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C. R. I. & P. R. R., 8:20 a. m., 2:40 p. m
C. & St. Joe 8:20 a. m.
S. City & P. 8:30 a. m.
U. P. R. R., 11:40 a. m.
O. & R. V. to Lincoln, 10 a. m.
B. & M. R. R., 8:40 a m.
O. & N. W., 7:30 a. m.

OFFICE

C. & N. W. R. R., 11 a. m., 11 p. m.
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C. R. I. & P., 11 a. m., 11 p. m.
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SANTA CLAUS FOUND.
Greatest Discovery of the Age.
Wonderful discoveries in the world have been made Among other things where Santa Claus stayed Children oft ask if he makes goods or not, If really he lives in a mountain of snow. Last year an excursion sailed clear to the Pole And suddenly dropped into what seemed like hole Where wonder of wonders they found a new land, While fairy-like beings appeared on each hand. There were mountains like ours, with more beautiful green, And far brighter skies than ever were seen, Birds with the hues of a rainbow were found, While flowers of exquisite fragrance were growing around.
Not long were they left to wonder in doubt, A being soon came they had heard much about, Twas Santa Claus' self and in letters all say, He looked like the picture we see every day. He drove up a team that looked very queer, Twas a team of grasshoppers instead of reindeer, He rode in a shell instead of a sleigh, But he took them on board and drove them away.
He showed them all over his wonderful realm, And factories making goods for women and men Furriers were working on hats great and small, To Bunce's they said they were sending them all. Aris Kingle, the Glove Maker, told them at once, All our Gloves we are sending to Bunce, Santa showed them suspenders and many things more.
Saying I also took these to friend Bunce's store. Santa Claus then whispered a secret he'd tell, As in Omaha every one knew Bunce well, He therefore should send his goods to his care, Knowing his friends will get their full share. Now remember ye dwellers in Omaha town, All who want presents to Bunce's go round, For shirts, collars, or gloves great and small, Send your sister or aunt one and all.
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HAD KILLED HIS MAN.

WHY JOHN BIGELOW SHOT HIS BEST AND MOST BILIOUS FRIEND.

Little Rock Gazette.

"Yes, I have killed my man," remarked old John Bigelow when the conversation touched upon the shedding of human blood. "I killed one of my best friends," he continued, lighting his pipe and throwing the larvest pair of feet in the country on the top of a chair back, with an effort and subsequent twitching about the face which very plainly told that the old man was suffering with the rheumatism.

"What! killed your friend?" exclaimed one of the company.

"Yes, as warm a friend as I had on earth."

"Accidentally, wasn't it?"

"No, sir, purposely. If you men ain't in a hurry, I'll tell you the circumstances."

Every one expressed a desire to hear the story, and the old man, after a moment's reflection, began:

"I was a young feller, and had just come to Little Rock, when one night, while passing a saloon on the levee, I was attacked by several ruffians. I fought desperately, knocking one of them down—and, I tell you, I was a slick buck in those days. I was advancing on another, when he drew a horse pistol and leveled it at me. The moon was shining, and I could see a fiendish expression of delight on the face of the ruffian. Just at that moment the pistol was knocked high in the air. The ruffians fled, and I saw before me a tall young man. He asked me if I was hurt, and, advancing, took me by the arm. Well, we became friends. His name was George Wemick. Plenty of the old people in the town remember him. God knows how well I do. You people seem to be growing restless. I'll cut my story short. George and I became room-mates. An attachment—one of these old time friendships—sprang up between us. Poor fellow, he had one fault—whisky. When drunk he was one of the most dangerous men I ever saw. Many a time have I seen him walk into a crowd, slap some one's face, and then knock him down for resenting the insult. He used to say, 'John, I'm bilious, and you know that fighting is my only medicine. I must have medicine.'

One night he came into my room, after an absence of several days. I saw that he was full, and tried to engage his attention on a serious subject, but failed. Finally he remarked that he was bilious and had to have medicine. He went down, and several hours afterwards he returned with the end of a man's nose sticking to a knife blade.

"'I got medicine,' he said. 'It's not very polite to hand you a piece of meat without a fork but on this occasion of emergency I'll have to use a knife. It was rather a hard matter to get the medicine. I had to look all around; Finally a man came down the street. I told him I was bilious and had to have some medicine, but mistaking my meaning, he told me to go to a drug store. This was an insult, and, in my great need of medicine, I knocked him down and cut off the end of his nose. The people of the town ought to understand that when I get bilious I want the medicine of human flesh and blood. What use is flesh and blood, anyway? It cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven. John, if I hadn't found this fellow I should have killed you. Hang it, you ought to know that I must have medicine!'

"He threw the piece of human flesh on the table and told me to look at it. I turned away in disgust, and drawing a pistol he, my best friend, told me to put the flesh in my mouth. I argued with him but in a will howl he told me that he needed more medicine, and that if I didn't put the piece of nose in my mouth he would kill me. He cocked the pistol, and I took up the piece of flesh, and pretending to put it in my mouth, dropped it down my sleeve. This satisfied him, and he went to bed. I went to the window and threw away the end of the nose and crept down stairs. Next morning George got down on his knees, and with tears in his eyes, implored my forgiveness. He found the man who had suffered the loss of a part of his nose, and gave him $400, every cent of money he had. For a long time he remained sober, and the circumstances of his last case of biliousness were almost forgotten. I had become more and more attached to him, for every day I was impressed with the nobility of his character. One night at the appointed hour he failed to come home. Another friend of mine had come up to pass the evening with us. We were reading "David Copperfield," and George, who was a splendid elocutionist, was going to read to us. We waited and waited. Determining that George would not come in until very late, I took up the book and began reading. Just as I got to where Mr. Omar, the undertaker, was driving nails into coffins with a rat, tat, tat, George walked in.

"'I am bilious!' he exclaimed, and then I saw he was drunk.

"'George,' I asked, 'are you not going to read "Copperfield" for us?'

"'No,' he exclaimed, 'I have been reading a medical work, and I find I am bilious. John, I am going out to hunt some human medicine, and if I don't find any I'll have to use you.'

"He went out, and I explained to my friend that if he did not find some one to fight he would come back and attack me. I sat for a long time and studied. My friend was silent. At length I heard footsteps on the stairs, and instinctively I ran to my trunk and took out a pistol. I had just time to again reach the table when George entered with two enormous horse-pistols, one in each hand.

"'Bilious,' he exclaimed, and leveled one of the pistols. I dodged behind the table just as he fired. I had my pistol in my hand.

"'I am bilious, I tell you,' and he leveled the other pistol.

"Quick as a flash I fired. George fell. I ran to him, and, with the assistance of my other friend, put him to bed. In a few moments the room was crowded with people. I was not arrested, for I had acted in self-defense. Next day I stood by George's bedside. He was sober and suffered great pain. My ball had passed through his body.

"'John,' he said, give me your hand.' I grasped his hand and stood looking into his eyes. His face changed.

"'John, I will never be bilious again,' and with one gasp he died.

"Gentlemen, this is why people say that I have killed my man," and the old man wiped tears from his eyes and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

Interfered in a Family Quarrel.

New York Herald.

It was the owner of the tenement the Guilfoyles lived in, and he had gone to the tombs police court when he heard that Bernard was going to have his wife committed and break up house, to intercede in the woman's behalf.

"I cannot understand," said he to the magistrate, as Guilfoyle stood by and grinned complacently—"I cannot understand why the man should not agree with such a woman. I always found her to be truthful, good-natured and attentive to her own affairs. The man, I think, is rash in acting this way, and should, for the present, at least, overlook her shortcomings."

His honor had sent for the offender, and as the landlord concluded she was ushered in by a couple of officers whom she had mauled until they were breathless. But she seemed still to pine still for more lingual physical exercise, and, catching sight of the intercessor, whose mission there she evidently mistook, she made a dash at him.

"Ye bald-headed ould magpie," she cried. "So ye've come here to chatter about me, have you? Bad cess to your long tongue, but it's toime ye gev up making mischief in yer ould age."

"Woman," cried the astonished landlord, fairly aghast, "what do you mean by talking so?"

"I can't understand why the man shouldn't agree wid such a woman?" said Guilfoyle slyly.

"Jooge, yer 'anner," called out the prisoner again, "ye'll do well to turn a deff ear to that ould blackguard. He's a hard-fisted, thavin' ould skinflint that wud take the last bite from your mouth. His poor wife had to lave him for his starvin' her and there's niver a ninit but he's pokin' his nose into some wan's business."

"Must I stand this?" cried the landlord, as the magistrate made an abortive attempt to silence her.

"I always found her," said Guilfoyle, sober as an owl, "to be truthful, good natured, and attentive to her own affairs."

"You're right, though 'tis yourself that says it," roared out Mrs. Guilfoyle. "But 'tis little that half-starved crane minds that. He'd defame the mother that bore him, bad scran to him and all his thavin' breed."

The landlord, gasping for breath and red as a turkey-cock, turned to the magistrate. "I appeal to your honor," he called out, "to end this scene. You should commit this foul-mouthed creature at once. I never heard such a vile pest in my life."

"The man's rash, I think," the husband chimed in, as sediate as ever; "he's rash in actin' this way, and shud for the present, at laste, overluck her shortcomings!"

But the landlord had made for the door, and his honor, with a grim smile, was signing the commitment.

A Man in the Bed.

Waco (Tex.) Examiner.

A lady residing on Fourth street, and who had been temporarily left at home by her husband, who was away from town on a business trip, was shocked on going to her room an evening or two since to discover what appeared to be a man stretched prone upon her bed, with the cover drawn close about him. Her first impulse was to flee, screaming, from the room, but a second thought came, and with it nerve enough to put the thought in execution. The lady stepped noiselessly into an adjoining room and armed herself with a club. She returned with it and touched the object of her fright. There was no sign of life. She touched it again, and still harder, but still the object did not move. She now thought the man was sleeping. And a third thought came. Hurrying into another room she procured a bottle of chloroform, saturated a cloth with the drowsy drug, crept back to the bedside, and spread the cloth over the sleeping man's face. When it had been there a minute or two she knew her foe was vanquished. She now ran out and told her neighbors of what had occurred. Men armed themselves with guns and sticks and marched in solid phalanx to where the interloper lay. The cloth and the bedclothes were carefully removed, and the object beneath them was plainly revealed to sight. It proved to be nothing more than a stuffed dummy with a false face upon it. The lady's young son had fixed it up, thinking to give his mother a scare. She didn't scare, though, worth a cent, and her brave conduct has made her the heroine of the neighborhood. We have told this story just as it was told to us.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG'S REAL LOVE A WESTERN EDITOR.

Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

A gentleman from Lincoln tells us a story which he solemnly declares to be true in every particular. He says that an attache of The Lincoln Globe was born and raised in the same town with Clara Louise Kellogg, and that they went to school together and were constant lovers. After their school days they became engaged and their marriage would have been consummated twenty years ago if the young man had not been very poor. He was the son of an invalid mother, who required all his earnings for doctor' bills. He got a situation in a printing office in his native town and Louise went off to a conservatory of music. They corresponded regularly and their letters always betokened the truest devotion on both sides.

Miss Kellogg always came home during vacation, but she allowed no young man other than her lover to pay her devotions. After she received her musical education she started out in the world to win laurels for herself and money for her lover. After several successful seasons she returned to her native place and asked her lover to prepare to get married, as she had plenty of money to support them in luxury for years to come. But he said he could not marry her until he had accumulated as much money as she had. Miss Kellogg became miffed and for a long time treated him coolly. But finally his passionate appeals and his assurance that he had a snug little fortune which he had invested in railroad stocks that were on the raise, brought her to terms, and she commenced correspondence with him. After the exchange of a few letters they fixed the day for a quiet wedding. In the meantime, however, the young man's stocks went down to nothing, leaving him a bankrupt. The wedding was accordingly indefinitely postponed. But neither of them despaired. He went to work with a will, and after a few lucky speculations he again got upon his feet. But again met with reverse, and again the wedding was postponed. Since then he has never been able to make anything more than a small salary. However the correspondence was kept up until about three months ago, when Miss Kellogg began to grow cold and negligent. Weeks would elapse before a word was received from her. Finally it was announced by telegraph that Miss Kellogg was engaged to a certain marquis. The old lover, being telegraph editor of The Globe, was the first to see this announcement, and it is needless to say he fainted, since which time he has been delirious with high fever, and constantly raves about the inconstancy of "his Louise," as he calls her. The Lincoln papers will probably throw some additional light upon this remarkable romance in real life. We await them impatiently.

The Apache Who Could Ride a "Bronco."

Arizona Silver Belt.

Tom Newland has an Indian who places high estimate on his equestrian ability. There was a horse to be brought to town a few days ago, and the Indian was given the job. He was told he was "*bronco*," but it was "*esta bueno, me sabe.*" Hitching the animal to a tree, he carefully placed the sweat cloth on him; then the blanket, the bridle, and the saddle; at at each performance giving voice to a satisfied "Ah, hah," each ejaculation growing intenser till he got into the saddle. All this time the "*bronco*" looked as unlike Alexander the Great's war-horse, Bucephalus, as a carpenter's saw-horse. The Indian started, he gained the crest of the hill where the scrub oak was thickest; he turned and gave another "Ah, hah," which was followed so closely by "whoa" that it sound d like a compound word. Then something rose a few feet in the air, went back, and rose again. There was a cloud of dust, a heap of Apache talk, a flash of bright colors, and—silence. When Tom went up he found the horse grazing in the most orthodox fashion, and a strip of white breechclout, and a pair of brown legs surmounted by red stockings and ironclad shoes sticking up from the middle of a scrub oak, like a new sort of plant. Tom got him out of the brush, and when he said "Ah, hah," the Indian looked as though he wanted to go on the war-path.

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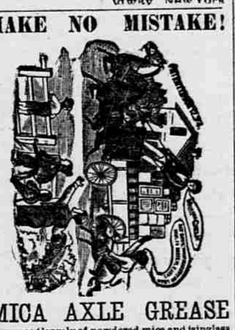
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Chicago & Northwestern RAILWAY.
2,380 MILES OF ROAD!
It is the SHORT, SURE and Safe Route Between
COUNCIL BLUFFS
—AND—
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE
and all points EAST and NORTH.
IT OFFERS THE TRAVELING PUBLIC GREATER FACILITIES AND MORE ADVANTAGES THAN ANY OTHER ROAD IN THE WEST.
It is the ONLY ROAD between
COUNCIL BLUFFS and CHICAGO
Upon which is run
PULLMAN HOTEL CARS!
In addition to these and to please all classes of travelers, it gives FIRST-CLASS MEALS at its EATING STATIONS at 50 cents each.
ITS TRACK IS STEEL RAILS!
ITS COACHES ARE THE FINEST!
ITS EQUIPMENT FIRST CLASS
If you wish the Best Traveling Accommodations you will buy your ticket by this Route AND WILL TAKE NONE OTHER.
All Ticket Agents can sell you Through Tickets via this road and Check usual Baggage Free of Charge
OMAHA TICKET OFFICES—1324 Farnham St., Cor. 14th, and at Union Pacific Depot.
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For information, folders, maps, etc., not obtainable at Home Ticket Office, address any agent of the Company, or
MARVIN HUGHITT, Gen'l Manager. W. H. STENNITT, Gen'l Pass. Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.
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THROUGH TO CHICAGO
Without Change of Cars!
THE
CHICAGO BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD.
With Smooth and Perfect Track, Elegant Passenger Coaches, and
PULLMAN SLEEPING & DINING CARS
It is acknowledged by the Press, and all who travel over it, to be the Best Appointed and Best Managed Road in the Country.
PASSENGERS GOING EAST
Should bear in mind that this is the
BEST ROUTE TO CHICAGO,
And Points East, North and Northwest.
Passengers by this Route have choice of
FOUR DIFFERENT ROUTES,
And the Advantage of Six Daily Lines of Palace Sleeping Cars from Chicago to
New York City Without Change.
All Express Trains on this line are equipped with the Westinghouse Patent Air Brakes and Miller's Patent Safety Platform and Couplers, the most Perfect Protection Against Accidents in the world.
PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING AND DINING CARS
Are run on the Burlington Route.
Information concerning Routes, Rates, Time Connections, etc., will be cheerfully given by applying at the office of the Burlington Route, 513 Fourteenth Street, Omaha, Nebraska.
C. E. PERKINS, Gen'l Manager. D. W. HITCHCOCK, Gen. West'n Pass. Agt.
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K. C., ST. JOE & C. B. R. R.,
Is the only Direct Line to
ST. LOUIS AND THE EAST
From OMAHA and the WEST.
No change of cars between Omaha and St. Louis and but one between Omaha and New York.
SIX DAILY PASSENGER TRAINS
REACHING ALL
Eastern & Western Cities
With less charges and in advance of other lines. This entire line is equipped with Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars, Palace Day Coaches, Miller's Safety Platform and Coupler and the celebrated Westinghouse Air-Brake.
SEE THAT YOUR TICKET READS
Via Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs R. R., via St. Joe and St. Louis.
Tickets for sale at all coupon stations in the West.
J. F. BARNARD, Gen'l Supt., A. C. DAWES, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Ag't St. Joseph, Mo. St. Joseph, Mo.
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Wire Fencing and Railing a Speciality.
Their beauty, permanence and economy daily working the extinction of all fencing cheap material.
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Fences for Lawns, Public Grounds and Cemetery Plats.
Iron Vases, Lawn Settees, canopied and of rustic patterns; Chairs and every description of Iron and Wire ornamental work designed and manufactured by E. T. BARNUM'S Wire and Iron Works, 57, 29 and 31 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Send for illustrated catalogue and price list. sep24

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TOLU ROCK AND RYE
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT AND
APPETIZER---SURE CURE
For COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and all Diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS.
The most acceptable preparation in the known world. By adding to TOLU ROCK and RYE its Lemon juice, you have an excellent Appetizer and Tonic, for general and family use. The immense and increasing sales and the numerous testimonials received daily are the best evidences of its virtues and popularity.
Put up in Quart Size Bottles, giving More for the money than any article in the market.
CAUTION.—DON'T BE DECEIVED by unprincipled dealers who try to palm off upon you counterfeit Rock and Rye in place of our TOLU ROCK and RYE, which is the only MEDICATED article made, the GENUINE having a GOVERNMENT STAMP on each bottle.
Extract from Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue:
TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C., January 28, 1880.
MESSRS. LAWRENCE & MARTIN, 1111 Madison St., Chicago, Ills.:
GENTLEMEN: This compound, in the opinion of this office, would have a sufficient quantity of the BALSAM OF TOLU to give it all the advantages ascribed to this article in pectoral complaints, while the whisky and the syrup constitute an emulsion rendering it an agreeable remedy to the patient. Compounded according to the formula, it may properly be classed as a MEDICINAL PREPARATION under the provisions of U. S. Revised Statutes, and when so stamped, may be sold by Druggists, Apothecaries and Other Persons without rendering them liable to pay special tax as liquor dealers.
Yours Respectfully, (Signed) GREEN. B. RAUM, Commissioner
LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprietors, Chicago, Ills.
Sold by DRUGGISTS, GROCERS and DEALERS everywhere

I A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R. R.
IS THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE EAST & THE WEST.
Its main line runs from Chicago to Council Bluffs, passing through Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline, Rock Island, Davenport, West Liberty, Iowa City, Marengo, Brooklyn, Grinnell, Des Moines (the capital of Iowa), Stuart, Atlantic, and Avoca; with branches from Bureau Junction to Peoria; Wilton Junction to Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Eldon, Belknap, Centreville, Princeton, Trenton, Gallatin, Cameron, Leavenworth, Atchison, and Kansas City; Washington to Sigourney, Oskaloosa, and Knoxville; Keokuk to Farmington, Bonaparte, Bentonsport, Independence, Eldora, Cedar Falls, Brookville, Oskaloosa, Pella, Monroe, and Des Moines; Newton to Monroe; Des Moines to Indianola and Winterset; Atlantic to Lewis and Audubon; and Avoca to Harlan. This is positively the only Railroad, which owns, and operates a through line from Chicago into the State of Kansas.
Through Express Passenger Trains, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, run each way Daily between CHICAGO and PEORIA, KANSAS CITY, COUNCIL BLUFFS, LEAVENWORTH and ATCHISON. Through cars are run between Milwaukee and Kansas City, via the "Milwaukee and Rock Island Line."