THE OMAHA BEE

E. ROSEWATER, Editor and Proprietor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR COUNTRY FRIENDS we will always be pleased to hear from, on all matters connected with crops, country politics, and on any subject whatever of general interest to the people of our State. Any information connected with the election, and relating to floods, accidents. e., will be gladly received. All such communications, however, must be brief as possible and they must in all cases be written upon one side of the sheet only.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, Congress passed a joint resolution approved March 13, 1876, recommending the people of the several States, that they assemble in their several counties or towns on the approaching centennial anniversary of our National Independence, and that they cause to have delivered on such day, an historical sketch of said county or town from its formation, and that a copy of such sketch may be filed in print or manuscript in the clerk's office of said county, and an additional copy in print or manuscript be filed in the office of librarian of congress to the intent, that a complete record may thus be obtained of the progress of our institutions during the first centennial of their existence.

Therefore, in compliance with such resolution, I do recommend that the people of this State assemble in their several towns and counties on the 4th day of July, 1876, and [illegible] cause to have delivered an histor[illegible] of said town or county from its [illegible] that copies thereof be filed [illegible] county clerk of said coun[illegible] office of the librarian of con[illegible] resolution requested.

[illegible] whereof I have hereunto set [illegible] caused to be affixed the great [illegible] State of Nebraska.

[illegible] Done at Lincoln, the Capital, the [illegible] 25th day of April, A. D., 1876.

[illegible] rnor: SILAS GARBER.

[illegible] SCHUCK, [illegible] retary of State.

HASCALL editor, and U. B. Balcombe manager. What changes in not time effect?

THE very decided majority for Blaine on the first ballot over every other competitor, is the best evidence of his strong popularity in the Republican party. As Hayes has declined the second place on the ticket, and Bristow has the second highest number of votes on the first ballot, it is altogether probable that the ticket, in the event of Blaine's nommation, will consist of two B's, and read Blaine and Bristow.

FREE SCHOOLS AND COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

The Chicago *Times*, in its endeavor to ridicule the German "Declaration of principles" as enunciated at their late national convention, undertakes to prove a contradiction in their demands for free, non-sectarian public schools and compulsory education, stating sneeringly "as if that could be free which is compulsory." We are rather surprised to see such a ridiculous mass of silliness emanate from a journal that enjoys so high a reputation for ability. A free school, in the ordinary and universal acceptation of the term, is a school free to all without admission fee for tutorage. Now there is such a thing as compelling the parents of children to give their children an education, at least to a limited extent. If they cannot afford to send them to a pay school of their own choosing, then the law may provide a school giving them education free of cost. While it is compulsory on the part of the parent to send the child to school, and on the child to attend, it does not in the least change the character of the school so long as it is free for all for admission as well as tutorage.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The platform as adopted by the Republican party at Cincinnati yesterday appears in full on our telegraphic page. In this issue it is impossible to review at length all its numerous provisions and excellent enunciations. The only objectionable feature is its verbosity. The same might have been said in a more condensed and terse form. The committee evidently engrafted in their platform matter that would have been much more appropriate in the shape of resolutions. However, this can make little difference excepting so far as it relates to the convenience for reference in publication. The gist of the seventeen articles which constitute the otherwise excellent document, may be summed up as follows: National unity, universal liberty and equality, in its fullest sense; protection of all citizens at home and abroad, regardless of nationality or color; efficiency and honesty in the public service, and punishment of crime in official the same as in private life; a free public school system, nonsectarian in its character; encouragement to Immigration; fulfillment of national obligations, and no more land grants or subsidies to corporations.

THE U. S. GRAND JURY FARCE.

The editor of the Brownville *Advertiser* claims to have been a member of the late U. S. Grand Jury. He states that that body made thorough investigations, and could not find out a shadow of evidence against any one. Now, it is very evident that they did not care to get any evidence, and the fact that he, a Hitchcock man, and Hinman and a lot more, constituting a large majority of that body selected, were tailsmen to the federal paps, is sufficient reason why they did not find out much. The fact is they didn't try. It is true, Mr. Copeland was subpoened and testified to having received custom duties, but why did they not subpoene dealers in goods who purchased through postmaster Yost.

Again, in relation to the surveying frauds, we know of one charge that was sustained, and yet that body was not anxious to act; in fact some of them, viz: Hinman and McEntire, acted as attorneys, defending the accused instead of listening to the facts and weighing them.

Andrew Rosewater told these men in the jury room that they were a part of a white-washing machine, and defied them to take him for contempt, as they threatened to do Of this, however, we shall give a full detailed review in another issue, our space being limited at this time.

THE QUESTION OF PROXIES.

If what Isaac Hascall, the present editor of the *Republican*, says of this system is true, then it certainly should be abolished. The charges that Rosewater men offered large sums of money for proxies are very poor arguments to use in defense of the proxy system. A defense of a system, claimed to be shamefully abused for corrupt purposes, places its advocates in a very suspicious light. As long as proxies are allowed, it is but natural that they will be used by both parties to a contest, just the same as when one political party spends money for carriages and other election resorts the other party will be forced to do likewise.

Yet it can not be disputed that the honest men of both parties deprecate a practice that makes such a resort necessary. While it is extremely difficult to abrogate a system that requires the mutual confidence and consent of two distinct and opposing political parties, there are instances in our local municipal elections where such a course has been pursued. The abrogation of the pernicious proxy system, however, comes within the sole province of the State and county central committees, and can be readily effected by them.

The very strenuous efforts of the federal cliques to perpetuate the proxy system gives a truthful coloring to the charges that they rely mainly upon its operation for their success, and carries with it a forcible conviction of their shameful want of faith in the masses of the voters.

THE LINE OF BATTLE.

The animus of the Confederate Congress has left but one line of battle for the Republican forces to fight upon. After having received at the hands of their conquerors greater clemency than was ever granted to a vanquishing people before, they have met no opportunity pass to show their ingratitude, malignity an d hate. Their demand for the amnesty of Jeff Davis, so that by the intimidation of the Republican voters they might again place him in the U. S Senate, was only equaled by the malignity manifested in driving every malmed and crippled Union soldier from the government service whom they could reach, and placing rebels in their places.

These haughty fire-eating Southern leaders demand of their Northern allies that they shall aid them in putting rebels in office to the exclusion of every other claimant, and the Northern Democratic doughface, as in days of old, mildly submit to their Southern masters. The appeal now to be made to the people will be, shall we go back to the days of Buchanan and Pierce, when the Southern leader stood upon the floor of congress and denounced the intelligent workingmen of the North as "mudsills," and the Democratic doughfaces echoed, "Yes, we are mudsills;" and when they proclaimed "that the black man had no rights which the white men were bound to respect," and the doughface replied, "No, they have no rights."

That the Northern Democracy have no more manhood about them now than they had then, is manifested by Randall and Cox, virtually handing over the leadership of the House to rebels like Ben. Hill and Proctor Knott.

The real contest will be as in the days of Pierce and Buchanan—between Southern arrogance and oppression, and Northern manhood and freedom.

OUR Seward correspondence today reveals a most shocking and fiendish attempt to fasten upon an innocent man the guilt of the cold-blooded murder of Clough. All this, apparently for a few paltry dollars. That this murder was the result of insatiate thirst for the victim's money, there is hardly any doubt, but brutal as was that deed, the attempt to clear the perpetrator by singling out an innocent victim is still more heinous in its character.

In this instance it seems that the victim, Mr. Trent, was inveigled to a game of cards; his companion purposely allowed him to win, and after making himself extremely familiar, becomes his bedfellow. While Trent is asleep this would be friend quietly awakes and arranges his victim's clothes and money; to fasten the guilt of murder upon him, the money is stained with blood spots, and a day later the marshal and sheriff are notified that Trent has confessed his guilt; and in proof of the charge attention is called to his money. Fortunately for Trent, he has been able to prove his innocence, and the witnesses against him have impeached their own testimony. If the facts stated by our correspondent are established, no time should be lost in punishing the parties to these designs, for from such men no one in a community can feel safe.

HON. L. W. OSBORN'S selection on the National Republican Committee is a well deserved compliment. Mr. Osborn's appointment, instead of being a source of gratification to the Hitchcock regime, is only a thorn which they have good reason to feel sore over. Having failed to secure control of the State Central Committee, the Hitchcock clique made a last effort on the National Committee at Cincinnati. In this their failure is being oiled over by an attempted crow over a supposed discomfiture of E. Rosewater. Suffice it to say that Osborn is a strong Crounse man, which is enough to show that he was not the choice of the Federal cohorts of the Hitchcock plumage.

THE "Dodge" who signs an ostensible letter from Fremont in the *Republican*, is of the character of a dodge of the renegade from the Black Hills.

BEATRICE BUGLE BLAST.

"Dead Pigs Don't Squeal."

"Jack in the Pinch" "Kicked Out."

A Lively Letter from Our Beatrice Correspondent, in which the Conceited Courier Rodents Get a Lively Turn.

(Correspondence of the BEE.)

BEATRICE, NEB, June 13.

Through a kind angel, sent in disguise, the writer of this has peculiar facilities for becoming acquainted with the habitudes and burrowings of the two legged rodents of the "State of Beatrice."

Those editorial rats of the *Courier* are a unique species of animals, as their history will show. They have thus far—doubtless they fancy—by their burrowing strategy, outwitted the watch dogs of their party. We will presently see how well they have mystified their opponents, and avoided detection. We will see what incursions their predatory depredations have made upon the confidence of the people, whose especial guardian—ott self-proclaimed—they are.

Their overweening vanity, over estimated importance, and audacious presumption, aspired to nothing less than the entire control of the *Express* and *Courier*, and thereby to represent and influence both parties, and the entire community. All this they aspired to, with but a small monied investment—and less brains—and all for the avowed purpose of electing "*Bugle Conlee*" to the Legislature.

Coleman's letter was found, they say, but we think it was purloined from the sanctuary of the *Express* office; then the programme we shall mention was parturiated. That which the editors of the *Courier* have been industriously circulating as a true copy of the Coleman letter, is a wilful and malicious misrepresentation. First to secure N. K. Griggs' co-operation, and to cook him for their political hash, they represent (misrepresent) Coleman as saying "Griggs was a dead pig that wouldn't squeal." But this was fatal to their well-laid plans, for it was impossible for two such mullet-heads as these to deceive or mislead, for any length of time, a person as smart as N. K. Griggs, who instantly suspected something wrong, knowing too well the character of the copyists. He got the original letter and discovered the fraud. Instead of forming an alliance offensive and defensive through his "handkerchief letter" with the man whose brilliant career they had sought to tarnish and stain through their so-called newspaper but six months before, they found their swiftest Nemesis.

Robert B. Harrington, a citizen of influence was represented in this false copy as being about to take charge of the *Express*, "*as a Jack in a pinch*;" and then when the *Courier* was overthrown (a false representation to create public sympathy) and the failing fortunes of the *Express* had been rescued from its downward course, he was to be politely, exceedingly politely, *kicked out*.

In the meantime, these Iagos, pennyless and pocketless, if their tailor's bill was paid, beggared in everything but brass, casting their bark upon a sea of deception and dark plotting, found a sort of pilot or tool—sharp enough for their purposes, and conjunctive to their wishes—in the person of "Little Wiggling Colby."

This financial genius, Colby, was to purchase Colman's half of the *Express*, consolidate the *Express* and *Courier*, permit Brown to be job printer for the mammoth consolidated, allow Conlee's name to be hoisted as editor, while Colby was to do the heavy work (for Colby), and was to allow the Democrats to buy the refuse material of the two papers, together with the *Courier's* clothes-rack editor, Richey, for the small sum of $800. The purchase of Coleman's interest in the *Express* was made through Smith Bro's. The bill of sale came, and Conlee was so happy that he tooted his horn through the upper window of a confectionery store, with a blast so loud that it was heard all over the "State of Beatrice;" and he danced a jig the next morning on a five dollar greenback in the same confectionery store. Everything went lovely as a marriage bell. But the sale became a sell. A storm gathered on Conlee's discolored brow. Said he, "Traitors will now have to be exposed, and disaffected friends punished." "I'm mad!" "Just in sight and now it's gone!"

Harrington stood mute, meditating over the Coleman letter, which he could not get out of his mind. Griggs smiled, and the man for the work of *all sorts* balked, as he found that he had not the cash to take the bill of sale from Smith Bro's bank. He tried to consolidate, he tried hard to get Conlee on the *Express*, he cursed and coaxed alternately, but all to no purpose. A battle was imminent; Brown flared up and swore by every hair on his head, and by the long line of his illustrious ancestors, that they would have to buy his moiety out too, for he never would hold communion or fellowship with an editor who was seen climbing out of a certain house at a late hour of the night through the back window. The richest part of the Colby and Conlee plot was the intended infliction of the senior editor of the *Courier*, on the small Democratic party of the "State of Beatrice." Think of it! This pink of saloons and profanity, this walking show of faultless broadcloth and a silk plug hat covering a brainless pate, was to be constituted the reflex image of the Demacratic party Whoever would ask this disciple of the school of Beecher and Helen Jewett, to become the representative of the Democratic party, ought to be booted for his impudence, or cudgelled for his boobyism. May the Powers above spare the Democratic party such an infliction as this. A skunk upon a bed of flowers would be about such a picture as would be made by Richey riding the Democratic, and Conlee riding the Republican party, with Colby holding Conlee's hat in the background. But as we said, the coveted consolidation balked. The cockatrie's egg of conspiracy was never hatched, nor was the illegitimate child brought forth.

These black-mailers tried to get H P. Webb to give them the advertising of the delinquent tax list last year, by unmerited and unmerciful abuse of his official character. But their abuse elected him, and after all their tirade against him he stands before the people to-day as the best treasurer in Nebraska, while the name of the *Courier* has become a synonym for "meanness" throughout the county. Since they could not corral in their stockade Mr. Doom and Mr. Griggs they have ceased not, neither day nor night, to malign and persecute them, not only in their polluted sheet, but seeking other channels of wider circulation, they ply their poisoned daggers in the dark. Simualting and dissmulating, they publicly, through the press, traduce their enemies, privately acknowledging their ability and success. Publicly they praise their friends; privately, they curse the hand that feeds them. They crawl through the columns of the *Courier*, and leave no trace of anything behind them, save the track of their own inconsistency. To print their ideas is to insult innocent white paper. They are without principle and without education; yes, without even a fair English education. Their paper is not only bristling all over with uncouth ideas, gotten up in balderdash style, but the scholar reddens with shame as he sees the poison sheet, full of orthographical and grammatical errors. Ignorant themselves, yet they set themselves up as teachers over an enlightened community. Publicly they denounce Mr. Doom as a scoundrel; privately they say he is sharp, shrewd and honest.

Publicly they abuse, but privately they admit the genius of Mr. Griggs, who they say stands foremost as a lawyer in this part of the state; and they admit that he would have worn the ermine of the district judge, had it not been for the envy and jealousy of those in whose way he stood. The true animus of these men is still further evinced in their hatred of those to whom they are deeply indebted—financially and otherwise. They refuse to pay their honest debts, and, while they pretend friendship for their creditors to their faces, they attack them with sharpened claws behind their backs.

Griggs and Doom, whom they supremely hate because they would not assist them in doing their dirty work, they declare must be demolished in true Sioux style, as in *their Felix* No. 1 of the *Herald*, and as in their own dirty newspaper; but we fear that while they are scalping them their knife will slip, and that they will find, about next fall, that they have committed political *hari-kari* on themselves.

With this we bid the firm of *Bugle Conlee* and *Wiggling Colby* a *short* but affectionate adieu..

FLAY.

SEWARD.

The Clough Murder---An Unsuccessful Effort to Fasten the Guilt on an Innocent Citizen.

[Correspondence of the BEE.]

SEWARD, Neb., June 13.

As your regular correspondent is not in good trim to tell you the news, I will tell you what's the matter.

Last Thursday morning it was whispered on our streets that we would have a big sensation before long. Well, it came, and here's what came of it: Two distinguished citizens, the learned Dr. Strong, reporting himself as a former citizen of Los Angeles county, California; and Charles Wilcox, a mixture of clerk, porter and boot-black of the Blue Valley House, started for Winterset, Iowa, on the morning train of said day, after having told various parties that Warren Clough, through the sheriff, had contracted to give them $2,000 to convict some other person of the murder of Nathan Clough.

Now from the testimony it appears that Wilcox had all of a sudden come in possession of large amounts of money, and he had a strong desire to gamble. So he, on the 14th of May, proposed a little draw poker (perhaps you know him) to one Jack Trent, of our town. Jack was quite willing to draw a little *poker*, and Wilcox was relieved of about $90, and Jack being flush paid off several old scores, replenished his seedy wardrobe, and lent to his chum, Mr. Lewis, and others, small amounts of money. This money was mostly in $20 bills, to correspond with Nathan's money. Well, now the learned doctor passes a $20 bill, and afterwards hunts it up and exchanges other money for it, and cuts several figures with it. Finally he pretends that he wanted it for a curiosity. Strong secures an opportunity to sleep with Trent. He spoke of various adventures, and seemed interested to hear of the murder. Afterwards he was seen by another party tampering with Trent's clothing in his absence. It appears that it was arranged with Trent for the trio to go to the races at Wintersett in company with a "pretty bird" of the female persuasion.

It was was fully understood between Strong, Wilcox and the sheriff that the money, evidence, confessions, etc., would be ready upon the arrival of the train at Lincoln.

The train moved off, the bottle of whisky uncorked itself, and played its part in the drama.

The sheriff telegraphed Sam. McClerg to arrest the trio on the arrival of the train. So Sam. and Marshal Cooper responded and made the arrests. Mr. Wilcox drew from his pocket a letter addressed to Sam., saying Wilcox is not a very bad man, let him go around town to attend to business.

(Signed,) I. D. NEIGBARDT,
Sheriff of Seward Co.

Strong was turned loose, and the woman was already *loose*, but Jack was a little tight in two ways. The parties were searched. Strong had $80 in gold and $90 in currency. Trent had one $20 gold piece and $27 in currency. Wilcox had a brick in his hat and about $5. At sundown Sheriff Neighardt & Co. started for Lincoln with a team. In the meantime Dr. Strong returns to Seward, the sheriff remaining in Lincoln till next day's train; but his company, Billy, started home with Wilcox in irons; but the irons hurt him and Billy took them off. Jack Trent being a *desperate fellow* was ironed and brought to Seward on the train Friday night. Madam Rumor says the shackles came off his legs at Germantown.

A large number of citizens of Seward were at the depot when the train arrived. They were not of the rowdy element, but many of them were our most substantial men. Upon suggestion of the sheriff's brother and others, Jack was released on his own recognisance as soon as the train arrived.

By the way, the sheriff has no well handy. Billy, that night, just before dark, took Warren Clough to the river to get a drink. Wilcox made the jail his home from choice. Dr. Strong stated on the street that Wilcox was putting up a job on Jack.

All day Saturday Madame Rumor was busy, and everybody was anxious to learn who killed Clough.

About five p. m. Mr. sheriff, with a revolver in hand, was escorting Wilcox down town. Shortly after the sheriff handed Jack a warrant, which Jack read, and immediately after proceeded with him to a justice's office. Court was called, J. N. Edwards presiding. George W. Lowley appeared for the defence, and asks that the examination proceed at once. The sheriff notifies the court that ex Chief Justice Mason had been retained by the State, and asks for an adjournment until Monday morning. The night train brought Judge Mason.

Mr. Lowley made a motion to admit the defendant to bail, and the court said as the presumption of guilt was not very great, he thought he could do entire justice by admitting prisoner to bail. The bond was fixed at $10,000.

Now comes the fun. Everybody wants to sign the bond first Nineteen succeed in getting their names down, and the Justice was rough on the rest; he choked them off—said he couldn't spare so much paper.

Sunday morning Judge Mason concludes that he wants that woman, and he charters an engine to go to Lincoln. Lowley finds it out, and concludes to out-general the judge. He starts a team for the lady two hours before the engine starts, and he telegraphs some one in Lincoln to get charge of the said lady and safely keep her out of the judge's clutches till Charley arrives. Charley gets the game and brings her in triumph to Seward. It was understood that peculiar inducements had been offered her if she would swear that Jack had confessed the murder to her. She was not sworn.

Monday morning court convened, already, charges read and defendant pleads not guilty. A dozen or more witnesses are sworn to show where Jack had spent money. They searched the saloons, the stores and the barber shop They found where he paid for a little whisky, a few shaves, some debts, and some clothing and lent to his friend Lewis and others, some more. Defence showed by some witnesses where all but a few dollars came from, namely, he won it from Wilcox.

Defence showed in the cross examination of these witnesses just where Jack was all the night of the murder, and showed it so fully and so clearly, and by witnesses whose word could not be gainsaid, that there remained no question of his whereabouts, and if Jack killed Clough it must have been another Jack.

A VILLAIN'S TESTIMONY.

Dr. Strong is sworn, and he tells us who killed Clough. Wilcox is yet in jail. The doctor says he got Jack to confess that he killed Clough too d—d dead to skin, the first blow. Afterwards he says that Jack's confession was, "I struck him one blow with the pole of the ax; he made a gurgling noise, and for fear he would recognize me, I struck the other blow." Another confession is that I (Jack) struck the blow; Charley Wilcox held the light, and Warren Clough got the $1,000 in money. Doctor says he got the $20 bill off Jack; the bill is stained with blood; tells several yarns about the bill, and a $20 gold piece that was found on Jack. Witness looked hard, and if God or the devil ever marks the human features with clear and unmistakable indications of low down abandonment of character, it was written there; thief and perjury, and all the accompaniments, were written in every lineaments of his countenance. Under the searching fire of Lowley's cross-examination he wriggled and twisted like an eel on a hot griddle, tangled himself up and kicked the milk all over.

WILCOX IS SWORN.

Says Jack confessed to him that he killed Clough too dead to skin, but said nary word about Wilcox holding the light; says if Strong swore to that he lied, for he didn't hold the light; said it was not his understanding that the job should be put up just that way; says he never played cards for money, nor never offered to with anybody in the State.

He tangled himself up badly, and swore to many things that scores of citizens knew to be false—too dirty and mean to write more about.

MARSHAL COOPER SWORN.

Says he searched the parties; says Strong told him that Jack had $200 in $20 bills in his satchel; searched him and satchel thoroughly, but it was not there.

Defense brought several witnesses to show various things connected with the murdered man—his business relations, his position, the blood on the floor, on the box, and on the pants, the boot tracks, &c., &c., all to show that Trent could not be the man.

Not much effort was made to further impeach Strong or Wilcox, as Mr. Lowley thought they had virtually impeached themselves sufficiently to be sent to the penitentiary.

Ex-chief justice summed up for the prosecution admirably, and made white just as near black as was possible, and tried, with flights of oratory, sarcastic wit and impassioned eloquence to whitewash Strong and Wilcox, but they were too black to bleach.

When Lowley arose to "beard the great lion in his den," you would have thought him to be a school boy. After paying a high tribute to the learned judge, he proceeded to sum up the evidence, and as he warmed up with his subject we fairly quailed for the poor wretches that were under the scathing fire. Picture after picture he drew of injured innocence and insulted justice by the dark and damning plot that here revealed its horrid self. The lion shook his mane as sharp shafts were hurled at his defenseless head in swift succession. The audience was almost wild at times.

Little Lowley stands high to day.

The Judge closed for the prosecution in a manner as if he didn't like to fool away time on the lost cause.

Justice Edwards summed up the testimony and gave his reasons for his conclusions in a very able and satisfactory manner, which was very creditable to himself and satisfactory to his friends. His verdict was, "There being no probability of guilt, the prisoner will be discharged."

The audience could contain itself no longer. Wild excitement ruled the hour. Cheer after cheer rent the air; first for Jack, then for Lowley, next for Justice Edwards; hearty hand shakes all around—everybody shook everybody's hand, and we all rejoiced together.

In the evening the brass band serenaded Mr. Lowley and Mr. Edwards. The citizens raised a nice sum of money as a testimonial of their appreciation of Mr. Lowley's effort.

Now in conclusion, let me say for our people. We have been aggravated beyond measure; we have been insulted every way; our patience has been drawn upon with a fearful strain. We are unanimous in our views about the murder. If our people had not been cool headed and determined to keep order, at least three men would have stretched hemp yesterday.

Truly, W. W. COX.

Stud Horses, Business Men & Others
Should find it to their interest to visit the Office of Wm. Rickly, Jeweler

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Union Pacific.

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Daily Express	12 15 P. M.	4 50 P. M.
do Mixed	4 45 do	9 30 do
do Freight	5 00 A. M.	5 15 do
do do	8 30 do	11 15 A.M.

Time Card of the Burlington Route.

LEAVE OMAHA.	ARRIVE OMAHA.
Express. 4 40 P. M.	Express 10 00 A. M.
Mail 5 10 A. M.	Mail 10 40 P. M.
‡Sundays Excepted	‡Sundays Excepted.

This is the only line running Pullman Hotel dining cars. H. P. DEUEL, Ticket agent, Omaha, Neb.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific.

Mail 5 10 A.M.	‡10 40 P. M.
Express 4 00 P.M.	10 00 A. M.

‡Sundays Excepted.

Chicago & Northwestern.

Mail 5 10 A. M.	‡10 40 P. M.
Express 4 00 P. M.	10 00 A. M.

‡Sundays Excepted.

Kansas City & St. Louis Short Line.

Morning Ex 5 10 A. M.	8 50 A. M.
Evening Ex 4 00 P. M.	7 10 P. M.

The only line running Pullman Sleeping Cars out of Omaha to Union Depot, St. Louis. FRANK E. MOORES, A. C. DAWES, Ticket Agent, Gen P. & T. Ag't., Omaha, Neb. St. Joe, Missouri.

Omaha & Northwestern and Sioux City & Pacific Railroads.

Mail Express 8:00 A. M.	2:00 P. M.

Daily except Sundays.

B. & M. R. R. in Nebraska.

Kearny Jun Ex 9:05 A. M.	3:45 P. M
St. Louis Ex 9:57 A.M.	4:00 P. M
Plattsm'th Ac. 6:00 P. M.	8:50 A. M

Omnibuses and baggage wagons leave the office Grand Central Hotel fifteen minutes in advance of the above railroad time.

OPENING AND CLOSING OF MAILS IN OMAHA.

ROUTE.	DUE.	CLOSE.
WEST.	P. M.	A. M.
U. P. R R.	4:00	11:50
EAST.		
C. & N. W. R. R.	11:00	4:30
C. R. I. & P. R. R	11:00	4:30
B. & M. R. R	11:00	4:30
SOUTH.		
C. B. & St. Joe	7:00	4:30
O. & S. W. R. R.	8:20	8:20
NORTH.		
O. & N. W. R. R.	2:50	7:45

Chicago and all Eastern cities, Nebraska City, and Council Bluffs, due at 10:30 a. m., closes at 4:30 a. m., and 3:20 p. m.

St. Louis and St. Joseph, due at 10 30 a. m. and 7 30 p. m.; closes at 3 20 p. m. and 4 30 a. m.

Office open Sundays from 12 to 1 p. m.

C. E. YOST. Postmaster.

Dom Pedro's Visit.

The season opens duly,
The spring campaigns at hand,
Dom Pedro de Alcantara—
Leaves foot-prints on our land.
He only stopped at Omaha
A little while to meet
Bunce, the Champion Hatter,
Fourteenth and Douglas street.

He chatted with the Champion
The little while he staid,
And had his foreign head geer—
More regally arrayed.
For this much thanks and sovereigns,
He gave the Champion Hatter,
And resumed with Bunce his tete-a-tete,
On other foreign matter.

He smiled as he departed,
For his figure in the glass
Assured him that his visit
Would auxiliarate his pass.
And he took the Champion Hatter,
Most kindly by the hand,
And said God bless our Frontis piece—
Yours ever to command.

Thus, it will be seen that Bunce's Hats are appreciated by Emperors as well as Presidents.

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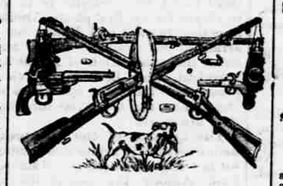

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