THE DAILY BEE.

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RAIL AY TIME TABLE.

ME CARD CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND OMAHA RAILROAD.

Leave Omaha—Passenger No. 2, 7:50 a. m. Accommodation No. 4, 1.00 p. m.

Arr e Omaha—Passenger No. 1, 5:10 p. m. Accommodation No. 3, 10:50 a. m.

LEAVING OMAHA EAST OR SOUTH BOUND.

C., B. & Q. 7:40 a. m.—3:40 p. m.
C. & N. W., 7:10 a. m.—3:40 p. m.
C., R. I. & P., 7:40 a. m.—3:40 p. m.
K. C., St. J. & C. B., leaves at 8 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Arrives at St. Louis at 6:30 a. m. and 5:52 p. m.
W., St. L. & P., leaves at 8 a. m. and 3.40 p. m. Arrives at St. Louis at 6:40 a. m. and 7:30 a. m.

WEST OR SOUTHWEST.

B. & M. in Neb., Through Express, 8:00 a. m.
B. & M. Lincoln Express—6:20 p. m.
U. P. Express, 12:15 p. m.
O. & R. V. for Lincoln, 11:45 a. m.
O. & R. V. for Osceola, 10.10 a. m.
U. P. freight No. 5, 5:30 a. m.
U. P. freight No. 9, 8:20 a. m.
U. P. freight No. 13, 2:10 p. m.
U. P. freight No. 7, 6:10 p. m.—emigrant.
U. P. Denver express, 7:35 p. m.
U. P. [illegible], 1:30 p. m.
U. P. Denver freight, 7:35 p. m.

ARRIVING—FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

C. B. & Q. 8:00 a. m.—7:25 p. m.
C. & N. W., 9:45 a. m.—7:25 p. m.
C. R. I. & P., 9:45 a. m.—9:05 p. m.
K. C., St. Joe & C. B., 7:40 a. m.—6:45 p. m.

ARRIVING FROM THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

O. & R. V. from Lincoln—1:05 p. m.
U. P. Express—3:25 p. m.
B. & M. in Neb., Through Express—4:15 p. m.
B. & M. Lincoln Express—9:40 a. m.
U. P. Denver express, 7:35 a. m.
U. P. Freight No. 10—4:35 p. m.
U. P. [illegible] 0 a. m. Emigrant.
U. P. freight No. 14, 1:[illegible] 5 p. m.
U. P. [illegible]—9:30 p. m.
U. P. No. 19—12:45 a. m.
U. P. Denver freight, 1:10 a. m.
O. & R. V. mixed, at 4:[illegible] p. m.

DUMMY TRAINS BETWEEN OMAHA AND COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Leave Omaha at 8:00, 9:00 and 11:00 a. m.; 1:00 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00 and 6:00 p. m.

Leave Council Bluffs at 8:25, 9:25, 11:25 a. m.; 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25 5:25 and 6:25 p. m.

Sundays—The dummy leaves Omaha at 9:00 and 11:00 a. m.; 2:00, 4:00 and 5:00 p. m. Leaves Council Bluffs at 9:25 and 11:25 a. m.; 2:25, 4:25 and 5:25 p. m.

Opening and Closing of Mails.

ROUTE.	OPEN. a. m.	OPEN. p. m.	CLOSE. a. m.	CLOSE. p. m.
Chicago & N. W.	11:00	9:00	6:30	2:40
Chicago, R. I. & Pacific	11:00	9:00	6:30	2:40
Chicago, B. & Q.	11:00	9:00	6:30	2:40
Wabash		12:30	6:30	2:40
Sioux City and Pacific		9:00	6:30	2:40
Union Pacific		4:00	11:40	
Omaha & R. V.		4.00	11:40	
B. & M. in Neb.		4:00	8:10	
Omaha & Sioux City		6:00	7:30	
B. & M. Lincoln		10:30		6:30
U. P. Lincoln Sunday		1:30	11:00	
U. P. Denver Ex.	9:00			6:30
O., Sioux City & St. P.	11:00			5:40

Local mails for State of Iowa leave but once a day, viz: 6:30 a. m.

Office open Sundays from 12 m. to 1 p. m.

THOS. F. HALL P. M.

POETRY OF THE TIMES.

Why She Sobbed.

"I'm very sure," she sobbed," you love me not."
"Why so?" quoth I; "say, precious little pet."
"Because," she naively answered, "you've forgot
To tell me so, and lovers don't forget."

Ah, then I kissed her lips, and cheek, and brow,
And hugged her closely to my Sunday vest;
At last relenting, "There, that will do just now,"
She blushing said; "why, you beat all the rest!"

The Size of Her Waist.

'Tis said that thirty inches span
The average woman's waist;
And just so long the arm of man—
So when 'tis snugly placed
Around the damsel whom one treasures,
There is confession of measures
How admirable are thy works,
O Nature, kind and dear!
For, spite of all the quips and quirks,
And various doings queer,
The wisest wants of proper bias,
While arms to fit thou dost supply us.

WILD HARRY'S LOVE.

It will doubtless be the general impression that there could have been little, if any, genuine romance connected with the notorious and vulgar band of rustic thieves, known as the "Welsh mountain gang," that was finally and thoroughly broken up some years ago by the arrest and sentence to long terms of imprisonment of its controlling spirits Mart, Abe, Joe, Ike and Jake Buzzard. But that this impression is incorrect, I think the following narrative, true as strange, will effectually prove.

And here let me preface my story by saying that it does not seek to excuse criminal adventure, but merely shows how the most reckless nature may contain the lingering spark of virtue, which, under the divine fostering of woman's love, may ultimately kindle and brighten into permanent and redeeming flame.

The haunt of the Buzzard brothers and their companies was a strip of wild and barren backwoods country and forest lying along the borders of Berks, Chester and Lancaster counties, in Pennsylvania, white rising out of a rocky and scrubbok stretch of barrens was Welsh mountain, which afforded dreary, yet safe and secure hiding places, where the officers of the law seldom visited.

When the five Buzzards had been run down and caged, the band, living for the most part in miserable and isolated huts along the mountain side, became scattered and disheartened for a few months. At the end of this time, they were reorganized and successfully commanded by a young, handsome and intelligent outlaw, who had theretofore been comparatively unknown in the vicinity.

His true name was Henry Birt, though he passed under numerous aliasses. Intrepid and daring, he made it his specialty to discover the most likely places for robbery, and then to the running of the plunder into the market, after the gang, under his directions, had captured and delivered it in some adjoining county.

The band under the new guidance soon became more dangerous and formidable than it had ever been with the Buzzard brothers themselves at its head; and Birt, as "Wild Harry of Welsh Mountain," was not long in acquiring a notoriety such as would have enchanted the highwayman biographers and yellow covered novelists of the past.

He was tolerably well educated, and his conversation was gentle and entertaining. He was comely and robust of person. He had long, black, wavy hair, a black mustache, olive complexion, and melting dark eyes, with a cast of features that gave him something of a gypsy or Spanish appearance.

He was, moreover, generally well dressed, with velvet overcoat, corduroys, top-boots, slouched hat and red neck-tie, which gave a picturesque dash to his fine figure and brisk movements, though he readily adopted all manner of disguises.

As a gawky country lad in search of farm-work, or as an innocent-looking peddler, he would roam the country by day, looking out for fresh fields of plunder and rascality, or for opportunities to dispose of such stolen goods as chanced to be already hidden away in this or that cavern storehouse of the band.

In the evenings, when not otherwise and more actively employed, he devoted himself to the congenial pastime of courting the farmers' pretty daughters.

Nearly all the simple beauties permitted themselves to be more or less fascinated, and after he had won his way into their confidence, he took good care to master sufficient points to enable him to work his way into the house a few evenings after on a mission of plunder instead of love.

To his credit it must be added, however, that his conduct to the young women was invariably, so far as was known, perfectly honorable.

It was in this way that, toward the close of his career in the capacity of robber-captain, he became acquainted with Ada Rheinbold, the only daughter of the wealthiest farmer in the vicinity of Reading.

For the first time in his life Wild Harry loved, and it caused him both delight and apprehension to discover that he was loved in return.

Blended with the new, sweet feeling, that straightway began to soften his entire nature—there grew the haunting fear lest his true character and his real mode of life should become known to Ada and her parents, by the latter of whom he had been welcomed to the the house from the outset.

They were simple, credulous folks, whose sole aim in life was to render their daughter happy. They had readily accepted Birt's plausable but fictitious explanations as to the cause of his visiting the neighborhood—had imbibed with equal gullibility his story of his business prospects, in the capacity of chief commercial traveler for a heavy Philadelphia importing house—and finally, when it became evident to them that their pretty fair-haired Ada (who was only nineteen, and as good as she was beautiful) and the dark, handsome young stranger were thoroughly and hopelessly in love, they had, with exceptional generosity, at once received him with open arms, and bidden him his relatives and friends at the earliest moment, in order that he marriage engagement should be regularly made known in the most agreeable and harmonious manner.

Birt was unmarried and an orphan. In the declaration of this fact alone he had practiced no deceit; and he had fabricated the story of his extraction and antecedents so intelligently that he had no doubt of being ultimately enabled to marry the girl, simply upon his own showing.

But so genuine was his love and respect for her that this he was unwilling to do, while connected with the band. He knew that he could not at the same time sever his connection with it and remain in that section of the country without endangering either his life or his liberty; and this constituted his dilemma, which gradually became a source of secret anguish.

Matters soon developed into just the crisis he had dreaded. The band had for some time been in hard luck, its operations having resulted disastriously, or in but trifling success.

One night, in a general council of its members in a lone hut on the mountain, several of them demanded that an attempt should at once be made on the premises of the Rheinholds.

The old farmer was known to keep a large sum of money in his house; its furniture included silverware and valuable ornaments; the daughter was accustomed to exhibit in her dress articles of linery and jewelry of far more value than were often noted in those rural parts; and the leader, Wild Harry, was thought to have, by this time, so thoroughly mastered the ins and outs of the premises as to be able to lead a predatory party to its prey with comparative ease.

"Why not rob old Reinhold, and at once?" That was the question.

The entire gang, with the exception of the leader, favored the proposition with acclamation. Vainly did he seek to oppose the general wish by various objections. He shrank from exposing his real objection—his love for Ada—to his brutal and vulgar companions, and the others that he offered were weak and and illogical. He at last reluctantly assented to the attempt being made on the following night, trusting that the robbery might be effected without detection, and thoroughly determined that this should be his last crime.

After its completion he would make a fair division with his followers, and sever his connection with them at any risk, and then he would get up a runaway match with his trusting Ada, and carry her off to distant parts perhaps to Arizona, in whose mines he had a rich uncle, from whom he knew that he could obtain a lift, there to lead a new and honest life. Such was the hope and dream of the discontented, conscious, wearied robber chief.

On the following evening, in accordance with prearranged plans, he visited the Rheinhold household. It was the unhappiest evening of his life. He had no intention of betraying the comrades; yet Ada was especially loving, and the old people especially kind on that particular evening, and it was his intention, it was his obligation, in accordance with his robber's compact, to betray them a few hours later, ruthlessly, dastardly and meanly.

He felt like a dog throughout the interview, and when he shook hands with the parents and received the daughter's good night kiss at his departure, he wondered that the earth did not open and swallow him.

Nevertheless, at two hours past midnight, in the quietest and blackest of the dark hours, he stole along the side of the farmer's house, at the head of two companions. The one watch dog had been successfully poisoned, and lay dead in his kennel near the well. Three confederates lurked across the road, directly opposite the garden gate, with a light two-horse wagon, in readiness to carry off the prospective spoils. The saddle horses of Wild Harry and his immediate assistants were tethered under some trees near the wagon.

The leader has made sure of a certain side window's insecurity, and entrance was speedily effected into the house.

Then, dark lantern in hand, and under his intelligent direction, the valuables in the parlor and all the other lower rooms were successfully appropriated, packed in bags, and passed out to the confederates, by whom they were deposited in the wagon.

Then the robbers acended the stairs, to complete their work. The household slept soundly, and the felonious footsteps were as shod with wool, every movement being achieved with the gliding rapidity and noiselessness of a serpent.

The chamber of the old couple was silently entered, and stripped of everything of value, without in the least disturbing the placid slumber of its occupants. Even the old farmer's well stuffed pocket-book was abstracted from under the owner's pillow.

Then, after ransacking the room occupied by the servants to but little advantage, the two followers of Birt were about to enter a last apartment, directly over the front porch, when he sternly placed himself between them and its door, and motioned them back.

"But it's the daughter's sleeping apartment," whisperingly expostulated one of the men—a villain named Diller, and reckoned the most desperate and turbulent of the entire crew.

"For that very reason it must not be entered," was the low-toned response of Wild Harry, who felt that he would die in his tracks, or risk any consequences whatever, rather than permit the slumbers of his Ada to be profaned by even the stealthy presence of such ruffians.

"Stand back!" growled Diller, resisting the efforts of his more prudent companion to quiet him. "The girl must have loads of trinkets on her dressing case."

"You've plunder enough without them; you can not enter!"

"By Jupiter, but I will, though!" was the still more reckless reply. "The devil burn me if I leave an ounce of swag behind in a cracked crib! Stand back, Harry, or there'll be a rumpus that may ruin all!"

"So be it, then," was the equally desperate reply, while the third thief prudently began to make tracks down the staircase. "You enter this room, Diller, only over my dead body!"

The altercation had thus far, angry as it was, been carried on in the merest whisper. But the ferocious [illegible] his head entirely. Muttering a ferocious oath, he shifted his "bull's-eye" into his left hand, drew a knife with his right, and advanced menacingly upon his leader.

He had no sooner come within reach, however, than Birt's fist flew out with such telling effect that Diller, completely stunned, staggered back, and went stumbling down the stairs with a great racket.

Instantly the house was aroused. There was a frightened scream from Ada, and movements could be heard in the other rooms.

There would still, however, have been every chance of escape, but for outside interference.

Birt bounded down the stairs, leaped the body of the prostrate robber, gained the open side window, and would have been off into the night like a shadow, but he had no sooner touched the turf outside than there was the report of several fire-arms, followed by shouts, curses, and the plunging of horses' hoofs from the direction of the road.

Birt divined the situation in an instant. Some member of the gang had given away the enterprise to the authorities, and the house was surrounded by constables and detectives from Reading.

Nevertheless, he rushed toward the garden gate, revolver in hand, resolved to fight his way to his horse at every hazard. But the gate was already in possession of an officer, and the shrubbery-backed flower-plat on either side of the walk seemed to suddenly sprout with armed men.

"Your confederates are already prisoners!" shouted the figure at the gate. Surrended at discretion!"

The maddening thought of exposure before Ada and her parents flashed across Wild Harry's mind with hideous distinctness.

"Never!" was his reply.

And with clenched teeth he made a dash for the gate.

There was another shot. He felt a stinging pain in his shoulder, and then he lost consciousness.

When he recovered, it was the gray of early morning, and he was lying in the Rheinhold parlor. All of the plunder had been recovered, and the other prisoners—including Diller, who had been found lying senseless at the foot of the stairs had been conveyed to the Reading jail. Birt alone, by reason of his wound, had been left temporarily behind, with an officer and a hastily summoned surgeon in attendance upon him.

"There, he's coming to at last," said the surgeon, as Birt opened his eyes and turned his head. "The wound is a serious one, but he'll get over it, and I think he'll bear removal now."

As he spoke there was a low, stifling sob, close at hand, and then Ada Rheinhold came out from the corner in which she had been conversing, beside her shocked, indignant and grief stricken parents, and confronted her miserable lover.

"Speak, Harry! Is what they tell me true?" she gasped. "Are you indeed Wild Harry, the leader of the Welsh Mountain band?"

He did not answer her directly, but, turning to the officer, he said, in a heart-broken voice:

"I say, can't you, out of compassion, favor me with another bullet, and this time right through the heart?"

And then, with a convulsive movement, he turned, with his face to the wall.

The answer was sufficient; and, with a low wail, she fainted at their feet.

Birt was carried away to jail. He swiftly recovered from his wound, and, on being placed on trial with his companions, was, with them, convicted, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

So popular he had made himself with the fair sex that, pending and during his trial, his many sweethearts not only denounced his arrest and declared the charges against him fictitious, but earnesty entreated his friends and relatives to go to his aid, as well.

They cooled and fell off wonderfully, however, upon its becoming generally known that he had actually and honorably been engaged to be married to Ada Rheinhold. The latter, however, never for an instant forsook her love, unworthy and criminal though she knew him to be.

In spite of her parents' objections, and contrary to the advice of all her friends, she visited him constantly in prison; was at his side during the entire trial, and only separated from him at the door of the penitentiary, to which his sentence consigned him, and only then with the whispered assurance that she should regain his liberty, in the determination of leading an altered and honest life.

The devoted girl kept her word, and the sequel furnished at least one instance of such devotion, questionable and hazardous as it was, meeting with a just reward.

Both of Ada's parents died while her lover was in prison, leaving her the mistress of a considerable property. She so bestowed a portion of it, together with all the political influence she could muster, as to procure her lover's pardon at the end of two years—less than a third of the penalty called for by sentence of the Court.

They were married on the day following his release, and Ada having already converted her property into cash, they at once set out for Arizona. They have been living there ever since. "Wild Harry" is now an honest and reputable miner in the neighborhood of Tucson; his wife and he continue happy in their mutual and abiding love; fair children have been born to them, and doubtless the miserable past is nothing more to them than the remote hintings of an evil dream.

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