

The Races.

The races at the fair yesterday attracted much attention and were quite well attended. The 2:35 trotting and pacing race was not finished at the end of the fifth heat and will be finished this afternoon. It was a warm contest and stood as follows:

Table with race results: Vanleet, Lulu Callaway, Firmin, Hector, Nellie T.

County trotting and pacing race, time 3:30, Billy F. first; second and third money divided between Bute and Billy Medium. One-half mile and repeat running race, time 55 seconds, Little Dot first, Nehawka Girl second.

Death of Peter Lingstrom. Peter Lingstrom died last night at 8:30 after a lingering illness with consumption. He was forty-six years old and had come to this country seventeen years ago from Sweden. He was foreman of the B. & M. bridge gang here for several years and suffered his first illness about five years ago, when he had a severe typhoid fever, after which consumption set in. He leaves an eight-year-old daughter to mourn his death, who has been here caring for him during the last three months. The funeral will take place from the residence of August Johnson on Lincoln avenue at 2 p. m. Sunday, Sept. 19.

Dr. Mathews' Trouble. Dr. Mathews, the Omaha physician arrested yesterday for the performance of a criminal operation that led to the death of Mrs. Anna Waggoner of Weeping Water, today waived preliminary examination and gave bond for \$1,200. The evidence upon which the county attorney secured his arrest is that of two women, Mrs. Fenke and Mrs. Weed, who live in the Anderson block where Mrs. Waggoner died. They claim that the latter told them on the day preceding the performance of the operation that it was to occur and that Dr. Mathews was to perform it. Dr. Mathews denies having had anything to do with the operation, but admits that he treated her for its effects.

Flying Kites For Amusement. Kite flying is becoming almost as much a national pastime in this country as in China. In the larger cities, like Omaha, a considerable number of grown people do not think it too childish a sport to indulge in. Even in Plattsmouth, almost any pleasant day, a rising young lawyer and a court house official may be observed flying kites, up in the first ward. When asked about it, of course, they say they are instructing the children in the art. Box kites are the latest and most scientific ones, and as the name indicates, are constructed in the shape of a box, and are made of strong cloth stretched over a light frame work. Arthur Craig, a son of Roe Craig, has a couple of box kites, which he flies together, to the wonder and admiration of the small boys of the town.

Broke His Arm. Frank Hedlicka, who works in F. H. Steinkers department at the shops had the misfortune to let a heavy timber fall on his left arm this morning which fractured the bone above the wrist in three places, making a very painful injury.

Grasshoppers Appear in Swarms. On every corner in town, about noon today, stood men gazing zenithward, says yesterday's Lincoln Call. The air for hundreds of feet was filled with flying grasshoppers. At one time the insect cloud became so dense that it obscured the sun. The unexpected and strange sight brought up many recollections, and in the midst of every little group of listeners on the streets an old soldier or some early settler could be found telling some interesting tale of grasshopper plagues back in the 70s.

The same phenomenon occurred nearly a year ago under the same atmospheric conditions. Whether locusts are forerunners of a terrible grasshopper season in a year or two caused much discussion today on the part of those interested.

More Prosperity. One of the largest shipments of steel rails that ever passed through Omaha went over the Union Pacific early Thursday morning. The shipment comprised a solid train of twenty cars of steel rails shipped from Bay View, Mich., to Japan. It is reported that more shipments of steel rails to the Pacific coast are likely to follow soon, as the Japs are just entering on an important era of railroad construction.

A Good Plan. Several of the merchants have expressed a willingness to close their stores at 5:30 Thursday evening and give their clerks an opportunity to go to Omaha at 6:14 on the M. P. special to attend the Ak-Sar-Ben festivities, returning about midnight. There should be concerted action in the matter, and a big crowd would be in attendance. The rates are only half fare.

Case County Dairy. R. F. Dean has again taken charge of the Case County Dairy and will be pleased to serve his old customers and also others desiring pure milk. He will also furnish cream and butter milk when desired. Your patronage is solicited.

THE MAN WHO HAS AND HAS NOT MONEY.

The banker greets you on the street My carriage—"Here, please take a seat; At the Paxton, sir, come have a treat; Because he has the money. The banker greets him with a frown—"Your credit here is all run down; I have no respect for such a clown; Because he has not money. The merchant laughs and jokes with him And tries to please his every whim, And never sees a fault in him, Because he has the money. The merchant speaks to him so rough; Calls him rogue, dishonest, tough, And "Oh your credit I've got enough," Because he has not money. The doctor sees in him a friend—Good fees for him he may depend; With speed he goes to help his end, Because he has the money.

The doctor is sure to bluster out: "What brings him here, the dirty clout! He knows I can not well go out." Because he has not money. The lawyer talks of legal lore; For him he has it all in store, And never takes him for a bore, Because he has the money. The lawyer seems so ill at ease; You seem to be so great a tease, Be silent if you wish to please, Because he has not money. The preacher talks to him all day, Not caring much what either say—In shekels he will get his pay, Because he has the money. The preacher views with pious disdain The dirty shirt, all wet with rain, To talk to him is all in vain, Because he has not money.

The police saw him against the wall, Too drunk to stand—he had to fall; They laughed at him and that was all, Because he had the money. The police kicked him like a skunk, He wheeled and staggered as if drunk—That night he slept in the jailor's bunk, Because he had not money. —M. O'DONOHUE.

INFORMATION AND OPINIONS.

It is said that the first class in this country in wood engraving was formed by Mrs. Peter, wife of the British consul in Philadelphia, in 1850. Her class consisted of twenty-five pupils, whom she taught the simple elements of the work, and many of them became practical engravers. As to women engravers at that time, Mrs. Peter says that the only one of any note was Mary Ann Williams, who belonged to a family of skilled English engravers. She is said to have done work which was little inferior to that of her brothers.

Eugene Moore wants a continuance of his case until after the election. Of course he does—he would like it continued for the next forty years if the courts would allow it. The Lincoln courts wave a name so dark that to continue this case over would almost justify the people in taking the law in their own hands.

Nebraska girls against the world. The Gordon Journal tells the following thrilling story of the brave achievement of a young lady in Sheridan county: "Rena Kocer, the twelve-year-old daughter of Jos. Kocer, last Sunday roped a large grey wolf near her father's ranch on Stinking Water. She was riding a horse bareback when she saw the wolf and chased it about six miles. When she finally chased it down, the animal showed fight and she dextrously threw her lasso over its head and dragged it for some distance, holding on to the rope with her bare hands. Her brothers and the Ross boys came to her rescue and tied the rope to their saddle horn and dragged the wolf until her father came with a rifle and shot it. It was a large specimen and measured six feet six inches from point of nose to tip of tail."

The steamer Capitola Butt, which was built years ago by the late Capt. O. Butt to be used as a ferry boat at this place, is now running on the upper Missouri river from Chamberlain, S. D., and will in the future be engaged in transferring government supplies and freight from Chamberlain to Crow creek and Lower Brule Indian agencies, situated about thirty miles up the river.—Nebraska City News.

The Rev. James G. K. McClure, who has just been elected to the presidency of Lake Forest university, Chicago, was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1848, and was graduated from Yale in 1870, and from Princeton theological seminary in 1873. He became pastor of the New-Scotland (N. Y.) Presbyterian church in 1874, resigning in 1879. After a trip abroad, he took charge of the Lake Front church, Chicago, in 1881, and has since occupied its pulpit.

A few days ago a mover passed this way driving a white mule branded "C. S.," which, interpreted, means Confederate States. The mule was thirty-six years old, and I served in many battles in the war. He was gray, but grim and full of life.—Nebraska City News.

The fusion candidate for supreme judge is endeared to the heart of every populist in the state by reason of the fact that it was his vote that defeated Senator Van Wyck as a candidate for re-election, when Sullivan was a member of the legislature from Platte county. The fact that Van Wyck was one of the creators of the populist party in Nebraska makes the memory all the more tender.—Kearney Hub.

UNAWARE.

I would not have you so kindly Thus early in friendship's year, A little too gently, blindly, You let me near. So long as my voice is duly Calm as a friend's should be, In my eyes the hunger unruly You will not see. The eyes that you lift so brightly, Frankly, to welcome mine You look them again as lightly And note no sign. I had rather your pale cheek reddened With the flush of an angry pride, Than a look with disliking deadened My gaze defied. If so in the spring's full season Your glances should soften and fall, When, reckless with fever's unreason, I tell you all. —The Late H. C. Bunker in Scribner's Magazine.

MY PATIENT.

It was about 5 o'clock one Saturday afternoon, a time when the cast-iron doctor sometimes, but not always, gets a few minutes' rest. The inner door was pushed slowly open, and the head of a thorough little gutter urchin appeared. He was a capital specimen of the London "gamin"—naked feet and legs up to the knee, ragged trousers, a thin cotton shirt, open at the chest, a ragged coat and no hat. He was grossly dirty, but his thin, almost delicate fingers told me at once that he was a pickpocket. "I want Dr. Prebble," he said in a hoarse voice.

"Well, you've got him," I answered. "Bill's fell down and hurt 'isself," he said slowly. "Who is Bill?" "A shabty disappointment parson over his face. I had evidently fallen in his opinion. My not knowing Bill saved conclusively that I had not missed in the choicest society. "E's our lodger," he said cautiously, "an I ain't a-goin to tell you no more."

"Why didn't he go to a hospital?" "I dunno," he said. "E was at work, and fell off of something. So 'e come 'ome, 'that 'all." Luckily a medical man is in almost every neighborhood. However, I was well known, and as I went along I heard the gossips saying: "There goes the doctor. He's come to see after Bill." Clearly Bill was a celebrity. At last my guide stopped at a house, and, nodding to a woman who stepped on one side to let us enter, said, "It's all right, old gal."

I found out subsequently that the "old gal" addressed was the young parson's mother. Respect for parents is not a leading feature in that neighborhood. Without wasting a minute I inelt on the floor to examine Bill's injuries. I found they were serious—a dislocated shoulder, two ribs broken and internal injuries, which might prove more serious still. On his fingers were the marks of calcium picking, which showed that Bill was an ex-jailbird, and in the corner of the room stood a suspicious-looking egg, out of which peered a jumpy little man, then fairly safe to assume that I had met with an accident while engaged in his professional duties as a horse-leaker. He was educated. One could see that at once by the development of his brow. In his face, too, there were some lingering traces of refinement.

I looked up at the boy, who was watching me carefully, and I dare not doubt, reading my thoughts. "You ain't a-goin to tell no tales, gov'ner?" "My business is to cure him if I can," I said truthfully. "Now, I want your help." With some difficulty I managed to get his shoulder into the proper position. Then I set his ribs. Beyond that I could do nothing and I returned gratefully to a sewer a few minutes later. It was necessary to get a nurse. The man ought to have been in the hospital, but it was impossible to move him. He died, it was almost a miracle that he had ever reached home in such a mangled condition.

Not far from my dispensary there was a nursing institution, supplied by some ladies who devoted their time and money to nursing the poor in their own homes. The matron was a splendid woman, who never stopped to inquire whether a case was deserving. The fact that a man or woman was ill was all that she cared about. Their crimes and shortcomings she left to other people. Miss Shepherd listened to my story with her usual sympathy.

"There is only one young lady I can send," she said thoughtfully. "and she has not had much experience. However, we must do something. I'll introduce her to you and see what you think." It is a curious thing that on first seeing that girl she did not strike me as at all good looking. Since then I have learned to know her well, and I think her one of the most beautiful women in the world.

In these years of work among the poorest of the poor I met no woman of such a radiant, glorious nature as the pale faced girl whom I saw for the first time that Saturday evening. To my great disappointment on reaching the sickroom her composure quite gave way. I had hoped she would be strong enough to maintain her self control, instead of which she trembled and turned deadly white, looking almost inclined to burst into tears. "Come, come, Miss Clinton!" I said. "You must get accustomed to scenes of distress. If you break down, you won't be able to help me at all." "I beg your pardon, Dr. Prebble," she stammered hastily. "It was only the first shock. Everything is so horrible. You may depend on my doing what you require." Then I explained the case to her carefully and taught her the duties of a nurse as well as I could in such a short time. Miss Clinton must have nursed her patient better than I expected she would, for he passed a fairly good night,

and when I saw him at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning the fever had abated somewhat, leaving him, of course, very weak and in a more or less precarious condition.

The nurse whom Miss Shepherd had sent to take care of the case during the day was a highly experienced woman, whom I knew well. "It's a bad case, doctor," she said. "Will you pull him through?" "I can't say yet," I answered. "Ask me tomorrow morning. What time did you relieve Miss Clinton?" "At 8 o'clock. She didn't like to go away, but I insisted on her having a rest. I can't help thinking that Miss Clinton takes something of a personal interest in the case," said the day nurse. "Have you read the morning's paper?" "Not yet. Is there anything in it?"

She produced a Sunday paper and pointed to a paragraph headed "During Attempted Burglary." The burglars had entered a window on the first floor by means of a ladder, but they were disturbed at their work and had been forced to escape hurriedly, leaving the booty behind them. It struck me at once that in all probability Bill was one of the burglars. In making his escape he had no doubt fallen from the ladder.

But there was another feature in the case which was more striking still. The owner of the house which had been entered was named Clinton. On first seeing the sick man Miss Clinton had lost her composure to an extent that surprised me. What was the link that bound these three people together—a wealthy city merchant, a young lady devoting herself to work among the poor and a broken down ex-convict lying sick, perhaps dying, in an east-end slum? On returning to his bedside at 5 o'clock in the afternoon I found Miss Clinton was again on duty. She was quite calm and self-possessed and without a trace of nervous excitement.

The progress which had been shown in the morning was all lost and a change had set in for the worse. A brief examination told me that he was in a state of collapse, which was the one thing I dreaded. Within a few hours he would be a dead man. "When will it be?" she said in a steady voice. "Before midnight," I answered. "Would you like me to stay with you, or shall I ask Miss Shepherd to send somebody in your place?" "I will watch alone."

"Are you a relative of the Mr. Clinton whose house was entered Saturday morning?" I asked, leading her to the window. "He is my uncle," she said. "And who is Bill?" "He is my brother." She spoke in the same steady voice. "He went wrong as a boy of 19," she continued. "My uncle might have saved him, but refused to. That is why I have taken up nursing. I knew he had sunk, but I didn't know he had come to this. I hoped I might find him if I mixed with the poor."

In one little matter I was able to save her some pain. At the door I met an officer in plain clothes whom I knew by sight. "I'm after a man for the Forest Gate robbery. I hear he is in this house." "He is on stairs," I said, "but you are too late. He is dying." The detective hesitated. "I give you my word as a physician that he will be dead before midnight. If you arrest him, he will certainly die on the road to the station. Do you know his real name?" I asked. The detective looked at me sharply. "No; what is it?"

"William Clinton, a nephew of the man he tried to rob. At the present moment his sister is watching by his bed." The officer made a note of it in his book. "I shall have to keep an eye on him, doctor," he said kindly, "but you may depend I shall interfere for the sake of the young lady." And so William Clinton passed through the gate of life in peace.—Answers.

Did You Ever Try Electric Bites as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have loss of appetite, constipation, headache, fainting spells, or are nervous, sleepless, excitable, melancholy or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and \$1 at F. G. Fricks' drug store.

Legal Notice. To Benjamin A. Gibson, Mary C. Gibson, Edward Bange, trustee, Bradford Savings Bank & Trust Co., William C. Crippen, George Leslie and John W. Mitchell, non-resident defendants: You and each of you are hereby notified that John H. Pettibone and Samuel E. Nixon on the 18th day of September, A. D. 1897, filed their petition in the district court of Cass county, Nebraska, against you, impleaded with Guerdon B. Crippen, et al, the object and prayer of which are to have decree of said court, foreclosing a tax lien against fractional lot 17 in northeast quarter of northwest quarter, section three in town ten range eleven, Cass county, Nebraska, for tax payable by said plaintiffs against said land for years 1892, 1893 and 1894, as follows: 1892, \$2.02; paid November 5, 1891, 1893, \$8.90; paid November 5, 1894, 1894, \$5.97; paid May 10, 1895, and for 1895, \$7.18, paid May 1, 1896, with 20 per cent annual interest on each of said payments from November 5, 1894, to November 5, 1896, and 10 per cent annual interest on each of said payments thereafter, and 10 per cent attorney fees on the total found due, and costs of suit and for sale of said property to satisfy said judgment and costs. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 1st day of November, A. D. 1897. JOHN H. PETTIBONE AND SAMUEL E. NIXON.

Legal Notice. To Amanda J. Shepherd, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that William U. Shepherd commenced an action against you on the 18th day of September, 1897, in the district court of Cass county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to secure an absolute divorce from you, and also a decree barring you from all rights in the property, real and personal, belonging to said plaintiff, and locate in either the state of Indiana or Nebraska. The grounds for divorce are that you committed adultery in December, 1894, with one J. Gordon. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 1st day of November, 1897. WILLIAM U. SHEPHERD. The board of county commissioners is in session today.

ABOUT WALL PAPER AND PAINT. WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED. An Elegant Stock of Wall Paper For the Fall Trade WHICH YOU SHOULD INSPECT AT ONCE. We usual buy enough in the spring to last the year through, but our sales were so much larger than heretofore that we were compelled to add an additional stock to supply our customers' needs for the fall papering, which, by the way, is the best time to paper and paint. We handle the famous Mound City Mixed Paints—"Horse Shoe" Brand. SMITH & PARMELE, DRUGGISTS. MAIN ST.

\$100 Reward \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. HANNEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

Annual Excursion to Hot Springs, S. D. The last of the Burlington Route's Hot Springs excursions will be that of Tuesday, September 28. As usual, the rate will be one fare for the round trip and the return limit thirty days. For tickets and information about local trains see the local agent of the B. & M. R. R. For twenty-four page booklet descriptive of Hot Springs, Sylvan Lake, Deadwood, and Spearfish, write to J. Francis, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

Baller's Horehound Syrup is not a mixture of stomach destroying drugs, but is a scientifically prepared remedy that cures coughs and colds, and all throat and lung troubles. Its action is quick, prompt and positive. 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Fricke & Co.

Bound Over. Bob Henderson waived examination today before Judge Archer, and was bound over to the district court in the sum of \$500. At last accounts he was looking for bondsmen with a poor show of getting any. He will have to lie in jail, doubtless, until the November term of court. Beeson & Root appear for defendant and County Attorney Graves for the state.

It Saves the Croupy Children. SEAVIEW, Va.—We have a splendid sale of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and our customers coming from far and near, speak of it in the highest terms. Many have said that their children would have died of croup if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given.—Kellam & Curran. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all druggists.

SPECIAL SALE \$1.25 School Shoes \$1.25 We Have Just Received 500 PAIRS 500 All Sizes, all Solid, Well Made Shoes, with NO PAPER, which will go AT LESS than Manufacturers' prices. We sell nothing but Shoes, GOOD SHOES, and give our whole undivided attention to SHOES, and by so doing we study QUALITY - hence your pocketbook. We don't have to give you pencils to induce you to buy our Shoes. We make the PRICE RIGHT, which makes the pencil giving scheme a very small and insignificant misleading inducement. Call and see the BARGAINS partially displayed on our counters and you will be made happy. Open every evening till we get tired. No more 8 o'clock closing. ROBERT SHERWOOD FOOT MILLINER. Plattsmouth, Neb.