

THE DAILY BEE.

OMAHA PUBLISHING CO., PROPRIETORS

610 Farnham, bet. 9th and 10th Streets.

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NE CARD CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND OMAHA RAILROAD.
Leave Omaha—No. 2 through passenger, 11 a. m.
Arrive Omaha—No. 1 through passenger, 2:36 p. m.

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A. Donaghe, plants, cut flowers, seeds, bouquets etc. N. W. cor. 16th and Douglas streets.

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ANDREW ROSEWATER, Crichton Block, Town Surveys, Grading and Sewerage Systems a Specialty.

Commission Merchants.

JOHN O. WIL, 115, 1414 Dodge Street, D. B. BREMER, For details see large advertisement in Daily and Weekly.

Cigars and Tobacco.

WEST & FRITZSCHE, manufacturers of Cigars, and Wholesale Dealers in Tobacco, 1205 Douglas St. W. F. LORENZEN, manufacturer, 134 1/2 street.

Cornice Works.

Western Cornice Works, Manufacturers from Cornice, Tin, Iron and Slate Roofing. Orders from any locality promptly executed in the best manner. Factory and Office 1313 Harvey St.

Danzon Iron Cornice, Window Caps, etc., manufacturer and dealer in any part of the country. T. SINGHOLD, 418 Thirteenth street.

Crocery.

J. BONNER, 1309 Douglas street. Good line.

Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

GEO. H. PETERSON, Also Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Notions and Cutlery, 304 S. 10th street.

Refrigerators, Canfield's Patent.

C. P. GOODMAN, 11th St. bet. Farn. & Harvey. Show Case Manufacturer. O. J. WILDE, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Show Cases, Upholstery Cases, &c., 1317 Cass St.

Stoves and Tinware.

A. BURMEISTER, Dealer in Stoves and Tinware, and Manufacturer of Tin Roofs and all kinds of Building Work, Old Fellows Block.

Seeds.

J. EVANS, Wholesale and Retail Seed Dealer and Cultivator, Old Fellows Hall.

Physicians and Surgeons.

W. S. GIBBS, M. D., Room No. 4, Crichton Block, 16th Street.

Photographers.

MR. O'NEIL, Proprietor, 212 Sixteenth Street, Grand Central Gallery, First-class Work and Promptness guaranteed.

Plumbing, Gas and Steam Fitting.

P. W. TARRY & CO., 216 1/2 St. bet. Farnham and Douglas. Work promptly attended to.

Painting an paper angling.

HENRY A. KOSTER, 141 Dodge Street. Shoe Stores. Phillip Lang, 1320 Farnham st. bet. 13th & 14th.

Second Hand Store.

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

Saloons.

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

Undertakers.

CHAS. HEWLETT, 1015 Farnham bet. 10th & 11th. 69 Cent Stores. C. P. BACKUS, 1306 Farnham St., Fancy Goods.

To Nervous Sufferers

THE GREAT EUROPEAN REMEDY. Dr. J. B. Simpson's Specific MEDICINE.

It is a positive cure for Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, all diseases resulting from Self-Abuse, as Mental Anxiety, Loss of Memory, Pains in the Back or Side, and disease of the head and eyes.

Price, Specific, \$1.00 per package, or six packages for \$5.00. Address orders to Dr. J. B. Simpson, 104 and 106 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold in Omaha by C. F. Goodman, J. W. Bell, J. K. Ish, and all druggists everywhere.

KENNEDY'S EAST-INDIA BITTERS

SOLE MANUFACTURERS, OMAHA. ST. LOUIS PAPER WAREHOUSE. GRAHAM PAPER CO.

217 and 219 North Main St., St. Louis. Wholesale Dealers in—BOOKS, PAPERS, WRITING, ENVELOPES, CARD BOARD AND Printers' Stock.

Prof. W. J. Ander's Select Dancing Academy. A. Hospe, Jr. Hall, 1519 Dodge St.

Proposals for Sewer Bonds. Sealed proposals will be received until October 25th, 1881, at 12 noon, by the City Clerk of Omaha, sealed by the office of Douglas, State of Nebraska, and will, at that hour, be opened for the purchase of \$50,000.00 of the issue of \$100,000.00 of Sewer Bonds, First Series, of the City of Omaha.

Proposals for Grading Sixteenth Street. Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned until Friday, October 21st, 1881, 12 o'clock noon, for the grading of Sixteenth street from Farnham to Howard streets, a project which has been approved by the City Engineer. Bids shall specify the price per cubic yard for such grading and also state when such work shall be completed, and accompanied by the name of proposed earth under the usual conditions. Bids to be opened at the meeting of the council next succeeding after October 21, 1881. The city council reserves the right to reject all bids and all bids. Envelopes containing said proposals shall be marked "Proposals for grading sixteenth street," and delivered to the undersigned not later than the above specified date. J. J. C. JEWETT, City Clerk.

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A STRANGE LIFE ENDED.

A Biography Which Reads for All the World Like a Novel.

St. Louis Republican. Robert M. Mc O'Brien died at his residence, No. 2506 Carr street, at 11:30 on Friday night, and was buried from his late home at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon in Calvary cemetery.

A Republican reporter visited the house yesterday afternoon and found an inconsolable widow and her two sisters mourning for the lost one. A strange fact is that they are left in circumstances far from comfortable.

As Mr. Mc O'Brien (better known as Bob O'Brien) was a notable man in St. Louis, it is fitting that a brief sketch of his career be given. He was born in Pennsylvania, and at the time of his death was sixty-eight years, five months and a few days old.

Contrary to general belief, he was a Scotch Presbyterian, or, rather, he was a descendant from that hardy class of people, and there, physically speaking, a tough citizen. He came west when quite a young man, went to Mississippi, and then came to St. Louis, which city he has since made his permanent home for forty-five years.

Here he became acquainted with and married an estimable young lady, the daughter of a descendant of a Spanish grandee, who was a resident of Louisiana was a Spanish colony. Mrs. O'Brien has two sisters living, Mrs. Sylvester Chouteau; a widow, and Mrs. Wm. J. Wood.

"Bob" was a wild rather wayward youth, full of fire and vigor, more swayed by impulse than reason, and consequently was a very vindictive enemy and a fraud who would steal and hang till the last drop of blood shed. These traits, of course, made him many vengeful enemies and many fast friends. He was a man of quick impulses, and it is reported that in the heat of passion he

KNIFE A MAN TO DEATH. In Mississippi.

Mr. O'Brien, like his subsequent partner, Erastus Wells, was not an educated man, but also like him, had a good hard head full of what is known as "horse sense." He and a Mr. Matthews formed a co-partnership and started the first omnibus line of the city. Subsequently Mr. Matthews went out and Erastus Wells, re-ent member of congress, and Mr. Case, went in with O'Brien, the firm name being Case, O'Brien & Wells.

The latter helped the business along by driving one of the busses. The line of omnibuses ran from the court house up north to Brennan, west to Rock Springs, the extremity of the city, and south to Vide Poche (see the pocket), now Carondelet or South St. Louis, which at the time was only a little French village. O'Brien continued to prosper and became quite a favorite with the Germans of the south end of the city, but, in an unfortunate moment, while excited with drink and passion, he used an axe on a Teuton's head to such an extent that the latter became an embeccle and subsequently died from the effects of the injuries—so said.

In 1852 or thereabouts one Judson, better known as Ned Buntline, the author of sensational stories and cheap publications, who rode on the top of an excitement growing out of know-nothingism, came to St. Louis. At first O'Brien took no part in the hurrah that was gotten up, but subsequently got to be a great enthusiast in the cry of "Americans must rule America," and when Bob went into anything he went

WITH HIS WHOLE HEART and soul, the result being that he was engaged in more than one desperate scrape brought on by the hardihood of his companions and himself.

Mr. O'Brien was known for many years in this city as a desperate character and a gambling man. It is true that he was interested in "square" gambling games for many years, but he was never known to play a game of cards himself, either for amusement or money, and there was never a poor person—a sufferer—that applied to him for financial aid that did not receive it. For many winters he supplied some twenty-five poor families with their coal during the winter time, and yet many so-called "sporting men" said he was an icicle. God knows, and he will judge.

That "Old Bob" was a sport from A to Zard is probably better exemplified by a little incident than anything else. He would bet on any thing, even as to which of two flies would fly from the continent of the incident, however. A number of years ago a building on Pine street, between Third and Fourth, where De Bar's opera house and the Theatre Comique were afterwards, was occupied by a German as a beer saloon. This German owned a stallion; so, was in the saddle, and the relative qualities of the horses were discussed, each claiming his was the best. Finally, they marked an estimated value of the respective animals on slip of paper and compared them. Each had marked \$100. Bob then said: "I'll throw you dice to see which has both horses."

The German said: "All right; I'll go you." Bob went out and soon afterward appeared with his stallion and led him into the saloon.

But the German backed out. Bob said he had brought his horse over to be raffled for and he was going to raffle him off forty chances at \$10 a chance. Only one man took a chance, and after waiting some time for "drop ins" and nobody caring to invest, Bob said he would take the other thirty-nine chances. The two men threw the strange scoring for nine. Bob threw the remainder of the chances, but Bob lost his \$400 horse, consoling himself with the remark: "Well, stranger, you'd better sell him pretty quick, or he'll eat his head off, as he has done for me two or three times."

As intimated above Mr. O'Brien was a man of violent passions, and a matter whether for good or evil he gave his feelings full sway. At one time it was stated on pretty good authority that he killed a man by the name of Smith at the Planters' house, but as nothing ever came of it the presumption was that the deed was justifiable. Subsequently, however, there were angry words between the "Planters" between him and Mr. Brandt, who at the time was deputy city marshal. This was in 1853 or '54.

O'Brien claimed that he was grossly insulted and went down to his stable, next door east of the present Republican office, got his pistol, went back to the drinking-saloon of the hotel and shot Brandt dead. For this he was arrested, tried, convicted and

SENTENCED TO THE PENITENTIARY. For twenty-five years. After remaining there a few months, some extenuating circumstances being made patent to the then governor—Bob Stewart—he was granted a pardon. Some years later a frequenter of his sporting-house expressed his intention of killing some one on sight, whom Bob quietly remarked: "Well, I used to be a d--n fool, but I've got over it; you can go and do your killing if you want to, but for my part, I've been through the mill and don't want any more of it in mine; it has cost me half a dozen fortunes."

On the 5th of July, 1861, Mr. O'Brien received a severe paralytic stroke, from which he partially recovered, but afterwards had four other strokes, which rendered him a complete cripple. Notwithstanding this his firmness of will and tenacity of purpose was such that, with the aid of a crutch and a cane, he managed to hobble around the streets until a little more than a year ago, when he was compelled to keep his room, but even then he would half fall, half slide out of bed, and on his hands and knees drag himself about the room rather than put his devoted wife to any additional trouble.

The immediate cause of the death of Mr. O'Brien was apoplexy. Although many will say he was a bad man, the hundreds of other poor people who will say he was a kind-hearted gentleman, full of rough words, but with his purse strings relaxed.

Bradford, Pa., writes: "This, Fitch, Bradford, Pa., writes: 'I said I would if it cured me. My dyspepsia has vanished, with all its symptoms. Many thanks; I shall never be without it. Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents.' Fred W."

FINE FIGURES. A Long Study of Fair Forms in the Turkish Bath.

A heavy red curtain hung to the floor between two women. The negro outside pushed it slightly and looked into the stall. She saw hanging from hooks at either side and over the shelved mirror the principal essentials of the female figure. The corner of this structure drew together behind a wooden stool.

"Please don't." "I suppose you don't know what to do?" "No."

"Why, just strip and wrap up in that there sheet on the stool. Then come out and I will tell you."

Presently emerged a woman something very similar to Bernhardt's "virgin of death," whereat the attendant opened another door with:

"Here's another lady." It was in the Turkish bath of Seventh street. Not long ago Clara Belle, New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, described a visit to the bath made by her in Gotham. She gave a most flattering description of the belles of the metropolis, and, unless the picture was changed, New York women are less fair to look upon when unadorned than when adorned the most.

"Ladies here are better looking," was declared, and the Chronicle's feminine representative invaded the bath yesterday, to see with her own eyes, that she might better tell the truth with her own pencil.

The air was hot and dry, and the floor tiles much warmer, and, after the manner of a cat with its feet tied in paper, the newcomer hopped into the only vacant chair of four.

"Why, it's hot, too." "Yes, you're there to sweat. Lie down."

The speaker approached with a cold, wet towel and placed it on her patient's forehead. She was a plump white woman, and she was in a sleeveless red shirt and gold hoop earrings. Then she went out and more heat came in from a large yellow pipe crossing the room. Four pairs of eyes read that "no get your feet warm place them on the floor," which the girl all arrow pointing to the blue skylight involuntarily turned about or turned up.

"Is any one peraping?" was ventured. "Yes, indeed." "It's just terrible." "My face is dripping."

"How much does one lose in weight by this operation?" "You'll see after it peels off." "Nellie!—this is attendant—'you surely don't need baths!'" "Four a week does me. Ain't some of you ready?"

She answered herself by feeling under the several sheets. The attendant corner was some hundred degrees the warmest.

This was increased as much again after they had traversed a similar sweat-room to a green leather door on the opposite side of the hall.

"Oh!" Nellie had the sheet in her hand. "Give it back. Don't you see I can't—can't turn around?" "Don't. Go in."

"Who's there?" "Nobody." "Are you coming?" "Of course; but never mind me." "Please let me have a towel."

"Please!" "Long!" "You should show me mercy." "There, stretch out on that marble, face up."

"Why, it's like a morgue." "It won't be after you put your head on that pillow and give me a chance at you. It's awful lively, this it. Here, lumber up!"

Fancy the struggle between modesty and muscle! Muscle rubbed the surface skin loose with her callous palms, roused her from head to foot, and rubbed all with a barb-wire wrap, opened up a hose stream that would quench a block fire, and then—turned the victim over for a repetition! Spat a-spat-spat! spat-a-spat! drummed her hands over the quivering flesh in perfect time.

"To quicken the circulation," she said. Useless to repeat that the circulation was running away with itself. More spat-a-spat-spat and the final douché which swept its victim blinded into a corner.

Nellie dried her charge with a pol-

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