THE DAILY BEE

OMAHA PUBLISHING CO., PROPRIETORS.

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

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 next m. and 5:52 p. m.
W., St. L. & P., leaves at 8 a. m. and 3:40 p. m. 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—6:20 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. 8:00 a. m.—7:25 p m.
C. & 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.—6:45 p. 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.
C. P. Denver express, 7:35 a. m.
U. P. Freight No. 14—2:50 p. m.
U. P. No. 6—5:50 a. m. Emig ant.
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 p. m.; 1:0 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.; 8:40, 7:05, 7:15, 10 p. m.

Opening and Closing of Mails.

SOUTH.	OPEN. a. m.	p. m.	CLOSE. a. m.	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		10:20		6:00
U. P. Lincoln, Sunday		1:30	11:00	
J. 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.

OMAHA Business Directory.

Abstract and Real Estate.
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OLAN & LANGWORTHY, Wholesale, 110 and 112 15th street
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Hotels
CANFIELD HOUSE, Geo. Canfield, 9th & Farnham
DORAN HOUSE, P. H. Cary, 913 Farnham St.
SLAVEN'S HOTEL, F. Slaven, 10th St.
Southern Hotel Gus. Hamel 9th & Leavenworth

Drugs, Paints and Oils.
KUHN & CO.
Pharmacists, Fine Fancy Goods, Cor. 15th and Douglas streets.
W. J. WHITEHOUSE, Wholesale & Retail, 16th st.
C. FIELD, 2022 North Side Cuming Street.
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Carefully selected land in Eastern Nebraska for sale. Great Bargains in improved farms, and Omaha city property.
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11th St., Near Farnham.
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CRAIG'S CITY GREEN HOUSE
Is now open to the public with a full supply of
Cut Flowers and Plants
For Sale. We will be glad to have the public call and see us
Bouquets or Any Floral Design Made to Order
ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.
City Green House, S. W. Cor 17th and Webster, one block from 16th street cars. Nursery, 23d street, opposite Fort. Jas. Y. Craig, Florist and Landscape Gardener. Feb2-6m.

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OFFICE—Front Rooms (up stairs) in Hanscom new brick building, N. W. corner Fifteenth and Farnham Streets

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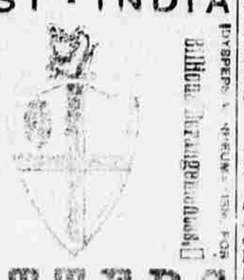

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Lincoln, Neb.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Corn Planters, Harrows, Farm Rollers, Sulky Hay Rakes, Bucket Elevating Windmills, &c.
We are prepared to do Job work and manufacturing for other parties.
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Room 8 Creighton Bloc

RED MOUNTAIN BAR.

PRENTICE MULFORD'S LIFE ON THE TUOLUMNE.

I lived at Red Mountain Bar during its period of decay. I saw its decay. I may say that as a mining camp I witnessed its fall. I lived there when the few "boys" left used daily, after the close of an unsuccessful river season, to sit in a row on a log by the river's edge, and there, surveying their broken dam, would chant curses on their luck. The Bar store was then still in existence. Thomson was its proprietor. The stock, on hand had dwindled down to whisky. The bar and one filled bottle alone survived. On rainy nights, when the few miners left would gather about the stove, Thompson would take down his fiddle, and fiddle and sing "What can't be cured must be endured," or, "The Lord into his garden came; the spices smelt about the same"—a quotation of unknown authorship. Of neighbors, living in their cabins strung along the banks for half a mile above the store, there was Keen Fann, an aged mercantile and mining Chinaman, with a colony about him of lesser and facially indistinguishable countrymen of varying numbers. Second, "Old Harry," an aged negro a skilled performer on the bugle and a singer, who offered at times to favor us with what he termed a "little ditto." He was the Ethiopic king of a knot of Kanakas gathered about him. Third, "Bloody Bill," so called from his frequent use of the sanguinary adjective and, as may be guessed, an Englishman. Fourth, an old Scotchman, one of the Bar's oldest inhabitants, who would come to the store with the little bit of gold dust, gathered after a hard day's "crevicing," complaining that "gold was getting as scarce as the grace of God in the Heelands of Scotland." Fifth, McFarlane, a white-bearded old follow, another pioneer, who after a yearly venture into some strange and distant locality to "change his luck," was certain eventually to drift back again to the Bar, which he regarded as home. Down the river, nestled high up in a steep and picturesque gulch, stood the buckeye-embowered cabin of old Jonathan Brown, the ditch tender, a great reader of weekly "story papers," who lived like a boy in the literature of The Western Frontier Penny Awful, and who, coming to the store and perching himself on the counter, would sometimes break out in remarks about how "Them thar Indians got the better of 'em at last," to the astonishment of the "boys," who imagined at first that he referred to Indians in the locality, suggesting possibilities of a repetition of the great Oak Flat uprising of 1880.

AN UNPROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

At the "top of the hill," a mile and a half away, stood the "Yankee Ranch," kept by a bustling, uneasy and rather uncomfortable man from Massachusetts, aided by his good-natured, easy-going son-in-law. One rainy winter's day the "boys" congregated about Thompson's store became seized with a whim for the manufacture of little pasteboard men turning grindstones, which, fastened to the stove, were impelled to action by the ascending current of hot air. So they smoked their pipes, and wrought all day, until the area of stovepipe became thickly covered with little pasteboard men busily turning pasteboard grindstones. Then, George M. G., the son-in-law of the Yankee Ranch, came down the hill to borrow an ax. George was of that temperament and inclination to be of all things charmed with a warm stove on a cold, rainy day, a knot of good fellows about it, a frequent pipe of tobacco, maybe an occasional punch and the pleasing manufacture of hot-air-driven little pasteboard men turning pasteboard grindstones. He forgot his ax—sat down and began with the rest the manufacture of pasteboard men and grindstones. And he kept on till a late hour of the night, and staid at the bar all night and all the next day and that next night, until the stovepipe was covered to its very top with little men, all working away for dear life turning grindstones; and on the second day of his stay the exasperated father-in-law suddenly appeared and delivered himself in impatient invective with regard to such conduct on the part of a son-in-law sent forty hours previously to borrow an ax. Such was the circle oft gathered on the long, rainy winter's eve about the Thompson store stove. All smoked. Keen Fann frequently dropped in. He stood respectfully, as a heathen should in such a Christian assemblage, on its outer edge, or humbly appropriated some unoccupied keg, and for the rest—grinned. From his little piggy eyes to his double chin Keen's face was a permanently settled grin.

A PIONEER CHINAMAN.

Keen Fann had learned about twenty words of English and would learn no more. In his estimation, these twenty words, variously used, after a sort of grammatical kaleidoscopic fashion, seemed adequate to convey everything required. One of his presumed English expressions long puzzled the boys. Asking the price of articles at the store he would say: "Too muchee polyfoot." At last the riddle was correctly guessed. He meant: "Too much profit."

For protection Keen Fann built his house opposite the store. The Mexicans were then attacking and robbing isolated bands of Chinamen. At one bar a few miles below, then deserted by the whites, the Chinese had inclosed their camp with a high stockade of logs. Yet one night they were attacked. The Mexicans besieged their fortress for hours, peppering them from the hillside with revolvers, and at last they broke through the Mongolian works and bore off all their dust and a dozen or more revolvers. Keen Fann's castle was in dimensions not more than 12x15 feet, and in height two stories. Within it was partitioned off into rooms not much larger than dry goods boxes. The hallways were just wide enough to squeeze through, and very dark. It was intensely labyrinthian, and Keen was always making it more by devising new additions. No white man ever did know exactly where the structure began or ended. Keen was a merchant, dealing principally in gin, fish and opium. His store was involved in this curious dwelling, all of his own construction. In the store was a counter. Behind it there was just room for Keen to sit down, and in front there was just room enough for the customer to turn around. When Keen was the merchant he looked imposing in an immense pair of Chinese spectacles. When he shook his rocker in the bank he took off these spectacles. He was a large consumer of his own gin. I once asked him the amount of his weekly allowance. "Me tink," said he, "one gallon, hap." From the upper story of the castle protruded a huge spear-head. It was made by the local blacksmith, and intended as a menace to the Mexican bandits. As they grew bolder and more threatening, Keen sent down to San Francisco and purchased a lot of old pawn-shop revolvers. These being received, military preparation and drill went on for several weeks by Keen and his forces. He practiced at target shooting, aimed at the mark with both eyes shut, and for those in its immediate vicinity with a most ominous and threatening waver of the arm holding the weapon. It was prophesied that Keen would kill somebody with that pistol. None ever expected that he would kill the proper peron. Yet he did. One night an alarm was given. Keen's castle was attacked. The "boys," hearing the disturbance, grabbed their rifles and pistols, and sallied from the store. The robbers, finding themselves in a hornet's nest, ran. By the uncertain light of a waning moon the Bar was seen covered with Chinamen gabbling and gesticulating. Over the river two men were swimming. Keen, from the bank, pointed his revolver at one, shut his eyes and fired. One of the men crawled out of the water and tumbled in a heap among the bowlders. The "boys" crossed, and found there a strange white man, with Keen's bullet through his backbone.

A PERILOUS TRIP.

I experienced about the narrowest escape of my life in a boat during a freshet on the Tuolumne crossing I counted myself a good river boatman, and had just ferried over a Swett's Bar miner. He had come to purchase a gallon of the native juice of the grape, which was then grown, pressed and sold at Red Mountain Bar. When he crossed with me he was loaded with it. Some of it was outside of him in a demijohn and some of it was inside. Indeed it was inside of us both. I set him across all right. On returning, by taking advantage of a certain eddy, one could be rushed up stream counter to the current coming down for a quarter of a mile, and at a very rapid rate. It was very exciting thus to be carried in an opposite direction, within ten feet of the great billowy swell coming down. It was sort of sliding down hill without the trouble of drawing one's sled up again. So I went up and down the stream. The Red Mountain wine meantime was working. Night came on, a glorious moon arose over the mountain tops, and I kept sliding up and down the Tuolumne. I became more daring and careless. So that suddenly in the very fury of the mid-stream billows I slipped off the stern sheets at a sudden dip of the boat and fell into the river. I was heavily clad in flannels and mining boots. Of my stay under water I recollect only the thought, "You're in for it this time. This is no common baptism." The next I knew I was clinging to a rock half a mile below the scene of the submergence. I had been swept under water through the Willow Bar, the walls of whose rocky channel, chiseled by the current of centuries, were narrower at the top than on the river bed, and through which the waters swept in a succession of coils and whirlpools. Wet and dripping, I tramped to the nearest cabin, a mile and a half distant, and staid there that night. Red Mountain Bar, on seeing the mishap, gave me up for lost—all but one man, who was negative on that point for the reason, as he alleged, that I was not destined to make the final exit by water. I reappeared the next morning at the Bar. When I told the boys that I had been swept through the Willow Bar they instituted comparisons of similarity in the matter of veracity betwixt myself and Ananias of old. It was the current impression that no man could pass through the Willow Bar alive.

CHINESE CAMP.

Chinese Camp, five miles distant, stood as the metropolis for Red Mountain Bar. It contained but a few hundred people. Yet, in our estimation at that time it bore the same relative importance that New York does to some agricultural village a hundred miles away. Chinese Camp meant restaurants, where we could revel in the luxury of eating a meal we were not obliged to prepare ourselves, a luxury none can fully appreciate save those who have served for years as their own cooks. Chinese Camp meant saloons, palatial as compared with the bar groggery; it meant a daily mail and communication with the great world without; it meant hotels, where strange faces might be seen daily; it meant, perhaps, above all, the nightly fandango. When living for months and years in such out-of-the-way nooks and corners as Red Mountain Bar, and as were thousands of now forgotten and nameless flats, gulches and bars in California, cut off from all regular communication with the world, where the occasional passage of some stranger is an event, the limited stir and bustle of such a place as Chinese Camp assumed an increased importance and interest. Chinese Camp justice presided at our lawsuits. Chinese Camp was the Mecca to which all hands resorted for the grand blow-out at the close of the river mining season. With all their hard work what independent times were those after all. True, claims were uncertain as to yield; hopes of making fortunes had been given over. But so long as $1.50 or $2 pickings remained on the banks men were comparatively their own masters. There was none of the inexorable demand of business consequent on situation and employment in the great city, where, sick or well, the toilers must hie with machine-like regularity at the early morning hour to their posts of labor. If the Red Mountaineer didn't "feel like work" in the morning he didn't work. If he preferred to commence digging and washing at 10 in the morning instead of 7, who should prevent him? If, after the morning labor, he desired a siesta till 2 in the afternoon, it was his to take.

A PARADISCAL RETREAT.

Of what nature could give therewa[illegible]

much at the bar to make pleasant man's stay on earth, save a great deal of cash. We enjoyed a mild climate—no long, hard winters to provide against; a soil that would raise almost any vegetable, a necessity or luxury, with very little labor. Grapes or figs, apples or potatoes, land to be had for the asking; water for irrigation accessible on every hand; plenty of pasture room; no crowding. A quarter of a section of such soil and climate, within forty miles of New York city, would be worth millions. Contrast such a land with the bleak hills about Boston, where half the year is spent in a struggle to provide for the other half. Yet we were all anxious to get away. Our heaven was not at Red Mountain. Fortunes could not be digged there. We spent time and strength in a scramble for a few ounces of yellow metal, while in the spring-time the vales and hillsides covered with flowers argued in vain that they had the greatest reward for our picks and shovels. But none listened. We groveled in the mud and stones of the oft-worked bank. Yearly it responded less and less to our efforts. One by one the "old-timers" left. The boarding house of Dutch Bill at the further end of the Bar long stood empty, and the meek-eyed and subtle Chinaman stole from its sides board after board; the sides skinned off, they took joist after joist from the frame work. None ever saw them so doing. Thus silently and mysteriously, like a melting snow-bank, the great, ramshackle boarding house disappeared, until naught was left save the chimney. And that also vanished brick by brick. All of which material entered into the composition and construction of that irregularly built, smoke-tanned, conglomerate of Chinese huts clustered near the Keen Fann castle.

AN EXODUS FROM THE BAR.

"Old Grizzly" McFarlane went away. So did Bloody Bill. So the Bar's population dwindled. Fewer travelers, dot-like, were seen climbing the steep trail o'er Red mountain, Miller, the Chinese Camp news agent, who, with mail bags well filled with the New York papers, had for years cantered from Red Mountain to Morgan's Bar, emptying his sack as he went at the rate of fifty and twenty-five cents per sheet, paid the Bar his last visit and closed out the newspaper business there forever. Then the county supervisors abolished it as an election precinct, and its name no longer figured in the returns. No more after the vote was polled and the result known did the active and ambitious partisan mount his horse and gallop over the mountain to Sonora, the county seat, twenty miles away, to deliver the official count, signed, sealed and attested by the local Red Mountain election inspectors. Finally the bar dwindled to Thompson, Keen Fann and his Mongolian band. Then Thompson left. Keen Fann grieved at losing his friend and protector. He came on the eve of departure to the dismantled store. Tears were in his eyes. He presented Thompson with a basket of tea and a silver half-dollar, and spoke to him in incoherent and intranslatable words of lamenting polyglot English

P. MULFORD.

Rheumatic Relief

OMAHA, Neb., May 29, 1881.
H. H. WARNER & Co.: SIRS—I have frequently used your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for rheumatic attacks and have always derived benefit therefrom. E. D. KITTON.

PROPOSALS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF SEWERS.

OFFICE OF CITY ENGINEER, OMAHA NEB, 1881.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the undersigned until Tuesday April 4th, 1882 12 o'clock noon, for the construction of sewers in North Omaha a follows: 1000 feet of 8½ feet brick sewer 728 feet 5½ feet brick sewer and 728 of 5½ feet brick sewer, located on Izard street between 15th and 17th, and on 17th between Izard and Nicholas, between 17th and 21st streets, together with all necessary manholes, lamps-holes, and catch basins, as per plans and specifications in the city Engineers office. Proposals to be prepared upon blanks furnished by the city Engineer. Bids will also be received for the construction of a timber outfall embracing the furnishing and driving of 100 oak piles more or less 25 feet long, 12 to 8 inches, and 1,500 feet of oak lumber as per plans and specifications in the Engineers office. Work to begin on or before June 1st, and to be completed December 1st 1882. Payments to be made monthly in cash warrants, 15 per cent to be reserved until final completion, and acceptance of work by the proper authorities. All bids to be accompanied by the signature of proposed sureties who will in event of awarding of contract enter into bonds of the city for execution of the work in the sum of $30,000.

J. J. L. C. JEWETT, City Clerk.
2w

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ARBACH BLOCK

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