

U. N. FINE TABLES.

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

STATIONS: EXPRESS TRAINS GOING WEST.

Station	No. 1	No. 2
Plattsmouth	9:30 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Omaha	10:20 a. m.	7:15 p. m.
Lincoln	11:15 a. m.	8:10 p. m.
Hastings	12:10 p. m.	9:05 p. m.
Red Cloud	1:05 p. m.	10:00 p. m.
McCook	2:00 p. m.	10:55 p. m.
Akron	2:55 p. m.	11:50 p. m.
DeWey	3:50 p. m.	12:45 p. m.

STATIONS: EXPRESS TRAINS GOING EAST.

Station	No. 2	No. 1
Plattsmouth	9:30 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Omaha	10:20 a. m.	7:15 p. m.
Lincoln	11:15 a. m.	8:10 p. m.
Hastings	12:10 p. m.	9:05 p. m.
Red Cloud	1:05 p. m.	10:00 p. m.
McCook	2:00 p. m.	10:55 p. m.
Akron	2:55 p. m.	11:50 p. m.
DeWey	3:50 p. m.	12:45 p. m.

Plattsmouth Telephone Exchange.

- 1 J. P. Young, residence.
- 2 Bennett & Co., office.
- 3 M. B. Murphy & Co., office.
- 4 Bonner Stationery Co., office.
- 5 J. B. Lewis, residence.
- 6 J. V. W. Leach, residence.
- 7 J. V. W. Leach, residence.
- 8 Western Union Telegraph office.
- 9 D. H. Wheeler, residence.
- 10 J. W. Young, residence.
- 11 H. B. Williams, residence.
- 12 J. W. Wayman, residence.
- 13 J. W. Wayman, residence.
- 14 W. S. Wise, office.
- 15 H. W. Anderson, residence.
- 16 W. A. Carter, office.
- 17 G. W. Partridge, residence.
- 18 H. B. Williams, residence.
- 19 J. H. Wheeler & Co., office.
- 20 J. P. Young, residence.
- 21 First National Bank.
- 22 J. P. Young, residence.
- 23 J. P. Young, residence.
- 24 J. P. Young, residence.
- 25 J. P. Young, residence.
- 26 J. P. Young, residence.
- 27 J. P. Young, residence.
- 28 J. P. Young, residence.
- 29 J. P. Young, residence.
- 30 J. P. Young, residence.

PROF. SSIO-AL CARDS.

SMITH & BEESON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in all the courts in the state. Office over First National Bank. PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA.

DR. A. SALISBURY, DENTIST. Office over Smith, Black & Co's. Drug Store. First class dentistry at reasonable prices. 229.

H. READE, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. Office on Main Street. Specialties: Rheumatism, Gout, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, etc. COUNTY PHYSICIAN, CASS COUNTY.

M. O'DONOHUE, ATTORNEY AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC. Registered Block, Plattsmouth - Nebraska. Agent for Steam Ship Lines to and from Europe.

R. H. LIVINGSTON, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. OFFICE 1101 Main Street, Plattsmouth - Nebraska.

DR. S. MILLER, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. Office in building at corner of Main Street and J. D. Waterman's Block. PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

J. S. HARTIGAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in all the courts in the state. Office over First National Bank. PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA.

W. S. WISE, DENTIST. Office over Smith, Black & Co's. Drug Store. First class dentistry at reasonable prices. 229.

C. A. MARSHALL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in all the courts in the state. Office over First National Bank. PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA.

J. C. NEWBERRY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office in the front part of his residence. 1101 Main Street, Plattsmouth - Nebraska.

ROBERT B. WINDHAM, Notary Public. Office over Carruth's Jewelry Store. 215 North 1st Street, Plattsmouth - Nebraska.

M. A. HARTIGAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in all the courts in the state. Office over First National Bank. PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA.

A. N. SULLIVAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in the Union Block, front room, second story, over Carruth's Jewelry Store. 215 North 1st Street, Plattsmouth - Nebraska.

BOYL & LARSEN, Contractors and Builders. Give estimates on all kinds of work. Any order left at the Union Block, or Post Office, will receive prompt attention.

Heavy Truss Framing. For barns and large buildings a specialty. For reference apply to F. Young & J. V. Wheeler, 1101 Main Street, Plattsmouth - Nebraska.

Dr. C. A. Marshall, (Successor to Clutter & Marshall.)



DENTIST. Preservation of natural teeth a specialty. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Laughlin's Pain.

J. D. SIMPSON, AGENCY FIRE INSURANCE CO'S. QUEEN, of Liverpool FIREMAN FUND, of California.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO'S. WELLS FARGO CO'S. EXPRESS.

Delia Grimwet.

[Arlis Bates in Lippincott's Magazine.]
To an ordinary observer nothing could be more commonplace than Kempton, a decrepit little speck of a village, lying on the coast of Maine. Properly speaking, however, no woe so far as utterly commonplace, with its suggestion of the mystery of the sea, the ships, the sailors who have been in far lands, the glimpses of unwholesome tragedy, the woe of Maine. Properly speaking, however, no woe so far as utterly commonplace, with its suggestion of the mystery of the sea, the ships, the sailors who have been in far lands, the glimpses of unwholesome tragedy, the woe of Maine.

Yet Kempton had one peculiarity which marked it as singular among all New England towns. In one church stood a dark and old-fashioned gravestone upon whose top lay the rotting shrouds, and back from the church stretched the churchyard in which the Kempton dead took their long repose, scarce more monuments than that of a common life. The sexton, digging their last resting-places in the oyster loam, might look off toward the sea whence they had wrested from the grinding waters a scanty subsistence, and the dead faces, it was said, that their carvings were so unkindly, might be at night, and all wear below the beat of the waves which afar had rolled over the unmarked graves of their sailor husbands. To add to an angling, the sexton, every morn, the sexton went daily, quite unmindful of being the unique feature of Kempton by belonging to the weaker sex. With masculine stride and coarse hair, his unshapely boots worn by the salt sea, the woman went her way and did her work with a steely astuteness and a vigor which might have put to shame many a man killing about the boats on her hill. She was not an old woman—not even middle-aged, for the positive age of Delia and her sorrow; but the weather-beaten face, her stooping shoulders, and the faded hair made her seem old. To look at her, it was difficult to realize what she was, and she could have been like, or to call up any image of sweet or gracious maidenhood in which she could have shared.

Close by the sexton's church, the white-capped maid, roughly black the dark waves of the bay, and the bitter wind blew freshly through the withered grass and stubble, shaping the faded leaves over Kempton hill until they rattled in the gusty gusts, the old sexton like a flock of terrified waders, the sexton was driving slowly toward the roof from the next town in an open carriage, and as he came to the top of the hill he drew rein before the church and looked at the woman who sat by his side. His gaze was not that of one who looked at her for the first time. He had looked down at the irregular houses under the hill, and looked at the frightened and weak-kneed sexton. He had looked over the hill to the light house, looming half-faded white against the dark sea and sky. His glance took in all the details of the scene, cold and joyless, devoid alike of warmth or color. He looked at the woman, his brows deepening more heavily yet over his dark, piercing eyes, and then turned his gaze to objects nearer at hand.

Close by the sexton's church, the white-capped maid, roughly black the dark waves of the bay, and the bitter wind blew freshly through the withered grass and stubble, shaping the faded leaves over Kempton hill until they rattled in the gusty gusts, the old sexton like a flock of terrified waders, the sexton was driving slowly toward the roof from the next town in an open carriage, and as he came to the top of the hill he drew rein before the church and looked at the woman who sat by his side. His gaze was not that of one who looked at her for the first time. He had looked down at the irregular houses under the hill, and looked at the frightened and weak-kneed sexton. He had looked over the hill to the light house, looming half-faded white against the dark sea and sky. His glance took in all the details of the scene, cold and joyless, devoid alike of warmth or color. He looked at the woman, his brows deepening more heavily yet over his dark, piercing eyes, and then turned his gaze to objects nearer at hand.

Close by the sexton's church, the white-capped maid, roughly black the dark waves of the bay, and the bitter wind blew freshly through the withered grass and stubble, shaping the faded leaves over Kempton hill until they rattled in the gusty gusts, the old sexton like a flock of terrified waders, the sexton was driving slowly toward the roof from the next town in an open carriage, and as he came to the top of the hill he drew rein before the church and looked at the woman who sat by his side. His gaze was not that of one who looked at her for the first time. He had looked down at the irregular houses under the hill, and looked at the frightened and weak-kneed sexton. He had looked over the hill to the light house, looming half-faded white against the dark sea and sky. His glance took in all the details of the scene, cold and joyless, devoid alike of warmth or color. He looked at the woman, his brows deepening more heavily yet over his dark, piercing eyes, and then turned his gaze to objects nearer at hand.

Close by the sexton's church, the white-capped maid, roughly black the dark waves of the bay, and the bitter wind blew freshly through the withered grass and stubble, shaping the faded leaves over Kempton hill until they rattled in the gusty gusts, the old sexton like a flock of terrified waders, the sexton was driving slowly toward the roof from the next town in an open carriage, and as he came to the top of the hill he drew rein before the church and looked at the woman who sat by his side. His gaze was not that of one who looked at her for the first time. He had looked down at the irregular houses under the hill, and looked at the frightened and weak-kneed sexton. He had looked over the hill to the light house, looming half-faded white against the dark sea and sky. His glance took in all the details of the scene, cold and joyless, devoid alike of warmth or color. He looked at the woman, his brows deepening more heavily yet over his dark, piercing eyes, and then turned his gaze to objects nearer at hand.

Close by the sexton's church, the white-capped maid, roughly black the dark waves of the bay, and the bitter wind blew freshly through the withered grass and stubble, shaping the faded leaves over Kempton hill until they rattled in the gusty gusts, the old sexton like a flock of terrified waders, the sexton was driving slowly toward the roof from the next town in an open carriage, and as he came to the top of the hill he drew rein before the church and looked at the woman who sat by his side. His gaze was not that of one who looked at her for the first time. He had looked down at the irregular houses under the hill, and looked at the frightened and weak-kneed sexton. He had looked over the hill to the light house, looming half-faded white against the dark sea and sky. His glance took in all the details of the scene, cold and joyless, devoid alike of warmth or color. He looked at the woman, his brows deepening more heavily yet over his dark, piercing eyes, and then turned his gaze to objects nearer at hand.

Close by the sexton's church, the white-capped maid, roughly black the dark waves of the bay, and the bitter wind blew freshly through the withered grass and stubble, shaping the faded leaves over Kempton hill until they rattled in the gusty gusts, the old sexton like a flock of terrified waders, the sexton was driving slowly toward the roof from the next town in an open carriage, and as he came to the top of the hill he drew rein before the church and looked at the woman who sat by his side. His gaze was not that of one who looked at her for the first time. He had looked down at the irregular houses under the hill, and looked at the frightened and weak-kneed sexton. He had looked over the hill to the light house, looming half-faded white against the dark sea and sky. His glance took in all the details of the scene, cold and joyless, devoid alike of warmth or color. He looked at the woman, his brows deepening more heavily yet over his dark, piercing eyes, and then turned his gaze to objects nearer at hand.

Close by the sexton's church, the white-capped maid, roughly black the dark waves of the bay, and the bitter wind blew freshly through the withered grass and stubble, shaping the faded leaves over Kempton hill until they rattled in the gusty gusts, the old sexton like a flock of terrified waders, the sexton was driving slowly toward the roof from the next town in an open carriage, and as he came to the top of the hill he drew rein before the church and looked at the woman who sat by his side. His gaze was not that of one who looked at her for the first time. He had looked down at the irregular houses under the hill, and looked at the frightened and weak-kneed sexton. He had looked over the hill to the light house, looming half-faded white against the dark sea and sky. His glance took in all the details of the scene, cold and joyless, devoid alike of warmth or color. He looked at the woman, his brows deepening more heavily yet over his dark, piercing eyes, and then turned his gaze to objects nearer at hand.

for you to make her out now, if it's long since."

"Yes," the sexton replied, suddenly sinking back into the unmade grave as a frightened animal might retreat into its den. "Yes; she lives in the old place."

"Heard the 'old'?" was the reply. "She's not most likely," was the reply. "She'd be at home about sundown."

"Well," the sexton responded, with the deliberation of a man who has very little to say and whose life to say it in, "well, I think you'd better go and look for her. There ain't no harm in tryin' it, as I know of."

"Well," the sexton responded, with the deliberation of a man who has very little to say and whose life to say it in, "well, I think you'd better go and look for her. There ain't no harm in tryin' it, as I know of."

"Well," the sexton responded, with the deliberation of a man who has very little to say and whose life to say it in, "well, I think you'd better go and look for her. There ain't no harm in tryin' it, as I know of."

"Well," the sexton responded, with the deliberation of a man who has very little to say and whose life to say it in, "well, I think you'd better go and look for her. There ain't no harm in tryin' it, as I know of."

"Well," the sexton responded, with the deliberation of a man who has very little to say and whose life to say it in, "well, I think you'd better go and look for her. There ain't no harm in tryin' it, as I know of."

"Well," the sexton responded, with the deliberation of a man who has very little to say and whose life to say it in, "well, I think you'd better go and look for her. There ain't no harm in tryin' it, as I know of."

"Well," the sexton responded, with the deliberation of a man who has very little to say and whose life to say it in, "well, I think you'd better go and look for her. There ain't no harm in tryin' it, as I know of."

body, he shook off his painful abstraction, and turned his steps toward the path, once well known, which led to the home of Delia Grimwet.

But his knock at once revealed all. He found the door open, and the woman who had been at all to the past, which he remembered, but the pitiful and too tangible present. She held her gathering candle so high that a world and, having kindled him, she turned and held speaking a signal to enter.

"When Farnsworth had left her in the afternoon Delia crept to the bottom of the grave she was digging, her first feeling being an unreasoning desire for company. As she thought she should remain passive if the aid of the pitiful and too tangible present. She held her gathering candle so high that a world and, having kindled him, she turned and held speaking a signal to enter.

"When Farnsworth had left her in the afternoon Delia crept to the bottom of the grave she was digging, her first feeling being an unreasoning desire for company. As she thought she should remain passive if the aid of the pitiful and too tangible present. She held her gathering candle so high that a world and, having kindled him, she turned and held speaking a signal to enter.

"When Farnsworth had left her in the afternoon Delia crept to the bottom of the grave she was digging, her first feeling being an unreasoning desire for company. As she thought she should remain passive if the aid of the pitiful and too tangible present. She held her gathering candle so high that a world and, having kindled him, she turned and held speaking a signal to enter.

"When Farnsworth had left her in the afternoon Delia crept to the bottom of the grave she was digging, her first feeling being an unreasoning desire for company. As she thought she should remain passive if the aid of the pitiful and too tangible present. She held her gathering candle so high that a world and, having kindled him, she turned and held speaking a signal to enter.

"When Farnsworth had left her in the afternoon Delia crept to the bottom of the grave she was digging, her first feeling being an unreasoning desire for company. As she thought she should remain passive if the aid of the pitiful and too tangible present. She held her gathering candle so high that a world and, having kindled him, she turned and held speaking a signal to enter.

"When Farnsworth had left her in the afternoon Delia crept to the bottom of the grave she was digging, her first feeling being an unreasoning desire for company. As she thought she should remain passive if the aid of the pitiful and too tangible present. She held her gathering candle so high that a world and, having kindled him, she turned and held speaking a signal to enter.

"When Farnsworth had left her in the afternoon Delia crept to the bottom of the grave she was digging, her first feeling being an unreasoning desire for company. As she thought she should remain passive if the aid of the pitiful and too tangible present. She held her gathering candle so high that a world and, having kindled him, she turned and held speaking a signal to enter.

"When Farnsworth had left her in the afternoon Delia crept to the bottom of the grave she was digging, her first feeling being an unreasoning desire for company. As she thought she should remain passive if the aid of the pitiful and too tangible present. She held her gathering candle so high that a world and, having kindled him, she turned and held speaking a signal to enter.

W. D. JONES



COMPLETE Livery, and Sale Stable.

RIGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, BY OR RIGHT.

Bonner Stable, COMPLETE LIVERY, and SALE STABLE.

JOB PRINTING. THE PLATTSMOUTH HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY HAS EVERY FACILITY FOR FIRST CLASS.

JOB PRINTING, In Every Department.

Catalogues & Pamphlet Work LEGAL BLANKS, AUCTION BILLS, SALE BILLS, COMMERCIAL PRINTING.

Our Stock of Blank Papers And materials is large and complete in every department.

ORDERS BY MAIL SOLICITED. PLATTSMOUTH HERALD OFFICE. Subscribe for the Daily Herald.

LUMBER LUMBER. RICHLY BROS., CORNER OF PINE AND 11TH STS. PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds, MIXED LUMBER, CEMENT, PLASTER, PAINT, BUILDING PAPER.

ALWAYS AHEAD. BENNETT & LEWIS THE LEADING GROCERS.

Staple and Fancy Groceries FRESH AND NICE. We always buy the best goods in the market, and guarantee everything we sell. We are sole agents in this town for the sale of "PERFECTION" GROUND SPICES.

"BATAVIA" CANNED GOODS Superior in the market. "Pine Tiger" Brand of Baiting. Buy in bulk. Come and see us and we will thank you for it.

FLOUR, FEED, PROVISIONS, At Wholesale and Retail. Cash paid for all kinds of country produce. Call and see me.

Opposite First National Bank. J. F. HALLMASTER.