

I'se a Happy Little Nig.

Bin e Lust'ger kleener Nig.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 88$. HUBBARD T. SMITH.

3. Doch, mei Frends, ich muss nov ma - che dass ich ge - he, Denn sel
 2. Oh mei Ma - ry Ann E - li - za ts e Dai - sy, Sü - ser
 1. Bin e lust'ger kleener Nig vun Al - a - ba - ma, Vun de

1. I'se a hap - py lit - tle nig fun Al - a - ba - ma, Fum de
 2. Oh my Ma - ry Ann E - li - za am a dai - sy, Sweet - er
 3. But, my frien's, I real - ly now has got to lobe you, Fur dat

3. Mä - del se lau - ert nov uf mir; Flott ich geh de Road ent - lang bis ich se se - he, Un
 2. Mä - del uf Er - den net voer da; Un das klee - ne sü - se Ding se macht' mir cra - zy, Wenn
 1. Land wo is Korn un Zu - cker - stang; Ich bin komm euech wei - sse Leut zu 'a - mü - st - re, Un

1. land ob de su - gar cane and cobu; Fur I'se come to 'muse you white folks wid my sijn - in', Au
 2. Gal ne - ber drew de bref ob life; An' dat lit - tle dar - lin' gal she sat me cra - zy, When
 3. Gal she's a wait - in' fur me now; So I'll skip a - long de road to where I'll meet her, An'

3. im Stern - licht den Bund er - neur'n wir. Nu geh ich, na, an - y - how merkt das,
 2. se prom - ised zu ver - nee - ne Fraa. Juch - hei - je! de Hest - weis is net feru,
 1. Ich' ihu's, jer share, mit mei Ge - sang. Juch - hei - je! look, wie ich leicht mich schwing,

1. I'se gwine to do it shore's yo're bahn, Hi there, see! me out dis pi - geon - ing!
 2. she promised to be - come my wife. Gol - ly Hi! de dar - ... ag!
 3. dar 'neath de stars re - new our vow, For go, oh jess ketch on to dat!

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3. Göt't was foi - ner, kee - ner sagt mir was.
 2. Ich lad' al - le etn veer kommt nurgern.
 1. You bet, ich schien tan - ze wie ich sing.

CHORUS. Now, ma -
 Now jess
 1. You bet I can dance as well as sing!
 2. I in - vites and hope you'll all be dar.
 3. Aint dat fine, but not so fine as dat!

case, un fetch de News zu ol' Miss Li - za, 'Cause mer hen heu - te Nacht a Mic - ten hier, Und ver -
 take a - long de news to ole Miss Li - za, For dere's gwine be a meet - in' heah to - night; We will

treb'n de Zeit mit Tan - zen un mit Sin - gen De Nacht durch bis sun Togs - licht schier. Hal - le -
 pass de time in danc - in' an' in sing - in', And keep it up till broad day - light. Hal - le -

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu . . . - jah! Hal - le - lu . . . - jah!
 lu - jah! Hal - le - lu . . . - jah! Hal - le - lu . . . - jah!

The Coming Fair.

The 22nd annual fair of the Cass County Agricultural society will be held on the new grounds, 1 1/2 miles south of the city. The grounds are splendidly located at the junction of Chicago and Lincoln avenues and comprise 36 acres; a new half mile track has been laid out and is in fair condition for racing; speed stalls large and roomy have been erected close to the track and to all persons desiring to drive or train horses, the grounds are open at all times. Stalls have also been built for the benefit of stock and cattle, also pens for hogs.

There is good water on the grounds. The buildings erected are the amphitheater, with a fine quarter stretch in front, good booths underneath; the judges stand, and the agricultural hall. The building of a new floral and art hall is now in the hands of our citizens, and is being forwarded by R. B. Windham, Esq., and our citizens ought to push the matter of the new building as it would add much to the beauty of the grounds and redound to the benefit of Platts-mouth. There is no doubt but what the fair will be one of the best ever held in Cass county as the following list of the speed department will show:

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19.

Lot 1. Pony race, free-for-all. Purse \$50. Running race for ponies under 14 1/2 hands high, one-half mile heats best two in three.
 First horse.....\$25.00.
 Second horse.....15.00.
 Third horse.....10.00.

Lot 2. Three minute trot. Purse \$100. Trotting race for horses that have never beaten three minutes, mile heats, best three in five.
 First horse.....\$50.00.
 Second horse.....30.00.
 Third horse.....20.00.

Lot 3. Bicycle race. Purse \$30. Half mile heats, best two in three.
 First.....\$15.00.
 Second.....10.00.
 Third.....5.00.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

Lot 4. Gentlemen's roadsters. Purse \$50. Horses that have never trotted for money outside of Cass county, mile heats, best three in five.
 First horse.....\$25.00.
 Second horse.....15.00.
 Third horse.....10.00.

Lot 5. 2:50 trot. Purse \$150. Trotting race for horses that have never beaten 2:50, mile heats, best three in five.
 First horse.....\$75.00.
 Second horse.....50.00.
 Third horse.....25.00.

Lot 6. Running, free-for-all. Purse \$150. Running race, one mile heats, best three in five.

First horse.....\$75.00.
 Second horse.....45.00.
 Third horse.....30.00.

Lot 7. 2:35 trotting race. Purse \$200. Mile heats, best three in five.
 First horse.....\$100.00.
 Second horse.....60.00.
 Third horse.....40.00.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

Lot 8. Running race, free-for-all. Purse \$50. One-half mile heats, best three in five.
 First horse.....\$25.00.
 Second horse.....15.00.
 Third horse.....10.00.

Lot 9. Trotting, free-for-all. Purse \$400. Mile heats, best three in five.
 First horse.....\$200.00.
 Second horse.....120.00.
 Third horse.....80.00.

Lot 10. Pacing race, free-for-all. Purse \$200. Mile heats, best three in five, 2:30 or better to be made.
 First horse.....\$100.00.
 Second horse.....60.00.
 Third horse.....40.00.

There is also a special premium offered by the society of \$100 for the best and largest display of stock and farm products made by any one precinct in Cass county. This ought to invite competition in the different precincts, and give us a good show in that department. We will from time to time show up other matters of interest to the public.

Any information will be cheerfully furnished upon inquiry, by the secretary, H. C. Ritchie, Platts-mouth, Neb.

—The wife of a certain striking engineer in this city who befriends a little pug, which is often seen on the street with a chain attached to it and neatly dressed by a blanket which is strapped around it in some way, is often heard talking to the little cur in a way that would lead an unobserving person to believe she was in company with some person whom she admired to her heart's content. The little fellow is called "Laddie" and whenever he acts contrary she will make such a threat as "Laddie, dear, you must mind me or I shall whip you," or "Laddie, dear, you must be a nice little fellow today, or I will not take you out for a walk." It is the greatest wonder in the world that "Laddie dear" don't die with concussion of the brain from such remarks. The lady who have reference to and her "Lady dear" passed this office the other evening when her "Laddie dear" dropped in and called on us. She called him to her side saying: "Laddie, dear, you must not go in there, that is a scab office." "Laddie dear," was fired.

An Ode to the Painter.

There's a man, a painter by profession. Who to his employe made this confession. I am an artist of no small degree, And by my works, I will prove to thee That what I have said about my art, Is the truth, and no bragging on my part.

There are two nines, who have engaged to play, A match game of ball, on next Saturday. And you and I together will go And I will sketch them and make a great show

Of the carpenters, who with out a doubt Will by the supply department be put to rout.

I a great picture will make And it to the carpenters we will take And show them, if we can not play ball That we can sketch them in their fall. For fall they surely will. Before the supply department's skill.

And we will exultant be, For they beat us twenty-six to three. We blamed the umpire, but found when to late, The trouble was, we could not reach the home plate.

We played them again, supposing we could run. They surprised and beat us twenty-seven to one.

The painter was excited as could be, And to Fitz's forty went the game to see. Imagine his rage, and chagrin, To find the carpenters, were bound to win.

He for spite took his sketch book in hand, And showed his skill by sketching, the poorest sketch in the land.

—Among her many industries, Platts-mouth takes pleasure in boasting of her manufactures, and among the most prominent are its canning factories which are at present supplying an extensive demand from different parts of the country. The reporter on Mr. Streight, manager of the Carruth factory, this morning, and was shown through the building. This factory has been worked steadily every day since the canning season has opened, employing from forty to sixty people each day. Already this season over 30,000 cans of peas and beans have been taken care of and within the last two days corn has been received at the factory. Mr. Streight reports that the corn and beans already brought in this season are 25 per cent. better than was received last year. The company has raised the price on the same beans which were sold last year for 72 1/2 cents to 80 cents, and they are still receiving orders daily for as much as

they can fill, although other companies have cut prices considerable. In about two weeks tomatoes will come in and that with the amount of corn which generally comes in at the same time will give them more work than they are able to handle although the factory is large and facilities for doing work, first-class. This factory is capable of turning out about 25 tons of corn per day without running nights. The corn, which affords canning factories in this part of the country the most work, and which Nebraska is proud to boast of, is unloaded into what is called a husking shed where about thirty-five women and girls are employed daily in husking. From there it is thrown into an elevator which carries it to the top of the building where two cutting machines are located. When both machines are in operation they will cut from 75 to 100 bushels per hour. The cutters are fed by a couple of boys, and when the corn goes through these cutters, it is cleaned from the cobs and drops into a receiver and the cobs are carried through. The corn is then carried by a conveyor to what is called a silker where it is cleaned and after cleaning is sent through a canfiller which will fill about 1300 cans per hour. When the cans are filled they are set in trays and put in an exhaust box which is filled with hot water. When the air is taken from the cans there they are taken to the capper's bench where the tops are soldered on. They are then ready for cooking. They are cooked by steam. The cans are put into what is called a retort, where they are cooked in a short time, by the steam which is forced in upon them with great pressure. When they are taken out they are then ready for the market. The huskers receive 2 cents per bushel for their work, and they have some employed who can husk about 60 bushels per day.

—The curbing stone which is to be used here for paving purposes is not looked upon nor spoken of by experienced men as the most durable for its purpose. We think if it was run through a stone crusher it could be utilized for mortar and used to better advantage.

—The carpenters and tinner's of the B. M. shops will play a game next Saturday on the Fitz Forty ball ground.

—The purity of our many periodicals consists principally of the pure water sprinkled upon them before going to press.—Deck.

From Friday's Daily.

—A party of this city which has been organized for several years past and known as the "Illustrious five," which meets to celebrate the birthday of each member, will again assemble this evening at the residence of Dr. R. R. Livingston, sr., today being his 61st birthday. He boasts that he feels as well today as he ever did in his life and we have good reason to believe that he enjoys the best of health at this advanced age, as he has every appearance of a well developed constitution, and we truly believe he enjoys it as much as anybody. The following gentlemen compose the club and we feel confident that their meeting will be an enjoyable event. They say they have five birthdays in a year: Dr. R. R. Livingston, Messrs. George S. Smith, J. B. Strode, A. W. McLaughlin and F. E. White. We have not yet learned the programme for the evening, but if the reporter can succeed in attaining the good will of any of the above gentlemen and learn the particulars before tomorrow's publication, it will afford us great pleasure to have them appear. They make a humorous crowd and we bespeak for them success in their efforts to have a good time this evening.

LITTLE PHIL is dead! A heroic soul has passed away to join the great, grand army of veterans on the other side, beyond that mysterious boundary line where we are sure there is a glorious life for such heroes as Little Phil. He has passed along the line to the front, and the old soldiers of '88 will see him no more until they, too, join "the ranks of the dead."

PATRICK FORD has an article in the North American Review on "How will the Irish vote." Every Irishman in America ought to read it. It is temperate, conservative, and shows beyond a shadow of doubt how the democratic party has handled the Irishman to further the Cobden club interests without allowing the Irishman to think or reason why he should vote with his English landlord.

THE way the republicans of Connecticut and New Jersey are "carrying the war into Egypt" is a caution. The enthusiasm for Harrison and Morton exceeds that of any presidential campaign since that of 1840.

High-Pressure

Living characterizes these modern days. The result is a fearful increase of Brain and Heart Diseases—General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity. Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable as

A Cure

for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood."
 —Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio.

"For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me from my trouble, and enabled me to resume work."—J. P. Carzant, Perry, Ill.

"I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alterative and blood-purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. M. Maxstart, Louisville, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
 Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
 Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

WHEN the editor of the Journal assures Mr. McVey and Mr. Peter Mumm that the republican party is a "free whiskey" party we imagine we can see those worthy gentlemen growing exceedingly indignant that such an organization as a "free whiskey party" should be allowed to dog the footsteps of the poor old temperance concern (S) to which the editor of the Journal belongs. Consistency is a jewel even if it be occasionally found in a hog's snout.

If our democratic common enemy intend convincing the workingman of America that a change of our industrial system is to his interest, it is time that party was about it. With almost double the wages under protection that they have under free trade in England; with a better condition in every other respect, socially and physically, it must necessarily call for a pretty clear argument to convince labor in America that the proposed change will better its condition. We rather guess from the way the working man is talking that he does not propose to trust any such change.