THE DAILY BEE.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

LEAVING OMAHA EAST OR SOUTH BOUND.

C. B. & Q. 5 a. m.—3:40 p. m.
C. & N. W., 6 a. m.—3:40 p. m.
C. R. I. & P., 6 a. m.—3:40 p. m.
K. C., St. J. & C. B., 8 a. m.—3:40 p. m. Arrive at St. Louis at 6:25 a. m. and 7:45 a. m.

WEST OR SOUTHWEST.

B. & M. in Neb., Through Express, 8:50 a. m.
B. & M. Lincoln Express.—7:30 p. m.
U. P. Express, 12:15 p. m.
O. & R. V. for Lincoln, 10:20 a. m.
O. & R. V. for Osceola, 9:00 a. m.
U. P. freight No. 5, 5:00 a. m.
U. P. freight No. 9, 8:15 a. m.
U. P. freight No. 7, 6:10 p. m.—emigrant.
U. P. freight No. 11, 8:25 p. m.

ARRIVING—FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

C. B. & Q., 3:00 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.
W., St. L. & P., 10:55 a. m.—4:25 p. m.

ARRIVING FROM THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

O. & R. V. from Lincoln—12:12 p. m.
U. P. Express—3:25 p. m.
B. & M. in Neb., Through Express—6:30 (0) 7:30.
B. & M. Lincoln Express—8:50 a. m.
U. P. Freight No. 10—1:40 p. m.
No. 6—4:25 p. m. Emigrant.
No. 8—10:50 p. m.
No. 12—11:35 a. m.
O. & R. V. mixed, ar. 4:35 p. m.

NORTH.

(Nebraska Division of the St. Paul & Sioux City Road.

No. 2 leaves Omaha 8 a. m.
No. 4 leaves Omaha 1:50 p. m.
No. 1 arrives at Omaha at 4:20 p. m.
No. 3 arrives at Omaha at 10:45 a. m.

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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	9:30	4:30	2:40
Chicago, R. I & Pacific	11:00	9:00	4:30	2:40
Chicago, B. & Q	11:00	9:00	4:30	2:40
Wabash		12:30	4:30	2:40
Sioux City and Pacific		11:00	4:30	
Union Pacific		5:00	11:40	
Omaha & R. V		4:00	11:40	
B. & M. in Neb		4:00	8:40	5:30
Omaha & Northwestern		4:30	7:20	

Local mails for State of Iowa leave but once a day, viz: 4:30.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

Charles G. Lot, non-resident defendant:

You are hereby notified that on April 16th, 1881, a petition was filed in the District Court within and for Douglas County, Nebraska, by Isac Edwards, plaintiff, against you, as defendant, the object and prayer of which petition is that an account may be taken of the amount due on certain notes, and a mortgage executed and delivered on April 18th, 1878, by said Charles G. Lot to one Theodore L. Van Dorn, and by the said Van Dorn duly assigned to said plaintiff, and that in default of the payment of such amount so to be found due, with interest, costs and attorney's fee, with a short time to be fixed by said court, the premises described in said mortgage, to wit: South 24 feet of north 114 feet, part of lot one (1), block 72, in the City of Omaha, said County and State, together with the appurtenances may be ordered to be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of the amount so found due to said plaintiff, together with interest, costs and a reasonable sum which is prayed to be awarded as an attorney's fee herein, and that you may be forever excluded from all right, interest and equity of redemption in or to said premises or any part thereof, and for general relief you are required to answer said petition on the 30th day of May, 1881.

ISAAC EDWARDS,
apl6 e satdt Plaintiff.

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A HOBGOBLIN STORY.

Beyond all other mountains of the Blosberg range, the wild solitude of Hartz have been, from time immemorial, supposed to be the haunts of ghosts, elfins and spectres. The inhabitants of this neighborhood are, for the most part, miners and woodsmen, and are naturally imbued with the locas superstition. On many occasions they have attributed to the power of the elfins those natural phenomena which they have experienced during there subterranean labors. The belief also prevails that a tutelary demon, of a most savage appearance, dwells in the gloomy forests of the Hartz, colossal in height, and his head appears crowned with oak leaves; about his body there is bound a fiery belt, and in his hand he carries an uprooted pine tree.

Long ago this demon used to hold frequent communication with the people in that district; he used often to meddle in their affairs, rather for the the purpose of doing them good than of injuring them. But it was observed that his kindness generaly turned unhappily for those who were the recipients of it. The clergyman, in long sermons, frequently exhorted their flocks to cease holding any communication with him. It happened one day the preacher mounted the pulpit in the church of Margenbrodt for the purpose of expatiating on the perversity of the inhabitants, in still continuing to communicate with fairies and goblins and demons, but in particular with him of the Hartz.

These superstitious people laughed at the zeal with which their venerable pastor held forth upon this point. At last the heat of this discourse, augmented in proportion to the spirit of opposition which he met; but the congregation couldn't bear that the demon, who had been so peaceable for hundreds of years, should by compared to Astaroth and Beelzebub. The fear also of the demon punishing them for listening to such sermons, was added to the interest which they felt in him.

"A monkish babbler like him," they cried, "can say what he pleases with impunity but we, the inhabitants of this country, who remain at the mercy of this insulted demon, we will be the victims of his just indignation."

The peasants did not long restrain their resentment; pelting him with stones, they hunted the poor priest out of the parish telling him to go and preach to others against demons.

As three young charcoal-burners—who had taken a part in the pursuit of the priest—were returning home to their cottage, the conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Hartz and on their pastor's sermon. Max and George Waldeck, agreeing that the priest's language was indiscreet, maintained, nevertheless, that it was very dangerous to have the slightest communication with the demon, because he was wicked, capricious and powerful, and all those who had any communication with him always experienced misfortune from it. Had he not given to the gallant Chevalier Sybert the famous black steed with which he conquered all his competitors at the grand tournament in Bremen? Yes, but that coursier plunged with him down a frightful precipice, from which man or horse has never come out. Did he not impart to Dame Gertrude Tredden some curious secrets, which were soon after the cause of her being burnt as a sorceress, by the command of the grand criminal judge of the electorate?

But these proofs and many others, which George and Max related of the evil consequences attendant on the gifts of the elfin, made no impression on Martin Waldeck. Martin was young, daring and rash, and smiled at the timidity of his brothers.

"Cease," he said, "all this folly; the demon is a good and kind one. He lives among us as a simple peasant; he frequents the rocks and mountains, sometimes as a hunter, and other times as a shepherd. But how can this demon be so malicious as you say? What power can he have over mortals, who make use of his gifts without submitting themselves to his will? The benefits and gifts of the spirit of the Hartz cannot injure us, it is the bad use which we make of them that does?"

Max replied that riches badly acquired, could never benefit their possessor. Martin declared, positively, that the possession of all the treasures in the Hartz mountains would not be capable of effecting the least change in his habits, his manners or his character.

This conversation lasted until the brothers reached their lowly hut, which was situated on a height in the neighborhood of Brockenberg. They then, according to custom, arranged the watches for the night; for one of the brothers kept guard while the two others slept. In fact, the burning of the charcoal required continual attention.

Max Waldeck, the eldest brother, had watched about an hour, when he saw, suddenly, upon the borders of the swamp opposite to the door of his cottage, an immense fire, around which numerous figures danced in the most grotesque attitudes. Max's first thought was to call George, but he could not awaken him without Martin hearing. So, upon reflection, in spite of the terror with which this singular phantom filled him, he resolved to watch alone. Besides, the strange fire was gradually disappearing, and he was then quite free from fear.

George did not delay in relieving Max, who retired to bed without saying anything. The vast fire again filled the valley, and the same phantoms surrounded and danced through flames. George was more courageous than Max, and resolved to cross the stream which separated him from the marsh. Climbing up an eminence, he approached near to where the fire was burning. Among the elfins that bustled about the flames, he recognized the giant, covered with hair and armed with a pine tree; in a word, it was the demon of the Hartz, such as the old shepherds had described to him.

Trembling with fear he commenced reciting the psalm commencing with: "Let all the angels praise thee, O Lord!" which was looked on, in that country, as a sovereign preservative against the influence of bad spirits. He turned his eyes again toward where the fire had been burning, but all had disappeared. The valley was no longer illuminated, but by the pale rays of the moon, George, in great terror, directed his course to the place of this extraordinary scene, but he found no trace of fire on the heath; neither the moss nor wild flowers were scorched or faded—the branches of the oak which had appeared enveloped in flames were wet with the night dew. George returned to the hut, and reasoning the same way as Max, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, as he feared to awaken the curiosity of Martin

The night was far advanced when Martin's watch came on, and when well awake his first care was to examine the furnace. He saw, to his great astonishment, that George had not attended to it, and that the fire was out—we know already why. Very much annoyed he set about lighting it, but it was useless. It became serious, for the poor fellows risked the loss of their market next day. Mortified by this accident, Martin had just decided to awaken his brothers, when a gleam of brilliant light suddenly crossed the windows of the cottage. His first idea was that the Muhelerhausers, the rivals of trade, had encroached upon his boundaries, and had come to steal his wood. But a moment's observation was sufficient to convince him that the spectacle which was presented to his view was a supernatural phenomen.

"Be these men or demons," he said, "I will go and ask a fire-brand from them, to light my fire."

Saying this he took his [illegible] lance and advanced toward the phantoms. He soon crossed the stream, climbed the hill, and approached sufficiently near this elfin gathering to discern all the peculiarities of the demon of the Hartz. For the first time in his life he shuddered with fear; but summoning up immediately his wavering courage, he advanced firmly toward the fire. At each step he took the figures became more wild and extravagant in their movements. They received him with manifestations of applause, and their tumultuous laughter stung his very ears.

"Who are you?" cried the giant, in a voice of thunder and frowning gloomily.

"Martin Waldeck, a charcoal burner," he replied; "and who are you yourself?"

"The king of chaos and of mines," replied the spectre; "but why have you dared to penetrate our mysteries?"

"I came here to get a fire-brand, in order to light my fire," Waldeck answered, boldly. "What are the mysteries which you celebrate here?"

"The marriage of Hermaes and the black dragon; but take the fire-brand if you wish, and depart, for no mortal can witness our festivities with impunity."

Martin then stuck the point of his lance in a large log, and regained his hut, amid the noise of the mocking laughter of the phantoms. In spite of his terror, his first step was to relight the furnace by means of the burning log which he carried. Strange to say, in spite of all the efforts which he made, this billet, at first all on fire, went out without kindling the other wood. Martin was excessively chagrined at this. The fire still burned on the hill, but those who had surrounded it had disappeared. Waldeck thought that the spectre was trifling with him.

He resolved to undertake a new adventure, and set out on his way to the hill. He arrived, and, without encountering any opposition; he seized a second log of wood and carried it off as he did the first; but still without being able to kindle his fire. The ease with which he obtained the first two brands increased his boldness, and he returned for the third time and carried away a great flaming billet. He had not gone far when he heard the voice of the elfin crying aloud to him, not on any account to have the temerity so venture back again. The effort which Martin made to light his furnace with his last fire-brand was just as useless as the preceding. Exhausted with fatigue he threw himself on his bed of leaves, fully determined to inform his brothers the next day of his strange adventures.

Morning had scarcely appeared, when he was awakened from a profound sleep by loud cries of joy and surprise. The first thing which Max and George did on rising, was to look at the condition of their furnace. While raking the cinders, they found three metallic lumps, which they knew to be pure gold. Their joy was a little diminished, however, when Martin told them by what means he had become master of it. The others could not resist the temptation of partaking of the prosperity of their brother.

Martin Waldeck soon took the title of head of the family. He bought lands and woods, and had a fine mansion erected; and also he obtained letters of nobility, to the great scandal and disgust of the ancient nobles. His courage in war enabled him to brave, at all times, the jealousy which his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his manners, excited. But the evil inclinations which poverty had repressed, now developed themselves. In fine, Waldeck rendered himself odious, not only to the nobles, but also to his inferiors, who supported, with pain, the insolence of a man who had sprung from the very dregs of the people.

The way in which he had been enriched was heretofore a profound secret, but by some chance it had transpired, and already the clergy had threatened him as a sorcerer. Surrounded by enemies and tormented on all sides, Martin Waldeck, or rather Baron Waldeck, soon regretted his youthful poverty and contentment, for envy and hatred were around him everywhere. His courage never forsook him at any time; in fact, on the contrary, he appeared to court danger. But an unforseen event hastened his fall.

The reigning duke of Brunswick, having invited, by proclamation, all the German *nobleax* to a solemn tournament, Martin Waldeck clothed in brilliant armor, accompanied by his two brethren, and attended by a superb *cortege*, had the insolence to appear in the midst of the cavaliers of the province, and demanded permission to enter the lists. This was looked on as the height of presumption. A thousand voices cried out—

"We will not let this charcoal burner into our ranks."

Enflamed with passion Martin drew his sword, and overthrew the herald-at-arms who endeavored to prevent him entering the lists. Swords were raised on all sides to avenge a crime, at that time considered the most atrocious, except high treason. Waldeck defended himself to desperation, but he was made prisoner, and condemned, by the judge of the tourney, to have, according to custom, his right arm cut off, to lose his titles of nobility, and to be driven ignominiously from the city. They despoiled him of his armor, and having undergone his punishment, he was delivered up to the populace, who pursued him, heaping menaces, outrages and insults on his devoted head. It was with the greatest difficulty that the brothers could drag him forth from the hands of the mob; they had left him for dead. He lost so much blood, and was in such a miserable condition, that it was necessary to place him in a cart, and under him they put some straw. Thus the Waldecks fled.

Scarcely had they reached the frontiers of their native country, when they perceived in a hollow road, situated between two mountains, an old man, who advanced to meet them. But shortly after the limbs and size of this man increased in bulk, his cloak fell from his shoulders, and his pilgrim's staff was metamorphosed into an enormous pine. In a word, the demon of the Hartz was presented to their eyes in all his frightful apparel.

When he was opposite to the cart in which the sick man lay he asked him, with an atrocious smile, if his fire-brands had kindled his furnace.

Martin was indignant at these words, but could scarcely raise himself. He pointed toward the spectre with a menacing gesture; but he disappeared, uttering a loud, mocking laugh, leaving the unfortunate Waldeck to struggle with death.

Max and Georgre, being terrified, directed their course towards the powers of a neighboring convent, which elevated their tops above the dark fine forest by which they were surrounded. At that place they were charitably received by a monk, with a long, venerable beard, and in naked feet.

Martin lived just long enough to make a confession of his life, and to receive absolution from the hands of the very priest whom, long ago, he had pelted with stones in the village of Margenbrodt. His three years of prosperity mysteriously corresponded with the three visits which he had made to the elfin's hill.

The body of Waldeck was interred within the convent, and his two brothers assumed the habit of the order. Both the miners and the woodsmen shun, even to this day, the ruins of the Chateau de Waldeck, for they suppose thet it has become the resort of elfins and evil spirits.

A Petition of Maidens.

Philadelphia Press.

In 1833 sixteen maidens of Charleston petitioned the governor of South Carolina as follows: "The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten: Whereas, we, the [illegible] a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are captivated by widows and our youthful charms are thereby neglected; in consequence of this, our request is that your excellency will, for the future, order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for, or else pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties, and likewise a fine to be levied on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is that the widows, by their forward carriage, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merit beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your excellency's consideration, and we hope you will permit no further insults. And we poor maids, in duty bound, will ever pray."

NEWLY MARRIED.

WASHINGTON AS AN OBJECTIVE POINT OF WEDDING TRIPS—WHAT THE HOTEL MEN SAY—THE MODERN BRIDEGROOM.

Along with the tender buds and the sweet flowers and the soft sighing of the south wind comes the blushing bride. Nature is in her softest mood, and the bridal couple are in the fullest harmony with nature. It is beautiful to note these charming correspondences, and observe how the great heart of nature throbs responsive to that of humanity. Softly the tender buds unfold their soft petals, softly the zephyrs blow; soft are the billowy cloud mosses in the azure sky, and soft is the conduct of Chloe and Stephen in the hotel parlors. The hotel people laugh at them, the young married woman says that it is shameful, the crusty old traveler grunts his disapproval, the staid married woman thinks sadly of the sweet memory in her own past, and the gay young bachelor utters an expressive

YUM! YUM!

while, unconscious of everything and everybody, the bridal couple keep on being in harmony with nature. It is a nice, sweet thing to be in harmony with nature, and bridal couples seem to have a monopoly of the business. Whether there is a better sample of nature here in Washington, or whether the section of nature that rifles here is more sociable, is not known, even to the weather bureau, but certain it is that this is the paradise to which young married couples fly. "It seems to me that the number of bridal couples that come here is increasing each year," said a prominent hotel man yesterday. "We have had a great many this year, and at the present time there are eight couples in the house." The principal reason that this city is a favorite place for this class of people seems to be that it is a nice place to visit. That it is the political or social centre of the country makes no difference to a bridal couple; They don't see anything or anybody but themselves; and what is more, they don't want to. No one ever knew a bride or groom writing a book of travels or giving any interesting accounts of what they see in the few letters they write home. They can't do it. She writes to say that she is well and happy, and then the sufferings and doings of John occupies the next page or two, leaving only a brief margin to say how splendidly that dress fitted. The scenery and the sights are left out in the cold. So

THE BRIDAL COUPLES

come to Washington to see and be with each other, and they come here because people are expected to do as they please, and generally do it, and that is what they want to do. The ideal bride couple, that fits in exactly with the authorized and duly approved popular conception of a bridal couple, are two people of the opposite sex, who sit and hold each other's hands and gaze fondly into each other's eyes like two young horses, which is the simile of the cynic. The phenomena has long been observable, and philosophers, after much thought, have come to the conclusion that the explanation of the phenomena is as follows: The bride is generally a young female person having just left her home. She consequently feels strange and lonely. Instinctively she puts out her hand. The bridegroom is in full accord with the bride, and, as a result, he puts out his hand. The hands meet, are grasped. She feels satisfied. He is happy. Hence the position which has been made the subject of criticism. A reporter of The Republican, however, yesterday, after a thorough inquiry, made the startling discovery that this statement about the habits of bridal parties was either a campaign lie, gotten up for the purpose of breaking up the marrying business, or else was an absolute custom. At any rate this phenomenon is no longer discerned. Bridal couples now, in the hotel parlors,

OCCUPY TWO CHAIRS,

and at an easy conversational distance, and are observed to engage in conversation. Their sighs cannot be heard more than ten feet distant; and they do not object to conversing with people. She does not blush when any one happens to glance at her, and he is not excessively conscious of having feet and hands. At the dinner table they have separate plates, and he does not feed her with a spoon. She has an appetite and eats heartily. After dinner he leaves her in the parlor and goes out and takes a smoke. He does not find her in tears on his return, nor does she sob out on his shoulder, "I felt so lonely while you were gone." Her dress is not crisp and new like a bank note, and he does not wear a new suit of clothes. They dress like other people, and don't give themselves away. In fact, there is a new kind of bridal couple going about the country. The hotel keepers like the new style. They are quiet and well behaved and very much like other guests. They, however, insist upon the best accommodations, and exhibit an indifference to the amount of the bill which delights the hotel people. There is nothing mean about

THE MODERN BRIDEGROOM

on his wedding trip. He has a royal way of ordering things which is impressive. He acts as if he had an unlimited account at the bank. Whether this is the result of marriage is not known, or whether it is the consequence of the round-trip rail-way ticket system, is equally a matter of doubt. At any rate, they are not disturbed by sordid cares. The hotel keepers regretfully speak of the near approach to the close of the bridal season. As the warm weathor comes on the cooing doves direct their flight to Saratoga and other northern resorts and Washington is deserted. As an evidence of the increase of this class of patrons, nearly all the hotels have fitted up a large number of rooms for the especial accommodation of bridal parties, and during the season they are all in demand.

The Bad Boys and the Good Old Man.

"Any chestnuts around here?" asked one of three boys who met an aged, benevolent looking farmer out in Montgomery county. The old man hesitated. "You don't want to steal 'em?" he asked. "Oh, no! We just want to find out." "Well, there's a few trees back there; but if I thought you wanted to steal them I wouldn't have told you, for the owner has gone to town. But you're bright, honest-looking boys." The boys blushed with the pride of conscious goodness. "When will the owner be back?" "Well, not before dark, I reckon." The boys respectfully thanked the old man, waited till he got out of sight, jumped the fence, and were soon shaking down the burrs. The shaking was easy, but the opening of the chestnut burrs was more difficult and unpleasant. At last the boys had a splendid pile of handsome brown nuts on the ground, and they prepared to put them in the bags they had brought with them. "Please don't take any more trouble," said the benevolent old man, who stood by the fence, "I'm not so strong as I once was, and I fear I can't hold in this dog much longer. If you hurry, though, I guess I can keep him here till you get to the railroad track. Down, Tige, sir!" As the boys looked back from the railroad track they could see the stooping figure of the old man scooping the rich brown chestnuts into a two-bushel bag.

Wonders of the Microscope

Church Union.

A thousand wonders in nature are lost to the human eye, and only revealed to us through the microscope.

Think of dividing a single spider's web into a thousand strands, or counting the arteries and nerves in the wing of a gossamer moth.

Yet by the aid of the powerful lens of a microscope, it is found there are over 4,000 muscles in a caterpillar. The eye of a drone contains 14,000 mirrors, and the body of every spider is furnished with four little lumps, pierced with tiny holes, from each of which issues a single thread, and when a thousand of these from each lump are joined together they make the silk line of which the spider spins its web, and which we call a spider's web.

Spiders have been seen as small as a grain of sand, and these spin a thread so fine that it takes 4,000 of them put together to equal in size a single hair.

Worthy of Praise.

As a rule we do not recommend patent medicines, but when we know of one that really is a public benefactor, and does positively cure, than we consider it our duty to impart that information to all. Electric bitters are truly a most valuable medicine, and will surely cure Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Stomach, Liver and Lidney complaints, even where all other remedies fail. We know whereof we speak, and can freely recommend to all.—[Ex. Sold at 50 cents a bottle, by Ish & McMahon. (4)

"BLACK-DRAUGHT" cures costiveness and Sick-Headache.

At C. F. Goltman's.

PROCLAMATION AND ELECTION NOTICE.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY OF OMAHA,
MAYOR'S OFFICE,
May 7th, 1881.

By virtue of the authority in me vested, I, James E. Boyd, mayor of the city of Omaha, do hereby proclaim to the qualified voters of said city, and of the respective wards thereof, that on the 3rd day of May, 1881, an ordinance was duly passed by the council of the city of Omaha, and on the 5th day of May instant, the said ordin