THE TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILway—Tickets can be purchased or baggage checked at R I & P Twentieth street depot, or C R I & P depot, corner Fifth avenue and Twenty-first street, Frank H Plummer, Agent.

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Ft Worth, Denver & K C....	† 5:05 am	†10:40 pm
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Omaha and Des Moines.....	† 8:00 am	†10:40 pm
‡Omaha & Minneapolis.....	†12:05 am	* 3:00 am
Omaha & Des Moines Ex....	* 7:55 am	†10:40 pm
‡Denver, Lincoln & Omaha..	*11:05 am	† 6:57 am
Denver, Lincoln & Omaha...	* 2:05 am	* 3:05 am
Des Moines Express.....	12:00 m	† 6:52 am
Rock Island & Bureau Ac....	§4:30 pm	* 6:30 pm
St Paul & Minneapolis.....	* 3:05 am	† 9:05 pm
Denver, Ft Worth & K C....	* 5:00 am	†10:40 pm
‡Kansas City St Jo & Denver	*11:10 pm	† 6:33 am
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*Arrival. †Departure. ‡Daily, except Sunday. §Daily except Saturday. All others daily. Telephone 1088.

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St. L., Springfield, Peoria, Bur. Quin. via Monmouth	* 7:00 am	* 7:20 pm
Chicago, Sterling, Clinton & Dubuque.....	† 7:40 am	† 8:40 pm
Peoria, Beardstown, Burlington, Denver & West....	† 2:45 pm	†11:58 am
St. Paul & Minneapolis....	* 7:50 pm	* 8:15 am
Sterling, Clinton & Dubuque	7:50 pm	† 8:40 am
St. L., Kansas City, Denver & Pac. Coast via Galesb'rg	* 7:10 pm	* 6:55 am

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

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St Paul Express.....	4:00 pm	11:30 am
Freight and Accommodation	8:00 am	9.30 am

Daily except Sunday.

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Springfield, Cincinnati, Peoria, etc.....	.....	*10:10 pm
Peoria, Springfield, St Louis etc.....	*8:05 am	6:40 pm
Accomodation Fast Freight.	10:30 am	
Peoria, Springfield, Cincinnati, etc.....	1:45 pm	11:15 am
Peoria Accom Freight.....	7:10 pm	1:25 am
Sherrard Accomodation.....	5:00 am	4:50 pm
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SAVED BY A DREAM.

A THRICE REPEATED WARNING THAT WAS LUCKILY HEEDED.

How Two Men Narrowly Escaped Assassination In a Western Ontario Inn—The Reality Was a Perfect Reproduction of the Vision of the Brain.

Miss Mabel Wiloughby, writing in the Toronto Globe, relates this strange story:

"Many years ago my great-uncle, a magistrate of Niagara district, had occasion, as he often had, to make a journey on horseback through some of the more unsettled parts of western Ontario. As those were the pioneer days, many parts of Ontario now thickly settled and prosperous communities were almost unbroken stretches of forest, intersected by roads, passable only by equestrians. The only places of public accommodation were small taverns or inns to be found at intervals of many miles along these trails or roads. My uncle and his father-in-law, who accompanied him, carried large sums of money with which to buy grain and cattle from the settlers.

"One afternoon, toward nightfall, as they were nearing the small inn where they intended stopping for the night, they heard the sound of horses' hoofs close behind them, and, turning in his saddle, my uncle saw that the strangers approaching him were a dark visaged pair of men whom he had noticed at the dinner table with him at the last hostelry. They, however, saluted my uncle and Mr. H., his father-in-law, in a very civil manner and returned the compliments of the hour.

"The party soon reached the inn, and, to uncle's surprise, the two strangers trotted on past the only resting place there was for miles. But he concluded that they were hunters or settlers living farther on, and so for the time thought no more of it.

"Our two grain dealers took their supper and shortly afterward retired comfortably for the night. Not long after going to bed Mr. H., feeling thirsty, rose and went down to the barroom for a drink of water. (No laughter here. He was a local preacher and stanch adherent to the Methodist church.)

"On entering the bar he was greatly surprised to see stretched out on the wooden benches the guests of the dinner table and traveling companions of the early evening. However, he troubled very little about the matter, as he thought that they had been overtaken by night and turned back. On returning to the bedroom he found my uncle dozing, and so made no mention of the uncanny pair in the barroom, and in a few minutes fell asleep also.

"After a short sleep uncle awoke and almost started out of bed, having had a most vivid and frightful dream, in which he saw one of those men advancing toward him with a dark lantern turned upon his face and a drawn knife in his hand. But, finding the room perfectly quiet, uncle persuaded himself that his dream was the result of some slight apprehension he had had concerning the two men, and so fell asleep again, but only to have the horrible vision repeated.

"He began to feel that the dream, so vivid and persistent, might have the nature of a presentiment, so put his hand under the pillow to see that his pistols which he carried were safe. But as everything continued perfectly still he allowed himself to fall into a light doze, which was again interrupted by the same dream, like a midnight specter.

"Now thoroughly alarmed and feeling that his dream was sent as a warning, he roused the old gentleman by his side and told him of it. Mr. H. then told him of the men in the barroom. This increasing their apprehension, the two men decided to watch by turns, Mr. H. taking the first watch. Not five minutes had elapsed before a footstep just outside their door caught the ear of both men.

"In a moment the door opened very softly, and a man stealthily entered and crept toward the bed, while the two in the bed prepared for immediate defense when the villain had come close enough to be seen distinctly, kept perfectly quiet. When within about two yards of the bed, the intending assassin, by the manipulation of his lantern, which until this time had remained perfectly dark, threw a clear light over the supposed sleepers and revealed to them the reality of the vision—the same man, knife and lantern, with his murderous intention hideously written on his fixed countenance.

"One glance at his intended victims and his expression changed to amazement and fear and he stood like one paralyzed as he met my uncle's steady and white face, who, with pistol presented, waited but another move on the part of the villain to kill him on the spot. But the man didn't move. All was perfectly still, except for a smothered prayer from the old gentleman. Uncle was the first to speak, demanding what he wanted. No reply was given. Uncle then, threateningly advancing his piece, ordered him to leave the room at once on pain of death. In obedience to this the robber, without turning his face or changing his attitude in any way, backed as steadily from the room as he had entered it and was seen no more."

All Dear to Him.

Wife—The doctor orders me to the mineral baths at Carlsbad, and you refuse me the means to go. That shows how little you value me.

Husband—On the contrary, I do not wish to lose a pound of you.—Fliegende Blatter.

Strange as it may seem, the origin of the miter is to be found in Acts ii, 3, "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." The miter is supposed to be a representation of these cloven tongues.

Hi Robinson's Thrift.

While we were eating breakfast the farmer said: "That remark o' yourn yisteddy about sellin Elmiry the dishes an havin the coffee fer nothin 'minds me o' the way Hi Robinson got somethin fer nothin out o' the storekeeper at the village. You 'member Hi, don't you? He's kinder slow spoken, 'n' some folks calls him foolish. One day I was settin in the store a spell, with a lot more, an in comes Hi. He goes up to Lish, who keeps the store, an takes an egg out o' his pocket an says, 'How'll you swap?' 'Oh, I d'n' kno's I want to swap fer one egg,' says Lish; 'what do you want fer it?' 'A darnin needle.' 'Well, I'll swap with you,' says Lish an took the egg an giv' him the darnin needle.

"Hi stood round awhile, an then he says, drawlin'like, 'Say, ain't you goin to treat?' 'Treat? On one darnin needle?' says Lish. 'Not much.' 'Feller 'cross the way will,' says Hi. Lish grinned. 'All right,' says he, jest to humor him; 'what'll you have?' 'Cider 'n' egg,'' says Hi. That tickled the rest o' us, but Lish brought the cider an broke the egg into it—Hi's own egg—an Hi see it was a double yelker. Hi took up the glass an looked at the egg some time. Then he says, says he, 'Say, hadn't you better gimme 'nother darnin needle?' ''—Forest and Stream.

He Laughed.

A literary man who was compelled by circumstances to use his family sitting room as a study missed his penholder one evening while absorbed in writing a story

He looked over his desk, through the pigeonholes and in the drawers, but it was nowhere in sight. It was not on the floor. He felt behind his ear. It was not there.

"This is what comes," he said impatiently, "of trying to work where there is a houseful of children. Which one of you has taken my pen?"

The children looked at each other and laughed. He became irritated.

"I don't want any foolishness!" he exclaimed. "Where's that pen? Who has taken it?"

After a moment's pause one of the children said slowly:

"If you'll laugh, papa, you will find it."

He stared at her in astonishment. Then, as her meaning slowly broke in upon him, he joined in the laugh, and the penholder fell out of his mouth, where it had been all the time.

How many of the little difficulties of this life one can extricate oneself from by a laugh!—Youth's Companion.

Snakes' Sense of Smell.

Snakes have the sense of smell. It is difficult to obtain food for the rattlesnakes and copperheads out at the zoological park. The keeper has been trying them on the house rats and mice he has caught about the building. He would leave them in the snake cage overnight and through the day. They would run over the snakes with impunity. The snakes would pay no attention to them, but when he happened to secure some field mice and put them in the cage the snakes ate them at once. He put in several rats and mice of the ordinary house variety that were living out of doors under the sidewalk, and these were seized by the snakes almost as readily as the wild species.

The keeper then conceived the idea of making an earth box to keep the rats in for awhile before feeding, and he found that if they were put in there for 12 hours or so before they were given to the snakes they would be eaten. The only apparent explanation is that the smell of the earth is agreeable to the snakes, and that the smell which the animals acquire about buildings is objectionable.—Chicago Record.

The Albany Capitol Guide.

One of the first things done by a stranger visiting Albany, says the Philadelphia Call, is to pay 25 cents and put himself at the mercy of a capitol guide. The guide makes a profound and obsequious bow, like a prestidigitator about to charm an audience, and proceeds to lift the veil which hides the mysteries of the great building.

On a recent occasion the guide led the stranger regretfully past "McGinty's" empty frame and proceeded to identify the heads of notables that decorate the stairway. He did fairly well until the stranger pointed out Shakespeare and Homer and asked who they were.

"Them," replied the guide, undaunted, "are the heads of two politicians whose names I disremember."

Then the Girls Giggled.

It occurred at a wedding in a Kansas City church. The minister was young and nervous and instead of saying, "Who gives this woman?" etc., he asked gravely, "Who gives this man to this woman?"

If the bride had not been four inches taller and many pounds heavier than the groom, the slip would have attracted less attention. As it was, the other girls in the church were not to be blamed for tittering.

Her Aristocracy.

"Every woman is an aristocrat at heart," said the youngest boarder.

"Yes," said the cheerful idiot; "she hates to think of herself as classed with the plain people."—Indianapolis Journal.

It Was Tantamount.

"Has she told you that she loved you?"

"Not in so many words. She merely asked me what life insurance I carried."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A four months' tour from England to India can be made, including all cost with economy, or $1,500 and luxuriously for $2,500.

Among the Phœnicians, in ancient days, the wearing of earrings was a badge of servitude.

A DARK SHADOW.

I never saw my mother's face;
God drew a shadow o'er my baby eyes,
And there it lies,
Unchanged by time or place;

But I have felt her loving breast
Breathe heart sore sighing for the joys I miss
And felt her kiss
Upon my eyelids pressed.

I never saw God's lovely world,
But I have listened to the whispering trees
And felt the breeze
That spring's sweet leaves uncurled.

I never gazed upon a rose,
But I have laid the flower against my cheek
And heard God speak
And mysteries disclose.

And he has made me understand;
Though dark the shadow that now holds me blind,
God is behind,
Unseen I feel his hand

And know that from my darkened eyes
The lifelong shadow will be rolled away
One solemn day.
Oh, rapturous surprise!

My happy lips e'en now must sing.
These eyes, unclosing in the streets of gold,
Will first behold
The face of Christ, my King.
—Feodora Bell in Good Words.

REPARATION.

A Strange Coincidence In the Life of a Fireman.

"Soon after I entered the fire department," remarked a hostler of the city fire department, "it was my hard luck in responding to an alarm to run over and terribly injure a small boy, who was playing in the street. It was an unavoidable accident, but just the same it had its effect upon me, and for a time it preyed heavily on my mind and probably would have done so until today had it not been for the sequel, which righted up matters somewhat.

"I kept myself pretty well informed as to the condition of the boy, and was extremely happy when I saw him on the streets again and to all appearances fully recovered from the injury which I had inflicted upon him. Well, time passed along, and, the boy's family having moved from the house where he resided and where we took him after the injury, for awhile I did not see him, though I occasionally heard from him.

"One rather rough night about a year afterward our company responded to an alarm in the northwestern part of the city. On arriving at the fire I was sent to one of the upper rooms of the burning building to rescue some children who were in the room and who were terribly frightened, as they had good reasons to be, for they were in considerable danger. There was a light burning in the room, and the moment I entered it I recognized the little fellow that I had driven over and injured. If there ever was a little fellow who was carefully wrapped up in bedclothes and with his little sister taken down stairs and to a place of safety, you can bet it was that boy and girl. The same look of fright was upon his face, which I had not forgotten, but I don't think my face looked as bad as when I had picked him up in my arms before. I was supremely happy in being able to return some good for the ill I had done him."—Washington Star.

A Poet's Impressions of Nilsson's Singing.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20, 1870.

I went at 1 o'clock today to hear Nilsson. She sang in concert at Steinway hall; t'other artists were Vieuxtemps, the violinist; Wehli, pianist; Brignoli, tenor, and Verger, baritone.

Mlle. Nilsson singeth as thou and I love. She openeth her sweet mouth and turneth her head o' one side like a mocking bird in the moonlight, and straightway cometh forth the purest silver tones that ever mortal voice made. Her pianissimo was like a dawn, which crescendo'd presently into a glorious noon of tone, which then did die away into a quiet gray twilight of clear, melodious whisper. She sang nothing mean or light or merely taking. Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," solo; a duet with Brigholi, by Blangini, and a noble solo, a scena from Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet" (the insane song of Ophelia), with "Home, Sweet Home," for encore—these were all.—"A Poet's Musical Impressions," by Sidney Lanier, in Scribner's.

He Walked.

Time, 11 p. m. "They tell me your gait was esteemed one of the finest in the regiment."

"You flatter me."

"No; Lieutenant Wagstaff said you marched magnificently."

"The lieutenant may not be a good judge."

"I fancy he is. To my mind there is nothing that makes a man more presentable and really attractive than a graceful walk. My curiosity is greatly aroused. May I ask a favor of you?"

"Certainly."

"Then I would like to see you walk."

And she handed him his hat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Speech and Hands.

A professor who has made a study of children says he has discovered why the majority of the people are right handed. Infants use both hands until they begin to speak. The motor speech function controls the right side of the body, and the first right handed motions are expressive motions, tending to help out speech. As speech grows so does right handedness.

Uses of the Mouth.

A baby tries to put everything he finds in his mouth, but even at that he uses his mouth to better advantage than most men.—Detroit Journal.

The Japanese have three forms of salutation—one for saluting an inferior, one for saluting an equal and another for saluting a superior.

There are 48 different materials used in constructing a piano, from no fewer than 16 different countries, employing 45 different hands.