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

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GaING WEST.		
	No. 1.	No. 3	
Plattsmouth	9 :00 a m	6:55 p n	
Oreapelis	9 : 20 a m	7:15 p n	
Concord	9:35 A 16	7 :28 p n	
Cedar Creek	9:48 a m	7:42 p n	
Leuisville	10 :04 a to	7:56 p n	
Bouth Bend	10 :20 a m	8:lt pu	
Asbland	10 :47 a m	8 130 D II	
Greenwood	11 :05 a m	8 :46 p n	
Lincoln	Ar. 11 :5/. p in	Ar. 9:30 p n	
	L've 12 30 1 Kg		
Hastings	Ar. 4 25 P L		
	L've in pu		
Red Cleud	Ar. 7:55 pm		
	1. v. 1 20 pm		
McCook	At. 11: "P ta		
12	1. Ye up tu	L've 12 : 25 p n	
Akrou	Ar wan		
	L've : ou a n.		
Denvet	AT. i be matt	At. 10 :00 p n	

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING			
		No. 2.	N	0. 4.
Platten.outh	At.	5 :10 p ii.	Ar.	9 :00 a n
Orcapolis	Ar.	1 :50 p m		8 :50 a n
C. scord	Ar.	1 : 5 p m.	Ar.	8 :3 · ii ii
Cedar Creek	At.	1 :22 p m	Ar.	B :25 a n
out-Ville	. r.	4:10 pm		8:17 a H
uth Bend.	Ar	3 :55 p m	Ar.	8:5an
Ashiand	AI.	3 :35 p in	Ar.	7 :48 a n
· reenwool	Ar.	Tila pin	Ar.	7 :34 is ii
Lincoln	Ar.	2:01 p.m	Ar	3 :30 a ti
-		255 pm		7 .00 a u
Gastings		9 :to is 111		.0 :L. p n
		40:10 a tu		10 :30 p ti
bra Cloud		B SA is In		6:40 11
		8 :: Da m		7:45 P to
McCook		3: Wa		5 -00 b u
2		4 06 4 11		3 :20 p ti
Akron		10 .45 p m		10 500 at 11
		40 ; 30 fr fr.		11 :05 a 11
Denver	1. V.	, :00 p.to	Lve	7 :35 2 11

Leu Cloud, run dany exc. | & Sanday.

K. C. ST.	10F & C. B	K. K.	
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P. LIBER SERVICE STRAFF.	TE TO SHAPE OF THE STATE OF	300 00000000000000000000000000000000000
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STATIONS	EXPRES TRA	
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Plattet outh	1 9 220 a m	8:10 p.te
Ostabolla	9:10 n to	F :00 1 10
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TIME TABLE Issours Pacitic Bailroad.

Express Express Freight

	B g	going south.	going south
Ошаья	7 40 p m	m.a 00.	lz.5c a n .
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Springheid	42 "	9 00 **	5.05
Louisville	* 140 E	.15 "	3.50
Weeping Water	3.24	1 10	5 00 **
aVoca	137	1 53	. 45
Liniar	.0.	21	45 ***
Kansas City	7.16	165 17.410	
Dt. Louis	. # p	- 22 16.	
	40 0p	Going	Gottig
	1217 116	CHOINE	********
91	NORTH.	NORTH.	SORTH
St. Louis	NORTH.	8.32 p.m.	
St. Louis	NORTH.	8.32 p.m.	SORTH
	50816. 502 a. u 38 p. n. 10 a. u	8.32 p.m. 1.31 a.m 1.21 p.m.	.01 p. (-
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E.	ALLSOUGIH MA	ILO.
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Delia Grimwet.

[Arlo Bates in Lippincott's Magazine.] To an ordinary observer nothing could be more commonplate; than Kemp.on, a decrepit animal might retreat into its don. "Yos; sho little apology for a vil age, lying on the coast | lives in the old place." of Maine. Properly speaking, bowever, no seapo t can be utterly commonplace, with its sug estion of the mystery of the sea, the ships, the sailors who have been in far lands, the glimpses of unwritten tragedies on every han t. Bu among sea-side villages Kempton was surely dull enough, and dry enough, and lifeless enough-as if the sea winds had sucked its vitality, leaving it empty and pailed and the woman before him went steadily on with juiceless, like the cockle-shells which bleached ber arduous work. Presently, however, he

upon its san ly beaches.

"Alon f"

the village.

wended along.

went on again:

shelter for himse f and horse,

"Her and the poy."

child startled or repelled him. Yet to a close

making an effort to press her with further

ufficient, and he watched in sil nce while

"She's out, most likely," was the reply.

"She'll b at home along about sundown."

there ain't no harm trying, as I knows of."

Further inquiry regarding the where

by the side of the curriage, conversing affa-

"Isn't it a queer not on to have a woman

"Well, yes," the cap'n returned reflect-

vely. "Yes, it is sort of curious, Folks

mostly speak of it that comes here. It is

curious if ye look at it that way. But it all

come about as natural as a barnacle on a

keel. Old Sexton Grimwet kept getting con-

siderable feeble, and Delia she took to help-

ing him with his work. She was sort of

cut off from folks, as ye may say, owing to having a baby and no father

to show for it, and she naturally took

to heaving anchor alone, or leastways along

with the old man. And when the old man

was taken down with a languishment, she

turned to and did all his work for him-

having gradually worked into it, as you may

The cap'n paused to recover from his

astonishment at having been betrayed into

so long a speech; but as the stranger had the

air of expecting him to continue, he presently

"There was them that wanted ber turned

out when old Grimwet died. Some said a

woman of that character hadn't ought to

digging its graves. But Parson Euton he

up they most generally have things their

own way, and he preached 'em a sermon

about the Samaritan woman, and Mary

reputable scripture women-folks, and though he never mentioned Delia by name,

they all knew what he was driving at, an

they wilted. 'Twas a pitiful sight to see the

girla-digging her own father's grave up there.

Me and Tom Tobay and Zerras Faston took

They moved on in silence a moment or two.

Farnsworth's gaze was fixed upon the dark-

in the summer furnished accommo lations to

a boarder when ver that rare blessing was to

be secured in Kem ton, readily undertook

the charge of Mr. Fa nsworth and his horse

for the night. The latter was given into the

care of her daughter, for the frequent ab-

seaces of the mea had accusto ned tanda usels

of Ke apton to those labors which in inland

brothers; and Furn worth strolled off toward

the wharves, leaving the Widow Bomis and

villages are more frequently left to their

nold and fi if hed it for her.

thinking wao tuckel ' m in."

ais na rative:

bly with the stranger under his convoy.

questions. If so, his courage dil not prove

Yet Kempton had one peculiarity which | which | was rapidy approaching commarked it as angular among all New Eng- pletion under her samiliar labor. land towns. Its one church stood stark and dol-ful upon the hill at he inquired. "Or would she be out at whose foot lav the rotting wharves; and work? back from the church steiched the churchyar I in which the Ke noton dea I took their long repose, scarce y more monotonous than their co o less lives. The sexton, digging their last resting-places in the othrey loam, might look far off gward the sea whence they had wrested from the grudging turned at last and climbed the slippery, waters a scanty subsistence; and the dead vives, if so be that their ears were yet sentient, might lie at night and hear below the best of the waves which afar had rolled over the unmarked graves of their sailor husbands. To and fro among the grass-grown mounds the sexton went daily, quite unmindful of being the unique feature of Kempton by belonging to the weaker sex. With masculine strate and course ban is, her unkempt locks blown by the salt winds, the woman went her way an I did her work with a stead astness and a vigor which might have put to s a ne many a man idling about the boats un ler the hill. She was not an old wrman-not even middle-agel, except with

the premitive age of toil and sor-row; but the weather-beaten face, he stooping shoulders, and the faded hair made her seem od. To look at her, it was difficult to realize what her youth could have been like, or to call up any image of sweet or gracious maidenhood in which he could have shared.

It was a gray November day. The whitecups made noubly black the dark waves of tie bay, and the bitter wind blew freshly brough the withered grass and stubble, chasing the faded leaves over Ke upton hill until they rushed about the old meetingnouse like a flight of terrified witches. A stranger was driving slowly up the road from he next town in an open carriage, and as he ame to the top of the hill he drew rein be-

ore the church and boked about him.

His gaze was not that of one who leheld he scene for the first time. He gazed lown at the irregular houses under he hill, cuddled like frightened and wak-kneed sheep. He looked over the the to the light-house, looming ha-th-had white a anst the dark sea and sky. His glance took in all the details of the sicture, cold and joyless, devod alike o varmth or color. He shivered and sighed, is brows drooping more heavily yet over is oark, piercing eyes, and then turned his aze to objects nearer at hand.

Close by was the stark church, with wather-beaten steeple, wherein ha.f a dozen enerations of Ke.n.con women, the men, or most part, bein; at sea, had worshiped he power of the storm, praying more for the scape from evii of the absent ones than for ood to themselves. Bayon I the church apscare I the first bea istones of the graveyard, the ground slop ng a vay so rapidly that w s vis.bie from the street. With another shiver Mr. Far sworth (for by that name cae gendeman played his part upon this world's stage), got down from his carriage, Magdalene, and a lot more of them disastened his horse, and walked toward me stones, whose rudely-chiseled cherubs cered at him through their moss with a diaolic and sinister mirthfu'ness.

As Mr. Farnsworth opened the sagging and inpunted gate of the enclosure, he became ware that the place was not empty. Toe and and shoulders of a human being were i ible half-way down the hill, partially obare, by the dull-red ish heap of earth crown up from a partially-dug grave.

The visitor made his way down the irregular path, so steep as to be almost like a rude flight of stairs, and, as he neared the worker e suddenly perceived, with some hing of a hock, that the grave-digger was a woman. s e worked as if familiar with her task-a imi pattered hat pash i back from her to e eat, over which her faled hair straggled in confusion, and across winch certain grim, streaks bore witness that she had not escaped the primal curse, but labored in the sweat of her brow. Kempton's peculiarity in the mast r of ita exton had not come to the stranger beo e, although he ones had known the v.liage life somewoat intimate.y. He regarded the woman with a duble curionly-to see what she was like and whether perchance he had ever known her. He paused as he neared her, resling one nicelygloved hand upon a tilted stone which perpetuated the memory and recorded the virtues of a captain was reposed in some call cove under the northern seas. Some slight sound caught the ear of the sexter, who until then had not perceived his approach; she looked up at him stollday, and as stolldly to ked down again, continuing her work without interruption. If there remained any con cionsness of the strangers of her occapation, or if there stored any went il shame to be observed, they were betrayed by no oatward sign. She throw up the dullyellow earth at the feet of the new-comer as unmovet as if she had still dy the

in.erest.

"it's hard en ough."

worth asked at length.

begets in the unconcerned observer.

"Yes," was the laconic return.

"But the old sexton-Joe Grimwet-is he

The grave-digger straightened horself

to her ful height, brushing back her

wind blown har with one griny hand, she

raised her face so that her deep set eyes

"So you knew Dei a Grimwet?" she said.

When were you was bufored . It'd so intel

were fix at upon the que tioner's face.

too," he said.

Cap'n Hersey in an agony of curiosity in regard to hi uself an i his erra id. Whatever may have been Farnsworth's feelings at the discovery that the daughter of the dead sexton an I the woman of whom he had asked tillings of her were identical-and they must have been both deep an I stronghe had given no outward sign. - But now the settling of ais brows, and the disquiet apparent in his eves, betrayed his inward iwellers in the graves as companions of her conflict. He strolled out upon one of the rotting wharves, about which the "Don't you find this rather hard tide lapp d in mournful iteration. work, my good woman" the gentleman folded his arms upon a breast-high post and inquired at length, more by way of

stood gazing seawa d. breaking the science than from any especial The retrospect waich occupied his mind was scarely more cheerful than the gray scene "Yes," the sexton returned impossively, which spread before his eyes. How awful are the corpses of heal sins which memory cast-"It is rather unusual work for a woman, up, as the sea its victims? The betrayal of a To this very obvious remark she returned no answer, a stone to which she hal co ne in her digging seeming to absorb all her atten-

woman is a ghastly thing when one looks back upon it stripped of the garlands and euchant m nt of passion and temptation; and to Farnsworth, with the image fres i in his retion. Sae a learthed the obstacle with so ne membrance of the faded, earth-stained wo difficulty, seized it with her rough hands, and man digging a grave upon the blank hill-sid turewit up at the feet of the stran ,er, who the fault of his youth seemed an incredibiwatched it with that i.lle interest which labor dream which only stubborn and stingia memory converted into a possibility. A re-"Do you always do this work!" Farnstrospect is apt to be essentially a plea for selagainst coascience; but in his glocary revery Farnsworth found scant excuse for the wreck

had made of the life or Delia Grimwet. He The woman looked up with some interest ed gone away, married, and lived honored and prosperous. He would have forat this in ication that the other had som: otten, had not some nobility of its nature prevented. With the stub ornn ss of his race, he had fought previous acquaintance with Kempton and its cople. She did not, however, stop her ing and determinedly against his conscience, but he had been forced to yield at last. The leath of his w fe, to whom he had been ten-

abor, as a man would probably have done. "Yes," she said. "He's buried over youdar -there beyon I the burdocks." The gentleman changed his position unasily. Some subtile disquietude had arisen derly attached, had at once left him free to to disturb his serenity. The wind rustled mournfully among the dry leaves, the pebmake such reparation as might still be possible, and had softened him as only sharp sorrow can. He had come to Kempton with the bles raited against the spade of the gravedetermination of fla ling-Delia, and of doing agger, increasing the sombreness of a scenwhich might easily affect one at all suscepti whatever could be done, at whatever cost to he to outward full tences. In such an atmoshere a sensitive nature not frequently ex-He hal been unprepared, however, for the eriences a certain feeling of unreality, as it

woman he found. He had left a fresh, beautiful youn girl; ten years had transformed the sorrow of any woman! Farm worth

hat poinfully to a just himself to a condition of affairs for which he should have been property, yet which which took him absolutely by sur-He lingered upon the bleak whatf, unconsciously the object of much mildly specula-

for you to make her out now, if it's long body, he shook off his painful abstraction and turued his steps toward the path, once "is she here still?" Farusworth persisted, well known, which led to the home of Delia Grimwet. It seemed to him, as he paused a "Yes," the sex on replied, suddenly sinking brief instant with his hand upon the old back into the unfinishe I grave as a frightened knocker, as if nothing here had changed in ten years. The sanlight wou d have shown him traces of decay, but in the gathering

dusk the house seemed a pallid phantom from the past, unchanged but lifeles . He recoiled a step, as if the mention of a Bit his knock at once destroyed all fluions, since it surpmoned the woman who beonge i not at all to the past which he remembered, but the pitiful and too tangible present. She held her guttering candle up with out a wor I, and, having identified him, made

nim, wi hout speaking, a signal to enter. When Farn-worth had left her in the afteradvanced again toward the edge of the pit. noon Delia crouched in the bottom of the grave she was digging, her first feeling being an unreasoning desire for cone a most. She "Shou d I find her at home at this time?" thought she should remain presive if the alies of the pit collapsed and buried ber. In he o'd days before her boy was born she had been night after night out on the old wharves. graving for courage to drown herself. Farnsworth lingered irresolutely a moment After the child came, her feetin s change I, or two, as if there were many things conin i she longed only to e-cap- and to take her cerning which he could wish to ask; but, as ion away from the scorn and sordin life the woman gave him no encouragement, he which surroun led the n. Gradually she had second hardened; hers was one of thus com ragged path up to the church, untethered pon natures' to which custom and panes are his horse, and drove slowly down the hill to

pintes, merc.fully dulling all sensibilities. To-day the appearance of her betrayer had Cap'n Nat Hersey was just coming out of evivified all the old innere sions, and for a the village store, and to him Farusworth adnoment seemed to town-port her to the early dressed an inquiry where he might find days when her anguish was new. The keenes, pangs of sorrow stabled her afresh, and "Well," the cap'n responded, with the deshe lived again the bitter moments of her su liberation of a man who has very little to

say and his whole life to say it in, "well, I But habit is strong, and presently dunno but ve might get a chance with Widthe fading light reminded the sexton that her der Bemis, an' I dunno as ye could; but work was still unfinished, and that Widow Pettigrove, who was past all on they tribulation, must have her last bel prepared, whatabouts of the domicile of the Widow Bemis ever the woe of the living woman who led to an offer on the part of Cap'n Hersey to worked at it with the ubling hands and a senact as pilot to that haven. He declined, howsation as if a demon had clutched her by the ever, to take a seat in the buggy. The cap'n throat. Yet work was not unmerciful; it had his own opinion of land-vehicles. A brought some reliaf, since it served to dante man might with perfect assurance trust himthe thought which rushed dizzyingly to her self in a boat; but, for his own part, the brain, and by the time her toil was completed cap'n had no faith in those dangerous structshe was stendier. When she opened the door res which roam about with nothing better to Farnsworth she was not unlike her usual han dry land under them. He walked along stolid self. She perceived at a glance that he had learned who she was, and she hoped, in a blind, aching way that he had not betrayed his pre-ence to the neighbors, thus to refor a sexton!' Farnsworth asked, as they awaken all the old stinging flight of bitter

words. Farnsworth followed Delia into the kitchen, with at even those greetings which habit ren lers so involuntary that only in the most poignant momen's are they disregarded. With their past between them it was not easy to break the silence. , Farnsworth seated bimself, and the wo nan stood regarding him. There was in her attitude all the questioning, the agony, of her years of suffering. Her wrongs and her sorrows gave her a dignity before which he shronk as he could not have quaited under the most withering reproaches. Whatever words he would have spoken-and no man can cone deliberately to so important a crisis with ut formulating, even if unconsciously, the plen which his self-defense will make-were for gotten, or seemed miserably inadequate now. What were words to this woman, pailed and worn before her time with privation, anguish and unwomanly toilf The contract between his rich and careful dress and her coarse garb, between his white hands and her knotted fingers, between his high bred pale face and her cowed, weather beaten have no connection with the church, even to countenance, was too violent not to be apwas good for 'em-I've always noticed that parent to their both-as if they were in some strange way merely spectators to kin; Our Stock of Blank Popers those who had once been passionate tovers. With each mo nent the silence because

more oppressive; vet a seach moment drage d by it became more difficult to break the stillness. Only a man utterly devoid of remove or feeling could have framed upon his tongue commonplace phrases at such a time. I seemed to Farnsworth as if he were brought to judgment before the wao e universe. (ii) thront became parched. He longed to have the candle and the flames flickering in the old fireplace go out to darkness and take from his sight the Nem sis that controuted

ening bay, and no longer interrogated his companion; but the la ter soon again took u He broke the silence at last with a cry; "Ah, my God, Delm! What have I do e? "Twas well the parson stood up for Dela, She wavened as see stood, put ing our too; womer-folks is so cased hard on each her hand as it reaching for an part. The oth r. They wouldn't but boths girl live, I bashe half staggere t back va. d into a cimir. lieve. I always were of the notio there warn't "There is nothing I can sa !" Faras or the went on venemently. "There is not any bi io harm in Dale. Some - city thip got the better of her. She never was over-shart, but can do! I came here dreaming of rea in she was a wful pretty; and I mover believed reparation, but there is no reputation is a

hire was any har n in dar. At any rale, she make. There is nothing that can consequent dgsa grave as wel as a mil, and I guess east-nothing that sale units when I have one to you. On, in Golf How man ! them that's in 'e.a don't lay awake none breamed it would be like to !" The hone of the Willow Benis was by this "No," she said slowly, almost startily. time reached, and that estimable lady, who

no.hing can undo at." "Why do you not tell mer" be began "Why-"

But the words rebuked him before they were spoken. He bu and distance in his back as and again they were -1 at What the wopan-tais woman who and sever been side to tank much, even in her best days, and who now was blunted and dubed a most to sampidity-what sae felt in those bater in a ments, who can tell? The man's soni was a unput of waid regret and unavailing renorse, while she waited again for him to

"But," Farnsworth said at length, a new dea seizing him, "out the-our child, Deha

The boy!" A shuddering seized bor. Unased to giving way to her emotions, shwas torn by her excited feelings almost to the verge of convulsions. She clutched the arms of her chair and se her teeth to gether. In her incollerent attempts a thought, as she had delved among her graves. there had occurred to ber the possibility they the father might some time take his child

from her. Now this fear possessed h.r like a physical epilepsy. Twice she tried to speak, and only emitted a gurgling soml as if strangling. He sprang toward her, but a sudden repulsion gave her self-control. She put out her bands es if to war i him of. "Oh, my boy, my boy?" she cried, breaking

out into hysterical sobs. "My boy, my boy!" She wrun; her hands and twisted thein torether in fierce contortions which frightened Farnsworth; but she still would not allow him to approach her. She struggled for composure, writhing in paroxysms dreadful

"Oh, my child!" she cried out, in a tone new and piercing; "no, no! Not him! On, God! You cannot have my bov!"

Farnsworth retreated sharply. He had not considered this. Indeed, so different was everything he found from everythin; he had expected that whatever he had preconsidered was swept out of existence as irrelevant. He was confronted with a catastrophe in which it was necessary to judge unerringly and to act instantly, yet which paralyzed all his powers by its strangeness and its horrer. He groped his way teack to his chair and sat down, leaving the silence a min unbroken save by her convalsive breathing and his deep-trawn sighs.

All at once a new sound broke in upon them, and the moth r started to her feet. "He is co nin :!" she gasped hoursely. "I ent him away, but he has come bick. He could not keep away, my beautiful Loy." Her face was il'umined with a love which well nigh tran figured it. The door was opened violently, and the boy came rudely n-a great, rough while of ten sammers, defin it, bold, and curious.

coung rascal observe i, with much self-comdacanev, "I knew when you sent me off to tay all night that somebody's funeral was comin' off, and I was bound Pd be here to

Neither the mother per the father returned any answer. Ordinary feelings were so ab so niely swept away that the woman did not even remember that she should have at-Even the madernal prile which would usuW. D. JONES



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tive cariosity, until the twilight become to full.

30 the contract from but garest

dealing with scene and creature of the imher into a repulsive old woman. He had no agination rather than with actualities; and means of a lequately measu ing the force of Farnsworth, whatever the delicacy of his the sorms of scorn and poverty and sorrow which had beaten upon Delia Grimwet in the years that had made of him the cultured, mental fibre, was conscious of suct a sense at that moment. He hastened to speak again, as if the sound of his own voice were needed delicately-nurtured man he was. What man to assure him of the genuineness of the place ever appreciated the woe of the woman he betrays! in ice i, what mea are has a man of "But how long has he been deal?" he asked. "And his daughter; what became of