A washout at Cedar Creek and another at South Bend sent the Schuyler west last night by the way of Omaha and made the train nearly two hours late this morning.

Mr. Ed Rich formerly of Greenwood was a Wabash visitor last week. He left last Monday with his family for California where he will in the future make his home.—Wabash News.

The motor car is running again today, much to the edification and comfort of those living in the western part of the city. It will have to be tested thoroughly however, before the street railway company will again attempt to run it.

District court adjourned at noon today until Monday morning. The only business transacted of any public interest was the hearing in the Weeping Water saloon cases, in which the Judge reserved his decision until Monday morning.

Supt. McClelland returned last evening from his visit to York. He says the rain did a great amount of damage in that county. Not a single bridge was left standing whereby farmers could go to York yesterday.

George Turner came home this morning from a few weeks' visit in Chicago, where he was showing his car billing device to railway men. He reports a very successful trip and says he received flattering propositions, some of which he will accept.

Death of Mrs. Maston.

Died on Tuesday evening, June 23, 1891, after an illness of several weeks duration, Mrs. Mastin, aged 80 years. Funeral occurred at ten o'clock Thursday. The sorrowing friends have the sympathy of the community.—Greenwood Gazette.

Mrs. Maston was the mother of Mrs. Aaron Loder, wife of our commissioner, and was one of the early settlers of this county.

Laying the Corner Stone.

Monday will mark an epoch in the history of this county and city. Since the birth of this county, in 1856, when the west line extended out beyond Lincoln and took in a large part of Saunders county, together with a part of Otoe, we have had but one court house, which was recently torn down to give place to the magnificent new structure so auspiciously begun.

There have been many county seat contests and much bitter feeling has been engendered between this city and the western part of the county, which for many years prevented the building of a court house. All obstacles were finally removded last year by a decision of the sumpreme court holding good the election which voted $80,000 for a court house building fund, and the contract was soon let and work begun.

Many inconveniences have been suffered on account of the condition of the old building, which will now happily soon be ended. The district court room has for several years been in the Rockwood block, together with the office of the district clerk, Mr. W. C. Showalter, who is now serving his twelfth year in that capacity. The county judge's office was also moved out of the old building last year and occupies the Union block, at the corner of Sixth and Main streets.

The other officers who occupied the old court house up to the time of its demolition to make room for the new one were Prof. Noble, county superintendent, Bird Critchfield, county clerk, W. H. Cushing, county treasurer, and the board of commissioner. The office of sheriff and county attorney was moved out of the building last year, into the Union block.

While Cass county is not so old as many of the south-eastern counties, the Indian title not being entirely obliterated until 1857, yet the fertility of her soil and the class of people who came here to live, has been such as to push the county to the front rank, where it has to the present day maintained its well-earned position. The push, enterprise and capital of the citizens of Plattsmouth has also been a potent factor in assisting the county to hold its honored rank with the other counties of the state. And with the recent completion of the Missouri Pacific Railway giving us a new and direct line to the hard pine and cheap coal of the south and furnishing us another out let to the southern markets we are compelled to say that the fair capital of Cass county is but in its infancy, compared with what it will be in future years. Although its present population of over ten thousand is certainly much larger than cities usually grow with the meagre facilities and opportunties which Plattmouth has formerly enjoyed. Our population has doubled since 1880 and we believe the signs of the times point clearly to the fact that our population will double again in the coming decade, thus giving us 20,000 people ere the dawn of 1900 breaks upon us.

WEEPING WATER.

FROM THE EAGLE.

William Coon has been called upon to suffer the loss of his fine horse "Champion." Colic got in its work on him and succeeded in laying out the Champion in a short time. The loss to Mr. Coon is a heavy one.

J. Robinson, manager of the Nebraska & Colorado stone company says, that they will begin to ship 10 cars of stone per day to Omaha on Wednesday. This is part of a contract left over from last seasons work.

The switchmen of Omaha will picnic at Wabash next Sunday. Two trains have been chartered to bring them to the grounds. The last train will leave Omaha about noon, in order to give the morning employes a chance to be in at the feast.

An Old Settler Gone.

J. W. Dixon, better known as Jim. Dixon and well known to all old citizens as a livery man here at an early day for many years, was hurt in a runaway at his home in Edgar, Neb., about ten days ago. He lingered along until day before yesterday when he died. His sister Mrs. McClure of Pennsylvania came in from the funeral yesterday and is visiting her aunt Mrs. C. M. Holmes and relatives here. Mr. Dixon was at one time a partner of Ambose Patterson in the livery business, and ran a stable for himself once down on lower main street.

Murray Alliance.

The following is the list of officers elected at the last meeting of the Murray alliance:

Wm. Morrow, president; Dr. S. J. Tabor, secretary; S. E. Crabtree, treasurer; G. W. Adams, chairman; J. F. Marshall, lecturer; Wm. Loughridge, senior assistant lecturer; T. M. Vallery, door keeper; Henry Long, assistant door keeper; M. Standish, sergeant-at-arms.

The old finance committee was re-elected. Installation of officers will begin Saturday evening, June 27th, at the usual hour.

Our New Agent

We are informed from a pretty reliable source that Mr. W. A. Swearingen will be promoted from the station here to the Plattsmouth station on the Missouri Pacific. This, Mr. Swearingen justly deserves. He has worked faithful and true for the company at this place for nearly five years and has always used his able talent, in securing patronage for the company which he represents. He is respected the community over, and while we all would regret to see him go we would be glad to see so worthy an agent promoted.—Elmwood Echo.

Suckers Will Bite

Farmers tell us that the lightning rod fakers are again in the country and manage to dupe people as usual. They went to one well known farmer and offered to give him 80 feet of rod free and only charge him $6.80 for putting it up. They then wanted the farmer to sign a contract. This he would not do so the fakers wadded up the contract and threw it in a small creek near by, and then departed. After they were gone Mr. Farmer fished out the contract and found that on its back was a clause in small print which bound any signer to pay so much for every foot of rod put up. Beware, farmers, beware of fakers of all kinds.—Elmwood Echo.

Dr. Holmes Tells a Strange Story.

Dr. Holmes told me the other day a curious experience of his. At dinner one night he was suddenly moved, apropos of nothing, to relate a very curious criminal case that he had not even thought of, so far as he knew, for forty years. When they left the dining room and passed into the library it was found the mail had been delivered while they were at dinner and lay on the table.

Dr. Holmes opened a paper sent him by a friend in England, and behold, it contained the same story of the long past crime that he had just been relating, revived in the newspaper, and a friend in England, thinking it would interest him from its curious character, had sent it to him.

"Now, what," said Dr. Holmes, "put the story at that moment in my mind? I suppose the Spiritualists would say that a spirit read what was in the paper lying in another room and communicated it to me. Or was it possibly my unconscious self that saw it and communicated it to the brain?"

"Which do you think it was, Dr. Holmes?" I asked, curious to hear his keen and subtle analysis of so strange an occurrence.

"I have no theories," he replied; "I only state facts."—Boston Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Crime Detected.

"The detectives are looking for the letter box robbers and are on the right track," she read from the morning paper.

"Gosh!"

"What's the matter, Uncle Ephraim?"

"I knowed it," ejaculated the old man. "I knowed it. I suppose I've got to give myself up. Nothing else to do."

"What's the matter?"

"I dropped a letter in the box yesterday and didn't put any stamp on it, but I didn't know any one see me do it."—New York Recorder.

A DOG THAT GOT A PRIZE

HE WASN'T ENTERED IN THE SHOW, BUT WAS GIVEN AN AWARD.

He Was a Homely Brindle Cur of the Streets and He Saved His Little Gamin Master from a Watery Death—The Faithful Dog Receives Due Credit.

There was a bench show of dogs in the Central rink, and all the pugs, and terriers, and mastiffs, and St. Bernards, and bulldogs, and all the other high bred dogs who were sure to what class they belonged and whose owner could prove their right to be so classed were there. People were coming and going, and the papers had been full of descriptions of the affair, illustrated by wood cuts of some of the finest animals.

Over on another street of the same city was quite a different scene. In a narrow court near the river lay a shivering, white faced little shaver, whose clothes dripped water. Over him bent another boy with a quart of steaming hot liquid in his hand.

"Drink this here hot coffee, Jim," he said. "Bill's gone for to hunt up some dry duds, and maybe we can get yer inter that engine room ter dry. Don't yer go ter gettin' faint nor nothin' now. Want yer head raised a bit?"

But the boy raised himself on his elbow and looked around him. He took a drink of the coffee, and seeming to get strength said:

"Where's Buster?"

"Oh, he's around somewhere. Buster's all right. There comes the boys with the duds, and we'll have you all right, too, in a minute. Don't feel dizzy or nothin', do yer?"

"I'm beginning to feel first rate again. Where's Buster? Some of you whistle; I ain't got the wind."

But at that moment a bobtailed brindle dog came around the corner, closely pursued by a couple of boys.

"Let Buster alone! What are you chasing Buster for?" demanded the prostrate boy.

"Why, yer see," explained the others still keeping up the chase," there was a man said if we could get him around to the dog show they'd give him a prize for pulling you out of the river, and he won't let us catch him."

LOOKING FOR A PRIZE.

"Wot sort of a prize is it?" demanded the wet boy.

"Money, you woodenhead, you. They're all swells down there, and he said there's a prize for the best dog that saves a feller's life."

This was enough to satisfy the inquiries of the smaller boy, and to excite the best efforts of the others to capture the dog, but for some reasons he eluded them. Perhaps he had good reasons for being suspicious of boys who were too friendly. Anyway, he dodged and kept out of their way, almost causing one of them to be crushed under the wheels of a cable car, when the wet boy gave a low whistle and ordered the dog to "come ere."

The animal obeyed without a whine. "Now lay down!" The dog got down and put his nose between his paws. "You've got to go and get that there prize, and I'm going too."

It was doubtful at first if the boy would be able to keep his word, but by the help of the others, who had taken off his wet clothing and wrapped him up in something drier, he managed to go.

When he saw his master going the dog followed, and they soon stood before the bulletin board in front of the rink, announcing the bench show and the terms of admittance.

There was some consultation, and then while four of them stayed with the boy who had been in the water, one of the largest took the dog by the strap around his neck, and, paying the admission fee with the combined wealth of the company, undertook to drag the dog in with him.

"Here! leave that dog outside," commanded the doorkeeper. "You can't take that dog in with you, I say."

"What's the reason? Ain't I taking him in to get the prize?"

"What prize? There is no prize for such curs as that. Turn him out, I tell you."

A PRIZE WAS GIVEN.

"Yes, there is a prize. Wot are you givin' us? Didn't a man tell me so? He ain't going to eat up none of your fine haired pups, but he's goin' to get that prize."

There might have been a fracas and an arrest, for the boy who had paid his money was positive and determined, but just then a gentleman chanced to step to the door and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, he's got a fool notion about a prize for brindle pups," explained the gatekeeper, "and is making a fuss about his dog going in."

"There isn't such a prize offered, I am positive," said the man. "I am one of the judges."

"What sort of a show is this here, then?"

"A dog show, of course."

"And no prize for the best dog?"

"It is for a certain kind of dogs—those that cost a great deal of money."

"And not for the kind that jumps into the ice and drags a boy outen the river?"

"Did your dog do that?"

"Yes; and that there's the boy he did it to."

The gentleman looked incredulous, but just then a newspaper reporter who had been watching the boys from the street stepped up and corroborated the statement.

"Wait here a minute," said the gentleman; and he disappeared within and went briskly to where a group of his friends were talking. In a minute he came back with something in his hand, and followed by several others.

"We have decided," he said, "that there ought to be a prize for that kind of a dog, and here is a five dollar gold piece for the owner of the dog," and at the same time he stepped forward and tied a knot of blue ribbon to the strap around the dog's neck.

A prouder lot of boys were never seen than those street waifs as they led the dog away.—Our Dumb Animals.

Chased by a Bullet.

It was in a well known hotel in Bangor. A party of gentlemen were conversing on one subject and another. During a lull in the conversation one gentleman noticed a scar on the hand of another, and interrogated him as to the cause. The other answered that he received it in a very curious way, and told the following story in regard to it:

I got that wound in the battle of Gettysburg. I had been fighting all day and felt very tired, and so sat down on a rock and shot from there. I was just loading up my gun when a long, lean, lank fellow darted by me, making for the woods like a streak of greased lightning. I up with my gun and let drive at him, but he didn't drop, and as I had shot just 999 and didn't want to lose the thousanth, I started after him.

I never saw a man run so fast in all my adventurous life, and I could see that I was gaining upon him, but every once in a while I lost sight of him behind a tree or rock. I noticed a lull in the fight, and glancing aside I saw that both armies had stopped fighting and were straining their eyes to see the race.

That raised my courage, and I forgot all about being tired. Just then I made a spurt of speed, and as I did so I felt something strike my hand which spread out like the fan of a windmill.

Well, to make a long story short, I caught up with him and was about to collar him when he turned about and tried to stab me. I dodged his blow, and just then something hit him and he fell over dead.

I sat down beside him to rest, and as I did so noticed blood trickling down my hand. On closer investigation I found that there was a bullet hole in the palm. The dead man had a bullet hole in his breast, and I am positive in my belief that both wounds were made by the same bullet, and that it was the same bullet that I had fired at the Confederate. The race was so hot that I caught up with and passed it at some time during my chase. That is why I now wear that scar.—Bangor News.

He Could Sympathize.

I was walking along a street given over to the smallest of shops and almost the cheapest of restaurants, when I met a good looking ten-year-old boy in shabby, respectable clothes.

It was autumn, and I carried a bunch of flaming, splendid maple leaves. He stopped, as if the sight of them really took his breath away.

"Oh, give me one," he gently exclaimed, in a manner that was more than polite. It lifted our interview straightway into some rare, superhuman atmosphere, where perfect simplicity became a matter of course. Unfortunately this was not so becoming to me as to him.

I said, "Oh, I hate to!" but at the same time I began looking for the meanest little leaf I could find. When I had discovered and was presenting it, shame overcame me, and torn with conflicting emotions, I said:

"I know I'm being horridly stingy."

"Never mind," said my boy, in a big, masculine, comforting manner. "I know just how you feel."

He smiled his thanks reassuringly, and we parted never to meet again. I declare, I could write a sad little poem about it this minute.—Atlantic Monthly.

Man Must Have a Cook.

Man always needs a cook. A college professor, bereft of his wife, who had done his housework for years, engaged a cook at greater wages than had been the allowance he gave his wife. He bargained for punctuality. "I must have my dinner at 12," he stated. "I can't get it ready till 1 o'clock," she answered. He yielded and changed the hour of his college recitation. The next week she demanded a new stove, as the old one was too low. "It costs too much," he expostulated. "I can't afford to hurt my back," she replied.

He knew it was not so easy to find another good cook, and bought the stove. A week later she desired him to send for the carpenter that the back staircase might be changed. Then he dismissed her and became a boarder. Which was the cheaper thing to do?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Emmet's Presence of Mind.

A story is told of Robert Emmet which proved his secretive power and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry, and one night late, after the family had gone to bed, he swallowed a large quantity of corrosive sublimate in mistake for some acid cooling powder. He immediately discovered his mistake and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the only antidote, chalk.

Timid men would have torn at the bell, roused all the family and sent for a stomach pump. Emmet called no one, made no noise, but, stealing down stairs and unlocking the front door, went into the stable, scraped some chalk which he knew to be there and took sufficient dos of it to neutralize the poison.—New Yo World.

It Hurt Him.

An officer on Fulton street, Brooklyn, stopped a man who was shaking his head and fist as he walked along, and asked the cause of his excitement.

"Why, a fellow back there took me for a fool!" was the forcible reply.

"How?"

"Why, he offered to lick me for two cents, and the only money I have is a twenty dollar bill! Does he think I'm fool enough to run all over town to get that changed to give him two cents!"—New York World.

A Hopeless Case.

Father—What's the matter now?

Small Son—Boo, hoo! Smikey Groogan licked me.

Father—See here, this is the third time you've been licked within a week. How do you expect to exercise the inherent prerogative of every free born American citizen when you grow up and vote as the dictates of your conscience and mandates of your best judgment suggest, if you can't fight better than that?—Good News.