

THE DAILY BEE.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Leave Omaha—No. 2 through passenger, 9:30 a. m. No. 1, Oakland freight, 1:20 p. m.

Opening and Closing of Mails. Chicago & N. W. Mail, 11:00 a. m. Chicago & N. P. Mail, 11:00 a. m.

OMAHA Business Directory.

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JOHN A. WIL, 124 1/2 Dodge Street. D. B. BREMER, For details see large advertisement in Daily and Weekly.

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O. J. WILDE, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Show Cases, Upright Cases, etc., 1217 Cass St.

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Dealers in Stoves and Tinware, and Manufacturer of Tin Roofs and all kinds of Building Work.

Old Fellows Block. J. BONNER, 1509 Douglas St. Good and Cheap. Seeds.

J. EVANS, Wholesale and Retail Seed Dealer and Cultivator, Old Fellows Block.

Physicians and Surgeons.

W. S. GIBBS, M. D., Room No. 4, Creighton Block, 15th Street. P. S. LEISNER, M. D., Masonic Hotel.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

From the Alta California. "Then, Ralph, you think as I do, that we must never, never have a first quarrel?"

"Never, Rose, there is nothing easier than to live without it." "Yet they do say that married people are always sure to quarrel a great deal. But haven't we proved it false in our case?"

"Oh, Ralph, it is because we have loved each other too truly, to even think of such a thing." "Of course, it is, little one," drawing the golden head down to his breast.

"And that is just why we shall never quarrel. How could we utter a harsh word to each other, dearest?" There was no audible answer, but a subdued tone, as of tender caressing filled up the interval.

Ralph Maynard and Rose Clark were to be united for better or worse on the morrow. As we have seen, they fondly believed that no cloud could overcast their wedding day.

Three months after marriage, and the sun was setting upon a charming little scene as could well be imagined. A pretty white cottage with low windows and romantic portico overlooking a velvety-green lawn; the windows of the dining room stand open, and the fragrant breath of June roses from without was rivaled by the tasteful bouquets which stood in crystal vases on the table; the snow-white damask, cut-glass and shining silver caught the last rays of the sun, as they fluttered over the dinner-table, now sparkling in the crimson heart of a jolly, now lingering in the golden meshes of Rose Maynard's hair, as she poured out a cup of fragrant tea for her young husband.

Three months, and all was perfect happiness. Rose was thinking this as she poured out the tea, with a little smile upon her lips.

She looked up quickly; surely there was a slight, just the slightest, shade of constraint or coldness in the tone.

"Rose," repeated her husband, evidently a little embarrassed, "as I rode down to the office this afternoon, I heard some comments upon your friend, Mrs. Elton, which did not please me very well. I wish," in a slower tone, "that you would drop her acquaintance, my love."

"Why, Ralph, what can you mean!" with a deep blush rising to her cheeks. "I would do anything for you, Ralph," she added, "but how terribly unjust it would be to drop my best friend because some people don't choose to like her."

"I am afraid they have good reason for it, dear; in fact, I never liked her myself, though I did not like to tell you so. She is too much of a flirt for me to wish to see her the intimate friend of my wife."

"She is splendid, I don't care what people say, and I am ashamed of you, Ralph, for helping to abuse a woman's character—and that woman my best friend, too!"

"And down dropped Rose's knife and fork, and up went the dainty handkerchief to the bright blue eyes, which had suddenly filled with tears. This was too much for Ralph. He came to side and kissed away the first tears he had ever seen in his wife's pretty eyes."

"Come, come, darling, remember, we are never to quarrel. But I do hope, Rose, that you will think seriously over what I have said."

Rose said nothing, but clung to her husband as though they had just been snatched from a precipice and she could hardly realize her safety. To think that her, Ralph, had actually disappeared of her!

The evening passed lovingly, as usual, but poor Rose felt thoughtful almost sad. That she must either hurt the feelings of her dearest friend, without any good cause, as she believed, or displease her own darling husband, she saw it was unavoidable; and to either seemed impossible. She would do all she could, however, to please her husband without offending her friend!

"Little wife, what a difficult position to sustain!"

"But for a week she managed it. When the charming little woman dropped in to call, which she did, unceremoniously, at all times, Rose always contrived to be so busy that she could not possibly go out. Whether it was a handkerchief for Ralph, a pin cushion for "dear mamma" or a new piece of practice, it was always sure to be too important to be neglected.

distant, and did not seem to wish it. Immediately after breakfast he went down stairs, after leaving the faintest possible kiss upon his wife's troubled brow.

He saw the trouble, but pride was so great, so he went away, leaving his perplexed bride in just the right state of mind to fall an easy victim to the tempter. She was angry with her husband for daring to dislike her friend, and angry with that friend for being the cause of coldness between her and her husband.

But when that pretty, charming friend came rushing in so early in the afternoon, all smiles and dimples, and, finding Rose Maynard doing absolutely nothing but moping, insisted upon taking her for a drive—what could she do?

She had no excuse, and then Ralph's coldness of the morning came forcibly into her mind. So in desperation she donned her prettiest costume, and called upon her gayety to hide her aching heart.

But, to her astonishment, which she had not gone far before Mrs. Elton picked up Mrs. A., the gentleman with whose name her own was so disagreeably connected, who accompanied them during the whole drive.

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"Why, what has come over you, Rose?" cried Mrs. Elton one day, rather suspiciously; "you have not been out with me for a week. Are you going to keep this up forever?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Rose, laughing, and inwardly wondering how she could excuse herself much longer; "but I really find so much to do. If your husband were at home, Maude, you would not have so much leisure yourself."

"Then, I am heartily glad that he isn't," said Mrs. Elton, putting that "for I could never stay in as you do, little nun."

But when Ralph came home that evening he again referred to the rumors concerning Mrs. Elton; she was carrying on a serious flirtation with a well-known society man whose reputation was anything but pure.

"People are simply mistaken," said Rose, with dignity; "she no more flirts with him than she does with you. I have seen them together."

"Well, I shouldn't like you to name yourself in my absence as she does in the absence of her husband," "Haven't you any confidence in your wife, Ralph?"

"Certainly; but who can tell what an influence she may acquire over you! At all events, darling, very gently, you must find some way of discontinuing her acquaintance at once."

"Ralph! Must?" "Yes, my dear, must!" This time, with quite a matrimonial air of firmness.

The bright blue eyes of his wife flashed in surprise and anger. That little word from Ralph's lips caused as much commotion in Rose as did the "big, big D—" from the captain of the "Pinaroff" raised among his crew.

That evening was passed almost in silence, and there was no good-night kiss.

In the morning Rose was all ready to forgive, but Ralph was cold and distant, and did not seem to wish it. Immediately after breakfast he went down stairs, after leaving the faintest possible kiss upon his wife's troubled brow.

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