STATIONS:	EXPHESS TRAINS GOING WEST.			
	No. 1.	N	0. 3.	
Plattsmouth	9 :00 a 19		6:55 p m	
Oreapolis	9 :20 a n	2	7:15 p m	
Copcord	9 :35 a n	1	7 :28 p m	
Cedar Creek	9:48 a m	11	7:42 p m	
Louisville	10 :04 a n	1	7:56 p m	
South Bend			8 :le p m	
Ashland	10 :47 a n	1	8 !30 p m	
Greenwood	11 :05 a n		8 :45 p m	
Lincolu	Ar. 11:55 p.u		9:30 p.m	
77.7	L've 12 :30 j. n			
Hastings	Ar. 4:25 p E		3:15 a m	
	L've 4:35 pn		3 :30 a m	
Red Cloud	Ar. E :55 p n		6 :30 a m	
The street of th	L've 6 :20 pm	al. ve	8:05 a m	
McCook	Ar. 11 :00 p t	1 Ar.	12:95 p m	
	L'vel, lopu	"L've	12 :25 p m	
Akron	Ar. + 20 an	AF.	5 :35 p m	
(A)	L've s .oo a n	Lve	6 :00 p m	
Denver	Ar. 1:05 a n	IIAr.	10 :00 p m	
STATIONS:	EXPRESS T	RAINS	GOING	

	Ar.	11 :00 p :	a Ar.	12:95 p m
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		+ 20 at		5 :35 p m
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Denver	Ar.	1:05 a 1	n Ar.	10 :00 p m
STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING EAST.			
		No. 2.	1 N	0. 4.
Plattsmouth	Ar.	5 :10 p I	n Ar.	9 :00 a m
Oreapolis	Ar.	4 :50 p t	n Ar.	8 :50 a m
Cencord	Ar.	4 :35 p t		8 :35 a m
Cedar Creek	Ar.	4 :22 P I	n Ar.	8 :25 a m
ouisville	Ar.	4:10 p 1		8:17 a m
outh Bend	Ar.	3 :55 p t		8:05 a m
Ashland	AI.	3 :35 p 1	n Ar.	7 :48 a m
reenwood	Ar.	3 :15 p r	n Ar.	7 :34 a m
Lincoln	Ar.	2:01 p I	n Ar.	3 :30 a m
	L've	2 35 PI	n L've	7 :00 a m
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		10:10 a 1		10 :30 p m
rest a least arrest		8 :10 a I		6 :55 p m
	L've	8 :: 5 a 1	n L've	7 :45 p m
Acres to the second	Ar.	3 ;55 a 1	n Ar.	3 -00 p m
	L've	4 :05 a 1	n L've	3 :20 p m
d State	Ar.	10 :45 p 1	n Ar.	10 :55 a m
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SEA . NS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING NORTH.				
Lis resembles.	5:03 a m 5:11 a m 5:28 a m 6:00 a m	5 :52 p m 6 :67 p m 6 :11 p m 6 :26 p m 6 :50 p m			
E13110771	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING SOUTH.				
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4.00 p. m.	WEEPING W.	ATER,	8.00 a. m
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n doubt this nonembore's Clear Factory, Both were of the vagrant oruce.

The Opal Set.

(Charles Constantine in New York Mercury.) "And the long and most of it is," said So-bersides, "I am in love with her, more fool

With which candid confession, he turned suddenly around toward the mantle-piece, and pretended to find great difficulty in relighting his pipe, which by the way had not gone out. A small segment of his right cheek, however, that remained visible from where I sat betrayed the bashful blush that

his subterfuge was meant to conceal.

"The more pity," I replied; "but you can't help it. La Rochefoucauld says: 'One may love like a madman; but not like a fool'and I don't think, old fellow, that you were a accessible. He sighed and made eyes, this fool in your life. You're too philosophical." Sobersides bit his lips.

Yes, philosophy holds very good-till you need it. My theories on the subject are sound enough, but they don't prevent me from feeling. Frank Harley, poor devil! was one of the most philosophical men I ever knew. Well, when he got into a tight place, one fine day, he blew his brains out!" And my friend laughed a very melancholy

I tried to think of something consolatory that I might say, but nothing suggested it-self. The fact was, that the case presented no very flattering indications of any kind.

In all love affairs, according to some writers, there is one who loves and one who is beloved. I will not go so far as to indorse this somewhat sweeping statement; but I will say that, in nine out of ten cases of real, genuine passion, there is one victim. In the present instance, it was the man whom I designated under his common nickname of "Sobersides." Poor fellow, he had had a hard time of it. Knocked about the world from early youth; buffeted by all the storms of poverty, family quarrels, failure of business, and unsuccessful ambition, he had only settled down at 35, with a comfortable income, to exist in peace and quiet for the rest of his life, when-! heels over head in love he went, beyond hope of recovery, and without possibility of suc-

Of course, the woman who captivated him was the last one he should have thought of. Fannie Lovell was hardly the girl to appreciate such an affection as Sobersides felt for her. She had a good deal of the coquettish element that made her sister Maggie such a terror to unsophisticated young men, but without Maggie's experience in guiding it. The most inconsiderate creature in the world is a young girl. Under 19 or 20, many girls ignore their future, their comfort, their inter est, their friends' feelings, and everthing else that ought to be considered. A series of caprices, mere freaks, oftentimes brilliant, oftener stupid, but always bizarre, seem to be their only motives; and a series of extraordinary and whimsical fancies seem to be their only principles.

Imagine Sobersides-the profound. sedate, brusque-mannered, tender-hearted, honest and earnest Sobersides-devoured by an absorbing passion for such a giddy, contradictory girl as Fannie Lovell, just from boarding school and hardly past ber 17th

.On being shot forth from the bosom of the family into the whirl and glare and glitter of society, the first desire of Miss Fannie was, naturally enough, a grand conquest. Too young in years and too incomplete in experience to comprehend love, she thought only of bringing some one to her feet, and, conquer ing her homage, the flatteries, the idolatry. in a word, that appeared so sweet to her dashing and brilliant sister, already the belle of four successive seasons.

Miss Fannie's ambition was high. Novels of the ultra-sentimental type, and anecdotes current at school, of splendid Cubans who had eloped with young ladies "just out," and led them, covered with diamonds and affection, to the sunny island whence the oranges and cigars come, and whither the opera companies go, had given her some lofty ideas of the manly beauty and wealth that should be offered at her shrine several three every

At first, then, she cast her eyes upon Astor Courtlandt, who was handsome, rich and cultivated, but, curiously enough, he did not bow before her at all, so she turned from him to Harry Tandem, another of the same stripe, but a little more "fast." After trying in vain to mesmerize his heart with her great blue eyes, she learned that he had been engaged to Jenny May, the Wall street broker's daughter, ever since she was 15, and old May was rich enough to buy and sell a generation of Lovells. Then, giving up wealth and family, Miss Fannie flew to genius for consolation. She danced twice with Cecil Dashe, and had a long talk with him in Madame Pavon's conservatory one evening, but the next time she met him and his sister Nina-who also had genius, and had published a book of poemsthe little maiden could not help fancying, or at least suspecting, that they were making

Then, as a last trial of the artistic world, she had a dash at Graimme Allen. He called her "my little dear," and brought her a pocketful of bon-bons, and she was done with

Time passed. Balls and parties illuminated fashionable drawing-rooms and died away. Seasons came and went. Newport flung its cool foam-capped breakers around the little maiden, and for her the pleasant, sparkling waters arose from Saratoga springs. Still no grand conquest. She began to grow sharp—a trifle witty, perhaps, and other maidens complained to their mammas that she sometimes said rather ill-natured things about their own private and particular beaux-for the most part, inexperienced young gentlemen from the provinces, downy chinned West Point cadets, and the like.

Suddenly, while sitting in a friend's box at the Academy of Music, there came to ber a stout, plain-looking gentleman, with clear blue eyes, serious and kindly of gaze. This individual was the unfortunate Sober

sides, her first victim to be. He came to have ten minutes' chat with Miss Fannie's friend-a lady of considerable importance in the great world of societyand was instantly presented to the young girl. That meant something. He must be eligible. She cast a glance-one of those glances that devour every detail—over him, to see how she should like him for a busband. The verdict was unfavorable.

Sobersides was not a magnificent creature,

nor a splendid fellow, nor anything of that sort. He was not tall, nor pale, nor spiritual. His hair was neither very dark and picturesque nor very blonde and classic. It was of a common brown, and getting a trifle thin on the phrenological organs of "venera-tion" and "benevolence." His beard was lighter and more "sandy" in tint than his chevelure, and he wore it full grown, without shaving any part of his face. Rough weather and travel had hardened his face and bronzed his complexion. Care, responsibility and troubles of various kinds had left some faint wrinkles about his eyes and forehead. An out-door life and early activity upon a New England farm had made his hands tougher than those of Astor Courtland: or Cecil Dashe, and browner. From an inscrutable and mysterious prejudice, that I find common among excellent fellows of the domestic and homelike persuasion, he would never wear gloves, so his external man lacked the finish that is only bestowed by these indispensable articles of the toilet.

The habit of wearing a morning costume. generally of stout English cloth, fine and expensive enough but rough looking, made him contrast to the elegant young men that Miss Fannie had vainly endeavored to van- theretofore might have led to a misu nounced him-exhibited his character-and | source. gave him the air of a man who made beauty, style, elegance in a word, subservient to use

So he would not do for Fannie Lovell. But he did not know that. Her pretty. dainty-looking head, with its pale, golden hair, her eyes, dark as the violets that grow in the | jewel-case, which on opening; proved to conmoist places upon the banks of southern tain the handsomest set of opals I ever sawstreams: her sharply-chiseled nose, short brooch, necklace, eardrops, bracelets cuifupper lip and curved mouth, all these struck buttons, studs and ring. him as rare, choice and precious. She some 'Isn't it a thousand pi

a priceres runy-a gem of some fabrious

value, never won and never worn. The opera-which Sobersides loved for its music alone-drove her from his mind for a time, but before he retired that night, he wrote one of the most fanciful and pleasant little songs in his volume, published the fol-lowing year, "The Blondes."

After this they met somewhat frequently and Sobersides fell heels over head in love

with the young girl. There was an awkward spot in his mind somewhere. He was as bashful and senti-mental as a hobblededoy. He could not go straight to the girl, make love to her, until he found out how she liked him, and offer himself or drop the matter accordingly. He hovered about her, keeping just near enough even-tempered, plain, middle-aged man, and stood afar off, in hidden corners and alcoves, gazing upon her when she floated through the dance, or chatted with gayer and younger fellows, all unconscious of his adoration.

Love, like wine, brings out all our hidden strength and weakness. Of course, this sort of thing could not go on forever. The first intimation Fannie received of her unintentional conquest was from her friends, who, knowing Sobersides, and easily seeing through the passion he imagined so secretly and sacrelly kept from sight, were disposed to tease her a little

about it. "He is a grand parti, Miss Fannie," said Paul Ryder, one evening. "His income is good enough, if you are willing to live in Bohemia. Matrimony can't cure him of Bohemianism, but it is rather nice, on the whole. You'd soon get used to pipe smoke and bachelor suppers."
"And he would write you a little poem

every morning before breakfast, while the steak broiled," said Grahame Allen. "Wouldn't it be charming?" "He is a very superior man," said Nina

Dashe, the poetess, warmly; "and would make any sensible woman happy." "He is horrid," said Miss Fannie, shaking her ringlets.

"Yes, dear," replied Nina, "be would not do for you." Allen laughed.

"Bah! there's only one difficulty about Sobersides. He's too good for this world. I think he'd make a first-class angel. I rather stand in terror of a man who is always in earnest; always tells the truth; never does anything for effect, and is never flippant!" "He is so-I don't know what!" said Mis Fannie with a contemptuous expression and a little conceited toss of her head.

Paul Ryder, sitting somewhat behind her, fixed his quiet, expressive eyes strongly upon her delicate profile, and smiled a sort of bitter, sardonic smile at this ridiculous Miss

"He is your first, my dear child," said he; "you had best take care of him. Remember the camel-driver who wouldn't pick dates because he wanted pomegranates, and finally went without either."

Perhaps Paul was wise in leaving Miss Fannie after this remark and joining another group. The result of all such joking, how ever, was to make the young girl take a vio-lent dislike to Sobersides. She conceived a kind of disgust for him. He was "horrid," "an old thing," "hateful," "a creature"everything, in short, that any distasteful person can be to a maiden "just out." It amounted almost to a monomania with her. She would not go a party where he was in vited; when he called at her home she never appeared; she treated him in the most frigidly polite manner when they "met by chance," and, in short, nobody but Sobersides

could help seeing that she despised him. A new phase of my friend's insanity now appeared. He began sending ber splendid gifts-ruining himself to procure the most wonderful gew-gaws from Rome and Paris for her. The Lovells were not enormously wealthy, and fine jewels were not purchased by them every day. Maggie, in her charactor of belle and coquette, had no end of nice sets presented to her at various times, but Fannie's first ornament was her pretty shower of ringlets.

Sobersides, then, determined that she should, at least, equal her sister in the way of trinkets; and I don't know what extraor dinary sums he expended upon rings, brace lets, brooches, car-drops, and things Ondiamond alone, that I saw first in his passes sion and then in hers, must have cost him twice as much as his whole library -- the \*\* ond object of his affection on earth

When Fannie had amassed, in this way, a complete outfit of magnificent jewelry, the envy of all her friends, and the despair of all her enemies (I never knew a very young girl who hadn't forty foes!) she suddenly discovered that it was improper for her to receive gifts from such an "odious wretch." The chaffing ones had hinted this, in a quiet and perhaps a cynical way, but it never struck her so, until she was well provided with gems and gold.

Unfortunately, she announced this conviction to us, who knew the position of affairs, and her resolution was taken a little too soon for the next day she was surprised by the re ceipt of a neat package, addressed to ber in Sobersides' handwriting. A small party of us were present when this new offering came, and we were just in the middle of a tre mendous onslaught upon Miss Fannie, who, excited and ashamed, declared that it was absurd to think of, that Sobersides should ever care a pin for ber-that she would never see him again for any consideration-that shhated the sight of his face, etc., etc.

To all of which we replied that we knew him to be dying of love for her, that girls always disliked at first those whom they afterward loved, and that it would ultimately make an excellent match, beyond the possibility of a

In the nudst of this storm the package arrived. "Is the express paid!" asked Courtlandt "Ah, yes; another proof of affection!"

"Can't you reconsider your determination about rejecting all future presents from him" said Ryder. "Let us see what it is, anyhow," said Maggie Lovell, removing the outer wrapper of the package.

The inside envelope was inscribed, in large, plain letters: "For her whose beauty will best become the gift." Everybody laughed. It was very cruel, no doubt, but ridiculous things must be laughed at, even when done by the best fellows in the world. This bit of mediæval sentimentality was too much for our gravity, and our laughter was too much for Mis-

hidulged in a most undignified tirade agains all of us generally, and Sobersides particu-larly. She would have thrown his present into the grate, but I caught her hand.

Fannie. She burst into a flood of tears, and

"Excuse me," I said, "but that is unwise. Give me the outside wrapper and I will re-turn the gift as you received it. If you hate him, it is of no consequence what this is, that your beauty will become so well. If you have any word of rejection to send, I will convey it to him with the packet. Sobersides is no fool, whatever else he may be, and he will readily comprehend and obey your wishes thus expressed.'

She turned toward me with flaming cheeks and tearful eyes.
"Tell him I hate and despise him!" she cried, "and that I would not touch any more

of his presents with the tongs even." I handed the package to Sobersides that evening, and told him that the young lady. believing that her acceptance of the gifts. quish. The costume was more becoming to ing on his part, regretted the necessity of the man than evening full dress, but it pro-

The poor fellow was quite taken aback He looked at me, then at the package, then into the fire, filled a pipe, lighted it, sighed, paced the floor once or twice, and then, un doing the envelope (I observed that he burned the inner one), showed me a large shagreen

'Isn't it a thousand pities?" said be 'She what reminded him of a splendid diamond... would have looked so gorgeously in them!"

His sister, a pretty little married woman appeared in these glittering glories. Soher sides told her he took them for a debt from a jeweler, and seized the occasion to make her go to the opera with him, to exhibit her

He knew very well that Fannie would be there, and contrived to obtain the box exactly next to that of the Lovells. The little maiden's eyes were fixed many times and earnestly upon the opals. Sobersides thought that she knew them, but she did not. The fact was that one of her especial hopes and joys was the opal Many people are crazy after particular gems. So Fannie Lovell had an affection for the opal—that delicious. creamy gen, in whose inner depths lies a single spark of faint and tender fire—a gem to be in the way, but not near enough to be that is most excellently described as "a pearl with a soul in it."

A week afterward I met Miss Fannie and somehow or another the talk turned upon precious things.

"Did you see Sobersides at the opera last Wednesday night?' she asked. "No-I was not there."

"He bad a box next to ours; Mr. Court land's box, and there was a lady with him-I don't know who-but she wore-oh! such a splendid set of opals! You know how I dote on opals! I would give five years of my life for a set like that!" "Ab, I suppose so. Why didn't you accept

ollect, you 'wouldn't touch them with the tongs,' once!" A pause ensued so long that I looked up to see what was the matter. The little maider was bathed in tears

them when they were offered you? If I rec-

were o-o-opals!" How Feck's "Bad Boy" Fixed the

"What a fool-he he was!" sobbed she

[Peck's Sun.] We had company at dinner to-day, and pa is always in his element when we have company. He prides himself on his carving. We had a roast of beef, and before it went on the table I took the steel that pa sharpens the carving knife on, and made two holes right through the roast, and then I took a rawhide whip that pa basted me with once, cut it in two, and run pieces of the rawhide in the holes of the beef. Pa began carving with a smile, and asked the minister if he would have his beef rare or an outside piece. He

was bearing gently on the carving knife,

when the knife struck the rawhide, and it

wouldn't go any further. Pa smiled and

said he guessed he had struck a barbed wire

fence, and he turned the roast around and cut again, and he struck the rawhide. The minister drummed with his fork and spoke to ma and said 'we had a splendid meeting Wednesday night,' and ma said it was perfectly gorgeous, and pa began to perspire and turn red in the face, and he said some words that would sound better in a brewery, and he tried to gouge off some meat, but it wouldn't come, and the minister said, 'Brother, you seem to be having a monkey and a parrot time with that roast, and that made pa mad and he said be could carve his own meat without any sky pilot's interference, and ma said, 'Why, pa, you should not be impudent,' and pa said he could whip the butcher that sold him that piece of work ox, and he sent the beef out to the kitchen and the company ate cold liver. The girl set the ment in the ice chest, and pretty soon I went down cellar, 'cause I didn't like cold liver, and pulled out the rawhide, and I had all the fatted calf I wanted, and I gave the rest to that lame dog you see me

Bryant. Willis and Bonner.

have here a spell ago. O, a boy can get

[New York Cor. Troy Times.] Bryont had a love of nature, as is evident from his posins. Hence he secured a rurabome with spactous grounds as soon as his carnings permitted. His selection was Ros lyn, a pretty village on Long Island accessi ble by steamboat, and here he passed his sum mers, residing in the city turing the winter The poet's Roslyn house is a pretty place. and be had enriched it with a valuable b brary, but the increasing malaria impaired its attractions, and the poet for some years before his death made New York his bome for the greater part of the year He died in this city, but was buried in Roslyn by the side of his wife N. P. Willis the founder of The Home Journal, passed his last days at his romantic ottage, Idlewild, on the banks of the Hudson. After his death the place was purchased by John M. Courtenay, but as he, too, is doad, it is again in the market, and so is the Bryant place at Ros tyn. Bonner, of The Ledger has a convement but not showy house in this city, and also owns a farm, but the latter is chiefly de voted to his numerous and valuable horses. He prefers city to country life, but likes to take an afternoon drive out to his farm whenver an opportunity may occur

Reconstructed Slang.

[Oil City Derrick ] "Well," said Amy, after patiently trying for an hour to drown a worm in Horse creek, without being rewarded by even a nibble, well, tishing isn't what it's cracked up to be." "More slang!" exclaimed the high school girl; "you should say 'Fishing is not pulverized according to the original inten-

Economy.

[Chicago Times.] Uncle Reuben: "Now, Wenus, yo' know de argyment. Yo' cawn't go ter dat disreptable sukkus an' hab dat new gown, too. So tek yo' money an' hab yo' choice. I'vises de gown." Aunt Venus: "Wall, Rube, I guess dis yer ole gown 'll hev ter draggle a while longer. Now, dat's economy, hain't hit?"

Wicker Work-Baskets

Ladies' Floral Cabinet. Wicker work-baskets are prettily trimmed by weaving in the openings inch-wide satin ribbon of a cardinal color. A row of this should be threaded around the bent-over rim by putting the end of the ribbon through one opening, over one, and pull it through the third to the under side again, spreading out the ribbon on the upper side the full width in the center; weave the ribbon in this way all around the edge, and join the ends on top with a little bow. On the opposite side of the basket fasten a little square cushion, for pins and loose needless, with a piece of ribbon placed diagonally around it and tied in a bow to the basket edge. Unless the bottom of the basket is very firm and close, fit a pasteboard exactly to it, and cover neatly with silesia of the same shade as the ribbon used. Inexpensive little baskets for holding thimble, thread and scissors can be made very ornamental in this way.

Hot Milk as a Stimulant. Medical Record.

Milk heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, have ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as can be sipped, willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy that they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatique will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects

Indian Pudding Recipe. Dernhe J. in the Household.

Indian pudding made in this way is another favorite. Boil two quarts of milk, gave ready a tencupful of corn meal with mongh molasses added to moisten it well. pour the boiling milk over this, add a little salt and let it stand until nearly cold, when pour in one-half cupful of cold milk, and take very slowly for two bours. To be enten with

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