

# THE OMAHA RACES

### Carrier of Union Gets Second in the Ten Mile Race.

### HOLLOWAY IS KNOCKED OUT.

### The Plattsmouth Man Was Unfortunate—Bald Daylight Robbery at the Butter Candy Factory—A Nebraska City Sucker.

### Saturday's Bicycle Races.

The University Park bicycle races at Omaha last Saturday proved a big event, and were witnessed by a large crowd of people. Tom Patterson and Harvey Holloway of this city had their chances of winning any of the prizes ruined early in the races, on account of an unfortunate accident, in which Holloway was quite badly injured. The accident occurred in the one mile open race. There were six starters in this race and it was a very close and exciting one until Patterson of this city, in an attempt to spurt, lost his right pedal immediately after passing the grand stand and fell to the right of the track, and Holloway, who was following close behind, fell over him, running his machine right over Patterson and, turning a complete somersault, was thrown heavily against the board fence. Patterson was scarcely hurt and got up, but Holloway never moved and remained unconscious for several minutes.

A couple of doctors ran to his assistance and with the aid of restoratives revived him and he was escorted to the dressing room, where it was found that he was badly cut and bruised all over and that he had received a serious shaking up.

This accident upset the previous arrangement, to make the distance in 2:30, and Fredrickson secured it in 2:45 2/5, and was followed by Gadke and Bardick respectively.

When the accident occurred Stuart Livingston of this city, who was in the grand stand, jumped down and ran over to where Holloway lay. Sandy Griswold, the referee, grabbed Stuart and told him to stand back. Stuart said he was a friend of Holloway's and was from Plattsmouth, but it didn't appear to make any difference with the "great" Sandy. At that moment a couple of officers noticed the disturbance and one of them cracked the officious sandy over the head with his club. This part of the program was greatly appreciated by a number of the spectators.

After the accident to Holloway there was a rumor in the grand stand that he was dead and in the excitement several people fainted. When he rose to his feet he was cheered by the spectators. The ten mile race was one of the best ever run in Omaha, and Carrier of Union, who went up with the Plattsmouth riders, came under the wire only a few feet behind the great Fredrickson. The latter rider discovered early in the game that he had no snap with the Cass county boy, and he had to strain every nerve to beat him.

Holloway would probably have won this race had he been able to enter but the accident made that impossible. Yesterday's World Herald says: "Mr. Holloway of Plattsmouth says that he intends to give up racing. He is deputy sheriff of Cass county and will be a candidate for sheriff this fall."

Mr. Holloway was seen this afternoon and says that the World-Herald's report that he is going to quit racing is not correct. Happy is not the kind of a man to let a few bruises bluff him out, and he will continue racing just as long as it affords him pleasure.

### Another Robbery.

Plattsmouth has made an enviable record for robberies and burglaries during the past few days. Saturday afternoon at about half past two o'clock C. T. Butler, proprietor of the candy factory and ice cream parlors, had occasion to be down stairs for a few minutes, looking after some candy, and his assistant was up stairs on another errand. While the store was thus temporarily deserted, some sneak thief entered the room and went back of the counter and deliberately helped himself to the cash in the money drawer, leaving some twenty-seven cents in pennies. Mr. Butler does not exactly know the amount of money stolen, but thinks it was about three dollars and a half.

This was one of the boldest robberies that has ever occurred in the city, as anyone passing on the street could easily have noticed the theft, and the streets were full of people on that day, too.

"Worked" the Nebraska Cityites. A traveling horse show "worked" a Nebraska City liveryman the other day in great shape. The tourists had an old gray horse in their outfit that appeared to be along on his pilgrimage to the bone-yard. Horsemen who examined it found that it was not less than seventeen years old and it was covered all over with brands, usually a pretty sure indication that it was a plug from Plugville. The liveryman owns a

"fast" mare, which he calls Alice R., and, after a little persuasion, a race was arranged for between the "plug" and Alice R. for \$50. The race came off last Friday and, in the language of the Nebraska City Press, "if Alice R. had been fastened with a fifty-foot rope to the shack of bones that skinned along ahead of her, it is believed that she would either have been choked to death or had her neck broken square off."

Several of the sports in the town down the river were very neatly cleaned up by the combination, as they bet their last red on Alice R.

### PERSONAL, POLITICAL AND PERTINENT.

AN OLD-TIME NOVEL.  
A pretty girl  
With wavy curl,  
An evening party somewhat late;  
A homeward walk,  
A loving talk,  
A kissing tableau at the gate.  
A moonlight night,  
A hand squeezed tight,  
A little reference to papa;  
A little kiss,  
A little bliss,  
A consultation with mamma,  
A little church,  
"For bad or worse  
You take the maid your wife to be;"  
A trembling yes,  
A loving press,  
A little wife to live with me.  
—Williams' Weekly.

Now that a good crop of small grain has been secured to the farmers of Cass county, and the corn crop is almost assured there is hardly a good reason why they cannot pay their accounts with the printer. There are several hundred farmers in Cass county who are in arrears for the WEEKLY and they could, one and all, very easily help us out of a hole, and a little help from each one would work wonders.

Attempted enforcement of the "blue laws" has broken out seriously near the town of Eagle, this county. Wm. Ewerth has filed complaint in a justice court, charging his neighbor, Henry Kettlehut, with having violated the law and sanctity of the Sabbath by riding his binder in the field last Sunday.

William Snyder returned last Saturday from a visit to his old stamping grounds in Cass county. For many years Mr. Snyder was an active leader of the democracy in western Cass, and he still takes a lively interest in politics across the river. He reports that although the old party has been badly crippled by false leaders who have tried to deliver its votes to the railroad republican candidates, a strong effort will be made this fall to place in nomination such a ticket as will invite the support of the better element in all parties, and thus redeem the county from the rule of the ring which now controls it. Old Cass is of right a democratic county, and we sincerely hope Mr. Snyder's predictions may be verified in November.—Papillon Times.

One year ago Friday was the most sorrowful one in the state's history. The hot winds of July 26, which were preceded by a drowth lasting sixty days, destroyed every vestige of hope for any kind of crops whatever. Thousands of poor families were compelled to face winter without a mouthful of food in their homes. Today, how changed! Truly, we ought to be thankful.

Something new, even in the matter of "standing off" the preacher, was discovered in Kansas. When the new dominie called on Farmer Tom Wilson, of Rock Creek, Jefferson county, a week or so since for a donation toward his salary, Mr. Wilson said he had no money, but said he would give two rows of potatoes, each twenty rods long. "If the Lord wants you to get \$20 from me," said the farmer, "he will water the potatoes well, and I will be mighty glad to have you get it; if he doesn't I'm afraid you'll not get much."

This charm never fails. If a girl will whirl around on her left heel three times without stopping and then take off her shoe, she will find in the heel a hair the color of the young man she will marry. If there is no hair in the shoe, the charm does not fail; she is to marry a bald headed man.

It seems that girls are preparing to become public speakers. A Boston letter says: "Twenty-five young ladies have just been graduated from the Boston school of oratory. They have been drilled to speak well and often, and the best productions of the greatest poets have been improved when set to the music of their sweet voices. Let us hope their course of study embraces such patriotic gems as that quaint old song, 'The Hand that Rocks the Cradle is the Hand that Rules the World.'"

Corn out near Weeping Water must be keeping up the record for Cass county, as the following from the Regulator will testify: "Ed Stackhouse was standing at the foot of a cornstalk in his field of corn west of town last Saturday, and when our reporter accosted him and asked 'how

big his roasting ears were?' Ed answered: 'I don't know. I sent Dick up to see about an hour ago, and I'm worried to death about him.' How so? asked the reporter. 'Can't he get back?' 'No; that's the trouble the cornstalk's growing up faster than he can climb down.'

There is but one passage in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men and that is in the golden rule: "Whatsoever that ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them."

J. W. Baker, a farmer who lives on the old J. M. Patterson tract near Rock Bluffs, brought to town Monday the stuffed hide of a timber rattlesnake, measuring five feet in length and six and three-quarter inches in circumference. It was ornamented with seventeen rattles. His snake-hunt may be seen at Ben Hempel's museum in the court house.

Caroline Burmeister of this county has begun suit in the district court at Nebraska City to recover \$200 on a chattel mortgage given by H. E. Ruhmann on July 13, 1895, on the stock and fixtures of the bakery and confectionary store in the Bartling block, in that city.

Why is it the B. & M. R. R. does not recommend No-to-bac for their engines? Because their engines have to chew-to-back-her.

Attorney Sloan went to Plattsmouth yesterday and secured a mandamus to compel Supt. Ebright to pay Edward Manley a balance due on salary as hostler and attendant. The money is tied up with other institute matters. —Nebraska City News.

People size up your business according to the size of the "ad." you run in the papers. If you run no "ad." they take it you have nothing worth advertising and don't want their trade.

### She Had Nerve.

The Lincoln News quotes Detective Langdon as saying: "You talk about nerve, the nerviest woman I ever saw was Mrs. Shellenberger, the Nebraska City woman accused of the murder of her little step daughter. After her trial in this city I took her back to the jail to await a verdict of the jury. During the suspense she sat in the jail sewing upon some garment for one of Sheriff Melick's little sons. It was fine goods and she was using a delicate needle. She had just emptied the needle when I received a telephone message that the jury had come in and that I should bring her in to hear the verdict. I spoke to her and told her what was wanted, and she started at her reply. What do you think she said? She simply quietly remarked, 'Wait until I thread this needle and I will be ready.' Without a quiver of her muscles she threaded her needle and then quietly laid aside her sewing and accompanied me to the court room to learn whether she lived or died. The verdict was an acquittal. It was the nerviest thing I have ever heard of read of."

### Bloomers in Greenwood.

The editor of the Louisville Courier tells of the popularity of bloomers in Greenwood in the following:

"While out at Greenwood the other day the writer saw new evidence why the bloomers should become popular. We were strolling along Main street viewing the one time prosperous little city where our childhood days were spent, when down the street came two beautiful young country girls on horseback, riding clothes-pin fashion. They easily managed the charging steeds on which they were perched, and of course the bloomers made it possible. And why not? If bloomers are to be worn, surely they look as graceful on either side of a horse as when clanking the air astride a bicycle. Louisville girls doubtless have not thought of this new use for the 'tribly pants' and this item is given that they may get in line and keep up with the times."

### Were Considerably Frightened.

The family of Judge Sullivan received quite a scare last Saturday afternoon. That morning the family horse was hitched to the buggy and the three younger children drove down to the farm of their grandmother, Mrs. Nelson Jean, to spend the day. In the afternoon when they were preparing to return, and the horse's collar and part of the harness had been put on, the animal became frightened and dashed away. The horse came home with part of the harness dangling on his body, and, of course, it caused quite a commotion in the Sullivan family. A searching party was immediately organized and sent out to look for the children. They were soon found, coming home in the jeans carriage, and the relief of the family can be easily imagined when they learned that the children were safe.

A young machinist from New Castle Wyoming, and a former lady of this city, who is now a widow, were married last Saturday and departed for the west on B. & M. No. 5. By request the names of the parties are not published.

### PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

General Ryan's Conundrum Didn't Bother the Irishman For a Moment.

One of General Ryan's peculiarities is that he never tells the same story to the same man a second time. Not long ago he was talking about his travels in the United Kingdom. "I had always thought," said he, "that the famous Irish wit and repartee were only to be found on the stage or in Lever's novels, but I came away from Ireland with a very different idea."

"I was stopping at a little country inn, and a game of cards was in progress. I was invited to take a hand, and as an Americanized Irishman I thought I ought to keep up the reputation of the country for sociability. I asked what they were playing, and they replied 'Forty-five,' an old time Irish game. I told them that I barely knew the rules, but that I could play seven up, euchre or nearly any other American card game. But they insisted on my taking a hand, and I did so. One of the pages, who was standing at the back of my chair, watched my hand pretty closely, and the first time I made a bad play he said, sotto voce: 'Holy Moses, I never see such a play in me loife. I wonder phwere the divil the mon cum from.' I paid no attention to him, of course, and went on with the game. The next time I made a bad play, and it wasn't very long, he again said, talking to himself, 'Bedad, never did I see a mon play the loikes of that.' I began to be annoyed, but still I said nothing, although a man never likes to hear it said that he plays a game badly, but the man was talking to himself and meant no harm. However, when he broke out the third time I could contain myself no longer. I turned around and said, 'Look here, my friend, are you playing these cards, or am I?' The Irishman looked at me for a moment, and then said, 'Nayther ur us, your honor, savin your prisince, sor.'

"I joined the rest of them in the laugh, and said, 'Well, boys, order up; that puts 'em on me.'—Cincinnati Tribune.

### HE KNEW JERSEY EGGS.

The Wise Printer Could Tell by Their Size and Shape.

Two printers lunched at a Park row restaurant the other day. One ordered "boef and" and the other two boiled eggs. When the eggs were placed before the one who ordered them, he said to his companion, "Why, those are Jersey eggs."

"How do you know they are Jersey eggs? They might have been laid in Pennsylvania or Kentucky for all you know."

"Well, I guess not. Those eggs came from Jersey, and I know it."

To prove it the proprietor was called into the discussion, and when asked he said the eggs were Jersey eggs. Then the egg eater explained: "Over in Jersey the farmers, or some of them at least, use a board with holes, large and small, bored in it. All eggs that will go through the small holes are sent to market, and those which will only go through the large holes are reserved for home consumption."

Another printer devised a scheme for procuring good butter at his boarding house table. The landlady had two tables for her guests ranged one each side of a large room. At one the women boarders and married couples sat, while at the other table the bachelors were placed. At the women's table there was always good butter, but at the other the butter was emphatically inferior. A printer boarder suffered long and patiently, but at last he rebelled. He went to the dining room just before dinner one evening and changed the butter from one table to the other. A howl from the women's table shortly after had the desired effect.

The butter was of equally good quality at both tables thereafter.—New York Journal.

### A Suspicious Title.

In Chicago—"The scoundrel addressed a letter to me 'John Smith, B. A.," exclaimed the city father wrathfully.

"What of it?"

"What of it? What does 'B. A.' stand for?"

"Bachelor of arts. He thought you were a college graduate."

"Oh, that's it, is it? I thought it meant 'boodle alderman.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

### A Prominent Wholesale Grocer of Omaha Neb., Writes:

To the afflicted:

Several years ago I discovered a slight falling and bleeding of the lower bowel which increased and became very distressing. I made inquiry as to the nature of the disease and learned that I had a somewhat aggravated case of Hemorrhoids or Piles. Was told of several remedies and used them as directed, obtaining thereby some temporary relief. Not being satisfied with such slight relief I cast about for a permanent cure; when a friend directed the use of the famous MAGNET PILE KILLER. I used it. Immediate relief from pain followed, and soon a complete cure was effected.

Very respectfully,

OSCAR ALLEN.

For sale by Gering & Co.

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### Notice to Creditors.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, ss.  
CASS COUNTY, ss.  
In the matter of the estate of Henry J. Hennings, deceased:

NOTICE is hereby given that the claims and demands of all persons against Henry J. Hennings, deceased, late of said county and state, will be received, examined and adjusted by the county court at the court house in Plattsmouth, on the 1st day of February, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and that six months from and after 1st day of August, A. D. 1895, is the time limited for creditors of said deceased to present their claims for examination and allowance.

Given under my hand this 25th day of July, A. D. 1895.  
B. S. RAMSEY, County Judge.

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The House Furnisher,

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