

**COUNTY OFFICIALS.**

Clerk District Court.....Jas. M. Robertson  
County Judge.....Harvey D. Travis  
County Clerk.....A. L. Tyson  
Treasurer.....H. D. Wheeler  
Sheriff.....John D. McElrath  
Attorney.....Jesse L. Root  
Superintendent of Schools.....C. S. Workman  
Surveyor.....D. E. Hilton  
Commissioners.....T. B. Zink  
.....W. B. Banning  
.....D. Hawksworth

**CITY OFFICIALS.**

Mayor.....Henry R. Gerling  
Clerk.....H. M. Seemichsen  
Treasurer.....R. W. Clement  
Attorney.....H. D. Travis  
Police Judge.....William Weber  
Marshal.....J. M. Fitzgerald

**MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.**

First Ward.....Ed Fitzgerald, F. W. Ebinger  
Second Ward.....Frank Buttery, W. C. Tippen  
Third Ward.....J. H. Herold, E. H. Schenker  
Fourth Ward.....Wm. Ballance, F. A. Newman  
Fifth Ward.....J. M. Vondran, Wm. Sator

**Time Table**

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**Trains Leave as Follows:**

No. 18—Pacific Junction..... 2:35 pm  
No. 2—Local express, to Iowa points, Chicago and the east..... 4:32 pm  
No. 14—Fast express, daily, from Lincoln to St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, and all points east and south..... 8:27 pm  
No. 92—For Pacific Junction..... 11:52 pm  
No. 34—Local to Pacific Junction..... 9:52 am  
No. 27—From Omaha..... 4:05 pm  
No. 30—Freight, daily except Sunday..... 4:00 pm  
No. 6—Through vestibuled express for all points east..... 7:28 am  
No. 20—From Omaha..... 4:30 am  
No. 19—Local express, daily, Omaha, Lincoln, Denver and intermediate stations..... 7:54 am  
No. 37—Local express to Omaha, via Ft. Crook and south Omaha, daily except Sunday..... 9:30 am  
No. 7—Fast mail, daily, to Omaha and Lincoln..... 5:13 pm  
No. 33—Local express, Lincoln, Ashland, Wahoo, Schuyler, daily except Sunday..... 3:30 pm  
No. 13—Lincoln, Grand Island, Black Hills, Montana and Pacific north-west..... 10:28 pm  
No. 20—Local freight, to Cedar Creek, Louisville and South Bend, daily except Sunday..... 6:50 am  
No. 11—From St. Louis and St. Joe and Nebraska City..... 10:25 am  
\* Daily except Sunday

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For information, time tables, maps and tickets call on or write to W. L. Pickett, local agent, Plattsmouth, Neb., or J. Francis, general passenger agent, Omaha, Neb.

**Missouri Pacific Time Table**



**TRAINS GOING NORTH.**

No. 51..... 5:37 am  
No. 37..... 5:45 pm  
No. 9..... 11:05 pm  
No. 233 local freight..... 3:47 pm

**TRAINS GOING SOUTH.**

No. 58..... 11:30 am  
No. 50 World's Fair Flyer..... 6:00 pm  
No. 52..... 12:29 am  
No. 232 local freight..... 7:48 am

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**A Recall To Honor**

By EDWIN L. SABIN

THE fair grounds were a kaleidoscope, concentrating at the race course in a tossing sea of color, for the Kirby fall racing meet was in full blast, and this was the great day upon its week's programme. Town and country mingled—a restless, babbling, good natured throng, occupying, rank on rank, tier on tier, every inch of vantage space, or streaming over the surrounding turf.



"HELLO, OLD MAN!"

knew that opposite to him, somewhere amid the carriages ranged inside the rail, was her snowy parasol with its floating ruffles of chiffon. It seemed to him that this parasol—her parasol—ought to stand out before him blazoned with the word "Alice." But fifty, a hundred, parasols, all snowy, all massed in chiffon, met his straining eyes.

When some months previous to this date Mr. Redding had awakened to the fact that the acquaintance, ostensibly casual, between his daughter and young Durr was assuming a more serious aspect he very promptly set his parental foot squarely upon the whole affair.

For the present an engagement was quite out of the question. Harold was only a clerk, who, although he possessed abundant plans and ambitions, had not realized upon them.

It was better that for awhile intercourse cease. If in time Harold proved worthy, socially and in a business way, possibly he might again try his chances.

Thus, amidst tears and vows from the daughter and indignant protestations and resolves by the lover, Mr. Redding carried his point. Harold entered upon an indefinite term of probation.

The odds were in favor of Mr. Redding finally yielding. He saw that his daughter was utterly miserable, and, after all, Harold's character was above reproach. Poverty was the lad's only drawback, one which the banker was strongly considering remedying.

Still today, as for many foregoing days, Harold was on one side of the track, Alice on the other.

It was now 3 o'clock. Several races had been dispatched, and the next upon the programme was of intense local interest. It was a contest in which were entered two horses which had long been keen rivals, whose owners had agreed to make this match a decisive test.

The fever of speculation was waxing more and more turbulent in the crowd. Harold himself had no idea of wagering. He had been brought up to believe that betting was wrong. Besides, he could not afford to bet, and it was his theory that usually the winners are those persons who do not vitally care.

However, everybody around him was betting. Everybody was talking horse. Everybody was telling of prospective gains. Banterings, gay assertions, playful threats, few thick and fast. Men were coming and going, bearing reports of doings in the betting ring, for, despite the pretended efforts on the part of the meet officials, underneath the amphitheater pools were selling at a lively rate.

Harold felt himself alone inert. He was pervaded by vague discontent. Everybody was winning; nobody was losing, except the pool sellers, and they were legitimate spoil.

To quiet his unrest he arose and strolled out toward the stairs. Impelled onward, he descended and in an instant was seized by the mob gyrating about the bookmakers' stands.

brain was buzzing. The contagion had been too unbridled to be resisted. Half unconsciously his fingers were crumpling and creasing a ten dollar bill in his pocket—all the money he owned.

Should he let the opportunity pass by? Dicky Saddle's tip—it had come like a command. Dicky ought to know. He was inveterate at the races, and he always won—that is, nearly always.

Masterful by an impulse to venture as far as he dared he elbowed a path to a spot whence he could read the figures chalked on the board beside a bookmaker's box. Seven Up was selling at odds of 5 to 2.

What a chance! With his \$10 he could gain \$25. He would use the money to start a savings bank account for himself and Alice. He had tried his best to save, but had been unable. Surely in such a cause betting was not wicked.

Thus he reasoned.

If only he had more money available. But the \$10 was the extent. Of course there in his hip pocket reposed the \$100 that he had received just as he had been closing the office for the half holiday. It was part payment on a piece of real estate. Mr. Benthorpe, his employer, had gone, and the safe was locked, so Harold had pinned the five twenty dollar bills securely in his pocket until the next day.

Now, not for an instant did he consider intrenching upon this sum. No, he was sane even if he was excited. And he was honest.

Suddenly he cast hesitation to the winds. He stepped forward and handed his bill to the bookmaker.

"On Seven Up," he said.

In exchange he received a bit of gray card, like a ticket, with hieroglyphics on it which signified that he had wagered with bookmaker No. 8 \$10 to \$25 that Seven Up would pass the wire first.

As he was pocketing the ticket and taking refuge in the thought that if he lost "twould all be the same in a hundred years" his eyes encountered the eyes of Mr. Benthorpe, who was but a few yards distant in the crowd. Mr. Benthorpe smiled and shook his head. He must have witnessed the transaction. Harold, with a guilty sensation, he knew not why, smiled in return and sought a place in the amphitheater above.

Hardly had he seated himself ere the race was called. The horses gathered at the post. In the amphitheater somebody stood the better to see. Then the movement spread like a wave, and the whole amphitheater was on its feet. Somebody brazenly climbed upon a chair. Immediately the brazen throng climbed upon its chairs also.

The horses fidgeted. A wait, a shifting of positions, a warning from the starter—down they came, a cheer—they were off! And a very pretty start it was.

"Imp! Imp! Go it, Imp!"  
"Seven Up! Seven Up!"  
"Maseot!"

Voices shouted and shrieked in exultation, entreaty and encouragement. Hubbub reigned, engulging alike the frenzied and the self possessed. Just



HE SPRANG TO HIS FEET

behind Harold a woman leaped forward and, snapping her fingers, screamed incessantly:

"Come on, Seven Up! Come on, Seven Up! Come on, Seven Up!"

Harold, outwardly unaffected, said nothing, but with fervent curiosity followed the struggling bunch of horses.

"Seven Up! Come on, Seven Up!"  
"Imp will win," calmly announced a man beside Harold, closing his field-glass with a satisfied snap.

Around the last turn, into the home stretch, adown the home stretch, sped the horses, all but the two leaders enveloped in eddying dust.

"Imp! Imp! Imp!"  
"Come on, Seven Up! Come on, Seven Up! Come on, Seven Up!"

A waving of hats and parasols, a volley of cries, and the race was won, but not by Seven Up.

"I lost a dollar!" Harold heard the woman behind him bemoaning. He abstracted from his pocket his ticket and stoically scattered it in pieces. No more betting for him. He had learned his lesson and had received what he deserved.

tain his advice, tell the police, do something, something, some—ah, but would Mr. Benthorpe credit his story? Ordinarily, yes. On this occasion, no. He had seen the bet laid—in truth, a ten dollar bet, but what was there as proof of the amount? The ticket? It had been torn to shreds. His worst! If he had wagered \$10, why might not he have wagered \$100, comparatively little money to be placed on a favorite? Harold could see Mr. Benthorpe listening to the tale, could see him casting penetratingly with those ironical, accusing eyes, could see him at the close sorrowfully waiting away, speaking not a syllable in condemnation, but with a manner—oh, a manner!

No, he could not face Mr. Benthorpe. The result would be the same in any case. He was disgraced. One hundred dollars was not much, but it was more than he could restore. To some it would mean nothing, to him it meant ruin. What a fool he had been!



WITH DEVOURING EYES HE SCANNED THE CONTENTS.

And so his hopes of Alice were now as worthless as those bits of gray paste-board underfoot, where disappointed holders had contemptuously thrown them. No doubt it was just as well. Alice must be learning to forget him—very likely, among her gay companions, already had forgotten him.

He pulled himself together with a jerk and hurriedly made for an exit.

When he arrived at his room he had his course planned. Forsooth, his choice of courses was limited. It was an explanation with his employer face to face or a note that would explain when the writer was far away. The latter—he would accept the latter. It was the easier solution.

They would not pursue him, to apprehend him, defaulter though he might be styled. He would quietly drop from view, and obliquely, denunciation and sermon would not reach him. Alice would be rid of him, probably gladly after her father had in haste borne to her the news upon hearing it.

An envelope lying upon the table attracted his glance, a blue envelope, addressed to him in her handwriting, a handwriting every dot and curve dear to him, treasured on many a scrap locked within his trunk. With devouring eyes he scanned the contents:

Dearest Harold—Papa has released. Come quick, quick, quick! All is arranged. It's perfectly lovely. Come quick, right after dinner tonight. I can hardly wait. Lovingly,  
ALICE.

P. S.—Isn't it grand?

Brave little sweetheart! He had done her wrong. She had not forgotten him; she had not wavered. Resisting bribe and derision, she had clung steadfastly to him, week after week, and now she had conquered.

Too late? Should he say, "Too late?" Should he be the deserter? Should he fall her? No, and again no! Her words had restored his courage. She loved him; she had rallied to his side just in this hour of need, and no longer was he a craven. He would not flee his responsibilities, by his action acknowledge his guilt and abandon her to the graceless task of defending the name of a recreant. He would remain and defend his own name. Alice would believe in him and would not cast him off.

He drew a long breath and squared his shoulders. He would go to Mr. Benthorpe's house and await him and tell him all. Mr. Benthorpe might be charitable! If not charitable, merciful. He ought to have told Mr. Benthorpe in the grand stand. It was to be a hard confession, but confess he would and meet the issues.

And after Mr. Benthorpe he would tell Alice.

He reread the note, kissed it and tenderly placed it in the inside pocket of his coat; then, strangely buoyant, he went out of the door bent upon his mission.

**Hugo and Garibaldi.**

The French poet Victor Hugo, whom Tennyson addressed as "victor in drama, victor in romance," sent an impassioned but little known poem on the disaster of Mentana in 1867 to Garibaldi. The Italian hero, also invoking the aid of the muse, replied in verse, of which the then exile in Guernsey expressed appreciation in the following felicitous words:

Dear Garibaldi—There was a lyric in the text of Achilles, a lyric in that of Judas Maccabean; Orlando sent a copy of verses to Charlemagne, Frederick the Second addressed odes to Voltaire. Heroes are poets. You, too, prove it. I read with deep emotion the noble lyrical epistle which you addressed to me, and in which you speak to the soul of Italy in the language of France. The same breath of justice and liberty which inspires you with great deeds inspires you with great thoughts. Farewell, illustrious friend.

—London Telegraph.

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