannot appreciate this comparison of the *Journal*. By the way! The *Journal's* suggestion as a political contrast between '85 and '60 would be a most frightful subject for the magic pencil of the "revenue reform" artist Brusio. How Mr. White's widow would shine with a soul harrowing cartoon that would cause the '88 "working-man's" liver to turn green with envy when he looked back over the dark expanse of hard times to the green pastures of 1860. The *Journal* is extremely fertile and fortunate in its free trade arguments.