THE DAILY BEE.

OMAHA PUBLISHING CO., PROPRIETORS.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

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

Leave Omaha—Passenger No. 2, 8:30 a. m. Accommodation No. 4, 1:0 Op. m.

Arrive Omaha—Passenger No. 1, 5:20 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., 7:40 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 m

WEST OR SOUTHWEST.

B. & M. in Neb., Through Express, 8:10 a. m.
B. & M. Lincoln Express—6:20 p. m.
U. P. Overland Express, 12:15 p. m.
C. & R. V. for Lincoln, 11:45 a. m.
C. & R. V. for Osceola, 9:40 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, 2:50 p. m.
U. P. freight No. 7, 6:10 p. m.—emigrant.
U. P. Denver express, 7:35 p. m.
U. P. freight No 11, 11:30 p. m.
U. P. Denver freight, 8:25 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.—8:45 p.m.

ARRIVING FROM THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

C. & R. V. from Lincoln—1.05 p. m.
U. P. Pacific 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. 14—2:50 p. m.
U. P. No. 6—5:20 a. m. Emigrant.
U. P. freight No. 14, 12:15 p. m.
U. P. No. 8—9:00 p. m.
U. P. No. 12—1:45 a. m.
U. P. Denver freight, 1:10 a. m.
C. & R. V. mixed, ar. 4:45 p. m.

SUMMIT TRAINS BETWEEN OMAHA AND COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Leave Omaha at 8:00, 9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 m.; 1:0 2:00, 3:00, 4:00 and 5:00 p. m.

Leave Council Bluffs at 8:25, 9:25, 10:25 and 1:25 a. m.; 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25 and 5:25 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.

Through and local passenger trains between Omaha and Council Bluffs. Leave Omaha—6:15, 7:45, 8:50 a. m.; 3:40, 5:45, 6:00 p. m. Arrive Omaha—7:40, 11:35, 11:45 a. m.; 5:40, 7:05, 7:15, 7:40 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	5:30	2:40
Chicago, R. I. & Pacific	11:00	9:00	5:30	2:40
Chicago, B. & Q.	11:00	9:00	5:30	2:40
Wabash		12:30	5:30	2:40
Sioux City and Pacific		9:00	5:30	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		6:00
U. P. Lincoln, Sunday		1:30	11:00	
U. P. Denver Exp.	9:00			6:30
O., Sioux City & St. P.	11:00			2:40

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.

She Only Told What She Heard.

Says Mrs. Brown
Of Slandertown;
"It may, or may not be;
I only tell—
You know me well—
What folks have told me.

"They say the Fife
And his young wife
Get on quite awful, dear;
They scold and fight
Both day and night—
Or that is what I hear.

"And who would think
That Smith should drink
The way he does, good Lord!
Or so they say;
My dear, I pray,
You will not take my word.

"And there's Miss Burt,
The saucy flirt,
She's talked about; I've heard
Such frightful things,
It blushes brings
To tell them, 'pon my word.

"Oh dear, they say
The other day
That Rev. Dr. Bird
And Miss Montcalm
Went arm-in-arm
Down Broadway—so I heard."

Says Mrs. Jones,
In chiming tones,
"You have quick ears, my dear;
Just fill them full
With cotton wool;
You hear too much, I fear."

—[Boston Transcript.

THE COLONEL.

What the Colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care particularly. He purchased for cash only, and never grumbled at the price of anything he wanted. Who could ask more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the Colonel, with every one else, abandoned Dutch Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and to lose considerable at cards and horse races. In fact, the keeper of that one of the Challenge Hill saloons that the Colonel did not patronize was once heard to wonder, absent-mindedly, whether the Colonel hadn't a money mill somewhere where he turned out eagles and "slugs" (the coast name for fifty-dollar gold pieces).

When so important a personage as a barkeeper indulged publicly in the idea the inhabitants of Challenge Hill, like good Californians everywhere, considered themselves in duty bound to give it grave consideration; so for a few days certain industrious professional gentlemen, who won money of the colonel, carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces and tested them with acids, and sawed them in two, and retired them, and melted them up, and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication of the colonel, and a loss of considerable custom to the indiscreet barkeeper.

The colonel was as good-natured a man as had ever been known on Challenge Hill, but being mortal, the colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occurred after a series of races in which he had staked his all on his bay mare Tipsie, and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently and glaring defiantly at all mankind were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the colonel. They were unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they exhibited considerable Christian forbearance when the colonel savagely dissented from every one who advanced any proposition, no matter how incontrovertible. But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the Colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise. Riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful means of exhilaration in the world, but when a man is so absorbed in this exercise that he will not stop to speak to his friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eyes from all well-meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways, through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is only natural that people should express some wonder.

The Colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Lone Hand, Blazer's, Murderer's Bar, and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the Colonel was running away from somebody

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual, who reined up in front of the principal saloon of each place and inquired if the colonel had passed.

Had the gallant colonel known that he was followed and by whom, there certainly would have been an extra election held at the latter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable, and for all officers of the law the colonel possessed hatred.

On galloping away the colonel followed the stage road, which threaded the old mining camps on Dutch creek, but suddenly he turned out of the road and urged his horse through the youngest pines and bushes which grew thickly by the road, while the constable rode on to the next camp.

There seems to be no path through the thicket into which the Colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between the trees and shrubs as if they were familiar objects of his stable-yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted:

"What's up?"

"Business—that's what."

"It's time," replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged from the bushes of an old acquaintance. "We ain't had a nip since last night, and there ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shanty. The old gal gone back on yer?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, ruefully; "lost every blasted race. 'Twasn't her fault, bless her, she done her level best. Ev'rybody to home?"

"You bet," said the man. "All been a prayin' for yer to turn up with the roan, an' something with more color than spring water. Come on?"

The man led the way and Tipsie and the Colonel followed, and the trio suddenly, found themselves before a log hut, in front of which sat three solemn, disconsolate individuals, who looked appealingly to the Colonel.

"Mack'll tell you how 'twas, fellers," said the Colonel, meekly, "while I picket the mare."

The Colonel was absent but a very few moments, but when he returned, each of the four was attired in pistol and knives, while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour sack.

"Better be an hour ahead than a miss in this 'ere night," said one of the four. "I ain't so thirsty since I came 'round the Horn in '50, an' we run short of water. Somebody'll get hurt if there ain't any bitters in the old concern; they will, or my name ain't Perkins."

"Don't count on your chickens 'fore they're hatched, Perky," said one of the crowd, as he adjusted the domino under the rim of his hat. "'Sposin' there should be too many on us?"

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks!" remonstrated the Colonel. "Nobody ever gets along if they 'low themselves to be skeered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man in the party. "The Bible says somethin' mighty hot 'bout that. I disremember dzactly how it goes, but I've heard Parson Buzzy, down in Maine, preach a ripplin' old sermon many a time. The old man never thort what a comfort them sermons wuz agoin' to be to a road agent, though. The time we stopped Sam Mike's stage and he didn't have no more manners than to draw on me, them sermons wuz a perfect blessin' to me—the thorns of 'em cleared my head as quick as a cocktail. An'——"

"I don't want to disturb Logroller's pious strain," interrupted the colonel, "but ez it's Old Black that's arrivin' to-day instead of Sam Mike, and ez it's Odd Black allers makes his time, hadn't we better vamoose?"

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men filed through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it. After about half an hour Perkins, who was leading, halted, and wiped his perspiring brow with his shirt sleeve.

"Fur enough from home now," said he.

"'Taint no use being a gentleman if yer have to work too hard."

"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the colonel. "We'll do the usual; I'll halt 'em; Logroller, tend to the driver; Cranks, take the boot, and Mack and Perk, take right and left. An' I know it's tough—but considering how everlastin' eternal hard up we are, I reckon we'll have to ask contributions from the ladies, too, ef there's any abroad; eh, boy?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuckle that seemed to inspire even his black domino with a merry wrinkle or two; "what's the use of women's rights ef they don't ever have a chance of exercis'n 'em; havin' their purses borrowed 'ud show em the full doctrine in a bran new light."

"Come, come, boys," interposed the colonel, "thar's the crack of Old Black's whip; pick up your bush quick! and jump when I whistle."

Each man secreted himself by the roadside. The stage was swinging along handsomely, those inside were laughing heartily at something and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader, when the Colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle and five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it were a matter of common occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs and stared into the sky, and the passengers put out their heads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they withdraw them as they saw the dominoes and revolvers of the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen," said the Colonel, blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you please get out? Don't trouble yourself to draw, cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked an' his finger's rather nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, hev yes?" he asked of the first passenger that descended from the stage. "Hey! Well, now that's luck. Just put your hands behind yer so; that's it." And the unfortunate man's hands were securely tied behind him in an instant.

The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and the Colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for whoever heard of a stage-driver having any money?

"Boys," said the colonel, calling his brother agents aside and calling receipts, "tain't much of a haul; but there's only one woman, and she's old enough to be a feller's grandmother."

"Like enough she'll pan out more than all the rest of the stage put together," growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of the case of a gold watch. "Just like the low-lived deceitfulness of some folks to hire an old woman to carry their money, so it'd go safer. Mebbe what she's got ain't nothing to some folks that's got good horses and ken win money at races but——"

The colonel abruptly ended the conversation and approached the stage. He was very chivalrous, but Cranks' sarcastic reference to Tipsie needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks the only lady would have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the colonel, raising his hat with one hand while he drew open the coach door with the other, "but we're taking up a collection for some deserving objects. We was goin' to make the gentlemen fork over the hull amount, but ez they ain't got enough we will have to bother you."

The old lady trembled, felt for her pocketbook and raised her veil. The colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door and sitting on the hub of one of the wheels stared vacantly into space. "Nothing!" queried Perkins in a whisper and with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the Colonel dreamily. "That is, untie 'em and let the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet. "I'll hurry back to the cabin." The Colonel dashed into the bushes and left his followers so paralyzed with astonishment that Old Black afterward remarked that if there'd been anybody to mind the horses he could have cleaned out the whole crowd with his whip.

The passengers, now relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage, and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up his reins as if he had laid them down at the station, while the Colonel's party hastened back to their hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents as they entered the hut, for there stood the Colonel in a clean white shirt and a suit of clothing made from the limited spare wardrobe of the other members of the band.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence as, laying on the table a heavy purse, he exclaimed:

"Come, Colonel, business before pleasure; let's divide and scatter. Ef anybody should hear about it and find our trial an' ketch the brads in our possession they might——"

"Divide yourselves!" said the Colonel, with abruptness and a great oath. "I don't want none of it."

"Colonel," said Perkins, removing his own domino and looking anxiously into the leader's face, "be you sick? "Here's some bully brandy which I found in the passengers' pockets."

"It hain't nothin'," replied the colonel, with averted eyes. "I'm goin', and I'm retirin' from business forever."

"Ain't agoin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping a pistol on the table.

"I'm agoin' to make a lead mine of you ef you don't take that back!" roared the colonel, with a bound that caused Cranks to drop the pistol and retire precipitately, apologizing as he went. "I'm agoin' to attend to my own business, and that's enough to keep anybody bizzy. Somebody lend me $50 till I see him again."

Perkins pressed the money into the colonel's hand, and within two minutes the colonel was on Tipsie's back and galloping off in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people of Mud Gulch knew the Colonel well, and made it a rule never to be astonished at anything he did, but they made an exception to the rule when the Colonel canvassed the principal bar-rooms for men who wished to buy a horse, and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie for twenty slugs—only $1,000—when the Colonel had always said there was not gold enough on top of the ground to buy her, Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

But when the Colonel, after remaining in the barber shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and his hair nicely parted, betting was so wild that a cool-headed sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that had been advanced.

Then the colonel made a tour of the stores and fitted himself with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all the gorgeous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the heart of the average miner. He bought a new hat and put on a pair of boots, and pruned his finger nails, and stranger than all, he mildly declined all invitations to drink.

As the Colonel stood at the door of the principal saloon, where the stage always stops, the Challenge Hill constable was seen to approach the Colonel and tap him on the shoulder, when all the men who bet that the Colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the Colonel heard the constable say:

"Colonel, I take it all back. When I seed you go out to Challenge Hill it came to me that you might be in the road agent business. But when I seed you sell Tipsie I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the world was robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it."

"It's all right," said the Colonel, with a smile. The constable afterwards said that nobody had any idea how curiously the Colonel smiled when his beard was off.

Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impecuniosity.

The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the Colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started and cried:

"George!"

And the Colonel jumped into the stage and, putting his arm tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady, exclaimed:

"Mother!"

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L. Shepard & Son.....Dry Goods and Groceries
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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

NODAWAY.

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