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RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

TIME CARD CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND OMAHA RAILROAD. Leave Omaha—No. 2 through passenger, 11 a. m. ...

OMAHA Business Directory.

Art Emporium, 1516 Dodge Street. Steel Engravings, Photo Engravings, Chromo, Fancy Frames, Framing a Specialty. Low Prices. BONNER 1309 Douglas Street.

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Ladies get your Straw, Clogs and felt Hats cleaned at our corner Seventeenth and Capitol Avenue. WM. DOVE Proprietor.

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FERRIS & LEAR, 1418 Douglas St., New and Second Hand Furniture, Hardware, Furnishing Goods, &c., bought and sold on narrow margins.

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HENRY FAUFMANN, In the new brick block on Douglas Street, has just opened a most elegant Beer Hall. Hot Lunch from 10 to 12 every day.

PLANER.

On Farnham, next to the B. & M. headquarters, has re-opened a neat and complete establishment, which, bearing FRISK and Mother Shippen's Property, will be opened for the boys with Hot Lunch on and after present date.

Undertakers.

CHAS. RIEWE, 1017 Farnham bet. 10th & 11th.

99 Cent Stores.

HENRY POLHMAN Toys, notions, pictures, jewelry, &c., 513 14th bet. Farnham and Douglas P. C. BACKUS, 1505 Farnham St. Fancy Goods.

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants.

E. D. Lane (full name unknown) will take notice that he has been sued by Dudley M. Steele, Samuel K. Johnson and Sanford W. Spradlin, co-partners, doing business under the firm name of Steele, Johnson & Co., in the District Court of Douglas county, Nebraska, to recover \$50,000, and interest from October 18, 1880, due them on a promissory note bearing date April 20, 1878. Also that an attachment has been made on certain funds in the First National bank of Omaha, Nebraska, belonging to you and which the said parties above named seek to obtain to apply in payment of their said claim.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the district court, Douglas County, To Samuel C. Davis, Caroline Davis, Elizabeth B. Tomlinson and the heirs or devisees of Henry T. Tomlinson, deceased, whose real names are unknown, non-resident defendants.

Master's Sale.

In the Circuit Court of the United States for the district of Nebraska, Nelson Farnsworth, Plaintiff vs. Chancery, Defendant.

White and Colored Soldiers.

who have deserted from the regular army. This belief is strengthened by the many copies of the Indians while in battle. Besides Mr. Humphreys and others who were in the battle at Rocky Ridge were close enough to

FRONTIER LIFE.

The Experience of an Ex-Soldier of the Twenty-Fourth Infantry.

Last Summer's Campaign of Gen. Grierson's Command Against the Indians in Texas.

Kansas City Journal.

Sergeant John A. Humphreys, a soldier who has served five years in the regular army, is in the city. He is a colored man and was in Co. H, Twenty-fourth infantry. During the year 1880 he was with Gen. Grierson's command, which encountered some rough work in the wilds of Texas. A part of the most interesting events of the campaign are here given, as they are narrated by Mr. Humphreys in a highly graphic style.

The command under Gen. Grierson consisted of various companies of the Tenth cavalry; a company of Indian scouts commanded by Capt. F. H. Hills, of the Twenty-fourth infantry, and one company of rangers, commanded by Capt. Bailey. A great portion of the time Gen. Grierson and staff were roaming over the mountains and plains with no other escort than a small detachment of eight cavalrymen and Sergt. Humphreys. At Eagle Spring, Tex., a supply camp was established, and the Twenty-fourth infantry detailed to guard the camp and supplies. On the evening of the 28th of July a scouting party of three cavalrymen and one Indian guide was attacked by a party of Indians, outnumbering them twenty to one, and pursued to the camp. One man was shot through and his horse badly wounded, while another had his revolver shot out of his hand. They were hotly chased by Company G, of the Tenth cavalry, were soon on the trail of the Indians, and came up with them the next morning. The Indians had surrounded Gen. Grierson and staff, who were en route to Eagle Spring from Fort Quitman, and a hot fight was in progress. Luckily the had hastily constructed a good fort before the hostiles came up or he and his party would have been overcome before assistance could have reached them. Company C, also of the Tenth, came up at the same time with Company G, and took a hand in the fight. The battle lasted about an hour, when the Indians gave way and retreated to the mountains. Martin Davis, of Company C, was killed, Lieut. Coladay, of Company G, was wounded, and several horses were shot and captured. A number of Indians were killed, just how many is not known, for the dead were carried from the field as soon as shot.

They were strapped upon the backs of their ponies and those followed their tribes into the mountains with the dead Indians dangling from their sides. Gen. Grierson and his troops went to Eagle Spring after the fight, where they joined the rest of the command and got ready to start anew on the trail.

On the same evening of the fight and not far from the place it occurred, the east-bound stage was surprised and captured. The driver, Bob Baker and one passenger whose name was unknown, were killed; the mail bags cut up and all mail matter destroyed, and the mules were slaughtered and carried away for food. Sergt. George J. Whipple and a detachment of six men went out the next morning and took the bodies of the murdered men, together with the welcome mail, to the post. The mules were buried near the stage station where there are the graves of many soldiers and civilians who have been killed by the red men at different times.

Gen. Grierson with five companies of cavalry pulled out from Eagle Spring in a northeasterly direction on the 3d of August. The line of march was toward the Gaudaloupe mountains. The command camped on the night of the 5th at a place called Salt Springs, about sixty-five miles from the mountains. On the morning of the 6th, immediately after breakfast, a large body of Indians was discovered coming around a curve of the mountains. There were four or five hundred warriors and about the same number of ponies and cattle. The objective point of the Indians was the very place Gen. Grierson was then occupying. At this point was the only water within several miles. The troops marched out and completely surprised the braves, after a few shots, put them to flight and they took to the mountains.

Capt. John C. Gilmore, Company H, Twenty-fourth infantry, with his company and a small detachment of cavalry, was in command of the supply train and en route for Salt Springs with supplies for the troops. Coming in contact with some of the hostiles which had been routed by Gen. Grierson, a spirited skirmish took place. The men were ready and eager for a fight, and the Indians, seeing that business was meant, speedily decamped, with a loss of two or more. No soldiers were killed or wounded, and the train was saved from capture.

Capt. Lee Boe, Company K, Tenth cavalry, who was en route to join Gen. Grierson, came through the Rattlesnake mountains opposite Salt Springs about this time. He captured a number of head of cattle and ponies by gaining access to a large Indian camp. The occupants thereof had seen him coming and vacated without so much as making an effort to retain it. Upon examination it was seen that the camp was an old one, and had probably been occupied for years. From this camp the Indians could look down upon Grierson's command. Notwithstanding the fact of its proximity, he had camped there several days and did not know of its existence until Capt. Lee Boe brought in his reports. In their haste the Indians left many cattle half-skinned which they were preparing for food. Every day until the command left the region, scouting parties brought in cattle and ponies abandoned in the flight of the panic-stricken enemy.

It is supposed that a great many of this kind were

WHITE AND COLORED SOLDIERS

who have deserted from the regular army. This belief is strengthened by the many copies of the Indians while in battle. Besides Mr. Humphreys and others who were in the battle at Rocky Ridge were close enough to

Spoondyke as a Sportsman.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Say my dear," said Mr. Spoondyke, as he drew a gun from the case and eyed it critically, "I want you to wake me up early in the morning; I'm going shooting."

"Isn't that too sweet?" ejaculated Mrs. Spoondyke. "I'll wear my new dress and my Saratoga waves. Where do we go?"

"I'm going down on the island, and you'll probably go as far as the front door," grunted Mr. Spoondyke. "Women don't go shooting. It's only men. All you've got to do is to wake me up and get breakfast. When I come home we'll have some birds."

"Won't that be nice?" chimed Mrs. Spoondyke. "Can you catch birds with that thing?" and Mrs. Spoondyke fluttered around the improved breech-loading shot-gun, firmly impressed with the idea that it was some kind of trap.

"I can kill 'em with this," exclaimed Mr. Spoondyke. "That is a gun, my dear; it isn't a nest with three speckled eggs in it, nor is it a barn with a hole in the roof. You stick the cartridge in here and pull the trigger-piece, and down comes your bird every time."

"Well, isn't that the greatest thing I suppose if you don't want a partridge, you can stick a duck or turkey in that end, too, or a fish or a lobster, and bring it down just as quick."

"Yes, or you can stick a house or a corn field, or a dog-gated female idiot in there, too, if you want to," snorted Mr. Spoondyke. "Who said anything about a partridge? It's a cartridge loaded with shot."

"Oh," ejaculated Mrs. Spoondyke rather crestfallen. "I see now. Where does the birds go?"

"He goes to night school, if he hasn't any more sense than you have," snorted Mr. Spoondyke. "Look here now, and I'll show you how it works," and Spoondyke, whose ideas of a gun were about as vague as those of his wife, inserted the cartridge half way in the muzzle end, and cautiously cocked the weapon.

"And when the bird sees that he comes and pecks at it! Isn't that the funniest!" And Mrs. Spoondyke clapped her hands in the enjoyment of her discovery. "Then you put out your hand and catch him!"

"You've struck it!" howled Mr. Spoondyke, who had the hammer on half-cock, and was vainly pulling the trigger to get it down. "That's the idea! All you need is four feathers and a gas bill to be a matigale. With your notions, you only want a new stock and a steam trip hammer to be a needle gun. Don't you know that dog-gated thing has got to go off before you get a bird? You shoot the birds; you don't wait for 'em to shoot you!"

"At home we used to chop their heads off with an ax," faltered Mrs. Spoondyke.

"So I would, if I was going after mealy old hens," retorted Mr. Spoondyke, who managed to uncock the contrivance, "but when I go for yellow birds and sparrows I go like a sportsman. While I'm waiting for a bird," continued Mr. Spoondyke, adjusting the cartridge at the breach, "I put the load in here for safety. And when I see a bird I aim and fire."

"Bang! went the gun; knocking the tail-feathers out of an eight-day clock and plowing a foot furrow in the wall, perforating the closet door and exterminating in Mr. Spoondyke's plug hat.

"Goodness gracious!" squeaked Mrs. Spoondyke. "Oh my!"

Mr. Spoondyke gathered himself up and contemplated the damage.

"Why couldn't ye keep still," he shrieked. "What'd ye want to disturb my aim for and make me let it off? Think I can hold back a charge of powder and a pound of shot while a measly woman is scaring it through my gun barrel!"

"If it had been a bird how nicely you would have shot it!" suggested Mrs. Spoondyke, soothingly. "If you should ever aim at a bird you'd catch him, sure."

"Oh! you know what I could do! With your information about gunnery you only need a wad in your mouth and a kick like a mule to be a intelligence on sporting subjects I'd hire you for a shot tower! Don't you know you've spoiled the dog-gated gun?"

And Mr. Spoondyke, anxious for some excuse to take it back to his friend Specklewottle, who loaned it to him, held it out and eyed his wife sternly. "You've ruined that gun," he continued, solemnly. "It won't ever go off again."

"Never mind, dear," consoled Mrs. Spoondyke. "It's been off enough, and I'd just as lief have some clam as birds. You go to bed and we'll try and do without birds."

"It won't ever go off again," peated Mr. Spoondyke, as he climbed into his couch. "That is a ruined gun," and he turned his face to the wall.

Mrs. Spoondyke slowly disrobed, having first turned a stream of water into the gun from the faucet, and betook her to rest. "It may not go off again," she thought, "but if it does the neighbors will think the water main has burst," with which reflection she began to pat the ear of Mr. Spoondyke, who turned over like an earthquake and wanted to know if she thought she hadn't done enough mischief without laming him like a dog-gated blacksmith!

A Baptist Minister's Experience.

I am a Baptist minister, and before I even thought of being a clergyman, I graduated in medicine, but left a lucrative practice for my present profession, ten years ago. I was for a time a sufferer from quinsy; "Thomas Electric Oil cured me." I was also troubled with hoarseness, and "Thomas Electric Oil" always relieved me. My wife and child had diphtheria, and "Thomas Electric Oil" cured them; and if taken in time it will cure seven times out of ten. I am confident it is a cure for the most obstinate cough, and if any one will take a small teaspoon and half fill it with the Oil, and then place the end of the spoon in one nostril and draw the Oil out as far as it will clean it out and cure their catarrh. For deafness and earache it has done wonders to my certain knowledge. It is the only medicine I have ever used, and I have ever felt like recommending, and I am very anxious to see it in every place, for I tell you that I would not be without it in my house for any consideration. I am now suffering from a pain like rheumatism in my right hand, and nothing relieves me like "Thomas Electric Oil."

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