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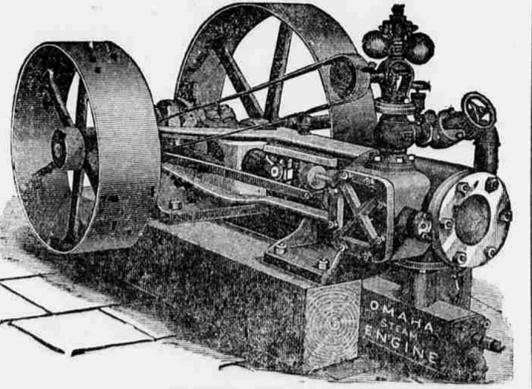
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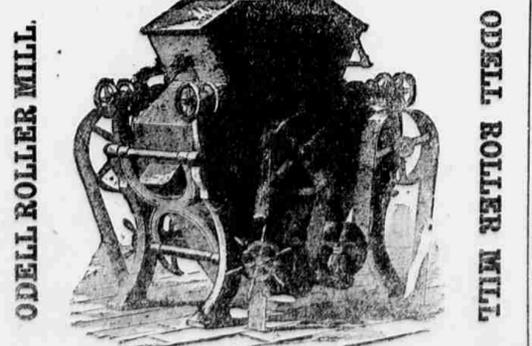
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The Coachman to His Love.
 How beautiful the maid is,
 At the stable door she stands!
 Just twenty-five years old next morn,
 And rising sixteen hands;
 Her chestnut hair is long and close,
 Square as a hunter's tail,
 And her step is like a Derby's
 As come back to scale.
 O Eves! your mad'ning kiss
 Within my memory lags
 When over the halter chains I hiss
 Or litter down the page,
 And when the mental fork I ply,
 Or mix the mash of bran,
 Your form is present to my eye—
 I am a happy man!
 Fair maiden, can it be, indeed,
 To win you I may hope!
 You to the halter I may lead,
 Or, at the worst, elope,
 O bliss! O rapture! how the thought
 Illumes the harness room
 That I from coachman may be brought
 Up to the rank of groom!
 But ever at my anxious heart
 A haunting care will prey:
 How saddle be the lowest part
 If dawn no bride day?
 Or if the maid my suit should scorn—
 Her heart should 'ossify,
 And she should leave me all forlorn
 How wretched then were I!
 But, Eves! 'tis time to bolt,
 Here comes your father's cross,
 With the revolver of the Colt,
 The pistol of the hose;
 Farewell, farewell, I must fly,
 I do not love a steen;
 He weighs fourteen ston more than I—
 Adieu, my Eves!

THE COUNTESS' DIAMONDS.
 A TRUE STORY.
 Domestic Monthly.
 It was an evening in midwinter. The Parisian season was at its height, and a brilliant audience had assembled at the Theatre Francaise.
 The Empress Eugenie was present, graceful and beautiful; the emperor at her side, wrapped in his favorite air of gloomy abstraction, which, like Lord Burligh's celebrated nod, was supposed to mean so much; yet which, viewed by the impartial light of subsequent veracious history, seems to have signified so very little.
 Several officers in glittering uniforms were in attendance, sparkling with decorations showered upon them by a grateful sovereign; and among these gallant warriors, conspicuous by reason of the somberness of his attire, was a solitary, humble, black-coated civilian in ordinary evening dress, with the inevitable speck of red at his button-hole.
 In a box almost immediately opposite that occupied by their imperial majesties was a young and exceedingly handsome Russian lady, the Countess Ivanoff, concerning whose manifold graces and fascinations the great world of Paris elected to interest itself considerably at this period.
 The beauty and the wit of this fair northern enchantress were the theme of every masculine tongue and her magnificent diamonds the envy and admiration of all feminine beholders.
 The countess was accompanied by her husband, a fine man of distinguished prepossessing appearance, who looked an embodied refutation of the celebrated Napoleonic aphorism, as though no amount of "scratching" could ever unearth the Cossack element underneath his refined, polished exterior.
 The curtain fell after the first act. The Emperor and Empress withdrew during the intermission. Many humbler mortals followed their example, among them Count Ivanoff.
 The Countess leaned back in her luxurious chair, fanning herself dreamily, indifferent to the interest she was exciting. In the dim light of her curtained box the glitter of her splendid diamonds seemed to form a sort of luminous halo round her graceful head; a myriad starry brilliants gleamed among the masses of her gold-brown hair; and two priceless stones, popularly reported to be worth that untold quantity, a king's ransom, flashed and twinkled like twin planets in her little shell tinted ears.
 The count had not been gone five minutes when there was a gentle knock at the door, and in answer to the countess, "Entrez," the usher appeared and said deferentially:
 "Pardon, Madame la Comtesse; a gentleman charged with a message from her majesty, the Empress, waits in the corridor, and desires to know if madame will have the goodness to receive him."
 "Certainly! Enter, I beg of you, Monsieur," replied the Countess, in the low, suave voice, which was not the least of her many attractions, bowing graciously as she recognized the distinguished looking civilian she had already noticed in close proximity to the emperor in the imperial box.
 The visitor advanced a few steps, and, still standing in deep shadow, said with grave dignity:
 "I trust my intrusion may be pardoned. I am desired by her Majesty to ask a favor of Madame la Comtesse, and, at the same time, to beg that she will have the goodness to excuse a somewhat unusual request."
 "The obligation will be mine if I can fulfill even the least of her Majesty's wishes," answered the Countess, gratefully.
 "The case is this," explained the gentleman in a tone of well-bred ease. "An argument has arisen concerning the size of the diamonds in your earrings and those of the Countess W. The Empress begs that you will instruct one of your pedants to her care for a few moments as the only satisfactory method of disposing of the vexed question. I will myself return to the instant her Majesty gives it back into my keeping."
 "With the greatest pleasure," agreed the countess, with amiable alacrity detaching the precious jewel forthwith, and depositing it, without misgiving, in the outstretched palm of the imperial messenger; for, indeed, diamonds were almost as plentiful in the existence of this fortunate lady as in the pages of some novels.
 The countess bestowed a smile and a gracious bow of dismissal upon her Majesty's distinguished ambassador, who responded by a profoundly respectful inclination as he made his exit. Once safely outside the box, the aristocratic features of this high-bred imperial emissary suddenly lost their serene expression of dignified gravity, and relaxed into a triumphant Mephistophelian grin.
 Shortly afterwards Count Ivanoff returned. "I have been talking to D—," he remarked, as he seated himself. "Clever fellow, D—. I am not surprised at the emperor's partiality for him; he must find him so useful when he is in want of an idea."
 "Who is D—?" inquired the countess, with languid interest.
 "That is rather a difficult question," replied the count, smiling; there are several editions of his biography—all different, probably none of them true. He is

successful, which is the chief point; moreover, he is entertaining and, at any rate, looks and speaks like a gentleman, which, in these evil days, is something—even much. Look! he has just entered the emperor's box—the man in the black coat."
 "Is that Monsieur D—?" exclaimed the countess, waking up to a mild interest in the subject. "If so, he has been here while you were away. He came on the part of the empress, and carried off one of my earrings, which her majesty wished to compare with one of the countess's W's."
 "Impossible! I was talking to him the whole time I was absent, and he only left me at the top of the staircase two seconds before I returned."
 "Nevertheless, mon ami, he has been here and has taken my earring. See, it is gone."
 "Effectively!" agreed the count, with a grim smile; "but D— has not taken it. It is to the last degree unlikely that an empress would make such a request. Depend upon it you have been made the victim of a thief, got up as an accurate copy of the distinguished looking D—."
 "Impossible!" cried the countess in her turn. "The affair is absolutely as I tell you. It was Monsieur D—, the veritable Monsieur D— I see opposite, who came into this box and took away my diamond. Only wait a little, and he will ring it back intact."
 "To wait a little is to lessen the chance of its recovery. In any case I will go and inquire of D—, if I can get at him, whether he has been seized with a sudden attack of kleptomania; because the idea of the Empress having sent him roaming about the theater borrowing a lady's jewels I regard as preposterous. Ah these Parisians! You do not know what scientific geniuses they are in their way."
 With this the count departed, and the second act was nearly at an end before he returned.
 In the meantime the Countess perceived that she was an object of interest to the occupants of the imperial box, and notably to the "double" of her late aristocratic looking visitor, who, she could still solemnly declare, had stood before her.
 "I was right," whispered the Count, re-entering and about D and an earring, and, needless to say, the Empress never sent him to any one else upon such an errand. I have put the matter into the hands of the police, and will do all that is possible to recover it."
 "Really! How very droll!" remarked the countess with calm nonchalance—for she belonged to that order of impassive, statuesque women, who remain mistress of themselves through any quantity of "china fall." "I will take out the other earring or people will think I am trying to get the fashion by wearing an odd one." And she handed the fellow of the purloined jewel to her husband.
 The play came to an end, as even that most excellent feast of reason, a good French play, well acted, must do, sooner or later, in common with all things mundane.
 The countess was duly commiserated by sympathizing friends, who, one and all, declared behind her back that they would never have been guilty of the imbecility of trusting so valuable a possession to the tender mercies of however fascinating a stranger; but nothing more was heard of the stolen jewel until the following day at noon, when Count Ivanoff received a note from D—to the effect that, as he could not help considering himself partly responsible for the loss of the diamond which had disappeared through the agency of his counterpart, he had taken an early opportunity of interviewing the chief of the police, who assured him he had good reason to believe the thief had already been traced as far as Brussels.

Early in the afternoon the countess was about to start for her daily drive in the park. The frozen snow lay deep upon the ground, and her sledge, with its two jet-black Russian horses jingling their bells merrily in the frosty air, stood waiting in the courtyard while the countess donned her furs.
 A servant entering announced that an officer of police, in plain clothes, asked permission to speak with Madame la Comtesse concerning the lost diamond.
 "Certainly," agreed Madame, graciously, "let the officer be shown into the box."
 Into the boudoir presently came the Countess, stately, beautiful, fur-clad, buttoning her little gloves. Near the door stood a short, wiry-looking man, with keen black eyes, closely-cropped hair, and compact, erect, military figure. The small man clinked his heels together and bowed profoundly in the presence of so much high-born loveliness, while he said, with the utmost respect, at the same time laying a letter upon the table:
 "I am sent by the order of the chief of police, to inform Madame la Comtesse that the stolen diamond has been satisfactorily traced, but there is, unfortunately, some little difficulty connected with its identification. I am charged, therefore, to beg that Madame la Comtesse will have the goodness to entrust the fellow carrying to the police for a short period, in order that it may be compared with the one found in the possession of the suspected thief. Madame will find that the letter I bring corroborates my statement."
 The countess glanced hastily through the letter, and, rising to the hall, desired that her maid might be told to bring the remaining earring immediately. This was done, and the dapper little man, bowing deferentially, departed with the precious duplicate safely in his possession.
 The countess descended to her sledge and drove to the club to call for her husband enroute for the park. Crossing the Place de la Concorde, she related to him the latest incident in the story of the diamond earring.
 "You never were induced to give up the other?" cried Count Ivanoff, incredulously.
 "But I tell you, mon ami, an officer of the police came himself to fetch it, bringing a letter from his superior vouching for the truth of his statement."
 "If the prefect himself had come I don't think I should have been cajoled into letting him have it after last night's experience," laughed her husband.
 "However, for the second time of asking, we will go and inquire."
 The coachman turned and drove as directed to the bureau of police, at which the count had lodged his complaint the night before. After a little delay the count rejoined his wife with a semi-grim look of amusement upon his handsome burly face.
 "The police know nothing of your detective or his pistolary efforts," he said, drawing the fur rug up to his chin as the impatient horses sped away merrily over the frozen snow; "it was the wrong man they had got hold of at Brussels. Your second earring has been netted by another member of the light-fingered fraternity, and upon my honor I think he was the most accomplished artist of the two."
 And from that unlucky day to this the Countess Ivanoff's celebrated diamond earring knew her pretty cars no more.

COUNCIL BLUFFS
 ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.
RECKLESS SHOOTING.
 He Found Out It Was Loaded, Or Ought To.
 A dusky fellow named Austin was yesterday put in limbo on a charge of disturbing the peace, a wild charge indeed, if half that is told of him is true. It is said that he interviewed one of the Ogdens house colored boys in a very harsh manner, pulling his revolver on him, whereupon the interviewer was quickly knocked down by the interviewee, and the revolver taken from him. After peace was declared the revolver was given back to him on his promise of going home. It appears that after he got home he began shooting about rather promiscuously, which led to his arrest. He offered as an explanation, that his wife tried to get the revolver away from him and in the struggle it dropped, going off accidentally, and that the same accident happened three times. Strange verification of the saying "three times and out."
PERSONALS.
 Mrs. Jacob Newmayer has gone on a visit to friends at St. Louis.
 E. L. Shugart and family left last evening for St. Paul and Minneapolis.
 Mayor Vaughan returned yesterday from Sioux City, and left at once for Papillion, Neb., to deliver an address at the county fair being held there.
 J. T. Chynoweth, of Appleton, Wis., arrived here yesterday on his way homeward from a trip into Dakota. He is an old college mate of Mr. Jacob Sims, and also of H. W. Tilton, of The Bix.
 J. D. H. Hamilton, past grand chancellor, H. D. Walker, grand keeper of R. & L., of Mt. Pleasant, Past Grand Chancellor Butler, of Clarinda, and the prominent Knights of Pythias, visited the city yesterday on their return from the grand lodge at Sioux City.

Railway Time Table.
COUNCIL BLUFFS.
 The following are the times of the arrival and departure of trains by central standard time, at local depot. Trains leave transfer depot ten minutes earlier and arrive ten minutes later.
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND QUINCY.
 Leave: 5:35 p.m. Chicago Express 9:00 a.m. 9:40 a.m. Fast Mail 7:00 p.m. 9:45 a.m. (*Mail and Express, 7:20 p.m. 10:20 p.m. Accommodation, 8:50 p.m.
KANSAS CITY, ST. JOE AND COUNCIL BLUFFS.
 10:05 a.m. Mail and Express, 7:05 p.m. 8:05 p.m. Fast Mail, 8:50 p.m.
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.
 5:25 p.m. Express, 9:05 a.m. 9:15 a.m. Express, 9:55 p.m.
CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC.
 5:30 p.m. Atlantic Express, 9:05 a.m. 6:25 a.m. Day Express, 8:55 p.m. 7:20 a.m. (*Des Moines Accommodation, 8:00 p.m. *At local depot only.
***WABASH, ST. LOUIS AND PACIFIC.**
 1:20 a.m. Mail, 4:15 p.m. 5:10 p.m. Accommodation, 9:00 a.m.
***AT TRANSFER ONLY.**
 CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN. 8:30 p.m. Express, 9:05 p.m. 9:25 a.m. Pacific Express, 9:05 a.m.
ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC.
 5:30 p.m. St. Paul Express, 8:50 a.m. 7:30 a.m. Day Express, 8:50 p.m. 8:00 p.m. Union Express, 8:55 a.m. 11:00 a.m. Western Express, 6:50 p.m. 12:40 p.m. Local Express, 6:55 a.m. 12:10 p.m. Lincoln Express, 6:55 a.m. *At transfer only.
DAILY TRAINS TO OMAHA.
 Leave—7:30-8:30-9:30-10:30-11:40 a.m. 1:30-2:30-3:30-4:30-5:30-6:30-7:30 p.m. Sunday—9:30-11:30 a.m. 1:30-3:30-5:30-6:30-7:30 p.m. Arrive 10 min. before leaving time.

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 South Omaha is nearly 1 1/2 miles north and south by 2 1/2 east and west, and covers an area of nearly four square miles. The stock yards are at the extreme southern limit.
 Nearly 150 lots have been sold and the demand is on the increase. The yards are being rapidly pushed to completion.
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 The B. & M. and Belt Line Railways have a large force of men at work and will, in connection with the U. P. Railway, have a union depot near the park at the north end of the town. Suitable grounds will be furnished for Church and School purposes.
 Now is the time to buy lots in this growing city. They will never be cheaper than they are to-day.
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