

MOZART.

Finale from Symphony in E flat.

Allegro. ♩ - 126.

CARL SIDUS, Op. 85.

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MOZART, 25 1/2

KUNKEL'S ROYAL EDITION.

Repeat from 8: to FINE.

GENERAL R. R. LIVINGSTON.

From Saturday's Daily.

The announcement of the death of General R. R. Livingston on yesterday afternoon was a sad surprise to his many friends in Nebraska, and more especially to his large circle of intimate personal friends in Plattsmouth city and Cass county. He has been so intimately connected with our community here for more than a quarter of a century that his sudden taking off seems like a special bereavement to almost every family in our midst; and a more eloquent tribute, it seems to us, could not be paid a man than the tear stained faces of hundreds of our citizens who crowded Sixth street last evening when the terrible announcement went forth that he was dying. Men, women and children, all with strained, anxious, tearful faces, silently, and with awe, standing about the home of their friend, comrade, and physician of years, powerless to do ought save offer their silent prayer for the dying friend and his stricken family. No man in this community had more ardent friends and admirers than General Livingston. Gentle, courteous, brave, a man who worshipped his friends, over-looked their faults and sympathized with their misfortunes, ever ready to help a comrade or a friend; always awake to the interests of his home locality, public spirited and generous to a fault; a man of commanding presence, splendid address, polished manners and high culture. Why should not such a man have hosts of friends, who will miss and mourn him, as one of their blood and bone?

Such was Robert Ramsey Livingston, and in bearing this testimony it is not our purpose to make extended mention or to write an formal obituary. We have all lost a true friend; but, to his family, his estimable wife and loveable family, the sad blow is the swiftest and the most cruel. It has been our lot to know somewhat of his family and their home associations; the honest pride he felt in his children and their advancement. How he planned for the education and establishment of his sons in the grand profession to which he had devoted his strong manhood—and of the great satisfaction he took in the results already accomplished in that line. To assure the widow and children of the heartfelt sympathy of this entire community is all we can do at this dark hour.

General Livingston will be buried on Monday, the funeral ceremonies will commence at his residence; from there the body will be taken to St. Suke's church, where appropriate ceremonies will be held, and from thence, we are informed, the Masonic fraternity will convey the remains to their resting place.

ANOTHER TRIBUTE.

The doctor is dead;—everyone who reads this will know that it means Doctor R. R. Livingston, every one in this home of his know him and of him, as the Doctor. And today it may be said that Plattsmouth has lost one of her best citizens,—has lost a man who was identified with every interest of the city. Nothing for the improvement or betterment of the condition of the city was ever advocated but what found the Doctor its most earnest advocate. No charitable object was ever attempted but what he was one of the first to put his shoulder, his money and his influence in the balance in favor of the same, and in many instances alone and unaided he has helped the needy as no other man in Plattsmouth has ever done.

The old soldiers will miss him. He was ever their friend. Himself a soldier of the noblest type, brave, chivalrous and honorable, he believed that no soldier who had fought in defense of his country could ask too much of the government or the people whom he had risked his life to protect. Aye, old soldiers will miss him—miss him at the camp fires—miss him in the lodge room and miss him everywhere that their interests are at stake.

Our citizens will miss him. His patients will miss him. His very presence in the sick room was an antidote to illness. Bright, cheery and hopeful, full of life and vitality, as soon as he entered the sick room he made one feel better, and all had faith in him—in his profession.

The children will miss him, many, many little ones. He always had a bright, happy smile, a how-dye-do, and a pat on the head, for them; and while he may have passed men on the street at times without the formality of salutation, he never forgot the little ones. He used to say in reply to a query, "They are my friends, I want their confidence."

Blunt, outspoken and candid, every one knew him and admired him for his candor, and the news of his death was

received by all classes of citizens with the utmost feeling. Strong men, talking on the corner and in business, spoke of his decease with tears in their eyes and emotion in their voices. Surely the loss of no man in our midst would be felt to the extent of the death of General R. R. Livingston.

The Yellow Fever.

JACKSON, Miss., Sept. 30.—An official bulletin of the state board of health will be issued tomorrow declaring continued belief in the existence of yellow fever and warning refugees not to return until a proclamation from the same source, to be made hereafter, when the danger may be considered past.

DECATUR, Ala., Sept. 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Inman both died last night. So far as can be learned there are fifteen cases now under treatment here.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 30.—The new cases number seventy-nine, of which thirteen cases were white, there were six deaths. Total number cases, 2,629; total deaths, 255. There are twenty-five cases at Fernandina.

Harrison Pole Raising.

AINSWORTH, Neb., Sept. 29.—The campaign was opened in Brown county by the raising of a Harrison and Morton pole this afternoon, and a rousing meeting at this place this evening. The speaking was held in the Osborn opera house, which was filled to its full capacity. The speakers were M. B. Malloy of Long Pine, P. D. McAndrews, C. F. Boyd and E. Gould of Ainsworth. Sutton's cornet band furnished music for the occasion.

—This morning two citizens met at the corner of Vine and Third streets, by mere accident, a few minutes after 7 o'clock. The first stopped in crossing the street to observe the busy body of men constructing the main sewer beyond the piles of granite to be used in paving; the rattle and noise from the boiler shops could be heard and everything seemed to have a business air, and as citizen No. 2 came up, No. 1 remarked "That looks like business down that way." No. 2, "Yes, it is indeed; Plattsmouth is a busy town." No. 1, "I am convinced of that fact; this is a lively place." No. 2, "I think Plattsmouth will make a great city; she is rapidly progressing that way," and the two citizens parted, but their words shall exist together until they are fully verified.

A Feiendish Deed.

From Monday's Daily.

Late Saturday afternoon the remains of Thomas Sullivan, a brakeman on the C. B. & Q., were found horribly mangled on the track between the Platt river and La Platte station. From subsequent developments it seems probable that he was pushed from a moving train, on which he was breaking, by one Robert Smith, at one time an employe of the road. Smith boarded the train at Pacific Junction. He first tried to ride on the engine, but this the engineer would not permit, and he climbed on to some other part of the train. When the train stopped at Oreadpolis he was found concealed in a box car. He was put off, but when the train started up he jumped on again and the conductor, Norton, sent Sullivan to tell him he must either get off or show a pass—Smith claimed to have a right to ride as he was an ex-employe of the road. Sullivan was seen to go to where Smith was and they then started together for the caboose. Crossing from the top of the box car on which they then were, to one loaded with lumber, they sat down on the edge. This was the last seen of Sullivan till his remains were picked up after the tiler had discovered them, and run over them too.

It is supposed that Smith, who appeared to be insolent and evil tempered threw Sullivan down between the cars, probably taking him by surprise. Strange as it may seem, Sullivan was not missed by any of the train men, and they knew nothing of his horrible death till they heard of the finding of his body. Smith was seen to leave the train at Gibson. As soon as Sullivan's death was known and the facts, as nearly as could be ascertained, the Burlington road's detectives, and the police everywhere, were notified to be on the lookout for Smith, but as yet he is still at large. He is described as a man standing 5 feet 10 inches, and weighing 180 pounds. He wears a dark brown mustache, has dark brown hair, and was attired Saturday in dark clothes and a frock coat. His feet were encased in No. 9 shoes, which were somewhat the worse of wear.

Sullivan's body was taken to his home in charge of his brother today. It was so mangled as to be past recognition, the head being severed from the body. The facts seem too horrible to be true, and if he was willfully pushed or thrown from the train, as everything seems to point

by this man Smith, it is to be hoped the latter will be caught and held to answer for the crime to the extreme penalty of the law.

Died Defending Themselves.

LONDON, Oct. 1.—Advices from Zanzibar say that the Germans murdered at Kiluea died while nobly defending themselves. A German gunboat was present but was unable to give assistance in the face of the thousands of armed natives lining the beach. The corpses of the murdered Germans were terribly mutilated. An English gunboat saved the lives of the Germans at Lindi. The Germans escaped from Mikindani half an hour before the arrival of the insurgents, who fired volleys at them. The entire wealthy community of British Indian subjects at Bagomerjo left that place today terror-stricken, owing to a rumor that a descent upon the town by natives was imminent.

Resolutions Passed by the Sons of Veterans.

The following resolutions were passed by the Sons of Veterans at their meeting held last Saturday night. The words of condolence which will appear from the different lodges of the city and the citizens generally, express the sentiments of the people here and the bereavement occasioned by the loss of as valuable a citizen as Dr. R. R. Livingston:

WHEREAS, Almighty God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst one of our most esteemed citizens and physicians, Gen. Robert R. Livingston, a comrade and ex-commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, a kind and loving husband and indulgent father, and

WHEREAS, in his death the city of Plattsmouth and state of Nebraska has lost one of their most efficient leaders, and

WHEREAS, in his death three of our most esteemed brothers have been bereft of a father's wise and careful guidance and counsel, and

WHEREAS, the community has been greatly shocked at his sudden demise, therefore be it

Resolved, That Capt. H. E. Palmer, Camp S. of V. U. S. A., extend to our worthy brothers and family of the deceased, our most heartfelt sympathy in this, their great affliction, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, published in both the daily papers and spread on the records of the camp.

[Signed] E. G. VANATTA, }
B. A. McELWAIN, } Com.
A. J. DOHERTY.



BUYING THE BLANKET.

DUVER.—I want a 5/8 Horse Blanket. DEALER.—This isn't a 5/8 Blanket, but it is "just as good."



SOLD AGAIN.

The "just as good" blanket did not last three weeks.



ON THE WAR PATH.

Give me my money back, or a 5/8 Horse Blanket.

5/A Five Mile.
Has Five Miles of Warp Threads.

5/A Boss Stable.
Strongest Horse Blanket Made.

5/A Electric.
Just the thing for Out-Door Use.

5/A Extra Test.
Something New, Very Strong.

30 other styles
At prices to suit everybody.

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MADISON, WIS., Sept. 28, 1888.
I hereby certify that Prof. Strassman has supplied myself and friends with glasses which have given entire satisfaction.
ROBERT GRAHAM,
State Supt. Schools.