

## TIME TABLES

**Burlington Time Table.**

**EAST BOUND.**

No. 6.	Chicago Fast Train	7:52 a. m.
No. 12.	Local to Chicago	9:54 a. m.
No. 20.	Local to Pacific Jct.	1:12 p. m.
No. 20.	Local to Pacific Jct.	2:40 p. m.
No. 2.	Chicago Fast Train	5:00 p. m.
No. 14.	Local from Omaha	9:25 p. m.
No. 30.	Arrives from Louisville	9 p. m.
No. 20.	Local from Omaha	9:50 p. m.

**WEST BOUND.**

No. 29.	Local from Cedar Creek and Louisville	7:10 a. m.
No. 15.	Fast train for Lincoln	8:16 a. m.
No. 25.	Local to Omaha	1:58 p. m.
No. 33.	Scoutier	3:20 p. m.

**Missouri Pacific**

**SOUTH.**

No. 104.	Passenger to Kansas City & St. Louis	10:25 a. m.
No. 106.	K. C. and St. Louis	12:03 a. m.
No. 194.	Local freight	10:25 a. m.

**NORTH.**

No. 103.	To Omaha	5:03 p. m.
No. 105.	To Omaha	5:35 a. m.
No. 193.	Local freight	2:30 p. m.



**WE POINT** with pride to the line of fine teas and coffees we carry and on which we have built up such a splendid trade. A large selection of honest goods at honest prices won us patronage of our best customers. Are you one of them? If not, why not? We please others. We can please you.

**J. E. TUEY**

## PETER CLAUS

He has just received some fine new **MONITOR RANGES**. He also will convince you if you call at his store that he can fit you out with **FURNITURE and GRANITWARE** in a very satisfactory manner.

**Yes, He Was Hurt.**  
There had been a barroom fight in a frontier town. One man was frightfully mangled with a bowie knife. The surgeon said that he could not live and described his condition in the technical terms of his profession, telling of injuries to certain cartilages, membranes, and so forth. When he had gone away a friend of the dying man called to inquire if he was really in danger, asking, "Is Jim hurt?" "Is Jim hurt?" replied one of the crowd. "Is Jim hurt? Why, man the doc says that all of the Latin part of his bowels is gone."

**American Illustrators.**  
The American illustrations—the illustrations of our numerous "best sellers" and other stories of shorter length—have noticeably improved in quality in the last few years. The illustrator has slowly but surely forged ahead of his old class and the average work is much higher than formerly. The illustration is learning that his illustrations have not always illustrated either in their adherence to the printed text or in method of technique used in portraying his conception. He is learning that an illustration of any real value must not only illustrate, but that his work must have artistic value. With neither of these necessary features, it is, of course, worthless to the public, and if it be merely an accurate illustration, merely a line or brush description of a scene or single thing, the educated public wants simplicity of execution and as great a directness as is possible, and in many cases if the illustrator cares not for artistic value he should give way to the mechanical draftsman and photographer.

**Passing Them Up.**  
"Come on, don't let's stop here."  
"Why not?"  
"Don't you see dem signs on de gate?"  
"Yes, but they're new ones on me."  
"Dey means dat de family livin here is meat strikers."

## WORK OF VOLCANO

### EXPLANATION OF DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH

**Scientist Satisfied He Has Discovered Agent by Which the Two Wicked Cities Were Wiped from the Earth.**

Ellsworth Huntington, head of the recent Yale expedition to Palestine, declares that he has verified the Bible story of Sodom and Gomorrah. "Hundreds of pages," he says in Harper's Magazine, "have been written to prove that the story is a myth, or that the ancient towns were destroyed by the bursting forth of oil wells like those of Texas or Baku, which sometimes are ignited and burn for days. Other hundreds of pages have been devoted to proving that Sodom and Gomorrah were or were not at the north end of the Dead sea, and that they were or were not buried under the saline deposits at either end of the lake.

"Among recent writers there seems to be a tendency to believe that Sodom and its sister town were probably located at the south end of the lake, where the name Udom is thought to represent Sodom, and where Arab tradition now locates the ill-fated cities. The means of their destruction are believed to have been the oil wells mentioned above. This rather unsatisfactory conclusion has been adopted largely because it has been supposed that no volcano is located in such a position that it could have borne any part in the story.

"According to the story in Genesis, Lot and Abraham were at Bethel, ten miles north of Jerusalem, when their herdsmen quarreled and they decided to separate. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the Plain of the Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before Jehovah destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah like the garden of Jehovah, like the land of Egypt, as thou goest unto Zoar. So Lot chose him all the Plain of Jordan."

"Then the story goes on to the time when Jehovah rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from Jehovah out of heaven while Lot fled to the near town of Zoar. He did not stay long, but went out of Zoar and dwelt in the mountain—in a cave.

"Having freshly read the story and having looked over the strong arguments for locating the towns south of the Dead sea and for believing them to have been destroyed by something in the nature of bituminous outbursts, I was taken by surprise when I visited the little ruins of Sodom and picked up bits of genuine scoriaceous lava, while the sheikh who acted as guide told the story of Sodom as the story of Suweimeh of Suweim. The name may be a corruption of Sodom.

"I went into the mountains at once from Suweim in order to see where the lava came from. As we climbed the lower hills the sheikh noticed that I picked up black pieces of lava and broke them open.  
"Don't bother with those," he said. "Up here," pointing southeast, "there is a whole mountain of black rock like that."

### Cleared by a Thumb.

The guilt or innocence of an army veterinary surgeon, accused by a soldier of assault at Pontivy, France, rested on the question whether or not the accused man sucked his thumb after the soldier had accidentally inflicted a slight wound. While M. Berland, the veterinary surgeon, was performing an operation on a horse's leg at the barracks of the Second cavalry regiment at Pontivy, a trooper who was holding down the horse inadvertently scratched M. Berland's hand. In consequence of the horse moving suddenly, the surgeon examined the scratch, and then administered a sound box on the ear to the soldier, who received the punishment in silence, but later complained to an officer. The court-martial spent considerable time in ascertaining whether the choleric surgeon struck the trooper suddenly, without reflection, as a person might do after having a corn trodden on, or whether the blow was given deliberately, after Mr. Berland had time to reflect. On learning that M. Berland did not stop to suck the wounded thumb before boxing the trooper's ear, the court decided that the blow was not premeditated and he was acquitted.

### The Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.

Siwa, or Seewab, with which the Egyptian government has fresh trouble, is our old classical acquaintance the oasis of Jupiter Ammon, whose oracle was a formidable rival to Delphi. The oracle grew dumb about the time that the whisper ran round the world, "Pan is dead;" but this oasis is still a stronghold of religious fanaticism.

Most of the inhabitants, who rather resemble the Chinese in feature, and wear a perpetual scowl on their countenances, belong to the Senussi sect of Mohammedanism, and profess a peculiarly sour variety of Puritanism. When not murdering Egyptian officials for demanding taxes they amuse themselves by "outing" the minority who refuse to join their denomination.

The oasis of Siwa is seldom visited by Europeans, because the journey involves a three-weeks' camel ride across the desert in which Cambyse lost his army, with a good chance of getting knocked on the head at the finish. Among themselves the Siwese talk a dying Libyan dialect.

## THE CHILD HEART WITHIN US

**Though We May for a Time Forget It, Certain It Is Never Quite Passes Away.**

I think it was George MacDonald who spoke of the child-heart that lives on, after the sunny rosy days of childhood, in the heart of every one of us human beings, even amid dark surroundings and through times of trial and sadness to our voices.

Still the sweet child-heart is there although we forget it, it may be, for a while, and only wake up to the fact that it exists when we feel some throbbing of gladness, such as when we gather the first primrose, or catch the spring song of the blackbird in the wood.

Then the child-heart beats fast with happiness, and we know that it is still there, true as ever. And when we see some pure little baby face, all fresh from the tender touch of the great Creator, does not the child-heart go out in love to the wee wayfarer on life's path? Ah, we should thank God for the gift of youth—youth even in old age, hidden away in our hearts, and yet smiling out whenever a responsive chord is touched.

Look at the business man, grown old and weary in the ways of the world.

He is no longer young, and his brow is furrowed with the indelible lines of care; but some day, as he passes by a stall in the city, his stern mouth relaxes and his eyes grow soft for a moment, as he sees golden and white crocuses and blue violets lying there in the spring sunshine.

He thinks of his little flower, gathered by the angels, many, many years ago—his little, lovely child, with her sweet voice and steadfast eyes!

And then his thoughts wander away to the heaven where she loved to talk and sing about, and he wonders if he will ever meet her there. "Please God!" he whispers to himself, as he crosses the street to his office.

It is only the child-heart within him, under the rugged exterior and the toll of his work-a-day world, but it makes his life brighter and more hopeful all the same.—Seattle Times.

### Cruelty to Man.

With the advent of cold weather women interested in the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are active in their operations to enforce the horse blanketing ordinances. The other day a certain young girl got into an embarrassing situation through her eagerness to see that all horses were properly cared for.

She was walking in Rittenhouse square when on the south side she saw a delivery wagon standing by the curb. The driver was nowhere in sight and the horse was not blanketed. This well-meaning girl went up to the animal and waited until the driver should return. On his arrival she at once began taking him to task for his negligence. He stood it patiently for some time, then he began:

"Lady, you say that Bill, my horse there, is cold. Well, look at him. Do you see that heavy coat he has? Do you see how fat and healthy he looks? You do. Well, now look at me. I've got on a light summer coat, no vest and this thin shirt. I'm warm enough. I'm not yelling over the cold. Why don't you get me a winter overcoat instead of butting in an' insulting a perfectly comfortable horse?"

The young girl fled.—Philadelphia Teelgraph.

### What Constitutes a Scholar.

No longer will the best American sentiment rattle such rebuffs to scholars as that which Benjamin Harrison intended when he spoke of them as "students of maxims rather than of the markets." The maxims of the modern student in history, political science and economics are worthy of attention just because they are based on a study of markets—a study looking farther in both directions than that which the Wall street broker bestows on his ticker. As Gor, Hughes says, some time we are actually going to have a tariff framed in accordance with expert study. Our public men are not above the need of counsel, and they take it, but often from sources having only the qualification of self-interest, and that is also a disqualification. They must have the best, and welcome it. Democracy is most truly democratic when it recognizes and exalts the true aristocracy, the aristocracy of men who know its yesterday and the world's yesterday, and who concern themselves over its to-day, for other reasons than because of the loaves and fishes there may be in it for themselves. Toward such advisers, the attitude of public men should be always attentive, often docile, sometimes obedient.

### A Strange Dream.

On coming out from under the influence of an opiate in the Presbyterian hospital at Pittsburg, recently, Mrs. Martin O'Rourke said she had dreamed that her husband was dead, and that his spirit entered her room, beckoning her. She awoke screaming, and it was some time before she could be quieted. While Mrs. O'Rourke dreamed that her husband was dead she did not know that he really was in his coffin, and that sorrowing friends were in the house at the time she awoke from her vision. Martin O'Rourke was one of the victims of a street car wreck, and was killed while on his way to his home with medicine. His wife was then at the O'Rourke residence and her condition was such that it was deemed advisable to keep her in ignorance of his death. She was removed to the hospital along with her three-weeks-old infant, where she dreamed her strangely true dream.

## TYPE NEVER FOUND

**NO SUCH THING AS A PERFECT HUSBAND EXISTS.**

**But, to Be Quite Fair in the Matter, Writer Also Asserts That There Is No Such Thing as a Perfect Wife.**

A distinguished lecturer, who has also won fame in the pulpit, is going around the country describing the perfect husband, and is received with delighted audiences—of women. It is much to be regretted that men are not in attendance. We are not aware that there are many perfect husbands in the world, and if the learned lecturer has some new points which will increase the serenity of the domestic hearthstone the men should have them.

It does not seem to have occurred to the women who are so enthusiastic over this typical but unfound perfect husband that he will never be happy without a perfect wife. We admit that as a rule women are better than men in the large morals of life, but the perfect one has not been discovered. Hence the domestic squabbles, hence the divorce courts, hence these tears. The perfect husband has a large load to carry, and it is much to be feared that he finds life a burden at times because of his lack of sympathy. The perfect wife, if she exists, is always saddled on to human imperfection of the male variety and much is the fuss made about it. Men are content, like the humble beings that they are, to take their troubles silently, but wives feel that the world is entitled to know the burden of their sorrows.

All of which is slush, of course. There is neither a perfect man nor woman in the world, and it isn't particularly desirable that there should be until the general average of humanity is higher. What we want in this world is all the contentment, happiness and entertainment that is possible and laudable. It is impossible that there should be a quiet home without friction, but it is quite possible and essential that the difficulties be reduced to the minimum.

The whole trouble with the matrimonial situation to-day is that there is so little of the willing mind on either side to seek an accommodation. In married life there is a necessary compromise between two individual natures. Wise couples are willing to establish a home based on mutual help. The unwise couples rush to home and mother and then to the divorce courts.

People in this world who complain of trouble have usually themselves to blame. Most of the troubles we have never happen, and such as occur may, for the most part, be avoided. The perfect man and woman are not necessary, but the sensible man and wife do not need the law or the prophets to make them happy in their own home. It takes two persons always to make a quarrel, and it is easier to effect a happy compromise than most persons imagine.

Some people think married life a torment. If so, it is because they have remarkable facilities for making it so. The world is filled with happy homes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Changing America.

We admit and regret the fact that England is far better known to our trans-Atlantic visitors than is the United States to British travelers.

We wish it were possible to extend by any means among all persons of tolerable means and leisure on this side a personal knowledge of the republic. If there is a real danger it lies in this, that after a few years our experience or ideas of the United States tend to fall behind the facts.

For Americans belong to a country which, if no longer so young as it was, is still passing swiftly through phase after phase of transition. Emigration decade after decade pours in millions upon millions of alien men. They are received, absorbed, assimilated. But it is the greatest mistake in the world to imagine that in acquiring American characteristics they contribute no influence to American society. They modify insensibly, but inevitably, to a greater or less extent, the collective psychology of the United States as a nation.—London Daily Telegraph.

### The Schools of Massachusetts.

Massachusetts is evidently at a critical period in its educational career and it is of the highest importance that no mistake be made. The tendency of the times is toward magnifying the industrial side of education. There is so much work to do, and the demands of daily living and of the fashions which the women feel that they must observe are so inexorable, that the head of the family is hard pressed for the wherewithal to support the material side of life, while the better side is generally neglected for the inferior. This domination of the inferior is the phase of education which has to be met to-day. It is a feeling on the part of many people that the first duty they have to perform is to get enough to eat well, dress well, live in a first-class house, supplied with all modern improvements, and spend well in the daily nonessentials which consume a great deal of money and bring in very small returns other than gratification of pride.—Fitchburg Sentinel.

### Helping Out the Company.

Conductor—You pulled the wrong rope; another time, when you want to get off the car, just notify me.  
Passenger—I didn't want to get off. I just wanted to ring up the last fare that you failed to register.

## THE PARMELE

Presented by the  
**Wm. Grew Stock Company**

Seats on sale Thursday.  
Curtain at 8:15 sharp

**Friday Evening,  
March 18**

**Prices - 25c, 35c, 50c**

## Low Rate Tours Spring and Summer 1910

See the far west with its diversified sections broadening under scientific cultivation; visit its incomparable cities with their environment of intensive land wealth. A Coast Tour is a broad education and the world's greatest rail journey.

**\$60** Round trip, central Nebraska to California or Puget Sound, via direct routes, June 1st to September 30th.

**\$50** Round trip on special dates each month from April to July, inclusive.

**\$15** Higher one way through California, Portland and Seattle.

**\$25** One way, eastern and central Nebraska to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, etc., Marcy 1 to April 15.

Proportional rates from your town. Consult nearest ticket agent or write me freely asking for publications, assistance, etc., stating rather definitely your general plans.

**Burlington Route** W. L. PICKETT, Ticket Agent, Plattsmouth, Neb.  
L. W. WAKELY, G. P. A., Omaha.

## THE TAILOR'S SONG

Fit out at Frank's—get a suit up to date, Right in the fashion—of woollens first rate. A suit that will fit—goods sound as a bell, No outside shops will fit you as well, Keep track of Mac's good value he sells, Mac builds good clothes garments all neat, Chicago's ready made agents cannot compete. Examine his line and prices all through, Look him up for a suit, saves money for you. Reliable goods, all through his line, Order a suit for the on coming spring time, You find value for money here every time.

## Cold Weather Comforts

Our Coal is the best cool weather comfort that you will be able to find in town. These chilly fall winds will soon turn into winter and you will need the comfort that our coal will give you. Better order early to avoid disappointments when an extra chilly day comes.

**J. V. Egenberger**

**The Daily 10 Cents a Week**