THE DAILY BEE.

OMAHA PUBLISHING CO., PROPRIETORS.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

TIME CARD CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND OMAHA RAILROAD.

Leave Omaha—Passenger No. 2, 8:30 a. m. Accommodation No. 4, 1:0 (p. m.

Arrive Omaha—Passenger No. 1, 5:20 p. m. Accommodation No. 3, 10:50 a. m.

LEAVING OMAHA EAST OR SOUTH BOUND.

C., B. & Q. 7:40 a. m.—3:40 p. m.
C. & N. W., 7:40 a. m.—3:40 p. m.
C., R. I. & P., 7:40 a. m.—3:40 p. m.
K. C., St. J. & C. B., leaves at 8 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Arrives at St. Louis at 6:30 a. m. and 5:52 p. m.
W., St. L. & P., leaves at 8 a. m. and 3:40 p. Arrives a St. Louis at 6:40 a. m. and 7:30 m

WEST OR SOUTHWESTS.

B. & M. in Neb., Through Express, 8:50 a. m.
B. & M. Lincoln Express—6:30 p. m.
U P. Overland Express, 12:15 p. m.
O. & R. V. for Lincoln, 11:45 a. m.
O. & R V. for Osceola, 9:40 a. m.
U. P freight No. 5, 5:30 a. m.
U. P freight No. 9, 8:20 a. m.
U. P. freight No. 13, 2:50 p. m.
U. P. freight No. 7, 6:10 p. m.—emigrant.
U. P. Denver express, 7:35 p. m.
U. P. freight No 11, 11:30 p. m.
U. P. Denver freight, 8:25 p. m.

ARRIVING—FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

C. B. & Q 5:00 a. m.—7:25 p m.
& 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.—6:45p. m

ARRIVING FROM THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

O. & R. V. from Lincoln—1.08 p. m.
U. P. Pacific Express—3:25 p. m.
B & M. in Neb., Through Express—4:15 p m.
B. & M. Lincoln Express—9:40 a m.
U. P. Denver express, 7:35 a. m.
U. P. Freight No. 14—2:50 p. m.
U. P. No. 6— 5:20 a. m. Emigrant.
U. P. freight No. 14, 12:15 p. m.
U. P. No. 8—9:00 p. m.
U. P. No. 12—1:45 a. m.
U. P. Denver freight, 1:10 a. m.
O. & R. V. mixed, ar. 4:45 p. m.

DUMMY TRAINS BETWEEN OMAHA AND COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Leave Omaha at 8:00, 9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 m.; 1:00 2:00, 3:00, 4:00 and 5:00 p. m.

Leave Council Bluffs at 8:25, 9:25, 10:25 and 1:25 a. m.; 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25 and 5:25 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.

Through and local passenger trains between Omaha and Council Bluffs. Leave Omaha—6:15, 7:45, 8:50 a. m.; 3:40, 5:45, 6:00 p. m. Arrive Omaha—7:40, 11:35, 11:45 a. m.; 5:40, 7:05, 7:15, 140 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	9:00	5:30	2:40
Chicago, R. I. & Pacific	11:00	9:00	5:30	2:40
Chicago, B. & Q.	11:00	9:00	5:30	2:40
Wabash		12:30	5:30	2:40
Sioux City and Pacific		9:00	5:30	2:40
Union Pacific		4:00	11:40	
Omaha & R. V.		4:00	11:40	
B. & M. in Neb.		4:00	8:10	
Omaha & Sioux City		6:00	7:30	
B. & M. Lincoln		10:30		6:00
U. P. Lincoln, Sunday		1:30	11:00	
U. P. Denver Exp.	9:00			6:30
O., Sioux City & St. P.	11:00			2:40

Local mails for State of Iowa leave but once a day, viz: 6:30 a. m.

Office open Sundays from 12 m. to 1 p. m.

THOS. F HALL P M.

TRUTH ATTESTED.

Some Important Statements of Well Known People Wholly Verified.

In order that the public may fully realize the genuineness of the statements, as well as the power and value of the article of which they speak, we publish herewith the fac-simile signatures of parties whose sincerity is beyond question. The Truth of these testimonials is absolute, nor can the facts they announce be ignored

OMAHA, NEB., May 24, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.:

DEAR SIR:—I have frequently used Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for local affections attendant upon severe rheumatic attacks, and have always derived benefit therefrom. I have also used the Safe Nervine with satisfactory results. I consider these medicines worthy of confidence.

S. D. Hilton

Deputy Treasurer

OMAHA, NEB, May 24, 1881

H. H. WARNER & Co., Rochester, N. Y.:

GENTS:—I have used your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure this spring as a liver invigorator, and I find it the best remedy I ever tried. I have used 4 bottles, and it has made me feel better than ever I did before in the spring.

W. E. Clark

U. P. R. Shops.

OMAHA, NEB, May 24, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co:

SIRS:—For more than 15 years I have suffered much in convenience from combined kidney and liver diseases, and have been unable to work. my urinary organs also being affected I tried a great many medicines and doctors, but I grew worse and worse day by day I was told I had Bright's Disease, and I wished myself dead if I could not have speedy relief. I took your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, knowing nothing else was ever known to cure that disease, and I have not been disappointed. The medicine has cured me, and I am perfectly well to-day, entirely through your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure I wish you all success in publishing this valuable remedy through the world

A. B. Rogers

U. P. R. R. Shops.

Thousands of equally strong endorsements—many of them in cases where hope was abandoned—have been voluntarily given, showing the remarkable power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, in all diseases of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs. If any one who reads this trouble remember the great

A HUMAN BELLOWS.

A Man Shot in the Chest Breathes Under His Armpit.

There is a man in the hospital, says The Salt Lake Tribune, named Joseph Dwyer, who has three bullet holes in his chest, one of which is still unhealed. Through the last mentioned wound, which is a little way below his left armpit, he expels air from his lungs. A reporter visited the man last evening at St. Mary's hospital. He had no hesitation in exhibiting his peculiarity, and when requested to strip, removed his shirt and showed the reporter four holes in his chest and back where two bullets had entered and another where a ball had struck his shoulder and came out under his arm. There was also a hole or two in his leg. From the wound under the armpit he breathed so loudly that the sound of air escaping through the orifice could be heard the length of the room. The reporter held his hand before the hole and felt the air rushing out. Dwyer tells his story as follows:

"I was at Bonanza City about three years ago. Had a mining claim, and a man named Flaxon, Charley was his first name, came at me with a six-shooter for a fight. Well, before I knew it, he had filled me up with lead. I had holes all over me, and they crossed this way and that, until I couldn't tell for a certainty which bullet made any two holes. For a while you could look into one of the holes and see my heart quite plain, but that healed up, and now there is no show to see the heart at all. If you had been here a year or more ago, I could have shown you the heart beating right along. I am't much of an exhibition now; all I can do is to pump air out of my lungs by this hole. Once I could take it in one place and send it out another, but the hole is healed. I was all well once, but the wound opened again.

"Did you return the fire?" asked the reporter.

"Hadn't any gun; but after I was shot a few times, I went for him, and got him down, and the crowd pulled me off. When I got him down he began to holler murder; nice chap to be singin' out murder after the way he had acted. He shot his partner once the same way. Guess I'll be out in a few days all right."

Returned from the Buffalo Range.

Mr. Wolfolk, who returned a day or two ago from a fur-buying trip to O'Fallen creek, a tributary which puts into the Yellowstone from the south, reports buffalo robes in great plenty in that section. He purchased $26,000 worth of robes while there from the hunters alone. No Indians were on the range. The hunting is all done by whites, who have had a very successful season thus far. The game is reported in great abundance in the valley of O'Fallen creek, and the plains for mile around are strewn with dead carcasses of animals which have been slaughtered for their hides. It is strange that the stench from the decomposing remains of the thousands of buffalo which are left by the robe hunters every winter to rot and blister during the spring and summer, do not breed a pestilence on our frontier. They probably would in a less healthy climate. There is another feature about this immense annual slaughter of the buffalo that has puzzled the understanding of the writer, and perhaps that of the reader as well. It is that thousands are killed every winter for their skins, and thousands more during the summer season by Indians, and by aristocratic sportsmen for the sport of the thing. This has been the case during the last ten or fifteen years, yet the number and extent of the herds on our western plains, judging by the quantity of robes that are constantly shipped east, are as great as ever. The complaints made each succeeding year of the disappearance of this large game doesn't seem to be well founded, when considered in the teeth of Mr. Wolfolk's statement of the number of robes he gathered up in one small district. But the wholesale slaughter which has been going on so long and increasing each winter, will in time wipe the American bison from the face of the earth.—Bismarck Tribune.

Naming the Baby.

Chicago Tribune.

"Is Beatrice a good name for a baby?"

A young woman of prepossessing appearance stood in the door of the editorial room and addressed her interrogatory in a seemingly general manner to the gifted gentlemen who were occupying the several corners of the apartment.

For a moment nobody seemed to regard the question as directed particularly at him, but finally the trotting horse reporter removed his generously proportioned feet from the desk on which they had been resting, and allowed a witching smile to play over his quarter-stretched features.

"Have you a baby?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," replied the young woman, the tone of her voice, indicating surprise, slightly tinged with anger.

"Well," said the personal friend of Rarus, "you mustn't get angry, because one soft sensuous day in summer when the birds were twittering their sweetest twits a woman came up here on the same errand that brings you, and after we had picked out a pretty smooth title for her infant—I forget whether it was Mariam or Carita we settled on—she went away happy, and along in the fall—the golden-tinted fall—just as the leaves were turning brown and all nature seemed hushed in sweet repose, waiting for the base-ball championship to be decided, she came back again with a wistful, weary look in her soft brown eyes, and said she had been mistaken—it was a boy. Woman's nature, you know, is so bouyantly hopeful, so sweetly previous, that she will frequently mistake a four flush for the real article. It is the painful memory of a blackened past that makes us cautious about furnishing names for babies until we know that the little cherubs are here. Do you catch on?"

The lady nodded.

"Well," resumed the admirer of Maud S., "there are lots of things to be considered in naming a baby. Your husband's name is——?"

"Perkins," replied the lady.

"That isn't a bad name, although it would be difficult to enshroud it with the mystic glamour of romance. But I hardly think 'Beatrice' would look well in front of it. The name of 'Beatrice,' you know, is always associated with stateliness and beauty, and your little tootsy-wootsy might grow up bow-legged and pug-nosed. And, besides, 'Beatrice Perkins' wouldn't sound just right. You might call it—"

"Her, if you please," said the lady, severely.

"We always call 'em 'it' in this office—it saves time and prevents our getting rattled. As I was saying, you might call it Perkins' Maid, or Belle of Perkinsville, or something like that. I knew a man in Kentucky who had a chestnut gelding—"

"I can hardly see what that has to do with the matter under consideration," said the lady in a severe tone of voice.

"You are right, madam; I did swerve a little that time. Now 'Sweetheart' is a good name. Out in California they think Sweetheart can take the pole from anything that looks through a bridle. Now if you had twins, you might call one 'Sweetheart' and the other one 'Darling,' put the tallest one on the off side, and by checking the near one up a little higher nobody could see the difference between them. Of course, if they were not gaited alike, or you had to put a kicking strap on one of 'em, it might be that——"

"Let me tell you again, sir," said the lady, "that I am not naming a horse. Perhaps this gentleman," turning to the literary editor, "could give me the information I desire."

"Certainly, madam," replied that person. "You should name your little treasure Cecil—the name has such a sweet, dreamy, aristocratic sound."

"Of course I should," said the mollified parent, "and I am exceedingly obliged for your suggestion"—and she departed.

"You seemed to lose your savoir vivre," said the literary editor to the horse reporter.

"Yes," replied the young man, "she carried me to a double break at the turn, but I should have settled pretty quick and come down the homestretch very fast. If she hadn't hurried me so much in scoring I'd have picked out a daisy name for that filly of hers."

Professional Beauty.

One of the great moral circus-shows appreciates the professional beauty, and has advertised for a $20,000 handsomest lady and a $10,000 handsomest man to travel with the menagerie for the next season. The responses are overwhelmingly numerous, notwithstanding the unluckly adventures of the professional who, mounted upon an elephant in the interest of another greatest show upon earth, unveiled her beauty to the gaping crowd, and, once upon a time, had her ribs staved in, a condition in which she was not useful to the manager of the other animals, who, therefore, discontinued her pay. One young lady, whose description herself indicates a close study of the subject, reports that she is considered the finest formed woman in the state of Pennsylvania. The newspaper press has gone so far as to acknowledge that she is the loveliest lady in the land, both in form and feature. The manager of the other greatest would have engaged her last season, but she declined to ride upon an elephant, even for $50,000—"Not that I feared, but in consequence of being a member of a highly-esteemed family." Lovely woman, it will be seen, owes something to her family, and will not raise a question of their right to continued estimation by mounting a patient, peripatetic elephant. Highly esteemed families don't go about the country on elephants. Oshkosh develops a simple beauty. She is informed by a young man who has been in New York that she is the most beautiful woman of Wisconsin's famed town, but her hands are somewhat hard from milking, but "I could fix up so as to be very nice, as I see by the papers they sell lots of things to make women look better." The manager's daisy may be found in a Jersey widow of uncommon accomplishments. She can play "Yankee Doodle" on the piano with one hand, "The Fisher's Hornpipe" with the other, sing "Tramp, tramp, tramp," at the same time, "and all this when I am blindfolded." No wonder she is a widow. A negro gentleman claims the man's prize on the ground that it would be novel and striking to advertise one of his "nationality" as the handsomest man. Besides, he isn't getting along very well in the world, and needs the help. The prizes are tempting, and the applicants may appear queer. But if a theatrical manager pays his Mrs. Langtrys, why shouldn't a circus manager include in his menagerie, giving her the place of honor, a professional beauty? And a Mrs. Langtry, it is safe to assume, can't boast of accomplishing that which is so easy to the Jersey widow.