As a headlong diver, plunging in the ocean, Sees dimly glimmering through the green

The swinging surges pulsating above him; Sees the slimy keels of diligent vessels, With bubbling wake of ghostly foam in fur-

rows, And a dull shine of sails swollen by tempests; Sees lidless eyed monsters leering past him,

While the muffled knell of the surf is tolling; So as I heard the sad lapse of the mill stream, Down, down, quickly my spirit descended To the residence of dead men and women.

In an unearthly sepulchral twilight The growny functment was visible Flecked with white clouds of motionless

The crangy roots of the headstones protruded Uncomfortably from the low ceilings of the

Tortuous obscure damp cavern. Suddenly from ten thousand cycless sockets A mild bet awfulglare of light glowed bluely,

Lighting the streets of that benevolent city. A hospitable city, whose gates were always open; With low priced tenements for God's poor

people; A cheap resort for desolate age in winter.

The neighborhood was orderly and quiet, As from each coffin window a skull was grin-In idle mockery at life's foolish satire,

There was a wonderful sameness in costume Worn by rich ladies and their poor servants, And no bills presented to embarrassed hus-

Side by side lay the spendthrift and the

miser, The maid and her rejected lover, The prodigal and his nurclenting father.

Noises there were of feet in sad procession, And gleams of eyes with curious sadness Peering into the dark they soon or late must tenant.

My soul, moved by an irresistible impulse, Like the thisticdown before the east wind, Went through many anonymous avenues.

I heard a sound of deep perpetual thunder, Like life's flood tide throbbing in monotonous

Upon the shore that has no road or harbor. Was it a reality, or was it a vision merely I saw underground as my spirit descended

The land of the mole and the gopher?

—John James Ingalls in Minneapolis Journal.

#### ELEANOR IN LOVE.

She held in her hand the letter. Should she send it? That moment was one of tence upon which may swing, as upon a love;" and the girl's eyes flashed. hinge, the door of destiny.

Why? It was a little thing, just a friend- more about it." ly letter to Jack Renshaw out in Texas. gered, dimly prescient of that swinging door of destiny.

She had written his name across the envelope; should she complete the address and let it go? Hers was a quick, positive nature, given to the obedience of impulse. It was vexing to be so puzzled over so slight a thing.

An accident, if such it was, decided She descended to the drawing room, and the letter went to the box, gathered up with the rest of her mail by the hand of the maid.

"It was destiny," said Eleanor to herself in an afterthought.

After all nothing could come of it. She was under no obligation to Jack Renshaw, nor to any other man, in fact. Then she wondered idly if she ever should care for any of them-one more than another-for Eleanor Armstrong, while no beauty, had grace and sparkle, and a subtle personal magnetism which drew about her plenty of admirers.

She favored them all by turns. Last summer it was Lew Hunter. She went boating with him up in lovely Chocorna, where they summered, played tennis and climbed country roads and hills.

"He was so strong and good natured, and made such a good alpen-stock," she coolly explained to her aunt, Miss Jane Mears, who was her careful chaperon.

This year, last past, it was Jack Renshaw, at the same place, Chocorua-"dear old dreamy town," Eleanor said, "I could never tire of it." Jack did not dance, cared nothing for tennis, and had no experience with oars; but he read poetry beautifully, and could tell her charming old idyls as they walked by the river.

He interested her in a way that others did not; and yet he had such a dreadfully intense earnestness about him that he positively frightened her sometimes, she

said. Now the summer was gone, Jack was in Texas, and Eleanor was in her city home with only Aunt Jane and memory. Yes, there was always Fred Kensel. He lived in a handsome house up in the square, with a stylish mother and sisters. He was the oldest friend of all, and was always at hand, sometimes more than Eleanor wished. For in the last year their frank, unrestrained good fellowship had in some way taken on a color too strong for ordinary friendship, and Eleanor often found herself uncomfortable and ill at ease when Fred was near. She would declare the air was close-she must have the window open-and where was Aunt Jane? Or if they were on the street she complained of his pace; why did he lag so? Couldn't he walk up like any other man? Poor Fred unwittingly felt the smart of many thorns that

winter. But about Jack Renshaw; Eleaner cared nothing for him-she knew she didn't. He was a pleasant summer friend, nothing more. He had light hair; she wouldn't marry a blonde, anyway. Then he was too serious, too "preachy." She wasn't going to marry a guideboard. Besides he was all of ten years older than she-might as well be her grandfather. No, Jack Renshaw, for anything but a friend, was out of the question. Lew Hunter was more to her mind, and secretly to herself, she owned that Mr. Jerome Arthur, the tenor at St. Paul's, was nearer to her taste than tempt. Why did she cry? True again either. But Mr. Jerome Arthur was as to the inexplicabilities of girlhood she yet only a vague possibility. She had

Thus she reasoned. So the days went by and the letter and Jack went almost out of mind. Oc-

ulation was one of indifference. It | ply. troubled her not. The issue was all too vague as vet. And wreeks and drowned men constantly

she began to meet and sing duets with and fitful depression her feeling had Jerome Arthur at the houses of friends, passed. From a careless dream of seattendance for lectures, concerts and to doubt and uneasy question. Had be time did not fly, it at least did not drag; idvl? Of course she didn't, she stoutly and she spent very few hours either in maintained to herself, but someway the ennui or in serious reflection.

Miss Jane Mears was sometimes anxious for the future of her niece, and took tlement in life. Whereupon the spirited girl, with laughing audacity, averred gratulated upon her own merciful preservation from such a climax! That good frolicsome kitten.

"But, Eleanor, my dear," she would him stupid. purr, "you know you cannot always go | Miss Mears noticed capricionsness of on in this way; you really must make a appetite, and was anxiously solicitous. choice,"

auntie? Advertise for scaled proposals tongue coated? And wouldn't she have and award the contract to the highest on a porous plaster or wouldn't she take bidder, or put the candidates in a bag some tonic bitters? To all of which her and raffle for them?"

"Don't be absurd, child," responded Miss Jane; "you know what I mean, of a crooked stick,"

straight enough to suit me yet." you for your own good. I have been afraid you misssed it when you didn't

take up with Josiah Hawkins." " Josiah Liawkins'—and 'missed it,' indeed!" retorted Eleanor. "What did I | you thought the river scenery was demiss but an antiquated old pig with dyspepsia and squeaky shoes. I trust I At mention of the river scenery Eleaam not reduced to quite so low an ebb."

so; it isn't ladylike. I am only afraid you will never do any better, that is all." "Do any better! I should think I could hardly do worse than marry a

Eleanor Armstrong stood in doubt. | rene maternal cat, "don't let's talk any | and the Kensels are going, and it's as

"No, but you mustn't begin it, and What matter? Why should she hesitate? please don't scold me any more, dear," tion without surprise, having had twen-Eleanor could not tell. Still she lin- succumbed Eleanor, with a kittenish ty years' experience with the fluctuating

> end. And the autuum days went by. November came on, and no letter from Jack. Eleanor began to think about it. There were numerous gay young peo-Sometimes she watched, half uncon- ple, Fred Kensel, his sister and Jerome sciously, for the postman, with a little Arthur among the rest, and Eleanor sting of disappointment when he went | walked and drove and sought out her by. Yet her intimacy with Mr. Jerome old haunts by the river. But there was Arthur grew apace, and she was quite a lack, a haunting memory, and a wist- as when she sought the kitchen to astort path. fascinated by his tender tones and dark, ful pain which her heart sought in vain | rags with old Aunt Eunice. sionate eyes.

December—no letter. Eleanor's feeling of mere question of the cause passed into the stage of positive pique. Her pride was touched. Not even to write to her, to leave any letter of hers unanswered, when any other man would have | drew up. written two. Well, if Jack Renshaw had a remote idea of her wearing the willow for him he had not read his p's and q's correctly, that was all.

So she sang more and sweeter duets with Jerome Arthur, smiled more graciously on Lew Hunter, and completely dazzled poor Fred Kensel with her affability. On the whole she was rather glad he did not write-so she soliloquized-for inasmuch as she cared nothing for Jack, and never could, a correspondence would be stupid and only lead to trouble.

Of course he cared for her-that is, well, of course he did! Then, in proof of that fact her mind reverted to the night last summer when they parted at the gate of the old farmhouse where she stopped. They had taken their last walk by the river. They had then sought the top of the "ledges" to watch the sun set. Finally, in the twilight they had wandered back to say goodby at the gate. Jack was going tomorrow and she a week later. Their conversation was broken and intermittent as they came down the grassy road.

"Perhaps this may be our last walk forever," spoke his low, earnest voice. "Should you care if it were, Eleanor?" "Oh, don't be so solemn," exclaimed

she. "Of course we shall have moredozens next summer." He detained her gently by the arm. "But would you care if we never did,

I asked you?" "Jack Renshaw," facing him audaciously, "did you ever see an owl? You positively make me think of one some-

His face paled a little. His mouth had a firmer look as he walked in silence by her side to the gate. Hesitating a moment while she coquetted with her parasol and shifted some wild flowers uneasily from one hand into the other:

"Goodby, Eleanor," very gravely. "Goodby, Jack," vivaciously. "Is that all—can you say nothing else?" "Why, what should I say?" she laugh-

"Say that you care-a little-for our summer ended-if you do," taking her hand.

"But what if I don't?" withdrawing that member. He looked at her challenging face a

moment, seriously. "Goodby," he said, and turned and walked away. Eleanor tripped lightly over the threshold up to her room, flung off her hat, immediately sat down, and -ves, true to the inexplicably contra-

dictions of girlhood, cried. She remembered it now with a smile half of incredulity, half of self condid not know.

she had received a letter from Jack in Texas, purely friendly, but the closing paragraph of which was this, "May I excasionally a remark of tone of voice, or | pect an answer, and may I hope that you a marked passage in some favorite book | do regret, just a little, the ending of our they had read, would recall him. Then summer idyl!" So Eleanor had written memory would stir, and she would idly her reply warily eschewing the subject wonder if he got her letter, and when of "regret," however, and that was the and how he would write. But the spec- letter to which she had received no re-

The winter days wore on. From indifference to curiosity, from curiosity to Lew Hunter was around occasionally; pique, and now from pique to anxiety while Fred Kensel was in constant curity in his regard she had awakened drives. Therefore, if Miss Eleanor's never cared himself for their summer growing conviction of his indifference was extremely unwelcome to her.

Obera House Corner ONE PRICE CHORITHER PRICE C If the truth must be told, her anxiety occasion to remind her of the ultimate wore on Miss Eleanor, and she even necessity of a choice and a judicious set- moped a little, dismally sometimes, at twilight in her room, and pretended she had a headache when Fred called. She that Aunt Jane herself was to be con- dropped by degrees out of the duets and petulantly declared it bored her to sing. Her friends and Mr. Jerome Arthur imlady received the lively sallies of her | plored, but she was obdurate. Neither niece with the good humored toleration | passionate glances nor tender tones had of a mother cat under the attack of a power to move her more. Then she snubbed Lew Hunter and privately voted

Did Eleanor sleep well nights? Had she a "Make a choice-how shall I do it, pain in her side? A dizzy bead? Was her niece objects I with laughing contempt.

"What do you think about going to Chocorna apple this summer?" inquired course. I am afraid you will go through | Miss Mears of her niece one morning the the entire pasture and then take up with following Jane. They were sitting at breakfast, an I Eleanor was dallying with "Well, I haven't seen any quite her coffee spoon.

"Oh, that stupid little town, no. Any "Well, well, my dear, I only talk to place but there," was the quick response. "Why," said her aunt, in mild surprise, "I thought you liked it so much last year. I am sure the farm house was cool, the vegetables fresh, and you know lightful."

nor was conscious of a pang at her heart "No, no, child; don't fly in a passion | like pain; but she answered carelessly; "One tires of things sometimes. I should like a change."

That evening as she took down her long hair in her aunt's room, before rethose wistfully critical epochs of exis- man for whom I hadn't a spark of tiring, she said suddenly, and with a little nervous flutter, "Yes, let's go to "Well, there, there," soothed the se- | Chocorua, auntie; you know you like it, good as any place, after all.

Miss Jane Mears received the proposiembrace. And so the dialogue would inclinations of har niece. So it was arranged.

A month later found them settled.

farm house which was the temporary bome of their choice, when a carriage passing, the driver raised his hat and

"Jack Renshaw!" exclaimed two or three, recognizing and running toward him, rackets in hand.

Eleanor felt as if stunned, but, being possessed of too much tact and pride to allow herself to seem disconcerted, she approached with the others and offered her hand. He leaned from the carriage in greeting them all, and Eleanor felt, when he took her hand, that his eyes were seeking her own. But she could scarcely look up. Her old fearless confidence was gone, and she blushed half angrily at her disadvantage.

Jack Renshaw recognized, too, the difference, and a something intuitive directed his reply to the general importunity whether he would not be with them before the season was over.

"Yes, certainly, I think I shall," was his reply as he drew his reins and drove

He had told them that a telegram brought him from Texas a month ago to the bedside of his mother, who was critically ill, and whose only son he was. Her home was in an adjoining town. She was now convalescent, and he was to return south in September.

That night Eleanor pleaded weariness and retired early to her room. But she could not sleep. She did not try. Without a light, and in her flowing wrapper, she sat long, dreaming in the wide west window; dreaming of all things, of last summer and of the dull, gray future. But through every vision there moved one central figure. All else revolved about that. One face haunted her memory, one voice thrilled her heart.

She rose at last and nervously paced the floor. Why should she think of Jack Renshaw? Why could she not shut him out of mind? She-Eleanor Armstrong -who always had sailed on the crest of the wave, to find herself now chopping dismally in the trough. It was too ex-

asperating. Yet again and again the same vision haunted her memory, and ever and ever, against her will, the same questions forced an answer. Why could she not forget him? How well he looked! Why had she never noticed his fine expression? What ease and self possession were his: Why had she been so blind before? And so, and so she vexed herself as the night

hours wore away. Within a week Jack was back at Chocorua, a guest at The Elms, the village inn. Eleanor saw him constantly, was obliged to do so, since he was a general favorite, although not given to games.

His attitude toward her was perplexing. Politely indifferent, he neither shunned nor sought her. Eleanor was, as always, gay. But her gayety was fitful; now bordering on extravagance, as when she dashed after a hay cart with Fred; now relapsing almost to sobriety,

One afternoon following the arrival of the way by Fred, and at The Elms by re-enforcements, including Mr. Jerome, Arthur and Jack. At the postoffice delivery Kitty Kensel volunteered to call for letters for the company.

"Mr. Jerome Arthur, one; Miss Grace E. Morris, two-three! more than your share, Grace Morris; Miss Persis G. A. Pratt, two and a card; Miss Catharine Kensel-that's me-one; Miss Eleanor Armstrong, card and letter-oh, see!

and a dead letter, too!" "A 'dead letter?' Oh, let's see!" cried all the girls, huddling together. Jack Renshaw stood at Eleanor's right,

looking quietly on. · Behold her rosy check doth pale, And palsied grow her lily hands; She dare not rend the mystic veilran on the giddy girl who had delivered

the letter. Eleanor flushed and wrenched the envelope in laughing contempt. "See if I dare not!" she exclaimed.

The inclosed letter fell to the floor, with the addressed side conspicuously uppermost. Jack stooped and restored it to her, inevitably reading the superscription as he did so. Eleanor at that moment read it also.

"J. H. Renshaw"-nothing less, nothing more. In amazement and confusion she raised her eyes to his, which were eagerly regarding her The lightning of recognition flashed between them.

There it was, her own letter of a year ago sent to the dead letter office on account of an unfinished address. She remembered it all. She had written his name, nothing more, that day when she was hesitating to send the letter. A caller had interrupted and made her forget. Then the maid had mailed it as it was. So Jack had never heard from her. and she had never heard from Jack

Eleanor hastily thrust the letter in her pocket and hurried from the office, followed by the chattering company, whose attention was already caught by another matter.

Jack soon took his place by her side on the homeward way. Neither spoke until they came to where the old path led out from the main road and through the meadow along the river. The shadows were long and cool, and

the golden sunset light swept down the depths of the quiet water like a reflected "Eleanor," said Jack, pausing at the turn, "I think I see how it all was; I

think I understand. Do I not?" Her heart beat thick and fast. She would not trust herself to speak; she only looked away to the sky.

"Shall we walk by the river tonight?" he continued, "and would you care now, as I would, not a little, but with all my soul and for all my life, if we never had walked together again?"

Eleanor lifted her eyes to his with a look which : nswered his fondest hope,

as they turn a and went down the river

think of a rowl sometimes-you look so One night a merry half dozen of them the daily stage she and the Kensel girls very solemn and wise!" she said, with a were playing termis in the field near the proposed walking up to the village post- flash of her old audacity, as they came office for letters. They were joined on again in the twilight down to the farmhouse gate -- Elmira Telegram.

The ladies of the South Park circle will give a box social at the Baptist parsonage, Monday evening, May 11. Ladies are expected to bring a box containing funch for two, with the ladie's name enclosed. The gentlemen will have the opporfunity of paying twenty-five cents for a box regardless of the shape or size of the same. Right reserved to withhold names until boxes are purchased, The South Park band will furnish good music for the occasion. Come one and all.

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