THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Ah! here it is, that dear old place,
Unchanged through all these years;
How like some sweet, familiar face,
My childhood home appears!
The grand old trees beside the door,
Still spread their branches wide;
The river wanders as of yore,
With sweetly murmuring tide;
The distant hills look green and gay,
The flowers are blooming wild,
And everything looks glad to-day,
As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,
Half wondering I stand;
I catch no fond endearing tone,
I clasp no friendly hand;
I think my mother's smile to meet,
I list my father's call;
I pause to hear my brother's feet
Come bounding through the hall;
But silence all around me reigns,
A chill creeps through my heart;
No trace of those I love remains,
And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair;
What though the budding flowers
Still shed their fragrance on the air,
Within life's golden hours?
The loving ones that clustered here,
These walls may not restore;
Voices that filled my youthful ear,
Will greet my soul no more;
And yet I quit the dear old place
With slow and lingering tread,
As when we kiss a clay-cold face,
And leave it with the dead!

JANETTE'S FLIRTATION,

OR

The Unheeded Warning.

CHAPTER I.

LIONEL MONTGOMERY.

"I wonder who he is. He is very handsome, and there is a nobility about him that I admire. Will he ever come this way again? Perhaps I have encountered him for the first and last time. But I hope not. I want to see him again. I want to know who he is."

Thus spoke Janette Wreycliffe, as she turned from the pretty depot just vacated by the train. The person who had flushed her face and excited her curiosity, sat in the second passenger coach—a handsome man, with open countenance, large blue eyes, and brown side whiskers. His gaze wandering up and down the platform, well dotted with people who help to make up this great world of travel, had encountered Janette, to whom he had faintly bowed and smiled. With the smile still lingering, and enhancing his looks, as the girls thought, the train moved off, and she saw him no more.

The occurrence seemed a dream to Janette, as she walked towards her father's magnificent banking establishment, muttering the words with which I have opened this story. The face in the car never left her sight; waking or sleeping, she saw it, even to the exclusion of the one that came to her suburban home—the face of Byron Cleveland.

Janette often found herself in the depot after the meeting I have described. As she was an only child, her father humored her, and wondered what took her to the scenes of bustling life. She told him that the depot, echoing to welcomes and farewells, possessed a charm for her soul, and he never cautioned her against the dangers that lurked there. She was watching for the man whom she had encountered—the dream one of her sleeping hours—the tangible one of her waking ones.

One day she saw him at the window again. Her little heart almost stood still beneath her bodice, and blushing to the temples, she smiled and dropped her eyes. When the train moved off, the unknown raised the sash, and flung an enameled card at Janette's feet. Fearfully she looked around. She was sure that no person had noticed the little incident; everybody, like herself, seemed completely immersed in personal affairs. She stooped, and covered the card with her hand, nor did she glance at it until she found herself in the reception room belonging to the bank.

Her father had stepped out, and she was alone; so, uncovering the delicate bit of pasteboard, she read the following:

"I will be in Charleston next Saturday. May I not meet you?
LIONEL MONTGOMERY."

Janette's heart beat fast at the thought of meeting the strange traveler in Charleston. She had longed for the opportunity, but yet feared it. She knew that Byron Cleveland, then separated from her by a single wall, loved her with man's truest nature, and she had confessed to her father that, when he asked for her hand, he should not meet a refusal. But this confession had fallen from her lips before the handsome stranger flitted before her eyes, and with his alluring card in her hand, she was doubting her love for her father's cashier.

Suddenly the door opened, and Byron Cleveland, with pen poised over his ear, and his fine face aglow with merry pleasure, entered the room. Janette trembled, and hid the card.

"I thought you were here," he said, with a smile. "Your father said, as he left, that the wealth of Boylston Bank was in the reception room, and I thought I had best game it during his absence."

"You are very considerate," said Janette, "and papa is continually perpetrating jokes on me. You cannot be busy now."

"We are not," he answered. "The financial crisis is affecting us severely but on Saturday we expect a brightening up in monetary matters."

Janette started. *He* was coming to Charleston on Saturday.

"A gentleman connected with the great Liverpool and London Railway project, is expected here on that day, and we shall probably invest largely through him. He informed us last night, by post, that he will call punctually at two, Saturday."

"What is his name?" asked Janette.

"Lionel Montgomery."

The girl was repeating the name, when she suddenly caught herself, and blushed.

"I suppose he is one of those financial Lord Dundrearys, with more money than brains," said Byron Cleveland. "At any rate you will get the benefit of his aristocratic notions, Janette. He will doubtless be the guest of Dunlery."

"You do not mean it, Mr. Cleveland!" cried Janette. "He will stop at the Warrenton."

"Your father generally brings his best customers to Dunlery, you know," remarked Cleveland. "I am quite anxious to see Mr. Mongomery."

So was Janette; but she did not so inform her lover.

By and by he returned to his duties and the banker's daughter, left alone, read the message on the card again and again. What a strange coincidence had just transpired! Lionel Montgomery was not only coming to Charleston on Saturday, but he had important business with her father, and would, in all probability, take up his abode in Dunlery, the name of her home, situated one mile from the city.

Janette resolved to receive the Englishman as an entire stranger. Her father should never know that she had ventured to carry on a flirtation with a traveler, for he was decidedly opposed to such foolish things on the part of young ladies. Still Janette could see no harm in bowing to a handsome man who had smiled on her. It was but an innocent amusement, and would result in nothing regretful. They would bury it, and the hours would roll over its forgotten grave.

That very evening Byron Cleveland asked for the little hand which he had kissed so often, and so often pressed. Janette colored and then turned pale. A change had come over the spirit of her life dream. Lionel Montgomery's face had risen between the cashier's love and hers. But for him she would have accepted the offer of marriage.

"I love you," she said, looking up into Byron Cleveland's face, and boldly encountering his dark eyes, "but I am not ready to answer now. Leave me to my fancies yet six weeks."

He drew her to his breast and kissed her, murmuring:

"I will."

She might have said, "let me alone until my flirtation with Lionel Montgomery shall have ended."

Byron Cleveland left Dunlery wondering why Janette should ask for six weeks. He knew that she loved him: it needed not her words to tell him this, and he was disappointed in heart when she asked for time—time to indulge in the fairy flights of fancy. Could she not indulge in them with the betrothal ring on her finger?

Saturday came, and punctually to his appointed hour Lionel Montgomery stepped into Boylston Bank. He found George Wreycliffe waiting, and was shown into the reception room. Hour after hour passed away, and the Englishman remained closeted with the banker. Doubtless he was winning the cautious old man over to an investment in the great project he had the honor to represent.

By and by a low rap sounded on the door of the reception-room, and Janette was admitted. She started at beholding the traveler, and the next moment, blushing still, her father had presented her.

At last Janette stood face to face with the gentleman of the railway coach, and she found him one of the most agreeable of conversationalists.

He announced his intention of establishing an office in Charleston, and a few days after he fitted up a room next door to Boylston Bank.

Janette was pleased with this, and step by step she was drawn from the man who loved her, the man of her father's choice—Byron Cleveland.

Lionel Montgomery visited Dunlery occasionally. Janette showed him the vaults and the safes of Boylston Bank. He suggested improvements in the locks which the banker adopted, and when the young cashier reminded Janette that the six weeks had ended, she laughed at what she termed his boyish eagerness, and put him off again—this time indefinitely.

What had taken possession of Janette's heart? Had she ceased to love him?

A thousand times, while at his desk, Byron Cleveland had asked himself these questions, and it was with a wounded heart that he began to pry into the true state of affairs.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEAD BURGLAR.

George Wreycliffe, as a banker, was the most wary of men. After mature deliberation, he refused to invest in the scheme represented by the Englishman, but others took stock and paid small sums of money. These funds Montgomery deposited in the safes of Boylston Bank, and a coldness gradually grew between him and Wreycliffe. I will not disguise the fact that letters passed between Janette and the Englishman, nor that there were clandestine meetings in the parks of Dunlery. Into such indiscretions Janette's "innocent flirtation" had grown, and all this under the unsuspecting eye of her father.

"I wonder if I ever could love Byron Cleveland well enough to marry him?" she questioned herself one day donning hat and veil for a walk to Charleston. "A lady must choose her own lord, and if I have not chosen him, I cannot help it. I have thought that he was the only handsome man in the world; but," with a smile, "I believe I have discovered differently."

She seldom rode to Charleston when the weather was pleasant. The road led through such a pleasant country that she delighted to walk. Sometimes she went down to the path that followed the windings of the lucent creek, and then she would traverse the broader highway.

Upon the day of which I write, she chose the latter way, and the long streaks of golden light were darting from the setting sun as she left her home. The road led by an antique house which had been purchased by a strange man several weeks before. The purchaser was inclined to play the hermit, for he brought no servants to the decaying domicile, and though he always spoke courteously to Janette when she encountered him at his gate, she possessed a lurking fear of him.

"Yonder looms the hermitage, like a veritable ghost's retreat," said Janette, as she came in sight of the place. "I wish its owner would move. Father does not like him, and has offered a fabulous price for the old house, but he will not sell."

She shuddered when she passed the gate, and then drew a breath of relief. The recluse was not visible, and Janette quickened her steps. She would get beyond the structure as soon as possible, and would return in the buggy with her father.

Down the road she was hurrying when a foot-step fell upon her ear. The sound struck terror to her heart, and she started to fly when a hand closed around her wrist. With a light cry of terror that drove every vistage of color from her face, she turned and confronted the recluse.

He looked pale and haggard. Janette was sure he had been sick.

"Pardon me, miss," he said, still holding her wrist. "I want to talk to you a moment. It may be too late to-morrow."

Janette, almost frightened out of her wits, bade him proceed.

"I know you are in a hurry, I will not detain you. There is a man in Charleston who calls himself Lionel Montgomery."

"Calls himself," echoed Janette.

"Do not interrupt me, miss," said the man, almost imperiously. "I have been very ill, and I must return to my couch. I say that he calls himself Lionel Montgomery. It is not his name. There is no such organization as the Liverpool and London Railway Company. It is the invention of his brain. Miss, he is a villain. Pardon me for saying that I have witnessed enclarcissements in your father's parks. If the impostor has taught you to love him, break away before it may be too late. I know him. Miss, heed my warning. I am not hired to deliver it, I speak that I may save you."

Then, before Janette could question him, he said "farewell," and she saw him walk feebly towards the old house. Like a statue in the dying sunlight she watched him and for a long time she stood there repeating his strange words.

"What can he know of him?" she said, all at once starting forward, an expression of mingled scorn and indignation on her clearly cut Wreycliffe face. "I will not believe him, a spy and eavesdropper by his own acknowledgment. I wonder if this isn't some of Byron Cleveland's work. Jealous men resort to belittling chicaneries sometimes."

Thus consoling herself, Janette Wreycliffe continued her journey, and paused to exchange pleasant smiles and words with Lionel Montgomery, whom she found under the lintel of his office door. She returned with her father in the buggy, hiding a note which Lionel Montgomery had slipped into her hand.

In her boudoir she opened it and read:

"DEAREST JANETTE:—I have arranged everything. You will leave Dunlery at four o'clock to-morrow morning, and catch the train at Cauldwell station. Trust me, Janette, and know that that trust will never be betrayed. Do not fail me.
LIONEL."

To this had Janette's flirtation come. She had promised to trust in the Englishman's keeping the love she had once given to Byron Cleveland; and that trust was about to culminate in an elopement. She was to leave Dunlery in a buggy which she would find in one of the groves attached to the estate, cross the country, and catch the early train at a small station, five miles distant.

She at once set about to make preparations for the flight. Her little valise was carefully packed, and this duty over, she went below and swept the ivory keys of the old piano. She bade the instrument an affectionate farewell, and gave her parents a parting glance as she turned from the room. She wrote a letter to them, but burned it over the lamp and closed the writing-case.

At four the following morning she rose and dressed. Stealing from the old house, she sought the grove; but no buggy awaited her arrival. She waited with fearful heart until the distant clocks of Charleston struck five. Still no sound of wheels greeted her strained ears. Had he wilfully deceived her, or had unforseen circumstances prevented the successful working of his plans? She would not believe him false, and after waiting another half hour, she crept back to Dunlery and re-sought her couch.

"I will go down with papa this morning," she said. "I wonder why Lionel's plan failed? something terrible must have happened last night, for this silence creeps into my heart. It seems palpable. I am almost afraid to go down to the city."

But she nerved her heart to courage, and rode down to Charleston with her father.

They found that the young cashier had not yet made his appearance; but the bank watch, an old man, greeted them with a pallid face.

"I'm afraid to open the vaults," he said.

"Why?" questioned Mr. Wreycliffe, quickly, and with rising excitement.

"I heard a strange noise there about nine last night. It might have been produced by the explosion of powder, for it lasted but a second, and I tho't I would not inquire into the cause until somebody came."

Wreycliffe's face was pale when he took the keys of the money vaults from the watch's hands.

"Come, both of you," he said, and the two descended to the treasure room.

The heavy iron door swung back, and the smell of burned powder greeted their olfactories.

"Somebody has robbed the bank!" cried the banker. "Quick, Darley, light the gas!"

The watch obeyed, and a strange sight was revealed. Before the largest of the safes that stood in the vault, lay a man. He was stretched at full length on the ground, his face upturned to the ceiling. A quantity of burgfar tools lay beside him, and a can of powder stood at the foot of the money-chest.

"A bolt from the lock struck him, no doubt," said the banker, kneeling over the bloody face. "At any rate he was killed on the very threshold of success. But who is he? My God! Janette, come here!"

The pale girl started forward, and uttered a loud shriek when her eyes fell upon the face which her father was wiping with his handkerchief.

"Father, it is Lionel Montgomery!" she cried.

"Yes, Janette, we know him now," said the banker. "See, he has spent weeks in perforating the wall that separated his office from our vaults. And how near success he came. The blast destroyed the lock and thousands lay within his grasp. But a bolt thrown forward by the powder struck him in the breast, and put an end to his existence."

Janette hid her eyes, and leaned on the safe in a paroxysm of horror and weakness.

She knew now why no carriage met her in the grove, and she recalled the warning of the recluse. How terribly her little flirtation had ended, and what a lesson it was teaching her!

It was universally believed that Hugh McClintock—for papers found on the dead burglar proved that Lionel Montgomery was an assumed name—took up his residence in Charleston for the express purpose of robbing Boylston Bank. Through Janette, he had gained access to the vaults, and was enabled to work understandingly. But his plans had failed.

Janette, effectually cured of flirting by her terrible experience, soon became the loving wife of Byron Cleveland, to whom, with many tears, she told the story of her frustrated elopement.

The morning after the burglar's death, the recluse was found dead in the old house. His identity to this day remains a mystery.

A Brooklyn poet calls the comet a celestial whitewash brush in search of the souls of "Christian statesmen."

The Chicago Times discovers that ex-Minister Bancroft has violated the constitution in accepting imperial gifts.

When you see a young couple late at night on the front porch chewing and biting and eating each other, just let 'em alone. They are only fooling.

A Frenchman being about to move his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating at the same time that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied: "Oh, yes, he's a very good stand for ze business. Me stand all day; for nobody come t make me move."

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

LODGES.

Excelsior Lodge No. 15, K. P.—Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited. J. C. McNAUGHTON, C.C. F. E. JOHNSON, K. R. S.

Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week in their new hall over Lowman's store. Visiting brothers respectfully invited. HENRY COHN, N. G. R. B. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

Brownville Division No. 19, Sons of Temperance. Meets every Friday evening in Odd Fellows Hall, over Thurman's drug store, Main street. Strangers of our order visiting the city are invited to meet with us. A. G. GATES W. P. G. W. FAIRBROTHER Sr., R. S.

Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M. Stated meetings third Thursday evening in each month.

Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M.—Stated meetings first Monday night in each month.

Furnas Council No. 3, R. S. & S. E. M.—Stated meetings fourth Monday in each month.

Mt Carmel Commandery No. 3, K. T.—Stated meetings second Monday in each month.

Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63, K. R. C. R. & C.—Meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Mondays.

Adah Chapter No. 2.—Order of the Eastern Star. Stated meetings third Monday in each month.

CHURCHES.

Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2½ p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. W. B. SLAUGHTER, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m. J. T. BAIRD, Pastor.

Christ's Church (Episcopal.)—Corner Atlantic and Second streets. Divine service every Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock. Sunday School at 2 o'clock p. m. Seats free. Rev. J. E. BONNERS, Rector.

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City Council.—Meets the First Monday in each month. Mayor, F. A. Tisdel. Aldermen—First Ward—W. T. Den, E. S. Willsey; Second Ward—F. E. Johnson, W. A. Judkins; Third Ward—Lewis Hill, Fredrick Barker. Marshal, D. Campbell. Clerk, J. B. Docker. Treasurer, J. Blake. Police Judge, J. S. Stull.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Commissioners—A. J. Ritter, H. Hockmeyer, Alex. McKinney. County Clerk, Wilson E. Majors. District Clerk, W. H. Hoover. Sheriff, D. Plasters. Probate Judge, E. M. McComas. Treasurer, A. H. Gilmore. Surveyor, J. Gilbert. County Superintendent, D. W. Pierson.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Northern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 11 a. m. Departs 11:30 a. m.

Southern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 2:30 p.m. Departs 7:30 a. m.

Northern—Via Peru, Daily—Arrives 12 m; Departs 1 p. m.

Southern—Via Nemaha City, Daily—Arrives 5 p. m. Departs 7 a. m.

Western—Via Tecumseh to Beatrice—Daily: Departs at 7 a.m. Arrives at 5 p.m.

Southwestern—Via Table Rock—Weekly—Arrives Tuesday at 6 p.m. Departs Monday at 7 a. m.

North western—To Helena. Semi-Weekly—Arrives Thursday and Saturday at 6 p. m. Departs Wednesday and Friday at 7 a.m.

Post Office Hours from 7 a. m., to 7½ p. m. Sundays from 10 to 10½ a. m. W. A. POLOCK, P. M.

TIME SCHEDULES.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Burlington & Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska.

MAIN LINE.

11:25 a.m. leave	...Plattsmouth...	2:8 p.m. arrive
2:40 p.m.	...Lincoln...	11:16 a.m. leave
10:00 p.m. arrive	...Kearney Junc.	5:45 a.m. leave

OMAHA BRANCH.

1:20 p. m. leave	...Plattsmouth...	12:15 a.m. arrive
2:40 p.m. arrive	......Omaha......	10:50 a.m. leave

BEATRICE BRANCH.

2:55 p.m. leave	......Crete......	7:45 a.m. arrive
6:05 p.m. arrive	......Beatrice......	5:45 a.m. leave

Chicago & North Western Railway.

Trains at Council Bluffs arrive and depart as follows:

GOING WEST	ARRIVE	GOING EAST	DEPART
Day Express	10:25 p.m.	Day Express	6:40 a.m.
Night Express	9:15 a.m.	Night Express	4:25 p.m.
		Ex. Freight	10:30 a.m.

W. H. STENNETT, Gen. Pas. Agt.

Kansas City, St. Joe. & C. B. Railroad.

Trains leave Phelps Station as follows:

Going North......3:30 a. m.	Going South......8:25 a. m.
Going North ......4:55 p. m.	Going South......8:55 p. m.

A. C. DAWES, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Midland Pacific Railway.

8:50 a m	3:35 p m	Nebraska City	2:00 p m 6:25 p m
2:00 p m	8:30 p m	......Lincoln......	11:00 a m 2:35 p m
arrive	10:25 p m	......Seward......	8:30 a m......leave

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E. W. Thomas,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office, front room over Stevenson & Cross's Hardware Store, Brownville, Neb.

W. T. Rogers,
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Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

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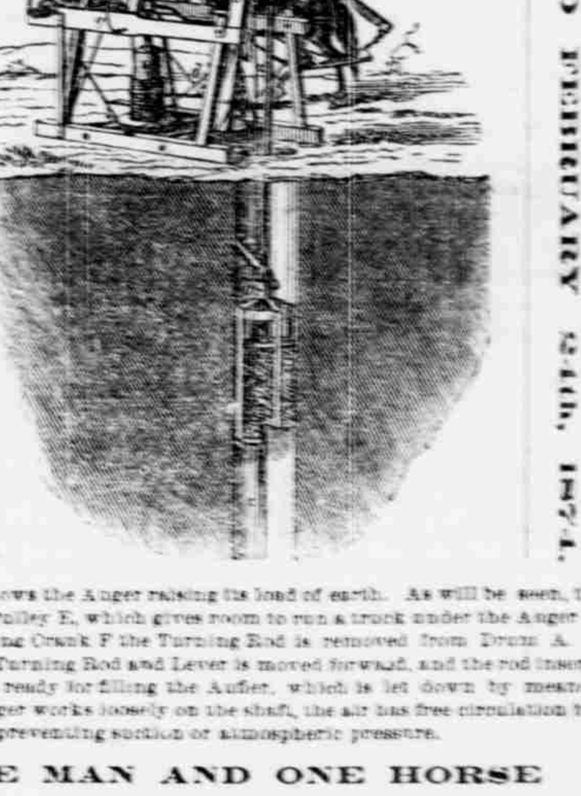

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