

**R. R. TIME TABLES.**  
**B & M. R. R. in Nebraska,**  
MAIN LINE.

Table with columns for STATIONS, EXPRESS TRAINS GOING WEST, No. 1, No. 2. Stations include Plattsmouth, Orestopolis, Concord, Cedar Creek, Louisville, South Bend, Ashland, Greenwood, Lincoln, Hastings, Red Cloud, McCook, Akron, Denver.

Table with columns for STATIONS, EXPRESS TRAINS GOING EAST, No. 2, No. 1. Stations include Plattsmouth, Orestopolis, Concord, Cedar Creek, Louisville, South Bend, Ashland, Greenwood, Lincoln, Hastings, Red Cloud, McCook, Akron, Denver.

Table with columns for STATIONS, EXPRESS TRAINS GOING SOUTH, No. 1, No. 2. Stations include Plattsmouth, Orestopolis, Bellevue, Omaha.

Table with columns for STATIONS, EXPRESS TRAINS GOING NORTH, No. 1, No. 2. Stations include Plattsmouth, Orestopolis, Bellevue, Omaha.

Table with columns for STATIONS, EXPRESS TRAINS GOING WEST, No. 1, No. 2. Stations include Plattsmouth, Orestopolis, Bellevue, Omaha.

Table with columns for STATIONS, EXPRESS TRAINS GOING EAST, No. 2, No. 1. Stations include Plattsmouth, Orestopolis, Bellevue, Omaha.

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eight and time.

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2 Bennett & Lewis, store.  
3 M. B. Murphy & Co.,  
4 Bonner Stables,  
5 County Clerk's office,  
6 E. R. Lewis, residence,  
7 J. V. Weckbach, store,  
8 Western Union Telegraph office,  
9 R. H. Wheeler, residence,  
10 D. A. Campbell,  
11 R. H. Wheeler, store,  
12 J. W. Wayman,  
13 J. W. Jennings,  
14 W. S. Wise, office,  
15 Morrissey Bros., office,  
16 W. R. Carter, store,  
17 G. W. Fairfield, residence,  
18 M. B. Murphy,  
19 J. P. Taylor, residence,  
20 First National Bank,  
21 J. E. Kuffner's office,  
22 J. P. Taylor, residence,  
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To induce housekeepers to give this Soap a trial, we have put on it the following FREE GIVE AWAY OFFER:  
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We WARRANT this Soap to do more washing with greater ease than any soap in the market. It has no EQUAL for use in hard and cold water.

**MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.**  
The Author of "The Daughter of Mendoza"—A Personal Recollection.

Washington Post.  
The exquisitely beautiful lines with the above caption that appeared in the last Sunday edition of The Post, you may not know, were conceived and executed and published years ago by a man who stamped his genius upon the history of his country—Mirabeau B. Lamar—first a general in the army of the filibustering forces of Texas, and afterward president of that great state, the uncle of the present elegant and talented United States senator from Mississippi, L. Q. C. Lamar.

After returning from a visit to the Lampsos springs in company with Mr. Hamilton, who was a native of Alabama, and who since the civil war came to the United States senate from Texas, I met General Mirabeau B. Lamar at the hotel where I stopped in Austin, with his fame still fresh in the minds of men. Governor under the name of a native of the north, was also at the same hotel, as was also Austin, who led the first American colony into Texas. At the same time I formed the acquaintance of Chief Justice Hamilton, afterward United States senator, who was a native of South Carolina, and of General Green, of Virginia extraction, who was killed during the late civil war commanding a Texas brigade in the battle of Mansfield. I met General Smith against General Steele on the banks of the Cash in Arkansas, upon the retreat of General Steele, after his disastrous repulse and defeat by General Sheridan's forces.

Gen. Lamar had retired from politics, yet his chivalric genius did not rest. Not long before he had prepared and published a volume of his poems, and among them I found "The Daughter of Mendoza." The exceeding beauty of these lines in conception and perfect execution, in their musical flow and grace scarcely ever equalled and never surpassed, riveted then upon my memory, and since then, in my conversations, he has been a frequent instance of me as being among the rarest gems of versification and true poetry in the English language. But years before I met Gen. Lamar at Austin, while negotiations were going forward in Washington for the annexation of Texas to the Union, he had fallen to my province to invite me to receive him as a guest of the president of the United States on the occasion of one of the state dinners in the presidential mansion.

Gen. Lamar was a native of Georgia, and the senator himself is also a native of that state. The characteristics of the family are striking: a chivalric nature, indomitable energy, a courage and heroism, a high intellectuality, a genius I may say inspired by the imagination, has marked more than one of its members. At an early age Mirabeau B. Lamar, fired by the news of the struggle in Texas to achieve independence, with indignation at the atrocities committed by the Mexican butchers near Gonzalez after the surrender of Travis, and at the Alamo where David Crockett fell, threw himself into the field of combat at the battle of San Jacinto commanded the Texas cavalry. That he did his work well on that gory day may be inferred from the fact that on preparing for the fight, as Mr. Hamilton informed me at Austin, he had the day before seen several thousands of farms in his hands.

It seems from the above that Dakota is not the land of promise, flowing with milk and honey, which many people have been led to believe as the result of the representations of an abundantly corroborated by others. The man who leaves Illinois for Dakota is going away from home, "and don't you forget it."

**THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA.**  
O, lend me, sweet nightingale,  
Your music by the fountain;  
And lend me your cadences,  
O, river of the mountains.  
That I may sing my gay brunette,  
A diamond spark in coral set,  
Or a prince's crown in tinsel,  
The daughter of Mendoza.  
How brilliant is the morning star,  
The evening star how tender,  
The light of both is in her eyes—  
Their softness and their splendor.  
But for the lash that shades her sight,  
They were too glowing for the night,  
And when she shuts them all is night—  
The daughter of Mendoza.

**GENEVEVE.**  
[Denver Tribune.]  
courted Geneveve, a comely maid;  
My love was hot, but I had a real fear  
Did all my trembling bones and stammering  
tongue pervade.  
When she, my worshiped Geneveve, said  
Ob, coward man, to fear a maiden so!  
Oh, foolish craven, holding love so dear!  
Oh, wretch unwise, to treat with me as foe—  
Trembling, forsooth, when Geneveve was  
near!  
I married Geneveve, a stalwart wife;  
My love bath cooled, and still a generous  
fear  
Doth permeate my troublous matrimonial  
life.  
When she, my respecting Geneveve, is near,  
Sagacious man, vigourous woman so!  
I'm on my knees when she is on her ear—  
And merrily through the gloom of wedded  
life I go,  
Trembling, alas! when Geneveve is near.

**DAKOTA NOT A PARADISE.**  
A Representation from a Disappointed Emigrant.

Chicago Journal.  
Notwithstanding that the emigration to Dakota this spring has been so great, that some of the lines of railroad leading thither have been absolutely blocked, the Chicago Journal has lifted its voice against the expediency of the exodus, especially from the best sources for a man who has been reared where the south of the fortieth parallel of latitude. As a matter of courtesy on the part of the geographers, Dakota is placed in the "temperate zone," but when wets in the feet the red frosts of winter, the cold that does the registry of Fahrenheit, and continues until May, it might as well be called a cold section of country.

"I have not seen a crop of wheat of twenty-five bushels per acre, and the wheat and they have not. Last year the department of agriculture made the returns for this county at fourteen bushels. This was rather light, but the crop was the best in five years. Over again instance, when the crop is good, it takes five acres of prairie to pasture a steer through summer. Flax is our main market crop, and is fast ruining lands devoted to it. Many who have taken up land in the state have given it up. Cattle business is the most profitable business at present, and the men who run threshing machines grow poor at it.

"There is a heavy emigration to the territory, and it is a land-grabbing nature. Six months' fictitious residence, then prove up, mortgage or sell for \$300 to \$500, then leave Dakota or repeat the game, making a net gain of perhaps \$200 for the six months' residence. The program by thousands and many an honest pioneer takes his claim, toils to make a home, and in a year or two finds himself almost isolated from neighbors and debarred from the blessings of society.

"The Despoiled Base Ball Club.  
Chicago Tribune.  
"Where is Mulcahey?"  
As Lord Weyern spoke these words he stepped lightly from the broad veranda that encircled Brierton villa and stood beside his daughter, Beryl McCloskey, whose lithe, graceful form, sharply outlined against the rustic woodshed that dotted the landscape to the westward, was shown to advantage by the dress she wore—a simple garment of soft, white pique, caught up at the shoulders with little knots of blue ribbon, through which the warm flesh-tints and beautiful curves of a snowy arm were to be seen. The kissing winds of a perfect June evening—bright, joyous June, that whiffs so gracefully over the rose-crowned quoniam of months, swept through the larches, and stood like sentinels around the close-trimmed lawn and seemed to keep over the bright patches of flowers, whose vivid colors were in pretty contrast to the velvety green of the grass around them a kindly but ceaseless vigil.

"I am not happy, papa," said the girl, turning as the words with which this chapter opens were spoken, and laying a shapely, dimpled hand in the broad, pleated palm of her father. "I know full well that it is not right for me to feel thus, because I have everything that should make my life a bright and joyous one. With kind, loving parents, a beautiful home, health, doughnuts and every luxury that taste can suggest or money purchase, I should indeed be ungrateful—may, even without cause, complain; but in spite of all this, in spite of the fact that I, O so hard, to be bright and gay, there seems to be always before me some great sorrow or a prince's crown in tinsel, and Beryl laid her hand on her father's shoulder and wept long and so bitterly that Lord Weyern began to wonder if she was weeping.

"It is your liver, my darling," he said tenderly when the violence of the girl's grief had in some measure abated, and only the convulsive sobs that shake the body like the dying throes of a broken pump through the lissome form that he held in his arms told of the mighty sorrows that were wracking Beryl's heart. "You are off your feed."

"No, papa," replied the girl, looking up to him, her hand on his forehead, as if to feel the pulse of the soft light of a holy, tender affection. "I have thought of that, but it cannot be."

Lord Weyern turned away his head to conceal from his daughter the tears that suffused his eyes as she spoke, and laying a shapely, dimpled hand in the broad, pleated palm of her father. "I know full well that it is not right for me to feel thus, because I have everything that should make my life a bright and joyous one. With kind, loving parents, a beautiful home, health, doughnuts and every luxury that taste can suggest or money purchase, I should indeed be ungrateful—may, even without cause, complain; but in spite of all this, in spite of the fact that I, O so hard, to be bright and gay, there seems to be always before me some great sorrow or a prince's crown in tinsel, and Beryl laid her hand on her father's shoulder and wept long and so bitterly that Lord Weyern began to wonder if she was weeping.

"What the devil, perchance, we meet no more,  
What though you soon we sever,  
Thou art too bright a star to set,  
Fair daughter of Mendoza!

**RESPONSIBILITY OF THE LIVER.**  
Deceitful Above All Things, and Desperately Overcharged with Bile.

The liver affects the intellectual parts of man. It is the liver, and not the heart, that is really the seat of sentiment, of love, of chivalry and of all good and evil emotions. The condition of a man's liver colors and affects all his acts. A man may have ever so much of a heart, and it may be in the right place, but let his liver be out of order and he will kick the first harmless yellow dog he meets.

We often hear of a man harboring malice in his heart. This statement is not correct. All malice resides in the liver. All murderers have damaged and disabled livers. This is a fact which will soon be heralded abroad by the medical profession, and then the day will come when, instead of the monotonous insanity plea, the lawyer for the defense will claim that the deed was done while the prisoner was laboring under a fit of temporary derangement of the liver. If Solomon had lived in these unhealthy times, instead of speaking as he did about the heart, he would have said: "The liver of a man is deceitful above all things and desperately overcharged with bile."

When the preacher draws gloomy pictures of woe, it is his liver that is out of order. When the philosopher predicts calamities and disasters that are about to fall on the people, it is the hinges of his liver that need oiling. Everything in the liver that need oiling will come when, instead of the monotonous insanity plea, the lawyer for the defense will claim that the deed was done while the prisoner was laboring under a fit of temporary derangement of the liver.

When science shall have so far advanced that the liver of a man will be under control, then, and not till then, will the millennium dawn, the sword be turned into a reaping hook, O'Donovan Rossa lie down with the hair opponent to the English throne, and peace reign o'er all the earth.

**In Fantomime.**  
Detroit Free Press.  
One of the traces of the street-car horse bridle, delaying the car for seven or eight minutes. Afar off to the right one could see into the back-yard of a house, and directly the passengers on the car were gazing that the woman behind the man in a carpet hanging on the fence and waved her arms some more.

"She's telling him to pull off his coat and beat it," explained the passenger, "and he replies that he'll see the old thing first." No true wife will ever ask her husband to have anything to do with a carpet.

The two suddenly disappeared into the house, and the interpreter remarked: "Hold on, my friend. A man on the car took him in to show where she wants the kitchen stove moved. To there they come, and she is madder'n ever."

"The actors reappeared and stood in the attitude of enemies about to begin a combat. "She's saying that she sees the day she ever set eyes on him!" whispered the passenger.

**W. D. JONES**



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