B & M. R. R. in Nebuska, MAIN LINE

STATIONS:	EXPERSS TRAINS GOING WEST.		
	No. 1.	No. 3.	
Plattsmouth		6 :55 p m	
Orespolls	9 :20 a m	7:15 p n	
Concord	9:35 (4.10)		
Cedar Creek	9 :48 a m		
Coulsville			
Ashland.			
asmand.	10 :47 a m	8 !30 p m	
Greenwood	11 :05 a m	8 :45 p m	
Lincoln	Ar. 11 :55 p m		
	L've 12 :30 L m		
Hastings	Ar. 1:25 p E		
Red Cloud	L've 1:3 pm	L've 3:30 a m	
wed Cloud	Ar. 6:55 pm	Ar. 6:30 a m	
McCook	Ar 00 p ta		
	L'vel lopm	L've 12 :25 pm	
Akron	Ar. + 20 a m		
200 79	Live . wam		
Denver	Ar. 2 06 a m	Ar. 10 :00 p m	

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING		
	No. 2.	No. 4.	
Plattsmouth Oreapolis Concord. Cedar Creek. outsville outh Bend. Ashland	Ar. 5:10 p m Ar. 4:50 p m Ar. 4:35 p m Ar. 4:12 p m Ar. 4:12 p m Ar. 3:55 p m Al. 3:35 p m	Ar. 8:50 a m Ar. 8:25 a m Ar. 8:25 a m Ar. 8:17 a m Ar. 8:05 a m	
· reenwood	Ar. 8:15 pm	Ar. 7:34 a m	
Hastings	Ar. 2:0' pm L've 2:55 pm Ar. 9:50 a m L've 10:10 a m Ar. 8:40 a m	Ar. 10:15 p m	
McCook	L've 8 ::5 a m Ar. 8 :55 a m L've 4 .02 a m Ar. 10 .45 p m L've '0 :35 p m L've '7 :05 p m	L've 7:45 pm Ar. 3:00 pm L've 3:20 pm Ar. 10:55 am L've 11:05 am	

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING NORTH.		
Plattsmouth Oreapolis' La l'latte Be levue	4:50 a m 5:03 a m 5:11 a m 5:28 a m 6:00 a m	5 :50 p m 6 :07 p m 6 :14 p m 6 :26 p m 6 :50 p m	
STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING SOUTH.		
Plattsmouth . Orespolis	9:20 a m 9:10 a m	8 :10 p m 8 :00 p m	

TIME TABLE Missouri Pacific Railroad.

	Express icaves going south.	Express leaves going south.	Freight leaves going south.
Papillion. Springfleld. Louisville. Weeping Water Avoca Dunbar Kansas City St. Louis	7 40 p m 8.17 8.42 8.59 9.24 9.07 6.37 a.b. 55: p.1	2.00 a.m 8.37 9.00 9.15 9.40 9.53 9.21 7.07 p.m.	12.50 a. m 2.00 p. n. 3.65 3.50 5.45 6.45
	NORTH.	NORTH.	NORTH
St. Louis Amsas City Junbar Avoca Weeping Water Louisynde Springfield Fapiliton Omana arrive	8 52 8. m 5.38 p m 5 10 a. m 5 45 - 03 - 520 - 20 - 000	8,32 p.tm. 7.67 a.m £24 p.tm. 2.54 5.05 4.28 5.18 6.18 6.15	1.01 p. m. 2.10 ** 0.15 ** 3.50 ** 1.25 ** 5.26 ** 5.26 **

The above is Jellerson City time, which is to

i	Pha	L AND DI	MA MA	LA.
	ARIVES.		pe	DEPARTS
Į	7.30 p. m. §	EASTER	N.	9.00 a. m.
ŧ	3,00 a. m. (WESTER	N.	19.00 a. m. 6.66 p. m.
ı	11.00 a m	NORTHE		4.25 p. in
ā	7.50 p. m.	SOUTHER	CN.	9.00 a. 11.
i	1.30 p. m. (OMAHA		j 8.25 n. m. 4.25 p. m.
	4.00 p. m.	WEEFING W	ATER.	8.00 3. 10
	21.00 a m. Dec. 17, 186	FACTORYV.	ILLE.	1.00 p. a.
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ist class matter (letters) 3 cents per ½ ounce.

'' (Publisher's rates) 2 cts per ilid " (Trai i Newsproers and books come in der this class) 1 cent per each 2 ounces.

th class (merenandise) 1 cent per ounce.

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thes having business with the County impressioners, will find them in session the t Monday and Tuesday of each month.

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THE RESERVE TO SERVE

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO., WELL'S PARGO & CO. EXPRESS. A Tale of Four.

"Min Wresh in Mi Divisio-THY. IS "Very well; show her in." He frowned as he spoke; his frown despened as his fair eli-ent stepped brinkly in and up to him.
"Be seated, please; I will be disengaged in

So he continued, his eyes still on the papers he pretended to be studying, though he was really but heaping anathemas upon his ab-sent partner, to whom business with fair clients was ordinarily deferred. He did not court them: court them; now, as long as possible, he en-trenched himself behind his records. But delay reached its limit, and, perforce, he turned toward her.

"I am at your service, Miss Gre-ham." Miss Gresham had passed the interval gaz-ing curiously at the furnishings of the unfamiliar office -curiously, though with a bit of awe, at him. A moment yet she regarded him, as if bewildered, then a sudden, merry

laugh burst from her lips. "I do not know much about business," she said, gayly; "I suppose this is the way men transact it, but 1-oh! I never could do so! You must turn way around; you must look straight at me, you must seem-seem sociable, confidential like, Mr. Wexson, or I annot talk at all."

luwardly Hugh Wexson groaned, but there was no help for it; he must do the best be could. For the first time he looked directly at his visitor. Miss Gr-sham was young and fair, he saw; of a delicate beauty set off strinkingly by her mourning robes. And there was something attractive, something peculiarly attractive, about her eyes. Only gray-blue, but-

Slightly again Hugh Wexson frowned, and an exclamation moved his lips. Why did he even note them? But he had never seen her before; this case Lennon could soon dispose of; he need never see her again. The thought. brought a sudden comfort, and-so he dis mussed Miss Gresham. She seemed better satisfied with him.

though her face was shadowing now.

"I came to tell you that I have found it,

she continued, softly. "Yes. I found it a few minutes ago, and hurried here with it. I do not know anything of law, but I supposed I must." She drew a small box from her pocket and laid it on the desk beside him. "I told Mr. Lennon I knew I should find it in some odd placesome place just like—just like poor papa to put it. Rolled up like a common letter and tucked in with other things. And I put them all back and brought them. I did not know:

I thought perhaps I must."
She was blushing now, for, despite himself, he smiled. His smile broadened as he removed the box-cover and looked down on the contents. Strange things, indeed, to be deemed essential to the proving of a will! A pair of worn gloves, half a dozen of fishhooks, and a caseless ambrotype. With a plain effort Hugh Wexson turned them out

to get the will beneath. "You see, I am only a girl, and I did not know," went on Ray Gresham, now thor-oughly confused. "Pray inagh, if you will, Mr. Wexson: I ——" But she saw that he did not heed her: he

was looking down at the little ambrotype as intently as though he had unexpectedly confronted some knotty legal problem, Suddenly he looked up again. "What will you take for this picture?" He spoke with a boyrsh eagerness, and

there was a look in his face that startled her. With all a girl's wonder Ray Gresham stared "What will I take for it, Mr. Gresham? I will not sell it at all, of course. Whatever Lucie, taken when she was just 16. Faded of course, but any one can see how beautiful she was. Poor aunt Lucie! Some one

treated her very badly; went away a month of their wedding-day, and never came back to her. Just because of a little quarrel! And so, instead of the happy wife she should nave been, she is she is-But she paused again abruptly; in open amazement Hugh Wexson sat staring at her. No wonder, thought Ray Greeham; such a

bold, foolish girl she was to tell aunt Lucie's affairs to a stranger. She started up shamedly "I-I suppose I need not stay any longer, Mr. Wexson. And, if you please, I will take the picture, and-and the other things."

As if mechanically, he turned his gaze from her and opened the papers on the desk.
"Yes, yes, I see," he said, glancing hurriedly down the street: "all in right shape, witnesses fortunately in town; no contestants, I presume. He hereby leaves to Lu-to his wife's sister, Lucie Grey, the sum of-1 beg your pardon, Miss Gresham: a mere formal-

ity, and you will enter u pon your rights." He swept the gloves and fish hooks back into the box and handed it to her. "But the picture, Mr. Wexson? I want Aunt Lucie's picture."

"I must beg you to leave the picture. Itit might be necessary to the case.' "Oh!" Involuntarily the exclamation broke from her lips. What a strange man he was; what did he mean anyway? But—she was only a girl; his open confusion, his hesitation

was confusion alone to her. Business was, indeed, bewildering; and she was only too glad to have Hugh Wexson, and-the picture and hurry out into the bright summer morn-

John Gresham's will did not move towards probate that next hour. For that time the usually matter of fact lawyer sat, lost to business, poring over an ambrotype.
"Went away a month of their wedding day,

and never came back to her." No: strange, surely not strange at all For, not the face, though it were the same which had once smiled up at him with all a woman's fond devotion, the same little Lucie he had loved so tenderly the years agone— not the face but the words, which held him spellbound. Casual words from a stranger's ins to reveal to him, after the false years, a truth of which he ne'er had dreamed.

He had gone away a month of his wedding-day; he had wandered far and long with his dissatisfied, aching heart. "Just because of a little quarrel? Yes, but surely he had done all, on his side, that could be done; written the tender letter; tried, in vain, to see little Lucie. What, then, could be do

out go away! He had viewed fate unsuspectingly on the one side; now that it flashed the other—tifeen years a dead thing, but what mattered that! He bent his soul to ferret out this business, to f thom its mystery. What had it been! So simple a thing as the miscarriage of a letter; something explainable even in her refusal to see him that bitter night? He had gone hastily-very hastily-now it

"Did be care!" This was the question that pressed suddenly n upon him; he looked down at the smiling ure-yes, with the question in his eyes. He did not know; he could not answer. She had been to him all these years such a hard, cruel woman, that he could barely think of her as his little Lucie, even now. He would —yes he would—like to see her; he would like to question her of this strange business, to explain to her his part. It might be that he would like-

He did not know. It was so dead a thing -fifteen years so dead a thing, and he was changed, so hardened! He turned bewilder-ingly from the picture, and took up John Gresham's will. But, oddly, all that day there stood before him the fair girl with the eyes so like his little Lucie's whom fate had

The moon smiled down on two lovers part rage and deny it. She will live a long time. ing at Greekam gate.

"Yes, but, Clarry, I cannot promise you any, more And I want you to go now, really, because I expect—my lawyer."

The dignity with which she finished would have made her lawyer smile indeed could be have seen around the curve he was this moment turning. The winding road was grow-ing a familiar one to Hugh Wexson. Busi-ness had brought him three times already to Gresham since that first eventful day. A

interviews, Lennon, to his utter amazement being dropped unceremoniously from the This would be the last time he need call at Gresham. He was thinking absently, as he was thinking always these latter days, as he turned and saw her at the gate. Clarry Herry was striding impatiently the other way; there was none to see him take the little white hand and look down—into the eyes of his little Lucie, it always seemed to him.

witness was out of town, he had called to tell

ser that. Other matters as much requiring

Under the old charm he went in with her; an bour passed in light talk before he arose to go. "Your affairs, as far as we are concerned, are now settled," said he, only just remembering the business that brought him; "the rest remains to your executors, and I suppose there is no need of my coming here again. But I feel a strong interest in you, Miss Ray: I would like to serve you. You are -" he paused a bit under the first thought-"you are all too young, too fair, I think, to be left unretrained with so much mouey. Tell me, frankly, have you any lovers !"

She was one Ray Gresham; a girl of warm, tender nature, but romantic, easily infatu-ated; she gazed up at him, and somehow the earnest face, the quiet words, grew more to her that moment than her rightful lover's maddest protestations and most impussioned ooks. She had never told a lie in all her life; all the same, now, she regarded Hugh Wexson steadily, smilingly, and quietly an-

It was an impulse, but, ever after the lie did not trouble her; she followed him to the door, living but in the smile that lit his face. A bit awed, yet earnestly, she gave him her hand at parting.

"You will come again?" she said, softly. "If you wish it—yes."
He would go again; he was sure of that, as he walked slowly back towards home; he would go anywhere the wondrous eyes of his little Lucie called him. Three evenings later found him taking his way to Gresham. For what? Only caring to look into the grayblue orbs as never in his life before. Although his little Lucie he had for ever put behind him. For she would certainly never forgive him; whatever the mystery, she would never forgive him for being so hasty, so easily satisfied. And so it were

foolish to resurrect-So thinking that moment, he walked up the lawn. Suddenly he shaded his eyes and paused. Who was it standing by the bush yonder, that slight figure with the bronzed, wavy hair, bending down to the roses? Just as he had surprised her many a like evening far down the years. A vision it must be, born of his own imagination, and yet so like, so like! He gazed unto belief; involuntarily he started forward as in the old days-

But the figure by the rose-bush turned sud-denly, and he stood face to face with Lucie Grey: Lucie Grey with a countenance a bit more settled, a bit lacking girlish freshness, a bit shadowed by the passing years. Yet even more beautiful she seemed to the man gazing at her with the fresh-beating heart and the pallid face.

The question recurred to him, that moment, lmost to drive him mad. But somehow it and never occurred to him that he would meet her, and, despite the loosed strings of as ion, he could not speak a word. It was harder for her, amid the complete surprise and the unexpectedly challenged memories of the years. But she struggled

"I did not dream that Ray's lawyer was the Hugh Wexson I used to know," she said. extending her hand even calmly.

But he did not take it. The years had sud-

denly rolled back to him; he was here now simply to have all this trouble settled-that side of their wedding day. "Lucie," he broke in, jubilantly, "do you know it is all a mistake between you and

She could only look at him. only listen dumbly to the strange questions that he asked. But soon she realized. "The letter-the letter never came to me. And it was a new servant brought another

name to me that night. Oh, can it be-can this hard thing be? There was only pain in that first moment they stood looking at each other. But they were fonder lovers than ever, now: and the next moment sawas in his arms, fast forgetting the hard years beneath the spell of his passionate bisses and the sweet promise

of the years to come And shortly went in to tell it all to

"It will just suit mmantic Ray," said By the window she see, quite lost in her own wild dream. She had been dreaming these three days past: Hugh Wexson loved a::: that was the secret of the picture, of all ais interest in her. Sure, amid it all, this foolish little girl loved her rightful lover, but -the simple fact that such a man should

want her was quite enough for my Ray tresham. Truly it has been enough. Up-stairs even now lies the little note destined for poor Clarry Berry, when he returns home on the norrow; the decisive note stating that all

must be at an end between them. While she its proudly dreaming, yet withal-But the two have come in and stand before her. A duller girl than Ray Gresham must have guessed their happy faces; almost before they speak it is flashing all on her. But she is one Ray Gresham still; just a little glance she turns with fate, and then self sinks, unimportant, before this romantic tale. And suddenly, with a genuine sigh of relief, she burries up the stairs and tears the little note to bits.

A happy lover walks on the morrow from Gresham gate. A happy husband walks, for all his life through, at Ray Gresham's side. But he never dreams, as he looks calmly on Hugh Wexson, how easily, had he willed it, he could have lost to him his wife. This is the only secret Mrs. Clarence Berry has from her husband.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

And Sometimes Wish You Didn't .-Male and Female Cranks of a Mild Order.

Chicago Herald The man who apologizes—what a bore!
Thinks an apology settles all accounts with
his fellows. Carelessly steps on a friend's tender toes. Apologizes and steps on them again. Walks along crowded street swinging his cane against people and apologizing right and left. Turns to apologize to a man behind and runs into a women in front. More apologizing. Thinks he is very polite. Never stops to consider that if he were, the necessity for apology would be removed. Would that he might bow himself off the

government pier or choke on his tiresome Beg pardon, sir." The woman who apologizes. Fishing for compliments. Dressed in her newest and best gown she apologizes for her appearance. At table apologizes for her poor biscuits. Oh, Chicago Times. for somebody strong enough to reply. "Well, A tall, stylish-looking woman, leading a for somebody strong enough to reply. "Well, I have eaten better," just to see her fly in a

"Do say it shall be soon, dear," he murmured. "I love you so madly, and you know you need a protector now."

"Yes —" She looked dreamily into the boy's smooth face; half consciously she was comparing it with that other bearded one so attractive to her of late. And then involuntiated and the involuntiated and the involuntiated and the involuntiated and the involuntiated and looks cross at the Governor pardons all men under cover, Heaven does not wish for ber. attractive to her of late. And then involuntarily sets across and waits are smited to fancy Charry Borry a protector; 'y.e.s, I know, but I cannot say any more about it. We have lived here such any more about it. We have lived here such instruit instruit

may not run fact enough to got steepesses.

The men who hearly runs-into his buggy.
Truckman who nearly runs-into his buggy.
Truckman drives right along about his business. Man keeps swearing and looking back at him. Will not a fire engine please come down street in front and knock him over a block or two?

Woman who primps. Disgustingly neat. Everything in its place except the woman She has a dust rag in her hand and is in everybody's way. Makes you get up and let her dust the chair you have sat on for an hour. Looks completely disgusted at your dusty boots. Never opens doors or shutters, lest sunshine get in and fade the carpet. Keeps windows hermetically sealed to shut out dust. Life, though short, is, also, too

long in certain cases. Man who wraps \$10 bill outside a roll of less, though.

Man who talks to himself on the street. Not always crazy, not always. Chicago is plentifully supplied with him. Sometimes be talks because his mind is so engrossed in business he forgets where he is. Sometimes he talks to make people believe he has a mind and that it is engrossed. He would like to be deemed a much absorbed man. If the lake would only

The woman who washes on Monday cannot think of doing her washing on any other day. Postpones her husband's funeral until Tuesday because Monday is washday. Must have breakfast at 6 to get the dishes out of the way early, and give the day to the regular order. Maybe this woman will fall into a washtub some Monday morning before anybody is up to help her out. While there's life there's

The man who cannot tell a lie. How stupid! Can't tell a lie to entertain a friend. Stick to the truth no matter how stale and uninteresting it may be. Doesn't know that the right to be deceived is the most precious of all hu-man rights. Thinks it is sinful to violate truth and make people happy. Must tell a sick man he is dying even f it kills him. May he never hear anything but truth. The curse is

The man who uses a book-mark. Thinks he has read up to it. Does not know that if he has read and not merely skimmed he would need no mark to find where he left off. Does not know what reading means.

The Colonel's Criticism of Emerson. B. L. R. Dane in N. O. Times-Democrat. "Basil, my boy," said the colonel, taking off his hat, hanging it on his knee and looking solemnly at me, "you've just struck it! The New Testament doesn't satisfy 'em, and Emerson does. And why? Because there are a lot of people in that negative state of mind where the little injunctions about visiting the widows and orphans, and giving goods to the poor, and all that, which the bible adds to its plain living and high thinking, seem too crude for them. They want to sit back quietly, with a fine lot of spiritual feelings, and not do anything but be proud of them. I tell you sir"-resuming his hat and regarding me sternly-"that in my opinion Sister Mary Thomas, who darns her poor shabby veil all over, does up her white bonnet and cape with her own hands, and nurses the people through the yellow fever epidemics for no reward, is a long way ahead of Emerson; for she does plain thinking and high living, and the living is a deal harder to do than the thinking." And the old gentle-man tipped his chair back to a fearful de-

gree and firmly refused to listen to any pleas about different temperaments and needs. Later, when the talk had drifted to other charged Emerson with hypocrisy. "Don't say a word, you can't defend him, Basil; there that man sat home cleanfingered and comfortable, and called the slave owners every bad name he could think of; he used fairly to weep for the woes of the slave, but what did he ever do! John Brown, though he was a traitor and would-be assassin, was a better man than Emerson, for he risked his own skin for his convictions. Wasn't it easy enough if he felt so much for the negro to lay aside part of his income every year to buy one and free him? If he'd felt as much as he professed, he'd have been willing to do it: but no, he wanted them liberated, but at no

expense to him but his eternal talk

Operators and Directors. 'Spar" in Detroit Free Press. Those young men standing here and there are operators on strike. They are smart and respectable looking young fellows, and you would never take them for a lot of conspirators, now, would you! But that's what the directors seem to consider them. Those directors are all high-minded and honest men. If they were not, you don't suppose that Jay Gould would be one of them, do you? Why don't they pay the operators fair wages? You don't understand. The first thing is to pay dividends on \$80,000,000 of watered stock. If they paid fair wages they could not do that. Dividends first and wages afterward-that's the rule they propose to carry out. What is the value of all the Western Union property? Well, probably about \$20,000,000. Yes, and there's a big lot of bonds, besides; stocks and bonds foot up nearly \$100,000,000. Then, if the Western Union Company "busted" it could pay about 20 cents on the dollar! It looks that way, but never mind; unless you happen to be long of the stock you needn't care whether the company "busts" or not.

Poker in Thompson Street. It was a poker party in Thompson street, and a big jack pot had been opened. There were evidently big hands out, and the bets and excitement ran high. "Lookee hyer, Gus, whuffer yo' rise dat pot?" exclaimed Mr Tooter Williams. "Neober yo' mind—yo' call, ef yo' isn't afraid—yes, yo' call—dat's all!" retorted Gus, sullenly. "I won't call! I rise yo' back," sud Mr. Williams, whose vertebræ was ascending. "I rise yo' agin." re-

And so they went on at each other until chips, money and collaterals were gone. Mr. Gus laid down his hand-ace, king, queen

jack and ten of clubs. "Is dat good?" he inquired, beginning to size up the pot. "No, dat's not good," said Mr. Williams reaching down in his bootleg.

"What yo' got, den?" queried Gus. Mr
Williams looked at him fixedly.

"Ise jes' got two jacks an' a razzer."
"Dat's good," said Gus.

torted Gua

King Stanley of Congo. An Italian newspaper gravely announces that Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, bas accepted the title of king at the hands of the savage tribes among whom he is laboring in the interest of commerce. He is to be styled, it adds, King Stanley of Congo, and is to be invested with absolute authority to sign treaties and to execute all the other functions of supreme sovereignty.

Commodore Starin is 56 years old, but would readily pass for 30, is six feet high, well knit, finely proportioned, a blonde, with a countenance of rare penetration, tempered with an expression of good humor.

grayhound, passed the balcony of a Saratoga hotel, on which two gentleman were standing

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Williams concluded to call: "What yo' got, wigger, dat yo' do all dat risin' on! What yo' Staple and Fancy Groceries

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