NEBRASKA HERALD.

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Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

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

Taking Effect May 4, 1879.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 7:30 a. m. Arrives 9:00 a. m.
" 3:50 p. m. " 4:55 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 9:10 a. m. Arrives 10:10 a. m.
" 6:30 p. m. " 7:15 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.

Leaves Plattsmouth 9:45 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 12:45 p. m.; Arrives Kearney, 7:55 p. m. Freight leaves 9:30 a. m. Ar. Lincoln 2:55 p.m.

FROM THE WEST.

Leaves Kearney, 6:50 a. m. Leaves Lincoln, 1:30 p. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 4:20 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) 4:20 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
6:43	BLUE HILL.	7:40
7:25	COWLES.	7:05
7:55	RED CLOUD.	6:35
8:20	INAVALE.	6:10
8:35	RIVERTON.	5:55
9:10	FRANKLIN.	5:25
9:25pm	BLOOMINGTON.	5:00am

Honeysuckle.

How fair they were, my darlings twain,
Who walked adown the grassy lane
  That sultry August day:
Unconscious of the gracious charm
That floated round them, arm-in-arm
  They wandered on their way.

One wore her raven tresses low,
Close-braided o'er a brow of snow,
  Like some grand Roman dame:
Hers were those luminous, large eyes
From whose dark depths strange gleams arise
  And break in sudden flame.

Around her sister's gentler face
The brown hair rippled, tender grace
  Was in her form and look:
A wild-rose color on her cheek,
Brown, loving eyes, contented, meek,
  And clear as summer brook.

I sat beneath a shady tree,
And heard their laughter floating free
  Through idle, happy hours:
I saw them gather by the way
The struggling clusters, sweet and gay,
  Of honeysuckle flowers.

I watched them weave their scented spoil
In eager haste with playful toil,
  And laughter-brimming eyes;
They twined it on my faded brow,
Ah, Heaven! I have that garland now,
  A sacred, mournful prize!

Was it because they were my own,
I fancied even their lightest tone
  More sweet than other sound?
Was it because I gave them birth
I thought that nowhere in God's earth,
  Could fairer things be found?

Was it but doting mother's love?
Or were my darlings fair above
  The playmates of their time?
I knew not then, nor know I now;
It is so many years ago,
  They scarcely reached their prime.

But this I know, 'twixt them and me
Rolls yet the awful tideless sea
  That parts their world from this;
And well I know that where they are
There is no need of sun or star,
  Nor need of mother's kiss.

But o'er my honeysuckle wreath,
My wearied hearth will often breathe
  A prayer for those bright bowers,
Where I may see my daughters stand,
Each holding for me in her hand
  Heaven's amaranthine flowers!

AUNT POLLY'S MISTAKE.

Aunt Polly was always a woman of her word and prided herself upon it. She had been an ambitious girl, and married well-to-do. She made Deacon Hawley a good wife—that is, when she had her own way, which was most always. She was the business head of the firm, after the first year of struggle, and when a few years after the deacon died, he left a rich widow, and childless, she tried several of her nieces and nephews—one at a time—to live with her; but, coming of the same family, and inheriting the same "spunk," as Aunt Polly termed it, they either ran away or she sent them home.

Suddenly John Raymond was killed, and in six months his weakly wife followed him, leaving a 3-year-old boy an orphan in the depths of poverty. John Raymond was known to be a lover of Aunt Polly's in her younger days. Some said they were parted by a quarrel; others, that he was too slow for her ambitious nature. However it was she married the deacon, and, a few years after, he married a weak dependent woman, suited to his easy-going nature.

It was a seven days' talk, when Aunt Polly took John Raymond's boy home to her fireside, and did for him as if he was her son. Whether it was because she really had an affection for the boy, or because little John inherited both his father's easy-going nature and his mother's weakness, no one knew; but she "got along" with the boy, and brought him up in the way that he should go, to the age of manhood, and felt quite as proud of him as though he had been her own. Although she intended him to have her property she was very ambitious for him; and, though she had never mentioned it she had her mind made up as to who John's wife should be.

Millie Williams was a relative of Aunt Polly's, an orphan, and lived with an aunt in the home Millie's father had left her (Millie).

John and Millie had been playmates through childhood, and thought a great deal of each other; and, as Millie had a farm well stocked, and a little sum on interest, Aunt Polly was content to think it was so. John and Millie were together a great deal, and many wise ones nodded their heads in their direction, and wondered if it "was settled" between them. But the pretty music teacher's little finger was more to John than Millie and all her possessions, and, as for Millie, the young Dr. Austen, who lived in the city of Lincoln, fifty miles away, thought he knew where her heart belonged. But John, the great coward though the music teacher blushed every time she caught the great fond look in his eyes, said no word; well aware that had Aunt Polly known what lay in his heart there would have been trouble for him. And Millie, sensible girl, chose to let her doctor work his own way in the world, "to see the stuff he was made of." "He is smart, and his father well-to-do," she said, "but I never could marry a man who did not make the best of his own gifts." Brave Millie! if there were only more sensible women, how much better off the world would be.

But Aunt Polly began to think things had gone far enough. She was getting old, and John ought to have some one to "care for him," and perhaps this advice would apply to herself as well. She had "sot down her foot" innumerable times before John, that no pretty-faced girl, with airy graces and fine ways, who only cared for nice clothes and plenty of ease, should step into her shoes. She must handle the kitchen kettles as well as play the piano, and John, though he continued to glance into the music teacher's eyes, and accompany her home from church on the sly, and held her hand longer than was needful at parting, never dared to whisper his love.

One morning Aunt Polly said:—"John, I have been thinking you ought to get married. I am getting old, and I want to see a good wife at your table."

"Yes, mother," said John, meekly, but very much surprised.

"I have been watching you, John, unknown to you," continued Aunt Polly, "and have some idea in which direction your eyes have turned, and think with a little training she might do. She must pickle tripe and knit stockings, as well as make tidies, for I wont have any fine ladies moping about my house," Aunt Polly said for the thousandth time. "Have you ever thought seriously of her John?"

"I—yes—no. Well, once or twice, perhaps. I was afraid"—and John faltered.

"You were afraid she would not suit me. Was that it John?"

"Yes, mother."

"And wouldn't you marry any one I didn't like, John?"

"I don't know. I think not mother."

"You have always been a good boy, John, and you never will regret it.—You may ask her as soon as you please, and we will see if she can't be trained into making you happy?" never once thinking it possible that the lady in question, or any other could have any objection to John or the training that was to result in his happiness. And, John, bless you! he was as happy now as he could be, with the greatest barrier to his winning his sweetheart broken. And, for her housekeeping qualities, if she had set before him then, a dish of fried sole-leather, he would not have known it from the best tripe he had ever tasted.

Aunt Polly, after this, dropped in to see Millie quite often of an afternoon, and watched her closely. She offered many suggestions to Millie and gave her ideas of things in general, and was forever talking about John, until Millie tired of John's name, and I am afraid was rude enough to wish Aunt Polly would stay at home and attend to her own affairs.

One day John awkwardly stammered out his happiness to Aunt Polly. He had told his love and had been accepted, but "the day" had not been appointed yet. The next afternoon Aunt Polly went over to see Millie, and after awhile asked:

"When are you going to leave the farm, Millie?"

"Why, I have never thought of leaving it at all. This was my father's home and mine always," Millie said, surprised.

"Oh, you know, that can't be.—You will leave it for a husband some day."

Millie looked at her Aunt Mary reproachfully, as if she had been telling tales, and said decidedly:

"I intend my husband, if I ever get one to settle here, Aunt Polly."

Aunt Polly looked severely at Millie, and not a little alarmed.

Her John come here to live and leave her. She said decisively, "Millie, we may as well understand each other. There are several things about you not intended to make your future husband happy. You are selfish and much too independent. You have had your own way until you don't care for any opinion but your own.—You are neither a careful nor saving housekeeper. You can embroider finely, but I doubt if you could mend a pair of socks neatly. You play the piano and draw well, but you have yet to handle the skillet carefully.—As for living here that is all nonsense. A wife goes with her husband; besides John would never consent to such an arrangement, even if I would."

All this time Millie's eyes opened wide, as she gazed in astonishment on Aunt Polly, thinking she had suddenly gone insane, and when she closed, Millie said with spirit:

"Well, Aunt Polly, if my future husband is not satisfied with me, he is privileged to look elsewhere for a wife. Has he been complaining to you? And, pray, why may I not have my own way, and follow my own opinion? I do not consider it my duty to consult his wishes and opinions, from the size of my shoes to the twist of my hair. As for socks and skillets, you wouldn't have me beg in the streets for socks to darn, or go out as a servant girl to learn to handle a skillet properly, would you? But, Aunt Polly, why is John dragged in every three seconds? I don't see what you and John have to do with my living where and doing as I please. By your conversation I should think that you meant John to marry me."

"Millie Williams, have you been encouraging John just for the sake of flattering your vanity, and intend to refuse him at this late hour?"

"I have never encouraged John at all. We are like brother and sister, and I don't believe he cares for me any other way."

"And can you sit there and say that, when John told me this morning you had consented to be his wife?"

"Aunt Polly! Why, I never consented to any such thing. John never asked me, and I could never marry him if he had, for I have been engaged to Dr. Austen for a year. There is some mistake.

Aunt Polly stared at Millie a moment, then caught up her bonnet and hurriedly disappeared down the path. She entered the sitting-room of her home, where John was reading, and asked breathlessly:

"John, didn't you tell me that Millie Williams had promised to marry you?"

"Why, mother, I didn't say anything about Millie. What put that into your head?"

"Then who, John Raymond, have you asked to be your wife?"

"Why, Jennie Jones, the little music teacher, of course. You said you had noticed my partiality for her, and gave your consent to my asking her. Don't you remember mother?"

"Oh, good Lord!" remarked Aunt Polly, which was, by the way, the most unbecoming remark she made about the affair.

The end of it all was that Aunt Polly called on John's music teacher, but whether it was because Jennie was a paragon, or because Aunt Polly couldn't help herself, as she always prided herself on her word, no one ever knew; but Jennie was accepted without a criticism from Aunt Polly, though she possessed nothing in the world but a tender heart, nor was she given the promised training Aunt Polly thought so conducive to John's happiness; and, as a fitting finale to every true story, they lived as happily as mortals usually do in this world."

French mother to her boy after the annual school exhibition—"And why didn't you, too, obtain a prize—a floral crown?" Jules—"Mother that is contrary to my republican principles."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Avoca Notes.

DECEMBER 26th, 1879.

Christmas is over and the weather is becoming more settled. People dislike to expose their noses when the temperature gets as low as 20° below zero.

Corn picking is adjourned until better weather.

In spite of the cold and wind our Christmas tree was a success. That tree never before bore such a crop of joy giving fruit, nor is it likely do so again. Everybody almost without exception was remembered by Santa Claus.

Senator Tefft received a wooden jack-knife, with which to amuse himself the long winter evenings.

Mr. Aleck Carper another one for use at the debates this winter. I suppose it was thought this might divert his mind and his excitement might not pitch so high.

Many thanks to the ladies for the success of the tree and our enjoyment of the evening.

There was music: two pieces by Mrs. Kirkpatrick (J. M.), Miss Etta Ogden, Mr. J. M. Kirkpatrick and Mr. D. E. Tromble. "The Frost Song" by Miss Etta Ogden. Katchum heard her song praised by others but though he liked to listen, is no judge of music.

A candy sieve "for the best housekeeper over eighteen years old," was after some fun voted to Miss Ogden. 'Tis hoped her future husband may not have to wait every meal while she sifts through the article in question, still Katchum thinks 'twould be fun to wait if he had the waiting to do.

Our Sunday School is still in a very flourishing state and it now remains to be seen whether it will dwindle after the holidays.

Charley Tromble and wife find their house too cold for living so they are at his father's waiting for more caloric to be distributed through the atmosphere.

Wolves are plenty and we take no steps to thin them out. The little snow now on the ground renders tracking very difficult, and we can't "Katch em." Signed,

KATCHUM.

From Louisville.

DECEMBER 29th, 1879.

DEAR HERALD:—While every one is having a good time over turkey, &c. we will not forget the HERALD, but embody in a few lines our write, which is how we spent Christmas eve. The occasion was celebrated by the Louisville Union Sunday school after a plan suggested by the worthy Sup't. Mr. B. A. Calvin. Through the kindness of Mr. Glover the Sunday school, the Baptist and Methodist have been guaranteed the use of his hall for the winter, and at one end of this hall a large enclined table was placed and on it was laid all the gifts which were given by parents to their children and by one friend to another instead of the Sunday School collecting money and making the donations. The former plan is far more satisfactory to every one.

The table was well filled with presents of every grade, many of which were valuable. The decorations were very tastily arranged, forming an arch over the table when the whole was lit up with candles, which made a brilliant and handsome sight. The room was well lighted, warmed and seated and every one was comfortable and all pronounced it the best Christmas tree we ever had here.

The ceremonies began at seven, were opened by the Louisville Cornet band followed by singing of part of the school. A duett or two was played on the organ, but the crowning piece of the evening was the singing of "Sing it from the Heart," by five little girls this was executed in a most simple yet touching manner and brought a shower of applause.

We have since learned that there were other little ones on the programme, well prepared with their little pieces to speak and sing, but were for some unexplained reason cut off by the master of ceremonies.

The most unpleasant feature of the evening, and that which everybody looked forward to be the best was the distribution of presents. From the commencing to the ending there was one continued state of confusion and disorder occasioned by the rapid calling of names and carrying of the presents to their respective owners.

The audience was dismissed at 8:30, P. M., by a piece from the band.

LEY.

Three Groves Items.

ED. HERALD:—Not noticing any items from Three Groves since my last letter, I send a few inkling lines for publication in this week's issue; for the want of news and items of interest to write, your correspondent's letters have been neglected for some time past.

It seems that all the HERALD correspondents have quit writing, or nearly so. What seems to be the matter? Are they, like myself, run out of material of what to write? However, those "Jimsons" furnished a few notes for J. Slimkins and the Rock Bluffs reporters to chat about. Go it, boys, while ink lasts. The holidays are dull here, as usual, but that is owing to the death of Santa Claus, we suppose, as stated in a letter in the HERALD, written by Smith & Black. Notwithstanding Christmas came and went quietly, but no Christmas trees or any amusements of any kind came to celebrate that memorial day; only a turkey dinner or something of that kind. The thermometer indicated the coldest weather here on that morning; before sunrise the mercury ran down to 18° below 0.

As much nice fall weather as there has been during the past fall and winter, there remains a portion of the corn crop to be husked yet; however, the majority of the farmers have been done for some time and have nothing to do, only to haul wood and do chores. We presume those that are not done husking will have some pretty cold fingers. Corn buyers from the other side of the river have been over, buying and contracting for corn to be delivered at Bartlett, Iowa. They are paying from 25 to 26 cents per bushel for ear corn. Since the "Old Muddy" has frozen over there has been a large amount of corn delivered on the other side, and there is a probability that there will be a very large amount put into market at that place, during the coming winter, or, at least, as long as the temporary bridge stays good.

Ernie Crosser, while driving one of Uncle Johnnie Allison's teams, some time ago, met with a first-class runaway. While coming down from town the team became frightened, throwing Ernie out and getting away from him. No serious damage was done, however, only the vehicle was demolished, and the driver pretty badly scared.

Prof. Fowler, of Plattsmouth, has organized a string band in this neighborhood. He seems to have good success, and has quite a number of scholars under his instruction. At present they meet at private houses, and one night of each week.

Our school is progressing finely, and has been running three weeks or more. Miss Joanna Young is teaching the same with success.

Miss Alma Wiley has gone to Iowa to visit friends there for a short time, and then to Chicago to resume her studies in music.

Billy Erwin leaves us this week for his home in Iowa, so we understand.

Harvey McBrown, of Denver, Colorado, a brother of Mrs. L. H. Young, came on Christmas day on a visit, and to spend the winter. He formerly resided in this State, some twelve years ago, this being the first time of his coming back during that period.

Hugh McClean came in from the West last week to take in the holidays we suppose.

Our preacher failed to meet his appointment on Sunday last, from some cause.

Fattening cattle look sleek and fine this winter. Stockmen are looking for good prices in the coming spring.

It is quite a mystery among a few of the Three Groveites who it is that is writing those "Three Groves Items" or who Eleanor is. ELEANOR.

A NEW VOLUME. Littell's Living Age enters upon its one hundred and forty-fourth volume in January. It has just begun the publication, from advance sheets, of a new serial story by an author who does not often come before the public, but has done some of the best literary work of the day. Those who have read "Dorothy Fox" and "Hero Carthew" written by Mrs. Parr, published some years ago, do not need to be told that they may expect in her new story, "Adam and Eve," one of the freshest and most charming serials of the present time. Another new serial, by Mrs. Oliphant also recently begun in the Living Age, promises to be one of the author's best productions. In this department of the magazine, through the year, the best foreign authors are represented, and the choicest short stories are included. In science, art, theology, politics, and general literature, valuable papers are announced for numbers of the new year, from the pens of Dean Stanley, The Duke of Argyll (First Impressions of America), Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F. R. S., the Archbishop of Canterbury, John Ruskin, Prof. Owen, Prof. Blaikie, James Payn (The Literary Calling and its Future), James A. Froude, Richard A. Proctor, W. Minto (Letters of Charles Dickens), Frances Power Cobbe, Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and other leading writers, with interesting papers by Mrs. Mulock-Craik, Mrs. Oliphant, Sarah Tytler, etc. The recent decided improvement in foreign periodical literature, caused by the establishment of the "Nineteenth Century" and other reviews, is to be carried still further by the founding of new periodicals in England in 1880; and the ablest minds of the time will more than ever find expression in this literature. The Living Age gives their important and indispensable productions with a completeness attempted by no other publication. Its conductors, too, have the advantage of long experience in rendering the quality of its reading as unequalled as in the quantity.

The publishers present to new subscribers for 1880 the six numbers of 1879 which contain the opening chapters of the two new serials above mentioned. The present is therefore a favorable time for beginning a subscription. For fifty-two numbers (besides the free numbers) of sixty four large pages each, (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8,) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. LITTELL & CO., Boston, are the publishers.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—The January number of the Eclectic, beginning a new volume and a new year (the 35th), is a remarkably attractive one. While the other illustrated magazines confine themselves entirely to woodcuts, the Eclectic makes a specialty of steel engravings, and the present number contains a very fine specimen of each of the two great branches of the art—mezzotint and line-engraving. The line-engraving is an exquisite *genre* picture entitled "The Smile," and illustrating the line from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"; "Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee." The mezzotint is entitled, "Sir Walter Scott and his Literary friends at Abbotsford." It is reproduced from Faed's famous picture, and has been most carefully engraved by Mr. Sartain. The leading article in the number is Professor Max Muller's address "On Freedom," which is much more practical than its title would seem to imply, being a discussion of the best methods of education, with a comparison of the English and Continental systems. The nature of the other articles in the number is sufficiently indicated by their titles, which are as follows: "The History of Money," by Sir John Lubbock; "Matthew Arnold's Selections from Wordsworth," by Professor Symonds; "A Siding at a Railway Station," an allegory, by James Anthony Froude; "Suspended Animation," by Richard A. Proctor, B. A.; "A Village Idyl;" three chapters of "White Wings: A Romance," by William Black; "Beasts, Birds, and Fishes in Irish Folk-Lore;" "Forms of Salutation;" "A Sermon in Stone," a poem, by Austin Dobson; three chapters of Mademoiselle de Mersac;" "The Book Language of China;" "A Mathematician's View of the Theory of Evolution;" "A Gossip of Goethe in his Birthplace;" and "Shuttlecock and Battledore," a poem. Besides the articles, there are four well-filled editorial departments: "Literary Notices," "Foreign Literary Notes," "Science and Art," and "Varieties."

This number, commencing a new volume of the Magazine, offers a favorable opportunity to subscribe.

Published by E. R. PELTON, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single number, 45 cents; Trial subscription for three months, $1.

EXPOSITION OF 1876. Wandering through the United States section of this truly wonderful Exhibition, hyperornamented and over-displayed as the most of it is, I came upon an elegant glass case, whose modesty was the more conspicuous from its neighbors' finery, surmounted by the motto Dignis Præmia and displaying, in neat packages, the medical preparations of the house of DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

I was aware of the world wide reputation of this eminent firm, for the character and quality of their goods, and remember well their agents in London, Messrs. Newberry, in St. Paul's Churchyard. Having a leisure hour, I determined to examine the contents of this case, myself, and I was surprised to see the delicate perfection to which they have brought their household remedies. I was chagrined at the reflection that, while we have at home the most skilful and, pre-eminently, the best physicians in the world, these Yankee doctors distance us so far in the line of popular medicines for family use. They have the sharpness to take advantage of the high scientific discoveries among us and make pills and potions as palatable as they are salutary. I was told by a leading druggist in Philadelphia, that DR. AYER'S manufactory was the largest in America, giving employment to hundreds. I must go to Lowell and see it, on my way home.—Correspondence of the London (Eng.) Telegraph.