

Silver Wedding Anniversary. On last Friday, Oct. 2, '91, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gilmore, living about three miles south of Plattsmouth, celebrated their silver wedding anniversary. Although the weather was some what disagreeable being threatened with rain and roads being very muddy, the people began to gather by eleven o'clock and ere noon the house was overflowing with friends, each laden with tempting delicacies for the inner man.

The day was spent in interesting conversation and talks of bygone days. Mr. Gilmore came to Nebraska long years ago and can therefore be classed among the old settlers of Cass county. He was married to Miss Lucy Towner, Oct. 2, 1866. A great many present were old settlers of this county and perhaps could give surprising accounts of the early life in Nebraska, the value of land, experiences of home life and travel and most of them could tell of events thirty and forty years ago in many of the most eastern states that made impressive and wondrous transformations in social and civil life.

Of course there has been more sunshine than shadow in all those years, but most of the company could tell of disappointments, bereavements, and all kinds of heartaches that would melt the stoutest heart to pity. Some are getting old, even some gray headed, but their long lives prove that they have lived with much regard for the laws of their well being, prudent and industrious and are indeed loyal people.

The ladies had before-hand prepared a sumptuous dinner and in order to understand just how the table groaned, you would need to have been there and enjoyed with us the good things to eat. The ladies of this neighborhood can carry off the prize when it comes to preparing for the inner man.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore were presented with some costly presents and after wishing that their days of peace and prosperity may be long the land the guests bade host and hostess "good bye" each departing to their respective home.

The names of those present were Messrs. and Mesdames. W. J. Hesser and daughter, D. A. Young, F. M. Young, Sr. and daughter, F. M. Young, Jr., and son, Joseph Sands, H. Smith, Ivan White, Anderson Root, Hiram McDonald, W. Hutchinson, J. W. Conn, Wm. Taylor, Levi Churchill, Frank Moore, Wm. Loughridge, Lee Oldham, G. C. Edson, Joshua Gopen, J. W. Edmonds, W. A. Brown, J. F. Marshall, B. W. Livingston, Wm. Murray, R. F. Dean, Wm. Morrow, Harry Todd, and Mesdames Arnick and son, Carens, Livingston, Miss Blanche Horning, Mr. Wm. Young and daughter.

Jas. Johnson, of Weeping Water, is in the city to-day. C. H. Hackney is receiving a visit from his mother, of Ashland.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Davis returned from Cedar Creek this morning. Mrs. Wm. Cole leaves for Sioux City to-day to attend the Corn Palace.

Geo. Edson, republican candidate for county sheriff, was a pleasant caller at THE HERALD sanctum yesterday. Mr. Edson expects to be elected by a good majority.

Castling about for your winter's reading, try THE HERALD. It is a difficult matter to find a pleasant house in the city. This indicates prosperous times.

Several ladies were enrolled last evening as members of the night school. All who come will be accommodated. Holloween occurs the last night of this month. It will doubtless be generally observed with great pomp and splendor.

We note from our daily exchanges that snow fell in small quantities in the south-western part of the state yesterday.

Mrs. Sarah E. Tucker, who is visiting her sister in Oregon, Missouri, fell down stairs one day last week and broke her leg just below the knee.

J. W. Berge, editor of The New Era, a local paper recently started at South Bend was a pleasant caller at THE HERALD sanctum to-day. Mr. Berge is entering upon the work with a zest and enthusiasm that indicates that he will be successful with his enterprise.

Last year John Goehl planted a field of corn, on the 10th and 11th days of June and it was overflooded with water in the latter part of the same month. In the fall he gathered it and it brought him \$30 per acre. This was an off year and if such an immense crop can be raised in an off year what will be the result in a good year. Mr. Goehl says he has a few acres this year that will go only about 20 bushels, while the greater part of his corn will go 60 bushels per acre. -Avoca Enterprise.

H. J. Straight left for Ashland this morning for the purpose of joining a fishing and hunting party. He will return Tuesday.

A Narrow Escape. S. R. Whitticker, an employee at the B. & M. shops, met with quite a painful accident this morning. The workmen at the boiler shops were doing work that necessitated hard striking with heavy hammers, and owing to some irregularity Mr. Whitticker was struck near the temple and for a time rendered unconscious. Dr. Livingston was at once summoned and at present the patient is doing well and his recovery assured.

Dissolution of Partnership. The law partnership heretofore existing between R. B. Windham and John A. Davies is dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the office will be continued by R. B. Windham.

Oct. 7, 1891. R. B. WINDHAM. JOHN A. DAVIES.

Francis Eagle. Dr. Salisbury of Plattsmouth was here again to-day. He and Dr. Deering are good patrons of the railroad.

Roe Berryman arrived home yesterday from a trip to Iowa. He brought back a bird, band box and a parasol.

Hon. Wm. McKeighan will be at Plattsmouth Oct. 16th, to discuss the political situation from an independent standpoint.

George Yapp, the brag twirler for the Plattsmouth ball club, will be married to-morrow at Schuyler to Miss Threlkeld of that place.

Patrick Hayes fell from a load of lath one day last week and broke his chin. He will be crippled in that department for some time on account of it.

The Elmwood Leader, the new paper of that city, arrived last week with the name of R. D. Root at its head. The Leader proposes to endorse the best of everything that is to be had and starts out with a good patronage. Success to the Leader and a welcome to Cass. Next.

Frank Dickson of Plattsmouth, the republican candidate for county clerk, was a social caller at these headquarters last Saturday. He has quite recently been called upon to part with his only child six months old. The many friends of the family in this section sympathize with him in his loss.

Bald Pilfering. Two men were observed stealing fish splices, bolts washers and etc from the B. & M. freight house this morning. The police was at once notified and he succeeded in capturing one of the culprits just as he was leaving with an arm load of coveted rail road iron. The other one is still at large.

The men who are strangers, came up the river in a boat, and it is thought they contemplated securing a boat load of plunder and disposing of it at the most convenient place. Such fakirs as these should be punished to the full extent of the law as doubtless they will be. Their trial will probably be held to-morrow.

A Sudden Death. A vale of gloom was cast over the city at 12 o'clock to-day by the announcement that Mrs. Fannie Keller had quietly and unexpectedly breathed her last.

Mrs. Keller had been confined to her room for about two weeks with an attack of typhoid fever but her condition was not considered critical and the announcement of her death is a surprise to all. She died at the home of Dr. McCrea, at whose house she had been stopping for a few weeks.

The interment will take place Sunday at an hour yet to be decided upon.

John Becker is an Omaha visitor to-day.

A. C. Lodger came in from Greenwood this morning.

Elias Sage was an Omaha passenger this morning.

Mrs. Wm. Tiffany left this morning for York, where she will participate in a family reunion to be held there.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Campbell and little daughter leave on No. 3 this evening for a visit with relatives in Denver, Col.

Butter and eggs are scarce upon our market. Poor roads may be assigned as the reason.

Mrs. M. T. Grassman of Schuyler, who has been visiting in the city the past week, left for Hamburg this morning where she will visit friends.

H. J. Straight failed to make connections at Ashland as he had contemplated and was forced to return last evening and content himself by thinking what an enjoyable time the other fellows are having on their hunting expedition.

MURDER AVENGED

Neal Meets his fate today on the Gallows. OMAHA, NEB., Oct. 9, 1891. [Special to THE HERALD.]—Shortly before 12 o'clock to-day in the presence of press representatives and a few other invited guests Sheriff Boyd, after a few necessary preliminaries, adjusted the noose and Ed. Neal was swung into eternity. At seven minutes past 12 he was pronounced dead, and the awful punishment was completed.

Residing northwest from Main street is a well known family that counted among its proud possessions a richly plumaged parrot answering to the name of "Jim." "Jim" was a very bright, talkative bird and was a much loved member of the family. Last evening he was thought to have been sleeping on the favorite limb of a tree outside, when the lady of the house came in and hastily threw her wraps on the bed; a lamp was lit, and just then something was noticed to move on the bed. "A rat," exclaimed the young hopeful of the family, and away he went after a board, which he soon procured and with one fell swoop his ratship was thought to have been demolished, but on investigating it was soon learned that poor "Jim" had been murdered. The younger members of the family are plunged in grief and refuse to be comforted.

A Birthday Party. A pleasant social event occurred at the residence of Mrs. Safford on North Third street last evening, participated in by a number of young people, in honor of the seventeenth and eighteenth birthdays of Misses Maggie Safford and Elma Schmittmann, respectively. The young people were accorded every liberty necessary to assure a social and enjoyable time and they improved the opportunity well. Several presents were offered as a token of esteem in which the young ladies are held by their associates. Refreshments of a high order were served. The following were present:

Misses Eva Smith, Lettie Smith, Elma Schmittmann, Lizzie Bibbie, Ada Bibbie, Clara Herold, Cora Schlegel, Alice Petersen, Maud Stickel, Maggie Safford, and Messrs. Geo. and Will Smith, Morris Crisman, Bartholomew Kirkham, Fred Schlegel, Otto Herold.

Mrs. E. E. Pippas, of Keya Paha county, is visiting at the home of J. M. Young.

Hon. H. D. Travis and Hon. T. B. Stevenson, candidates upon the democratic and independent tickets, respectively, for district judge are in the city to-day on legal business.

W. H. Malick laid upon our table this morning a bunch of peanuts grown in his garden. They were attached to the stalk very much as potatoes are attached to the vine. He planted about half pint and will gather fully one bushel. Mr. Malick thinks that the peanut industry would be a profitable one and doubtless it might be if the right man would give attention to it.

Fleming, the barber, and Fleming, the harness maker, have leased the building the post office has been in, and have had it neatly fitted.

Am Smith and Miss Josie Pittman have each sent petitions to Uncle Sam, asking him to appoint them postmaster here.

The Ledger has moved into the room formerly occupied by the barber.

Miss Estella Travers visited in Plattsmouth Saturday and Sunday.

A. C. Mayes, present county surveyor and to be the next, was in town Monday, enroute for Elmwood.

John Tighe and H. D. Travis were in town Thursday looking over the political fare.

S. C. Patterson of South Bend was in our vicinity Thursday.

W. S. Hare left Thursday for a few days' visit in the western part of the county.

Chas. Decker and family went to Omaha to-day.

S. A. Davis and two children left to-day for a short visit abroad.

Ed Parrott, who has been attending the Nemaha county fair the past week, returned last evening. He will probably remain in the city until after election, when he contemplates settling in Nemaha county.

J. E. Lyda, Republican candidate for county superintendent of schools was in town Tuesday looking up his republican friends. Mr. Lyda will make a good superintendent if elected and should receive the entire support of his party. -Wabash News.

Hot soda water at Brown & Barrett's.

HORRIBLE LYNCH LAW.

An Indignant Crowd of Citizens TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR HANDS.

Willing Hands Smash in Windows and Doors—Terrible Vengeance for a Terrible Crime.

In the streets of Omaha at 12 o'clock last night George Smith, a negro who criminally assaulted Lizzie Yeates, a five-year-old girl of that city, Wednesday afternoon, was hanged by an infuriated mob of citizens. Attempts were made to persuade the crowd to let the law deal with the culprit, but the mob answered with jeers and hisses. The doors and windows gave way under the pressure exerted by the battering rams and the terrified and trembling negro was taken from the jail, a rope tied about his neck and a strap to his feet, and dragged hastily to a telephone pole in front of Boyd's new opera house. The pole was quickly climbed and willing hands quickly threw the other end of the rope over a trolley wire and the victim, gasping for breath, was pulled to the top, where he suspended in the midnight air until pronounced dead.

It appears that this was not the first offense of which the victim was guilty, as he committed a similar assault at East Omaha last year. He was tried in a Council Bluffs court, but released on the grounds that the offense was committed on the Nebraska side of the line.

Immediately after the terrible act was completed a prominent man said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry such a thing as this has happened in our beautiful city, but we have children of our own."

Weeping Water Items.

Dr. Deering of Wabash was in town Tuesday. Doc is working hard for the clerkship of the court.

Surveyor Mayes and Frank Dickson were callers Saturday. They came out to attend the meeting of the central committee.

Frank Masse has been looking for a team of horses that either strayed from his farm north of town or was stolen last Tuesday. As yet he is unable to get a trace of them.

Vol. I, No. 1, of the Elmwood Leader, edited by E. B. Root, has reached our table. The Leader is bright and newsy and starts out with a good patronage. The Republican will gladly exchange.

Dr. A. L. Root of Elmwood, an old resident of Cass county, died and was buried on Monday of this week. The doctor was a practitioner and business man of Weeping Water for a number of years, and was a prominent Mason.

Married.

At residence of the bride's father, Joseph Stambaugh, on Wednesday, October 7, 1891, by Rev. T. J. Penny, Mr. Albert Waybright, to Miss M. Josephine Stambaugh, both of Saunders county. There were quite a number of relatives and friends present. Mr. Waybright is the miller for the Ashland Mill and Electric Light company, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. The bride has lived here all her life, and is a most estimable young lady. The many friends of the happy couple join THE GAZETTE in wishing them a long, happy and prosperous future. Mr. and Mrs. Waybright started shortly after the ceremony on a visit to Sioux City. -Ashland Gazette.

Mr. Waybright, a brother of Morgan Waybright of this city, and is well known by many here. The young couple came in last evening, spent a social time with friends, and departed for Omaha this morning.

Frank Dickson, of Plattsmouth, candidate on the republican ticket for county clerk, was in town last Saturday on his way home from Weeping Water, where he had been attending the county central committee. Frank is a good, square republican and will poll a good vote. -Louisville Courier-Journal.

A fine collection of farm products and other staples have been sent from this place to be placed with Cass county's exhibit in the advertising train that leaves here on the 15th.

The high school notes will appear in Monday's issue as our correspondent failed to get them on file in proper time for to-day's issue.

Mills' Nerve and Liver Pills.

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Mills' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unqualified for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25c. Sample free at P. G. Fricke & Co's.

PUFFI AND OUT THEY GO.

A Cavern in Colorado That Resents the Intrusion of Strangers.

There is a cave near Rockwood, a station on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, which has been visited by many persons. No particular mention of the cave has been made, as it seemed to be little worthy of notice. On Sunday last a number of pleasure seekers left this city to join a party at Rockwood who had planned to visit the cave. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the members of the party, having disposed of their dinner, began to climb the hill near the top of which the mouth of the cave is located.

After much exertion the foremost of the party reached the mouth of the cave, and being in advance of his companions they were startled to see him fall backward into the low oak brush as if he had been thrown from a catapult. His companions pushing forward more vigorously, soon came to his rescue and found him recovering, not much hurt, but slightly scratched and somewhat dazed. He could give no explanation of his sudden removal from the opening to the cavern.

Curious to know what the cause was the entire company in a body pushed up the hill, which has a particularly steep descent near the mouth of the cave. To the astonishment of the whole number the instant after stepping into the cave they found themselves all piled together in a spot near where the first had landed. It took but a little while to recover from the entanglement, when they began to inquire the cause of this sudden excitement. They all agreed that they had seen nothing to cause such a thing, and they were curious to know the reason for the phenomenon. But how to find out what they wished was the thing to decide.

At last it was determined that the strongest gentleman of the party should gain a position at the side of the entrance, and, thus protected, get an opportunity to reconnoiter. So, taking a circuitous route and avoiding a position directly in front of the opening, they soon found themselves close beside the entrance. Cautiously putting his head out beyond the protecting wall, the foremost peered it. His hat immediately took flight down the declivity, but he was thus made aware of the exact state of affairs.

The philosophy of the current of air in caves suddenly dawned upon him. As is well known the air of a warm day in summer is much lighter on the outside of a cave or cellar than it is inside. Consequently the cold, heavy air rushes out with great violence—enough in this case to cause the trouble spoken of and throw the party down the hill.

Later, relating this tale, an old timer told your correspondent of a former adventure of his at the same place. On a cold day in the early winter he was tracking a deer along this hillside, when he was astonished to see the cave open up before him, and he noticed that the snow seemed to have been disturbed very recently, as though a body had been dragged into the entrance.

Without thinking, he stepped forward to examine into the cause of the disturbed condition of the snow, when he felt himself violently pulled into the cave, the force pulling him from his feet. He felt a shock, and for awhile was oblivious to all around him. When his senses returned he found he was lying by and partially upon the body of a deer. Upon examination he found the body of the deer yet warm. This led to a still closer examination. He at last determined that the force of the current of air blowing into the cave had drawn the deer in, killing it, but that when he was drawn in the shock was somewhat obviated by his striking the deer, thus saving him from death. The explanation is just the reverse of the other, the air being warmer inside the cave than out. The current flows into the cave during the winter, thus accounting for the strange affair. -Denver Sun.

Taming a Zebra.

Zebras can never be tamed, unless the process is begun while they are still very young. H. A. Bryden gives an instance of a tragic fate which befell one of them, captured when he was 7 or 8 years old.

He had joined a troop of horses belonging to one of the author's friends, and finally allowed himself to be driven with them into a kraal or inclosure. It was then determined to keep him, and if possible to domesticate him.

For this purpose he was lassoed and tied to a tree, but so ferocious was he in the presence of man that the greatest precautions had to be observed in approaching him. All possible means were taken to induce him to feed. When captured he was in splendid condition, and his coat shone in the sun. Herbage was brought from the mountain tops where he had been used to graze, and every conceivable food placed before him, but in vain; he steadily refused to eat.

Water he drank greedily, and would dispose of three bucketfuls at a time. At length, after three weeks of vain endeavor to tame the noble creature, during which time he subsisted entirely on water, he died. -Youth's Companion.

The Use of the Word Telepathy.

The term telepathy must not be introduced without explanation. Some term not yet in common use must be employed when mental phenomena—influences of mind on mind—not generally seen to be closely related have to be classified together and, if possible, brought under one law. The familiar term "thought transference" has much too limited a meaning. And "telepathy" is already in use. It has been adopted by the Society for Psychical Research, and among other writers, especially by Mr. Edmund Gurney. -Blackwood's Magazine.

Delayed.

Briggs—I saw your wife in a dry goods store yesterday morning. Griggs—You did, eh? She must have been pricing something. Briggs—Why so? Griggs—She was late to dinner last night.—Cloak Review.

A WINDFLOWER.

Between the roadside and the wood, Between the dawning and the dew, A tiny flower before the sun, Epithemal in time, I grew.

And there upon the trail of spring, Not death nor love nor any name Known among men in all their lands, Could blur the wild desire with shame.

But down my dayspan of the year The feet of straying winds came by; And all my trembling soul was thrilled To follow one lost mountain cry.

And then my heart beat once and broke To lose the sweeping rain of love, Some rain in the April world, Between the roadside and the road.

Tonight can bring no healing now, The calm of yesterday is gone; Surely the wind is but the wind, And I a broken wall thereon. -Bliss Carman in Christian Union.

His Audience.

A pretty story, which has, moreover, the merit of being true, is told of a certain professional singer. He had a beautiful tenor voice, of which he was apt to take the best of care, so that when he was crossing the Atlantic one summer with a party of friends, they were not surprised to find that he disappeared from view every evening at just about the same time.

"Afraid of the night air," said one, with a slight smile.

"Afraid we'll ask him to sing, probably," said another, but no one questioned him, as he was known to be quite unmolested by his own way.

But when the last night on board came, a delegation descended to his stateroom to beg for a song or two, and discovered that he was not there. They looked for him in vain, until at last the captain, who had evidently kept the secret as long as he could, said, pointing in the direction of the engine room: "I think you'll find him down there; that's where he's gone every evening."

Sure enough, when the delegation arrived at the engine room, they heard the sound of a guitar and a voice, and there, leaning against the wall, was the recalcitrant singer, singing his best for the delight of the stokers, whom he had entertained in this way for more than an hour every evening during the voyage. -Youth's Companion.

A Telepathic Coincidence.

I had as a guest in my residence in Jamaica a lady of unusual intelligence, who was very intimate with and much attached to Mrs. Beecher Stowe. They frequently corresponded. She had a dream in which Mrs. Stowe seemed to be occupied, singularly enough, in digging the ground, and she inquired if there was any foundation for this. From the reply she learned that Mrs. Stowe had been shortly before in Scotland on a visit to the Duke of Argyll, and had been asked to plant a tree as a memorial of her visit on leaving. Here it is probable that, besides the general sympathy between the parties concerned, there was some special thought, on Mrs. Stowe's part, of the friend who dreamed of her act, connected in time either with the actual handling of the spade or with the remembrance of her strange occupation. Few people would suppose such a coincidence to be purely accidental, unless from the apparent impossibility for accounting for it otherwise. -Blackwood's Magazine.

The Manufacture of Caps.

In that oddest, nestle like part of New York the French quarter, 2,000 or 3,000 men and girls make annually \$5,000,000 worth of caps, exclusive of the \$1,000,000 worth made by the furriers of that region. At least 1,000,000 dozen caps are turned out in this quarter every year. As to styles, there are nearly 500 varieties. Of yachting caps alone there are something like two dozen kinds, if, indeed, twosome is not nearer the correct number.

A few leading styles, however, persist with little or no change from year to year. The west constantly demands a cheap cap with ear coverings. Every year sees some cap for girls the rage. Such caps sell by the hundred thousand dozen. A hint comes from Paris, and in a few weeks the new caps swarm in every street. -New York World.

What He Feared.

"While I was in England," says one woman, "I was told of an American who on his first trip on an English railway quite held his breath at the rapid running. When his nervousness rather overcame him he approached the guard. 'I say, guard,' he ventured, 'this is pretty fast traveling for safety, isn't it?' 'Oh, no, sir,' replied the guard; 'we never run off the line here, sir.' 'But,' said the Yankee quickly, resenting the patronage, 'it is not the line, I'm afraid of running off your confounded little island.' -New York Times.

Amusing Superstitions.

If you count warts you will increase their number, or to handle a toad will cause warts. If two persons wash in the same water or dry their hands on the same towel they will shortly quarrel. To bore a hole in the door frame and put in it the hair of a colored person is supposed to cure whooping cough. The rattle of a rattlesnake if carried in the pocket will prevent rheumatism, or if placed in the bureau drawer will keep away moths. -Philadelphia Ledger.

A new aluminum alloy, with titanium, is being manufactured in Pittsburg. It sells at from twenty-five cents to one dollar per pound more than pure aluminum. It is very hard and elastic and is an excellent material for making tools. About 10 per cent. of titanium is used.

Some peoples rest the neck instead of the head on hard pillows. In Africa extraordinary headgear make this practice necessary, and many a civilized woman has been compelled by a somewhat similar coiffure to forego both the pillow and the recumbent posture.

A wonderful well is on the property of Colonel W. B. Warshaw of Henrietta, Tex. Its depth of water is usually eight feet; but when the wind is from the north the well becomes dry, and so continues until the wind changes.