L. M.S. W. BAWK, S. Gererner, Lincoln.
E. P. 1006 KN, Scoretary of State.
J. H. Wallichs, Anditer, Lincoln.
J. B. STULDEVANT, Transmer, Muccin.
W. W. 1988, Supt. Public Instruction.
A. G. KESALL, Land Commissioner.
ISAAC For SEKS, JR., Astorney General.
U. J. NOPES, Warden, of Pontentiary
UR. H. P. MAITHEWSON, Sept. Busnited
The Insane.

Supreme Court. MAXWELL, Chief Justice, Frement, dies E. LAKE, Omaha.

S. S. POUND, Judge, Liucoln.
J. R. STRODE, Prosecuting-Att'y,
W. C. SHOWALTER, Clerk District Court,

JOSEPH V. WECKBACH, Mayor.
WILLIAM H. CUSHING, Treasures.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk
WILLETT POITENGER, Police Jedge.
M. A. HAHTIGAN, City Attorney.
F. RECEBLER, Chief of Police. F. KRORHLER, Overseer of Aircom.
C. KCHARE, Chief of Fire Dept.
JOSEPH B. HALL, Ch'n Beard of Rocith. COUNCILMEN. ist, Ward J. M. S hae bacher, Wm. Hereid, and ward Jerry Hartman, J. M. Patterson. and Ward Alva Drew, M. B. Murphy. 4th Ward C. S. Dawson, P. D. Lehnhef.

SCHOOL BOARD. JESSE B. STRODE, V. V. LEONARD, ED. GREUSEL, ISAAC WILES. Photoseter JNO. W. MARSHALL.

W. M. NEWELL, County Treasures. J W. JENNINGS, County Clerk. J. W. JOHNSON, County Judge. B. W. HYERS, Sheriff.
CYRUS ALION, Sup't of Pab. Instruction.
CYRUS ALION, Sup't of Pab. Instruction. F. P. GASA. Coroner.

AMES CHAWFORD, South Bend Precises, AMI, RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Preciset, A. B. TODD, Plattsmouth
Parties having business with the County Commissioners, will find them in session the Birst Monday and Tuesday of each month. FRANK CARRUTH, President.
J. A. CONNOR, HENRY BECK, Vice-Presi-WM. S. WISE, Secretary, FRED. GORDER, Treasurer.

degular meetings of the Board at the Court House, the first fuesday evening of each month. ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSHOUTH MAILS.

| AUDIVER. | | | DEPARTS. |
|----------------------------|--------------------|------|----------------------------|
| 7 p. m. t. 9.36 a. m. l | KASTERN. | | 9.00 a. m. |
| 5, 30 a. m. (| WESTERN. | | 6.56 p. m. |
| 1,000 11 110 | NORTHBES. | | 4.25 p. M |
| or p. m. | SOUTHERS. | | 9.00 a. m |
| # 15 th. | COM A IT A | |) 8.25 a. m. 4.25 p. m. |
| 4. M D. DR. | WEEPING WATER. | | 8.00 H. M |
| Dec 17, 1 | FACTORYVIIA | . M. | 1.00 p. m |
| HATES | CHARGED F | OR | MONEY |
| On orders | not exceeding \$15 | * * | - 10 cente |

Over \$15 and not exceeding \$15 - 15 cents

Sign \$16 - 25 cents

\$16 - 25 cents tingle Hones theder may include any part tingle one cont to fifty dollars, but they not contain a fractional part of a cent. CATES FOR POSTAGE. let class matter (letters) 3 cents per 14 cance.
26 " (Publisher's rates) 2 cts per lb.
36 " (Transient Newspapers and
36 books come under this class) 1 cent per

each 2 ounces. 31. class (mer=handise) 1 cent per cunce. J. W. MARSHALL P. M.

B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

| Taking Effect | July, 2 | 1881. |
|--------------------|----------|-------------|
| FOR OMAHA FROM | 4 PLATTS | SMOUTH |
| Leaves 3:15 a. m. | Arriver | 6 :00 a. B |
| 1 225 p. m. | ** | 5 145 D. D. |
| e : 2 a m | *1 | 9 .40 4. 0 |
| E. U. ANI | ST. JOE. | DOMESTIC ST |
| 6 :35 a. 10. | 34 | 9 :30 8. 1 |
| 6 : - p. ta. | | 8 :35 p. t |
| | _ | |
| FROM OMAHA FOR | PLATTS! | мости. |
| Leaves 8 :15 a. m. | Arrives | 9 :83 A. H |
| " 7;00 p. m. | 43 | 9:10 p. D |
| " 6 ;65 p. m. | ** | 1 :32 p. B |
| * 15 (1 4 15 16 | | |

FOR THE WEST. Leaves Plattsmouth 9:30 a. in. Arrives Lin.
coln, 11:38 a. in.; Hastings 4:30 p. in.; McCook
16:36 p. in.; Denver 8:20 a. in.
Leaves 6:25 p. in; arrives Lincoln 9:30 p. in.
PLATTSMOUTH NEEL FREIGHT Leaves at 2:35 a. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 4:18pm Leaves at 2:10 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 2:08 p. m.; Hastings 3:30 a. m. Leaves at 2:00 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 6:39 p. m.; Hastings 2:30 a. m.; McCook 4:50 a. m;

Leaves Denver at \$:05 p. m.; Arrives at Me-Cank 4 : 6 s. m. : descrings to :e0 a. m.; Lingoly 2 :00 p. m.; Platta mouth 5 :00 b. m. Leaves Lincoln 7 a. m; arrives Plattsmouth

Leaves Lincoln at 11 (45 s. m; Ar.ives 5 (3epus Leaves Hastings 7 (45 s. m; Arrives Lincoln 9 (30 p. m.; Piattsmouth 2 (50 a. m.; Leaves Denver 6 (30 a. m.; Arrives McCosk 5:25 a.m.; Hastings 9:30 p. m.; Lincola 6;48 a. m.; Plattsmouth 11:50 a. m.

GOING BAST. Passenger trains leave Plattsmouth at 7 00 a.
m., 9 00 a. m., 5 10 p m. and arrive at Pacific
Junction at 7 25 a. m., 9 20 a. m. and 5 30 p. m.

S. U. AND Sr. JQE.
Leave at 9 20 a. m. and 8 35 p. m.; Arrive at
Pacific Junction at 9 35 a. m. and 9 15 p. 5t. FROM THE RAST.

Passonger tentus leave Pacific Junction at a la a, m., 6:20 p. m., 10 a. m. and arrive at Platte-mouth at 8 40 a. m., 6 49 p. m. and 18 30 a. m. K. C. AND ST. JOE. Leave Pacific Junction at 6:10 a. m. and 5:40 p. m.; Arrive 6:25 a. m. and 5:53 p. m.

TIME TABLE Missouri Pacific Railroad.

| | Express leaves golag south. | Express leaves going south. | Freight leaves going south. |
|--|--|---|---|
| Pmaha. Papillion Springfield Louisville Weeping Water Avoca Dunbar Kansas City St. Louis | 7 40 p.m 5.17 8.42 8.59 9.25 9.37 6.37 a.m 5.36 p.m | 8.00 a.ha 8.37 9.66 ·· 9.15 ·· 9.10 ·· 9.53 ·· 0.21 ·· 7.6: p.m. | 12 50 g, in 2.60 p. u. 3.05 2.50 5.00 5.45 6.45 |
| Di. 42000 | Going Noural. | Golug NORTH | NORTH |
| St. Leuis Ransas elty Dunber Avoca. Weeping Water Louisville. Springfeld Papillion. Omaha strive- The above is .5. | 6.54 7.29 8.00 | 8.32 p.m. 7.57 a.m 4.24 p.m. 4.54 5.33 ** 5.48 ** 6.15 ** | 1 c1 p. tn 2.10 " 2.45 " 2.55 " 45 " 5.25 " |

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An old physician, retical from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East findin Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and bermanent care of Constantion Broadints. Catarra Asthma, and all five at and Lu g are dious, also a positive and radical care for teneral Debility and all nervous complaints after having thoroughly tested its wonderful existive powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his fedous. The recipal with full particulars, directions for preparation and the annial necessary advice and instruc-

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ROBERT B. WINDHAM, Notary Public. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over Carruth's Jewelry Store.

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How I Found My Freedom.

Carlotta Perry in Demorest's Monthly.

Gray came in to see me. He had called at the house every day for six years, and habit was strong. But when after a little conversation from a neighboring town had some friends what in the world he wanted to marry me for. "Chiefly, Margaret, because I love you, and ready, you might love me; you are free now." "That's it exactly. I am free, and for the

first time in my life, and you want to put me in bonde again." "No, I don't. I promise you that you should have all the freedom you want, and that I

would take the tenderest care of you." "I don't want to be taken care of. Aunt Jane said she had taken care of me all my life, and at the last moment she wondered what I would do when she was gone for some one to look after me. I've never had a moment of absolute and entire freedom all my life. I don't want to complain, and probably I should do right over again what I have done, but because in the early years obedience to authority made it necessary, and in later years because of an it necessary, and in later years because of an undue sense of gratitude, and tender regard for a sick woman's feelings, I have been as much in bonds as the veriest slave. I've gone bed when I wanted to sit up, and risen when I wanted to sleep, have eaten when I wasn't hungry the dishes that I didn't like, have dressed myself in colors I detested, read aloud till I was hoarse from Baxter's Call when a dime novel would have been a relief, sung when I wanted to cry, all for the sake of a woman who loved me, but whose love was tyranny.

"And you think I'd do the same!" "I don't know, perhaps not You're tender and kind, I know; but I want to be free; I want to do just as I please a while. Now if I married you I should feel that some slight regard for your opinions and wishes would not unreasonably be expected of me, and I tell you that I am determined to consider myself, Margaret Sinclair, and her wishes and opinions first, for a while at least. In short, dear Dr. Gray, I am going to try and realize that I am

"And what, may I ask, do you propose to do with this freedom?" "I don't just know myself. It is said, and truly, that a race enslaved has to learn to use its freedom; so with me. I have not decided, and in the very fact that I am free to decide as I wish lies a charm. Perhaps 'twould interest you to know that I took my breakfast in bed this morning, and that I ordered just what I wanted, and delighted Susau with the excellence of my appetite. Then I put on the dress I liked best, and even this evening have worn these red roses at my throat. Do you know, Dr. Gray, that I have not worn a rose for five ong years? You smile, and I know it seems a thing to you." "You are wrong; it does not seem a little

thing. I am glad to see you with the roses; they are made for you, Margaret; I under-stand and appreciate what your life has been; I know what demands have been made upon know what demands have been made upon you, and how bravely you have met them."

"No, I have not met them bravely; I've secretly rebelied all the time; I'm ashamed to take praise that I don't deserve."

"Never mind, it is over now, and I am glad; though, to tell you the truth, dear, I think that while you needed this discipline, it staid with you, and now it may be that you need something different; that too will come."

"I don't believe that exactly. It seems to me thing I ve not had have been the very things I've needed most. Do you know that a great I've needed most. Do you know that a great wonder comes over me sometimes as to what sort of a woman I would have been under different circumstances. I try to imagine myself how I would have looked and acted and felt." "I know it's old-fashioned nowadays to talk

of discipline, and to believe that we are led in ways that we know not of, for a purpose, but I do believe it; and when I see you or any one set in places not of your own seeking, and from which you cannot in honor or reason get away, I think that there is a meaning in it beyoud our reading. Time may make it clear if not time, then eternity; I do not believe tha it was solely to make your aunt comfortable and contented—though she was really neither—that you have been kept by her side so long? "Very well, there ought to be some compensation, and perhaps my discipline is what makes me so 'sweet.' Truly Dr. Gray, I heard Miss Smith say that she, meaning me, was 'just as sweet as she could be,' and I've had no ambition to be classed with the saccharine ambition to be classed with the saccharine order of women. Do you withdraw your proorder of women. Do you withdraw your pro-posal, sir, upon hearing that?"
"No, my proposal remains; but can't you withdraw the 'No'?"
"I cannot. I've'had discipline enough, you said; what should I marry you for?"
"May be I posed discipline"

"May be I need discipline."
"Seek it elsewhere, then; I'm not to be in-

veigled out of my freedom yet.
"By and by, then?" "Dr. Gray, you remember Lawrence Hurl-

"I was engaged to him once, and I loved him, and I'm afraid I have not quite ceased to love "If he comes back to you now that you are

"And you will tell me; no, you will not, for I shall not need telling; I shall know."

Then we walked down the long path to the gate. I gathered a handful of the choicest flowers for him, but as we parted he touched the rose at my throat and said "Give me this," and I did. We leaned on the gate in quite the 'ashion of young people, so I said to him, at which he laughed, then he asked, "How old ware you?"

And I answered him unhesitatingly and as fran'dy as if he had asked my Christian name,

supposing he did not know it already. "I am thirty-one years old, Dr. Gray; too old, I know, to feel as absurdly young as I do. You see I don't feel as if I'd really lived any yet, and I want to live a full life."

"God grant you may," and then and there in the gathering twilight he leaned over

Then I went into the house and sat down and thought about it. It had never crossed my mind that Dr. Gray cared for me. He had he mind that Dr. Gray cared for me. He had been my aunt's physician for six years. His coming was part of the plan of every day. I had had no time in these last years to think of lovers. The one lover of my youth had left me because I would not leave the woman who had cared for me through the years when no one else cared for me, for him. That she was helpless and stricken was not to him a superior reason. So he went his way him a sufficient reason. So he went his way.
And I kept him in my heart, and when after a
long while the sharp pain left me, still the tenderness remained, and without saying it to myelf I looked and hope I that he would come

back to me.

I'robably had my life been different, I should bug before have put him out of my thoughts.

As I said, I felt that my life, lay yet before me. To the young girls who knew me I suppose I was old, but in spite of the cares that I had known, in spite of the emptiness of the years, I could not rid myself of the feeling that I was young. Perhaps it was because of this very emplices that I felt so; no one has a right to feel old who has not lived a real true and I felt that I had not. The years alone to count. It is what fills the years. I do not count. It is what fills the years. I wondered as I sat thinking about it all if I were really heartless. I could not help knowing that the women who was sleeping that night under the flowers that tender friendship had laid upon her grave, had really been ofter hard and unsympathetic and tyrannical. I could not help knowing that my life would be freer and gladder and better now that she was freed from her sufferings. But there was no touch of hardness in my thoughts of her. She was dead, passed beyond the ills and burdens of the body, and I was wise enough to know of the body, and I was wise enough to know

that many times these had made her spirit the weak unbeautiful thing it was.
I was glad and grateful for all that she had

Debility and all persons complaints after baying thoroughly teated its wooderful curative
powers in thousands of cases feels it his dury
to make it known to his fellows. The recips
with full particulars, directions for pre-parations
and use, and all necrosory advicer and instructions for successful treatment at your own.
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The old place was mine. A dear old place it
was, An old brown house, with many porches
and verands, over which grape vines and
house, and all necessed treatment at your own.

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An old brown house, with many porches and
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The old place was mine. A dear old place it
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The old place was and a received to do.

The old place was and leaves garden, there are wellwill am and marigolds and larkey proper
well as the feel was.

I was the dear of place in
the f

Every sense was ministered to, and I was giad, and glad too that the sweetness and beauty could so thrill and delight me.

I had gotten more out of stinted life than many get from the world that lies at their feet.

I decided to go to California. I had never been anywhere, hardly out of my native state. I had money enough for my needs, enough to It was the day after the funeral, and Dr. reasonable tastes and inclinations, and not enough to fill me with business cares and anxieties

upon the weather, a few inquiries about my who were going, and after a small amount of health, and a bit of neighborhood news, he inquiries and exchange of references, we desuddenly asked me to be his wife I was too sur-prised to answer. At last I managed to ask promised all sorts of kindness, and their daughter, Miss Bessie, who was ten years because I have thought that if you do not allighted. It seems to me that the chief disadvantage

arising from having all one wishes travel, books, friends, and the thousand and one things that we want or grow to want—is that the very abundance, the very gratification dulk the edge of our pleasure. It is in obedience to We cannot have the apple exthe great law. We cannot have the apple except the apple blossom perish, nor the rose save by the slaving of the bud; I don't suppose that ever again would it be possible for me to feel the keen delight that I felt in the first long ourney. Everything, from my traveling suit to the august porter, brought me pleasure.

Miss Bessie read; what time she was not

made acquaintances and even friends The man or woman who fails to do this in traveling is thereby much the loser. There is happily no monopoly of information or wisdom in this world, and the veriest little child may have something that we have not, and who, from any fancied notion of dignity, fails to accept the good that comes, makes a mistake. And what a curious medley of people can be gathered in one first-class California-bound

I found the man who had traveled everywhere, and who was continually telling of what he saw in Paris or London, or on the Alps. The smalled-souled American who secretly dospised everything of America, and didn't quite dare to say so. And the statistical traveler who kept his guide-book in his hand, and who told the length and depth of every river, and the height of every mountain. The woman who always collected specimens and relics, and that other who talked about "perspective" and "light and shade" and "effects of color" in a parrot-like fashion. It was when we were crossing the plains, the great, wide, weird plains, the dreary grav plains, that inspire one with a wonder as to what they have of or for the world—so ghost-like and anomalous are they in their separation from it that the true character of the traveler comes to the surface. Here the jolly pleasant ones feel it their duty to be their jolliest and pleasantest, the dull ones even, acknowledging the exigencies of the occasian, brighten a little, and make their trite

commonplace remarks with an air a trifle less ponepous and assured.

The dignified party who fears contamination is here fitly punished for his exclusivedess, and the unselfish man or woman, the real lady or gentleman, the one who is genuine all the way th rough, wherever he or she may be, is here We had these all on board, besides others

not so easily classified. The long, long fourney was accomplished at last, and we found ourselves in that strange, fascinating city of San Francisco. I enjoyed everything so much that to such traveled peonle as the Davidsons I was quite a marvel, Mr. Davidson, however, declared that it was a do-lightful thing to see a woman who had not exhausted all the pleasures of living, and he was a most patient and painstaking escort upon all

occasions. And right in the midst of our pleasuring Bessie Davidson was stricken with fever. She had never been seriously ill in her life; she had been everywhere, inhaled all sorts of evil odors and malaria, climbed mountains, ridden strange horses over distractingly precipitous paths, and no evil had befallen her, but right here, and for no good cause or provocation that we could see, she was sick. Mrs. Davidson was an admirable woman,

and in seasons of health a very excellent companion, but in a sick-room she was a failure. She was one of those women made for fair weather only, not to be called upon in case of storms. Nurses there were plenty to be hired, but Bessie in her own little mind had decided that she didn't like nurses of that order, and with a flattery which was intended becompensate for the selfishness, she elected me to take care of her.

No one else had so soft a hand or so mag-

netic a touch, no one clee knew just how to give the medicines, no one clee could keep still without making a noise about it, she said. The doctor said since she so much wished it, it would be best for her to have me with her. It was the inherent contrariness of all things. I had resolutely set about being free, and I found stumbling blocks set in my way almost the first thing.

Of course I could have said that my own health, pleasure and all that would suffer by resiguing my plans, but I didn't say it.

I established myself acting manager in the sick-room, and for six weeks watched and cared for the sick girl. Part of the time she was very sick, but finally she began to mend, and the great nameless dread gave place to joy at the prospect of her recovery.

When very ill she was cuiet and amiable, when she was gaining, and had reached the "toast and tea" stage, she was as exacting and toast nad tea" stage, she was as exacting and fretful as it was possible for women to be.

Had I been a hired nurse I would have left her, but for love's sake I was with her, and for that I endured. And they had all been so good to me, and were so grateful to me now. And then Bessie would put her arms around my neck and kiss me and call me a darling, and heg me not to mind a word she said. I had done much serving without kiss or caress. had done much serving without kiss or caress when I longed for both, and I enjoyed the petting she gave me and forgot everything else.

She was a sweet shallow woman, amiable and good in a negative sort of fashion. Very correct and conventional and it must be ad-

mitted a trifle tiresome at times.

I felt in looking at her that I could have been made into half a dozen such women as she, and had something left over besides. I wondered how anybody with the whole world to choose her own from did not find more wherewith to fill and glorify life, forgetting that a pint cup can only hold the measure full.

Then when she was sufficiently recovered we resumed our journeying, visiting the places of interest down on the books of all tourists. Of all who gaze on the wonders of canon, of falls, of mountain and sky, each one gathers into his life something different from the other, each after his kind.

Bessie tried to bring away the glories of Yosemite, its divine waterfall, its eternal rocks,

Yosemite, its divine waterfall, its eternal rocks, its walls of granite, its oaks and pines, and shivering poplar trees, its domes and peaks and pinnacles on a little piece of canvas thirty inches square, and she was in her own mind persuaded that she had succeeded.

We went home by steamer. Then came my days of wretchedness. Not many of them it is true, but enough to make me say very fervently my prayer for those who go down to the sea in ships. Again, in perfect harmony with the inherent contrarinces of all things in which I have a hand, Bessie was not sick. She was in passive enjoyment of the splendors of sea and sky, and in active enjoyment of a fliration with the landsomest and most intellectual

gentleman she had ever met. If there was anything that would shake her soul to its foundations it was the prospect of an uninterrupted illication, and here it was. Her views of the subject of beauty and intellect differing somewhat from mine, I did not place great confidence in her statement. But the demon released me after we were a few days out, and I cared once more for the things of this life, a regard for which had been totally and entirely cared once more for the things of this life, a regard for which had been totally and entirely destroyed while in the grasp of the fiend of the sea. I had a little desire to look well in the eyes of this paragon of Bessie's, just why I could not say, but I made myself look as well as the rigors of a sea toilet will permit, and had the satisfaction of seeing that I really looked very little worse for my illness. I believe I have not stated that I was what people call almost beautiful. If it hadn't been for a nose of too aspiring tendencies I should have been decidedly so. But that member resolutely forlade my indulging in vanity, and in truth when I looked in the glass it was that unlucky feature that I saw, not the waving, glossy red-brown hair that was full of sunshine one minute, and dark with shadows the shine one minute, and dark with next, not the large hazel eyes nor the red mouth with the white teeth, nor the fair clear com-

It was easy enough to see that Bessie did not believe a word I said. She let me see that.

It was true, nevertheless, I had no recollect I did not find more interest in what he said to

And I said to myself day after day, to-morrow or the next day this strange feeling of distance between us will wear away. after all I cared nothing.

He was slow to see this, but I made him un-

He desired, so he said, to resume the old re-lations; indeed he said, "Whenever you will, Margaret, I will be glad with all my heart to make you my wife." "Do you love me?"
He hesitated. It is curious how a woman feels, but though I did not want to marry him, though I did not love him at all in lover's fash-

ion, I was sorry that he could hesitate, and was ashamed that I was sorry.

"Say 'no,' Lawrence, and be honest."

"I have thought of you all these years, Margaret..." "And I've thought of you all these years, and thought I loved you, but I didn't, and you don't love me —not a bit; but I like you, and shall like you all the better for being honest." And it coded thus and there, my dream of so

And by the time the voyage was ended he and Bessie were engaged. And I found out what I had nursed her back to life for. She triumphed over me in her little fashion. I had planned to remain in New York that winter, had found or been found by some relatives who were near enough

to have a more than a stranger's interest infine, and yet not so near as to claim anything for "relation's sake." I took nouch delight in antheir ting to y coming please res.

But alas! I had but just settled to the very delightful condition of things, when on reforwarded to me from my old home. It had been to San Francisco, and had followed

was from an old friend, the only girlfriend I ever had. She wrote: "I am passing through deep waters. My busband died only last week, my children are ill, I am broken in spirit and in health—I want you to come to me? We vowed an enduring friendship. I beg you way. My friend lived not more than fifty

miles from my home, but strangely enough in her grief she had forgotten that I was not I packed my trunk in the midst of many expostulations from my friends.

"It's sheer nonsense, Margaret," said Mrs.
Bliss, "Your friend, it seems to me, can find some one nearer who will help her; the idea of your giving up your winter here, to nurse and

fort a woman who has lost her husbandas if it were so strange a thing to be a widow." "It's strange to her anyway." "She'll get used to it long dreary days of agony and loneliness. I must go to her—there is no other way. I loved her, and she needs me."

And I went. Went into a house where every-

thing spoke of sorrow, where the bereaved wife kept herself in her darkened room—and the children almost held their breath for fear of disturbing poor mamms.

The "waves and the billows" had gone over them and they were overwhelmed.

It was real sorrow, such as darkens the whole world to those upon whom it falls.

It was a cruel change for me, but somehow i

adjusted myself to it readily.

It was glorious October weather, and I opened the windows and lured my friend from hor bed to look out upon the autumn glory.

I let her talk all she wanted of her loss and her grief, and let her cry in my srms.

I didn't toll her that her husband was better
off and she ought to be reconciled, but I persuaded her out to ride, and after a while to
walk through the woods glorious with their Carlet and brown and crimson.

And many and many a struggle did I have

before I brought that about. I looked over the children's clothes, took turns sleeping with them—for they conceived a mighty affection for me, read to them and told stories till I was tired, and alarmed about my mental and moral condition, and sang till my voice failed.

I superintended the domestic machinery, and kept the wheels from utterly clogging.

And I grew weary a good many times, but it had its agreeable side.

My friend was loving and approciative, and the children grew into my heart wonderfully.

And the desolation lightened, my friend's health returned, and her wisdom rose above her grief and helped her to take up her burdens again.

dens again.

And I was more glad than I could have been by the pleasures I had foregone.

Still the wonder grew in my mind, why it was laid down that the thing that I plannel to do was always the thing that I was prevented from doing, and the thing unthought of and undesired was always the thing at my hand to

And I didn't like it any better than ever.

One bright day in November I went out to ride, taking with me the youngest and the wildest of the children. Tom was a terror. "Helen's Babies" were not to be compared to He was not only one of those children who

And this special afternoon he was a trifle nore persistent, more active, more perturationally, diabolically inventive than usual.

I had used all sorts of strategies to keep hom within bounds, and had by dint of persuasions

and cajolings kept him from pitching headlong out of the buggy, or from frightening the horse out of his staid senses, but alas,
it was to come, and no foresight or planning
was to stand in the way.

I don't to this day know just how it happened, but we were near the village where we
were going for the daily mail, when by some
means—I think the chief agency was a branch
of sumac—he succeeded in laying the last straw
on the back of our much enduring horse.

In an instant he began to run; the child began to scream, not with fear but actual delight,
and I clung helplessly to the reins.

I turned to the screaming child beside me,
and lifting him in one hand by his coat collar
I set him through the open back of the buggy.
As we tore down the street I looked and saw
that he sat despairingly but safely in the dust
of the street.

I no longer tried to check the horse; I let him

As usual, men and women showed their im-becility by shouting and running at the fright ened beast. Probably if let alone be would have kept the road, but being denied that, and determined to go somewhere he valiantly charged on a carriage hitched in front of the village drug I saw what was coming—I saw my helplessness. Dim visions of a bruised and broken body flashed before me. I saw all the past in that half minute, and over the thought of all others rose the thought of one man, I saw one

face. I seemed to hear the words, "Margaret, I love you!" Then everything blended and crashed and blinded me. When I came to myself in the little back

room of the drug store and saw Dr. Gray's face bending over me, it seemed quite the most natural thing in the world, and the most delightful. Saying, "O I am so glad!" I closed my eyes in absolute indifference to all surrounding ob-Broken buggies, broken bones even were nothing—Dr. Gray was there.

I was fearfully bruised and shaken, and my

right arm was broken.

Somehow they took me home. I never had a very distinct idea about it, and it was not until the next morning that they allowed me to I slept soundly, sweetly, with the feeling I was at perfect liberty to go to sleep, and with the further half-consciousness that my slumbers were being watched as I had others.

It was more a feeling than a thought, for the magic in the little white powder prevented thought.

When I awoke it was to meet Dr. Gray's

eyes, and to feel his strong gentle touch on my "Well, Miss Margaret, I see you are enjoying your freedom in rather curious fashion; however, if anybody wants to get run away with and break their arms, and frighten their friends half to death, I suppose they ought to be indulged, particularly as they've always.

ON ACCOUNT OF HIS

tion of hearing the name.

I was glad to see Lawrence Hurlbut. I said over and over to myself that I was glad, but somehow I kept wondering why it was that I did not find more that I could say to him; why

WILL MAKE HIS NEXT VISIT ON

But it did not; and the days went by, and it dawned upon me that I had kept my heart true for five years to a man for whom

AND WILL REMAIN ONE DAY.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY.

The symptoms of which are a dull' distressed mind, which unfit them for performing their bus-The symptoms of which are a dull' distressed mind, which unfit them for performing their business and social duties, makes happy marriages impossible, distresses the action of the heart depression of spirits, evil forebodings, cowardice, fears, dreams, restless hights, dizzlaess, forgetulness, unnatural discharges, pain in the back and hips, short breathing, melanchely, tire easily of company and have preference to be alone, feeling as tired in the morning as when retiring, seminal weakness, lost manhood, white hone deposit in the urine, nervousness, trambling confusion of thought, watery and weak eyes, dyspepsia, constipation, palences, pain and weakness in the limbs, e.e., should consult me immediately and be restored to perfect health.

YOUNG MEN Who have become victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of exalted talent and brilliant intellect who might otherwise entrance listening senators with the thunders of their eloquence or waken to ecstacy the living lyre, may call y

MARRIAGE. Married persons or young men contemplating marriage beware of physical weakness. Loss "Is pose so; we do get used to hard things, but between this and the getting used to it are

ORGANAL WEAKNESS Immediately cured and full vigor restored. This distressing affection, which renders life a burden and marriage impossible, is the penalty payed by the victim for improper indulgenc, Young men are apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may easue. Now who that understands this subject will deny that procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prodent. Besides neing deprived of the pleasures of healthy offsprings, the most serious and destructive symptoms of both mind and body arise. The system becomes deranged, the physical and mental powers weaken. Lost procreative powers, nervous irrutability, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility, wasting of the frame, cough consumption and death.

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TAKE PARTICUAR NOTICE. Dr. F. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits which ruin both inflad and body, institute them for husiness, study, received or marriage. These are some of the and included the end and dimness of the early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the back and limbs, pairs in the head and dimness of sight, loss of muscular powers, palpitation of the heart, dyspepsia, nervous trittability, decangement of digestive functions, debility, consumption, etc.

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THE BEST WACON ON WHEELS."

"Thank you for so much as that." Meantime Bessie had looked from one to the other and back again, and on her transparent little face was plainly to be read, "What does it all mean, any way?" I answered her unspoken question by, "We are old friends, Mr. Huriburt and I." "Why didn't you say so?" she asked. "How could I when you never mentioned the name to me?" OF THE. that the angel Gabriel was your compagnon do voyage I should not have known it." Women are sometimes just a little spiteful and rude; only sometimes and only a little, and this was one of the occasions. It was easy snows to see the little spiteful and the seasy snows to see the little.