The big fat "Boss" man, sign of Wescott & Powell, has rolled all that Stock of Goods to Upper Main Street, and is still Rolling 'em in for Fall Trade, which is just looming. And don't you FORGET it!

THE HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
—AT—
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

OFFICE:
Or. Vine St., One Block North of Main, Cor. of Fifth Street.

Largest Circulation of any Paper in Cass County.

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NEBRASKA HERALD.

JNO. A. MACMURPHY, Editor. | "PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS." | TERMS: $2.00 a Year.

VOLUME XV. | PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1879. | NUMBER 25.

THE HERALD.

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1 sqr...	$1 00	$1 50	$2 00	$2 50	$5 00	$8 00	$12 00
2 sqrs...	1 50	2 00	2 75	3 25	6 50	10 00	15 00
3 sqrs...	2 00	2 75	4 00	4 75	8 00	12 00	20 00
¼ col...	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	28 00	35 00
½ col...	8 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	27 00	40 00	60 00
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THE
Standard Singer.
$20 Buys this Style.

New agents wanted in every town. Sample machine furnished on application. $2 to be forwarded with order, as a guarantee of good faith—the balance, $18, to be paid after five days' trial. Every machine warranted, and a written guarantee given with each machine to keep in order for two years. Two machines, one address, $38; three machines, $54; four machines $70; five machines, $85. Special prices on large orders.
PARSONS, FOSTER & CO.,
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Of all sizes, ready made and sold cheap for cash.

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IS NOW READY FOR SERVICE.

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Of Every Description.
CHEAP FOR CASH.
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Complete with Roller, for 25cts.
Lambrequin Window Shades.
And a Larger variety of Cheaper Shades, of all varieties.

With many thanks for past patronage, I invite all to call and examine my
LARGE STOCK OF
FURNITURE AND COFFINS

BRICK! BRICK!
If you want any
Fire or Ornamental Brick,
Call on
J. T. A. HOOVER,
LOUISVILLE, - - NEBRASKA.

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PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.
First-class Lodging Rooms.
Final Class Boarding.
Good Sample Rooms
Everything and every comfort
A Good Hotel can Furnish
Also, Good Wines, Good Beer, Good Liquors
Good Lemonade, Good Cigars.
Kept at the City Hotel.
10y FRED. GOOS, Proprietor.

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(A Medicine, not a Drink,)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
Hop Cough Cure is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.
The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidney is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. Ask druggists.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
Send for circular.
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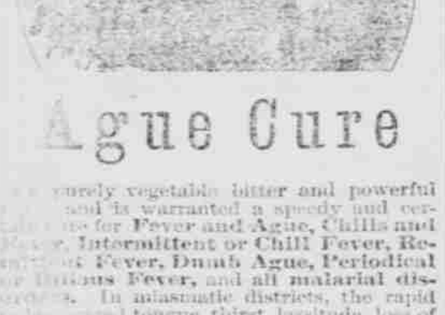

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It is a startling fact, that quinine, arsenic, and other poisonous minerals form the basis of most of the "Fever and Ague Preparations," "Specifics," "Syrups," and "Tonics," in the market. The preparations made from these mineral poisons, although they are palatable, and may break the chill, do not cure, but leave the malarial and their own drug poison in the system, producing quinism, dizziness, ringing in the ears, headache, vertigo, and other disorders more formidable than the disease they were intended to cure. AYER'S AGUE CURE thoroughly eradicates these noxious poisons from the system, and always cures the severest cases. It contains no quinine, mineral, or any thing that could injure the most delicate patient; and its crowning excellence, above its certainty to cure, is that it leaves the system as free from disease as before the attack.

For Liver Complaints, AYER'S AGUE CURE, by direct action on the liver and biliary apparatus, drives out the poisons which produce these complaints, and stimulates the system to a vigorous, healthy condition.

We warrant it when taken according to directions.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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Stocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Local Securities
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Available in any part of the United States and in all the Principal Towns and Cities of Europe.
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Person wishing to bring out their friends from Europe can
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Furnishes Fresh, Pure Milk,
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Special calls attended to, and Fresh Milk from same cow furnished when wanted.
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Excelsior Barber Shop.
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SHAVING AND SHAMPOOING
Especial attention given to
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Has just opened an entire new stock of hardware, on
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Next door west of Chapman & Smith's Drug Store.
A Full Line of
SHELF HARDWARE,
SHOVELS, RAKES, SPADES and ALL GARDEN TOOLS.
NAILS, NAILS, NAILS, by the Keg or Pound.
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Special Rates to Builders and Contractors.
All goods sold as low as they possibly can be and live. 4ly

WILLIAM HEROLD,
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DRY GOODS,
CLOTHS,
BLANKETS,
FLANNELS,
FURNISHING GOODS.
—:0:—
GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.
Large stock of
BOOTS and SHOES
to be
CLOSED OUT AT COST
—:0:—
Notions, Queensware,
and in fact everything you can call for in the line of
General Merchandise.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES AND FURS.
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

SAGE BROTHERS,
Dealers in
STOVES,
TINWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
One Door East of the Post-Office, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.
—:0:—
Practical Workers in
SHEET IRON, ZINC, TIN, BRAZIERY, &c., &c.
Large assortment of Hard and Soft
Pumps, Gass Pipes and Fittings.
COAL STOVES,
Wood and Coal Stoves for
HEATING OR COOKING,
Always on Hand.
Every variety of Tin, Sheet Iron, and Zinc Work, kept in Stock.
MAKING AND REPAIRING,
Done on Short Notice.
EVERYTHING WARRANTED!!
PRICES LOW DOWN.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW. Practices in Saunders and Cass Counties. Ashland, Nebraska. 33m6

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Office on Main Street over Solomon & Nathan's Store. 3ly

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The best known and most popular Landlord in the State. Always stop at the Commercial.

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Morning Dew Saloon!
One door east of the Saunders House. We keep the best of
Beer, Wines, Liquors & Cigars.
Constantly on Hand.

SAUNDERS HOUSE.
J. S. GREGORY, - - - Proprietor.
Location Central. Good Sample Room..
Every attention paid to guests. 43m3
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Flour, Corn Meal & Feed
Always on hand and for sale at lowest cash prices. The highest prices paid for Wheat and Corn. Particular attention given custom work.

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MACHINE SHOPS!
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PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.,
Repairer of Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw and Grist Mills
GAS AND STEAM FITTINGS,
Wrought Iron Pipe, Force and Lift Pipes, Steam Gauges, Safety-Valve Governors, and all kinds of Brass Engine Fittings, repaired on short notice.
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Successor to
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Dealer in
MEDICINES & CHEMICALS,
PERFUMERIES, SOAPS, TOILET ARTICLES, PAINTS & OILS, LAMPS and LAMP GOODS, STATIONERY, CONFECTIONERIES, TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.
Pure Wines and Liquors,
For Medicinal Purposes.
Prescriptions Carefully Comounded day or night. Remember the place,—Marshall "Boot & Shoe" & Drug Store.
Weeping Water. - Nebraska. 1ly

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BAKERY!
Central Block, Corner Main and Sixth Streets.
Bakery, Confectionery and Restaurant.
Meals prepared at all hours. Parties supplied with Suppers. Wedding and Festival Cakes made to order in the handsomest style. Ice Cream furnished for Suppers, &c. at private houses during the season.
Private Rooms for Club Suppers.
Fresh Bread every day at Stadelmann's, Plattsmouth.
Fresh Oysters on hand, in Every Style 29yl.

H. A. WATERMAN & SON.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
PINE LUMBER,
LATH,
SHINGLES,
SASH,
DOORS,
BLINDS,
ETC.,
ETC.,
ETC.
Main street, Corner of Fifth,
PLATTSMOUTH, - - - - NEB.
Still Better Rates for Lumber

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Directory.
A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Beatrice.
ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
THOS. J. MAJORS, Representative, Peru.
ALBINUS NANCE, Governor, Lincoln.
S. J. ALEXANDER, Secretary of State.
F. W. LEIDTKE, Auditor, Lincoln.
G. M. BARTLETT, Treasurer, Lincoln.
S. R. THOMPSON, Supt. Public Instruction.
F. M. DAVIS, Land Commissioner.
C. J. DILWORTH, Attorney General.
REV. C. C. HARRIS, Chaplain of Penitentiary.
DR. H. P. MATTHEWSON, Supt. Hospital for the Insane.

—o—

Supreme Court.
S. MAXWELL, Chief Justice, Fremont.
GEO. B. LAKE, Omaha.
AMASA COBB, Lincoln.

—o—

Second Judicial District.
S. B. POUND, Judge, Lincoln.
J. C. WATSON, Prosecuting-Att'y, Neb. City.
W. L. WELLS, Clerk Dist. Court, Plattsmouth.

—o—

County Directory.
A. N. SULLIVAN, County Judge.
J. D. TUTT, County Clerk.
J. M. PATTERSON, County Treasurer.
R. W. HYERS, Sheriff.
G. W. FAIRFIELD, Surveyor.
G. HILDEBRAND, Coroner.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
HENRY WOLFE, Liberty Precinct.
JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
SAM'L RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.

—o—

City Directory.
J. W. JOHNSON, Mayor.
J. M. PATTERSON, Treasurer.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
RICHARD VIVIAN, Police Judge.
P. B. MURPHY, City Marshal.
WM. L. WELLS, Chief of Fire Dept.
COUNCILMEN.
1st Ward—J. PEPPERBERG, V. V. LEONARD.
2d Ward—G. W. FAIRFIELD, J. V. WECKBACH.
3d Ward—R. C. CUSHING, THOS. POLLOCK.
4th Ward—P. McCALLAN, E. S. SHARP.
Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect May 4, 1879.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 7:00 a. m. Arrives 8:45 a. m.
" 3:50 p. m. " 4:55 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 9:10 a. m. Arrives 10:40 a. m.
" 6:00 p. m. " 7:55 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.
Leaves Plattsmouth 9:15 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 12:45 p. m.; Arrives Kearney, 7:35 p. m.
Freight leaves 9:00 a. m. Ar. Lincoln 2:55 p.m.

FROM THE WEST.
Leaves Kearney, 6:30 a. m. Leaves Lincoln, 1:30 p. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 4:50 p. m.
Freight leaves Lincoln 11:40 a. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 4:55 p. m.

GOING EAST.
Express, 6:15 a. m.
Passenger, (train each day) 4:25 p. m., except Saturday. Every third Saturday a train connects at the usual time.

R. V. R. R. Time Table

Taking Effect Sunday, March 23, 1879.

SOUTH.	STATIONS.	NORTH.
5:55pm	HASTINGS.	8:55am
6:27	AYR.	8:02
6:48	BLUE HILL.	7:40
7:25	COWLES.	7:05
7:55	RED CLOUD.	6:35
8:20	INAVALE.	6:10
8:45	RIVERTON.	5:50
9:10	FRANKLIN.	5:25
9:25pm	BLOOMINGTON.	5:10am

C. B. & Q. R. R. TIME TABLE

WESTWARD.

		Express	Mail.
Leave	Chicago	9:30am	10:00pm
"	Mendota	1:25pm	1:40am
"	Galesburg	1:05pm	5:35am
"	Burlington	7:40pm	8:10am
"	Ottumwa	10:50pm	11:35am
"	Chariton	1:45am	2:15pm
"	Creston	4:25am	5:15pm
"	Red Oak	7:10am	8:00pm
Arr.	Plattsmouth	9:20am	

EASTWARD.

		Express	Mail.
Leave	Plattsmouth	5:50pm	5:30am
"	Red Oak	8:00pm	8:25am
"	Creston	10:25pm	11:15am
"	Chariton	12:55am	2:15pm
"	Ottumwa	3:20am	5:00pm
"	Burlington	6:30am	8:30pm
"	Galesburg	8:55am	11:05pm
"	Mendota	12:15pm	3:15am
Arriv	Chicago	3:30pm	7:00am

ONLY 27 HOURS TO St. LOUIS by the new ROUTE just opened via MONMOUTH. PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS run from Burlington to St. Louis without change.

BY LEAVING PLATTSMOUTH AT 3:50 P. M., you arrive in St. LOUIS the next evening at 8:20, and leaving St. Louis at 8:00 a. m., you arrive in Plattsmouth 9:20 the next morning.

Coupon Tickets for sale for all points North, South, East and West.

SAMUEL POWELL,
D. W. HITCHCOCK, Ticket Agent.
Gen. Western Pass. Agent.
J. M. BECHTAL, Agent, Plattsmouth.

THE FRIEND OF ALL!!
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS,
"I had no appetite; Holloway's Pills gave me a hearty one."
"Your Pills are marvellous."
"I send for another box and keep them in the house."
"Dr. Holloway has cured my headache that was chronic."
"I gave one of your Pills to my babe for cholera morbus. The little dear got well in a day."
"My nausea of a morning is now cured."
"Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of noises in the head. I rubbed some of your Ointment behind the ears, and the noise has left."
"Send me two boxes; I want one for a poor family."
"I enclose a dollar; your price is 25 cents but the medicine to me is worth a dollar."
"Send me five boxes of your Pills."
"Let me have three boxes of your Pills by return mail, for Chills and Fever."
I have over 200 such testimonials as these but want of space compels me to conclude.

For Cutaneous Disorders,
And all eruptions of the skin, this Ointment is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
Possessed of this REMEDY, Every Man may be his own Doctor. It may be rubbed into the system, so as to reach any internal complaint; by these means it cures Sores or Ulcers in the THROAT, STOMACH, LIVER, SPINE, or other parts. It is an infallible Remedy for BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, Contracted or Stiff Joints, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, and all Skin Diseases.
IMPORTANT CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYDOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. Boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.
There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes. HOLLOWAY & Co., New York. 5ly

PAPER HANGING
—AND—
PAINTING.
M. McElwain,
Shop over BONNER STABLES, on
PINE STREET.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
5m6

STREIGHT & MILLER,
Harness Manufacturers,
SADDLES
BRIDLES,
COLLARS,
and all kinds of harness stock, constantly on hand.

FRUIT, CONFECTIONEY,
AND
GROCERY STORE,
NUTS, CANDIES, TEAS
COFFEES,
SUGARS, TOBACCOES, FLOUR, &c.
Remember the place opposite E. G. Dovey's on Lower Main Street.
STREIGHT & MILLER.

"When I'm a man," the stripling cries,
And strives the coming years to scan—
"Ah, then I shall be strong and wise,
When I'm a man!"

"When I was young," the old man sighs,
"Bravely the lark and linnet sung
Their carol under sunny skies,
When I was young!"

The boy's bright dream is all before,
The man's romance lies far behind.
Had we the present and no more,
Fate were unkind.

But, brother, toiling in the night,
Still count yourself not all unblest,
If in the east there gleams a light,
Or in the west.

THE MORTGAGED FARM.

"Six o'clock!" said Marion Hilyard, looking up suddenly as the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner rang out its shrill announcement; "six o'clock, and oh! mother, here is Jemmy Lane, punctual to the very moment. Now we shall have good news from Jack, I hope."

She ran out to the gate, flushed and eager to receive the letter from the country carrier; and, returning, seated herself on a low stool at her mother's feet, and broke the envelope.

On the first glance at its contents a shade of disappointment dimmed her bright face.

Instead of reading the note aloud, she glanced hurriedly over the brief lines, and then silently with a quivering lip, placed it in her mother's hand and turned aside to a window.

This is what Mrs. Hilyard read:

"DEAR MADAM: I saw your son a few days since, when, to my surprise, he expressed himself reluctant to apply his money to the redeeming of the mortgage, saying that he required it for speculation which promises to be more profitable to him than the holding of the farm. I have, therefore, been compelled to dispose of the mortgage to a gentleman of my acquaintance, who proposes to take immediate possession, and consider that it is my duty to inform you thereof, in order that you may lose no time in making arrangements for a removal.
"Very respectfully,
"ABNER HARRIS."

Mrs. Hilyard returned the letter to its envelope with a trembling hand and a dazed bewildered look, as though unable to realize the blow which had so suddenly fallen upon them.

Her eyes met Marion's and the girl threw herself upon her knees by her mother's side and burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh, mother, mother! what shall we do? What will become of us?"

"'The Lord will provide,'" said Mrs. Hilyard, raising her overflowing eyes to the motto on the wall, embroidered by Marion's own hand. "Where is your faith, my child, that it should fail you in the very hour of need?"

"Mother, it is not so much the loss of our home, nor the poverty and trial in store which grieves me, but that Jack—your own son, my own brother—should have so changed. Oh, mother, I know that our Father in Heaven will not desert us, but to whom on earth can we turn when Jack becomes worldly and heartless?"

At this moment a little blue-eyed girl burst into the room with:

"Mamma—Marion! here is Miss 'Melia Anderson at the gate in her buggy. She says will you step out a minute, for she wants to tell you about old Mr. Millard being sunstruck; and she daren't leave her horse without somebody to hold him."

Marion was in no condition to listen to Miss 'Melia—the greatest gossip in the neighborhood; so Mrs. Hilyard, drying her eyes, was in civility compelled to see the informal visitor. Marion, her head resting upon the window-sill behind a screen of clinging roses, could have heard every word spoken; but absorbed in her grief she paid no attention until the name of Wat Hinton struck upon her ear.

"It's true for certain; for Maria had it from his own sister, Aggie Hinton. Says Maria, in her wild way, 'If he comes back with all that money—you know his Uncle Samuel left him most of his property last year—says Maria, 'if he comes back rich, I mean to set my cap for him.' On which Aggie answers, 'Oh, you need not; for he is to be married before long, and to a real nice pretty girl.' Of course Maria wanted to know all about it; but Aggie only laughed in her mysterious way, until Maria says, 'I believe to you are joking!' when Aggie replies, 'If Walter isn't married before winter, I'll make you a present of these new ear-rings which he has sent me.' So you see it's certain sure, and no doubt he will bring his bride to visit his family, and then, tell Marion, we may look out for a grand party. When the Hintons' undertake to do things, they always do things handsomely."

Marion stayed to hear no more. Gliding out of a side door, she crossed the garden, passing little Myra, who was fondling a snow white calf, her great pet and treasure, and who called out to her to see how fast Snowball was growing."

Poor little sister! It would be as hard upon her as upon her mother and herself to leave the dear old home, and all the scenes and objects endeared to them by the associations of their lives. For in that ample, pleasant, old fashioned farmhouse, Mrs. Hilyard had been born and married, and here her children had first seen the light.

Two years ago, her husband—who had been too little practical to make a successful farmer—had died suddenly, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassed state, and the farm burdened with a very heavy mortgage. Then Jack, good son and brother that he was, had thought it best to go to the city, taking advantage of a situation offered him by a distant relative until the mortgage should be paid.

Only two weeks ago he had written cheerfully, saying that the matter would be speedily settled to their satisfaction; and now, just as they were expecting to hear that their home was their own again, came this cruel letter.

As Marion had said to her mother, not even the loss of their homes went to her heart with so sharp a pang as did this evidence of the change in her only brother.

That Jack should have grown so worldly and heartless; as to consider his pecuniary advantage before the gratification of his mother's comfort; that he should allow them to be actually turned of the dear old house, and go to reside in the strange city, where they could never feel at home—oh, this was the bitterest pang of all!

So Marion had thought upon first reading that letter; and it was not until hearing Miss 'Melias words to her mother that she awoke to the consciousness that fate could have even a greater sorrow than this in store for her.

One year ago she had parted from her accepted lover, Wat Hinton, in mutual anger on both sides. Wat had become jealous, and had spoken sharply to her, and in a manner which she considered herself justified in resenting.

Wat was too proud to apologize, and Marion too proud as well as too delicate to make advances looking to a reconciliation; and so they drifted apart, both miserable, until Wat had broken the last link by going to the West.

She heard of him from time to time through his family, but no word or message to herself ever came. In all this while she looked forward with a faint, yearning hope to the possibility of his some time returning, and of all being made up between them.

But now this last hope was rudely stricken to the ground. Wat was going to be married. He had forgotten her, and was lost to her forever.

"Oh it is hard, so hard to bear!" thought Marion, as with hands unconsciously tightly clasped she passed slowly under the ample boughs of the old orchard.—"Life is bitter. It has taken all from me. It can have no more to give. Only my dear mother and Myra! For their dear sakes I must be strong, and try to bear it all."

On the verge of the orchard where the high bank sloped abruptly to the meadow, she came to a mass of tangled honeysuckles fashioned into a rustic arbor. Wat had made it for her, and here in fact it was that they had last parted.

Down in the meadow ran a little pathway, leading by a short cut to Wat's home a couple of miles away! How often she had sat here of an evening and watched for him!

She could scarcely look back upon any object now before her eyes which was not connected with some association of Wat.

There was the walnut tree which he and Jack used to climb, and there the clear, laughing brook in which he had taught her to steer the little boat which he had made for her, laden with grain, down to Jack's famous water mill, at the roots of that old willow.

Further up was the real "grist and saw mill" which Jack had always been so desirous of owning, and which everybody said would be a good investment for one who could manage it properly.

And then Marion, seated on the bench in the rustic arbor, turned and looked long and yearningly at the old farm house peeping from the great beeches across the orchard. No other place on earth could be home to her. And her mother! Oh, it would be harder still for her, whose whole life of fifty years had been spent under that roof.

A sudden sound aroused Marion—a sharp whistle as of some one calling to a dog, and she saw through her tear dimmed eyes the figure of a man hurrying along the pathway in the meadow. She drew back behind the screen of the honeysuckle.

The path led past the arbor, but at the foot of the steep bank she would not be discovered in her retreat. So she thought; but a moment or two after there was a sound of footsteps ascending the bank, a rustle of the honeysuckle branches, and Marion saw standing in the entrance of the arbor the figure of a tall young man who looked almost as much startled as herself.

For a moment they gazed at each other—Marion pale, and the stranger with a flush rising in his handsome face. Then he said, as he held out his hand, "Marion, don't you know me?"

She gave him her hand in silence. It was Wat. And suddenly with the sight of him came the full bitterness of her sorrow, in the consciousness that he was lost to her forever. She was nothing to him now, and that he must be nothing to her.

"I am glad to have so unexpectedly found you here in this dear old spot," he said. "I arrived at home only an hour ago, and could not rest until I had seen you."

She met his eyes, bent upon her with a strange earnestness, and her pale cheek faintly flushed but she could not have spoken a word.

"Marion," he said suddenly, "have you no welcome for me? Is it possible that you cannot forgive me?"

"Forgive you?"

"Yes; for all my absurd jealousy, and pride and folly. I have never had a happy moment since I parted from you, Marion, and I have come back at last to beg your forgiveness, and to beg, too, for the love which I forfeited, but which I cannot live without."

"I do not understand you, Wat. I do not know why you should speak thus to me, when—when you are going to be married."

"Who told you that of me Marion?"

"It came from Agnes, your own sister."

He smiled.

"Aggie knows my wishes. It was she who encouraged me to come back. She thought you would forgive me. Will you, Marion, darling?"

She had averted her face to hide her tearful eyes, but he now took both her hands, and as he drew her toward him a great tide of unspeakable joy rushed over her, and she could only murmur faintly: "Oh, Wat!"

When they were both calmer she told him of the heavy grief that had just fallen upon them. They must leave their dear old home, which had just passed into the hands of strangers.

"Of strangers, Marion? Do you call me a stranger?"

"You, Wat?"

He looked surprised in his turn.

"Did you not know that it is I who have purchased the dear old farm?"

"Oh, Walter, it can not, can not be true!"

He took from a pocket-book a paper, which he opened and spread before her. It was the mortgage which her father had given Mr. Abner Harris.

"And the place is really yours now?" she said, looking up radiantly through sudden tears.

"Not mine, but ours, darling?"

She was too happy to speak a word in answer.

"You see, dear," Wat said, "Jack and I talked it over the other day, and we agreed, as he was so anxious to purchase the mill, and had not the means sufficient for both that I should take the farm, and leave him at liberty to invest in the mill property. It is the very best thing for Jack and his mother, as I explained to her, if she had only received his letter. Jack is not fitted for a farmer, and never could have made much of the farm, as he certainly will do with the mill. He came up with me in order to attend to the matter. Forgive me that I neglected to inform you, but I left him behind in the maple-field, talking with Aggie."

Marion started up with a glad cry. Coming down the opposite declivity of the meadow was somebody joyously waving his hand, and in two minutes she was sobbing in her brother's arms—sobbing from a fullness of joy such as she had never in her life before known.

They hastened to the house, all three eager to gladden the heart of the mother.

Jack sprang up the steps and took her in his arms while Wat lifted Myra, who had run to meet them in frantic delight.

As Marion crossed the threshold, the old clock rang out a welcome chime.—"Seven o'clock!" said the girl softly.

Her heart was full, and she turned away and went quietly up to her own room. As she passed the clock, she looked up at it with an expression almost of awe.

"What a lifetime of misery and happiness in one hour!" she murmured.

INTERVIEWING THE PONCAS

AND GETTING A FEW GLIMPSES OF THE OMAHAS AND WINNEBAGOS.

The HERALD Assistant at the Old Home Camping Ground and Among the Indians.

During a recent short trip to Decatur, Burt Co., we made a call upon Standing Bear and his band of thirty or forty Ponca Indians who after the result of their *habeas corpus* case in Omaha returned north and are encamped on the edge of the town, as near to the Omaha Reservation as possible, in order to obtain the help which has been generously proffered them by the Omaha Indians until they are able to return to their old reservation.

We found them occupying about eight or ten tents, which places of abode were quite an advance upon the old skin tent of many years ago, having many modern improvements which showed that at least in some minor particulars the Indians were advancing a step in civilization, and subsequent investigations led us to believe that these steps were not as few as many believe.

Seeing our carriage stop, a pleasant faced rather dignified looking Indian came forward, and was accosted by one of our party as Standing Bear to which he gravely assented and shook hands with each member of the party. We were somewhat surprised to find that he did not speak English nor even understand us, as many do, who do not attempt the intricacies of our tongue themselves, but our perplexity was relieved by the proffered aid as interpreter of one Silas Wood, an Omaha Indian, who seemed quite as familiar with English, as with his native Indian dialect. Through him Standing Bear informed us that there were about thirty-five with him and another band of about forty was up at the Santee Sioux Agency; also a few at the Yankton Agency, all these having returned since the original tribe of 700 were sent down to their new Agency. Before he left 150 of them had died, and, he had heard, at least a dozen more since he came away. He seemed to think their chances of returning to their old agency were pretty certain, but they now hoped for an appropriation to pay them for the wagens and farming implements which were sacrificed when they left. As we talked, Standing Bear's two squaws, together with three or four others and some papooses drew near and interposed frequently some remark as Standing Bear talked with the interpreter, which showed their interest in the subject. They were rather good looking, one of them having a benevolent countenance, and all looked cleanly. The sides of their tent were raised, it being a warm day, and disclosed cooking utensils, clothes, bedding, &c., which might answer well for a party of tourists out on a camping expedition.

Standing Bear was dressed in white men's clothes and the gentleman with us informed us that when he came into town he generally wore a very nice suit and could pass muster in dignity of manner and intelligence with many a one who with the whiter skin of the "pale face" might claim precedence of him. He owns several horses and a wagon or two, which he manages to keep at work much of the time. He also finds work for most of the working members of his band in an adjacent brick yard and about a new saw mill which is being built; very one bearing testimony to their good behavior and industry.

Having told Standing Bear that we wished to get some facts about them for the paper, he informed us through his interpreter at parting, that he wished we would please put in the paper that they were waiting for the government, and the man in Boston, (Tibbles), to help them get back what they had lost, and he hoped all who could, would say a word for them that they might go back to their old homes and be able to till their ground and make their own living again, and not die as they were doing down there.

[Concluded on the Inside.]

A gentleman was once relating to some friends how he had driven over a pig, but by dexterously guiding his horse the pig had escaped uninjured, when a Son of Erin standing near, quietly remarked "By that means, sir, you saved his bacon."

There is peace in store for bald-headed men. The patent fly-dispenser consists of a wire frame made to fit the head of any person. Inside the frame is a set of wheels and springs similar to those in a clock; then there are five fans which, when set at work, revolve rapidly, not only causing a cool breeze, but driving away the flies.

Three Groves Items.

Haymaking seems to be the main object just now among the farmers, every mowing machine that can be had, is running and is kept busy. The weather has been so nice and dry, there has been a large quantity put up, so far.

The dry weather for the last month has cut the corn crop very short in this locality, from the present indications won't be but little more than a half crop; however there will be lots of fodder, and a few nubbins to husk this fall.

A large amount of fall plowing has been done before the drouth set in, and some fall grain sown, but some say that the grain won't come up unless it rains soon. Late potatoes are going to be very scarce, although there is pretty plenty of early ones, the potato crop will not be an entire failure.

Quite a number are threshing their barley and hauling it to Neb. City; considerable more is paid for it there, than at Plattsmouth. If the roads and weather continue good, there will be a good portion of the barley in this vicinity put in to market at that place.

W. J. Linch and lady from Mt. Pleasant were over the other day and made quite a visit; he reports times good and looming out there.

James Chalfant, Jr., has been quite ill for a few days past, but we understand he is improving and will probably be up and going again soon.

Joe Ceoly arrived from the west a few days ago, but will return soon.

Billy Pine has quit carrying the mail; however we have a new carier, for the last three or four days. Billy was the "Boss" carier, but couldn't beat Jake Bailey.

Mrs. L. C. Patterson gave a supper and dance on Thursday evening last, the dance was well attended, so they say; they always are.

Mr. Patterson came very near having a first class prairie fire a few days ago; while mowing the grass caught from a match, carelessly thrown in lighting his pipe, but fortunately the fire was put out after burning over half an acre of grass, or more.

The manure heap in Uncle Johnny Allison's barn yard caught fire yesterday from some cause, and came very near doing some damage however, scorching the barn very badly, and came near setting fire to it.

Philander Doesticks, we will let your weeds grow in peace this week, we think, they need a rest anyway.

ELEANOR.

Taking Time by the Forelock.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and already, through the mists of months the gladsome Holiday season looms clearer day by day, filling the youthful mind with pleasing speculation, and causing materfamilias to consider in what direction she can exercise a little additional economy, whereby the money for presents may be forthcoming when required. And just in the nick of time there comes to hand a suggestion of how Johnny, and Mamie, and Flossie, and Charley may secure for themselves and by their own exercises, the jack knives and work boxes, and writing cases, and tool chests, for which their souls are longing; of how mamma may get that book or parlor ornament she has talked about so often; and or how, by their united exertions they may obtain a present wherewith to surprise and gladden the soul of papa.

For the publishers of Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly are in the field with the new premium list of their magazine; and all that mamma or children (either for that matter) need do, is to send name and address on a postal card to Messrs. Ehrich & Co., of 287 Eighth Avenue, New York, when a copy of the list will be mailed them free, and they can appreciate for themselves the advantages offered.

The Fashion Quarterly so exactly fills its place as a guide to economy in the household, and its subscription price, only 50 cents a year, is so very trifling, that little difficulty should be experienced in securing subscriptions; and we have no doubt that thousands will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented of securing some useful article at a very moderate expense of time and trouble.

Mr. William Black's new story, entitled "White Wings: a Yachting Romance," is begun in the September number of the Eclectic Magazine. It opens very charmingly, and promises to be one of Mr. Black's best. Besides Mr. Black's story it contains a large number of interesting and valuable articles from the foreign periodicals and a fine steel engraving entitled "Penn's Treaty with the Indians." The new volume of the Magazine began with the July number, and promises to be one of the best ever issued. The regular price of the Eclectic is $5 per year, or 45 cents per copy; but the three numbers of the new volume will be sent to any one as a "trial subscription" on receipt of $1, and now is a good time to give it a trial. E. R. Pelton, Publisher, 25 Bond Street, New York.

There is a great deal of theology in the idea of the little girl who wished she could be good without obeying her grandmother. She said it was easy enough to read books and pray, but pretty hard to mind grandmother.

THE Supreme Court of the State of New York has decided that J. C. AYER & Co., of Lowell, have the sole right to use the Words CHERRY PECTORAL for a medicine, and has issued an injunction against F. V. Rushton, of New York City, for selling Rushton's Cherry Pectoral or Cherry Pectoral Lozenges, or any other use of the name to deceive the public. This decision of the high court includes all dealers who sell any similar articles.—*Port Jefferson (L. I.) Leader.*