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#### THE ENTERPRISING WIDOW

How the Late Mrs. Morgan Spent Millions of Dollars.

Her Varied Purchases of Paintings, Engravings, Silverware, Rare Jewelry and Works of Art, Prove a Good Investment After All.

Croffutt, the well known correspondent, writing from New York, says: On last Fourth of July the daily papers of New York city, under the head of deaths, had this announcement:

In Saratoga, New York, on the 3d inst., Mary Jane Morgan, widow of the late Charles Morgan, aged slxty-two years.

The average reader little guessed that this little paragraph referred to one of the most remarkable women of this century; one who, comparatively unknown when she died, has, during the seven months since intervening, become famous the world over, wherever art is studied and cherished. She had lived for a lifetime in an unpretending four-story brown-stone house, in the very heart of this metropolis, so quietly, so unos-tentatiously, that the world that dashed about her doorstep was unconscious of her existence. And yet, while vigorous efforts were being put forth to establish a museum of line arts in the city, and new-made two-hundred-millionaires were building palaces and equipping picture galleries, this plain, reverent, cultured woman, endowed with great wealth rare energy, increasing industry and exquisite taste, was forming a collection of paintings, etchings and engravings, ceramics, silverware, jewels, carvings, bronzes, cut glass, porcelain, brica-brac and orchids, such as had never before been seen in America, if, in-deed, in the world. The choicest that money could buy she purchased with a lavishness of expenditure that is simply dazzling. Millions ran through her hands like water, being transmuted into the most beautiful and costly works of art the cunning of man in this nineteenth century is able to produce. Nor did she, as a rule, spend her wealth foolishly, or without adequate knowledge and discrimination, as the result shows to all familiar with works of art. To be sure, when one walks through the great exhibivase, a little trinket in porcelain that stands about a foot high and weighs about a couple of pounds, and is told that the [connoisseur paid \$10,000 for it, and when he walks along a little further and ethylloss when he walks along a little further and along a little further and stumbles upon a more massive can-delabrum standing in the middle of the

hall, for which she expended \$10,000, one is inclined to take the reports of her sagacity with a peck of salt, and declare that she paid too much. But this is only the expression of the flippant tongue, di-rected by the untutored eye. What do you and I know about it? Perhaps they will sell for all sne gave. As a rule, what she bought was of the best, and possessed value—perhaps sometimes intrinsic, but none the less real. Charlatans and quacks did not impose upon her. The only collections in Europe of which I have any knowledge that are at all com-parable with the Morgan collection are those of the Baroness Rothschild of France, the Prince Demidoff of Italy, and perhaps (in some respects) that of the Hamilton palace of England.

ALONE SHE DID IT.

Usually it has been the province of men to add to the glory of their homes by esablishing a museum or a picture gallery. Most women, even if they had at their disposal the means to execute such a scheme on a tremendous scale, would shrink from it. They would doubt their ability to go out into the commercial world, and, amid the domination of judiciously spend millions of lars for things whose prudent purchase requires a minute and comprehensive knowledge of a history of the world's art, added to the most critical taste and accurate judgment. But this is exactly what an American widow did-a woman who cared nothing for that ceremonious humbug known as society, who cultivated few friends, lived alone, and made her intelligent servants almost her only companions. She planted her hot-houses and superintended their building, and then she put into them \$300,000 worth of or-chids. Considering that hundreds of kinds of these eccentric sports of the floral kingdom can be bought for a quarter of a dollar apiece, and that there are not more than 3,000 or 4,000 known to naturalists, she must have paid thousands of dollars for some of the rarer kinds of these pouting plants. Then she made a collection of ceramics till she seems to have ransacked the factories of the planet and exhausted the subject. She dipped into delicate silverware with all the enthusiasm that humbler collectors used to show for rare postage stamps, and made the American silversmiths wild with her orders. She exhibted a genius for obtaining paintings of increasing value, and caused the artists of Europe to wonder if there was no bottom to the American purse. She sought out a great quantity of unique work in China and Japan and stowed it away with the rest of her trophies in her Madison Square ouse. Hereafter the name of Mary Jane Morgan will live in art works as the queen patron and the most famous woman collector ever known. Before her death it was vaguely known that she was making some sort of a large collection with which to endow some great art museum as a present to the city; but after her death it was ascertained that she had died intestate, and in the absence of a

galleries are valued at two millions of dollars, and this does not include the galllery of etchings and proof engravings nor the \$300,000 worth of orchids. Mrs. Morgan was born in this city at Day street in 1843. She was the daughter of Francis Sexton, one of the rich East India merchants of that day, who, with his family, attended the old Presbyterian brick church where the times office now is. They were respectable, refined and educated people, and Miss Mary Jane Sexton was trained at one of the famous private schools of the city. She proved to be studious and even brilliant, and after graduation defined the conventionafter graduation defined the conventionalities of her circle of acquaintances by becoming assistant teacher in the academy. She was especially successful in mathematics. In 1850, at the age of 27, she became the second wife of Charles Morgan, since well known to the business world as a wealthy and energetic steamship man. They lived very happily together for near thirty years, when he died in 1878. They were very strongly attached to each other, and he found in her a constant companion and assistant. her a constant companion and assistant She kept all of his accounts, and served as a superintendent in the execution of his business schemes. He always wanted her by his side, and took herwith wanted her by his side, and took her with him wherever he went. Many times they visited Europe together, and there studied the best collections and became intimately acquainted with art. Whether at home or abroad, they eschewed general society, and spent most of their time with each other and with books. They kept a box at the opera and occasionally occupied it, but kept themselves outside of the whirl and snarl of what is called "society." At his death, eight years ago, Mr. Morgau, having amply provided for the two children left by his first wife, gave his widow his entire fortune anconditional-

widow his entire fortune anconditionally, amounting to several millions of dollars. She found herself in a big house,

will, her collections are now being sold for the benefit of her heirs. The works

now on exhibition at the American art

with no children and few warm attach-ments. She had faithful domestics whom she confided in and trusted. Thenceshe confided in and trusted. Thence forth she gave up the years to making the tremendous art collection which now astonishes the world. Mrs. Morgan had two married sisters, both living in this city, and one of them, at least, upbraided her for 'throwing away so much money foolishly and buying all sorts of things,' as she phrased it. They did not agree about this, and the result was an estrange-ment which ended in their dropping each other's acquaintance. Then she went on throwing away her money" without criticism. Mrs. Morgan was a sympathetic and warm-hearted woman, and after she and her sister ceased to speak. she felt a craving for intelligent human companionship. She had three dogs, two capary birds and an intellectual and garralous parrot who could speak two lan-guages, the Spanish and the profane, but her soul was unsatisfied. In this frame her soul was unsatisfied. In this frame of mind she explained her troubles to her minister telling him that even the delights of art and consolations of religion did not fill the void. He called on her, and in him she found an appreciative sympathizer. He approved of all she had done; all she was doing; all she was going to do. He was the Rev. Mr. Conklin. After a year or two she advised him to go to Europe for his health, and incidentally presented him with \$600,000 in bank bills presented him with \$600,000 in bank bills in order that he might make the trip comfortably. This sum she increased to a round million, and the good man was in Europe when she died. Mrs. Morgan always looked after her own vast estates and kept her own books. Her habits were most methodical. Every morning at 5 o'clock the hair-dresser came to at-tend to her wants. After breakfast she ordered her carriage and started to make the rounds of the picture galleries and jewelers. Many were the traps skillfully set to catch her. Almost all of her vast collection was purchased in New York. Much of the silver was made after her designs, and to her order, and is a credit to the American artisan. In the spring of 1885 she had begun extensive alterations in her house, and was much occupied with masons, carpenters, decorators, etc. The ceiling had been torn down, and there was much dust and racket. All this aggravated her disease, diabetes, and when she left for Saratoga on July 2, she had to be borne to her carriage. The fatigue of the journey was too much far her, and she died next day, just as she reached her summer home. The announcement of her death attracted little notice, for the woman was scarcely known. The exhibition of her trophies is by far the richest display ever made in New York. It was supposed that the Vanderbilt gallery held the finest collection of modern French art in this country; but even here, in its own pecuiar domain, it now seems to be surpassed by the Morgan collection, which is rich in Rousseaus, Corots, Daubignys, Bougoureaus, Bonheurs and Meissoniers. New York is reveling in the view this

#### A NOVELTY IN SURGERY. Putting an Electric Light Inside of a

Man's Hip Bone. New York Times: An electric light ininside the hip bone of a man is an unusual spectacle, and yet it was wintessed recently at the Post-graduate Medical school, in East Twentieth street. The light was used in an operation to cure hip disease. A student, 22 years old, in the college of Burlington, Vt., slipped on the pavement about two months ago and strained his thigh. He soon lost the use of his left leg and suffered excrutiating pain. He came to New York, was placed on a cot in the Post-graduate Hospital, and Dr. J. Milton Roberts, a professor in the institution, performed on him a re-markable operation.

The young man was put under the in-fluence of ether and Dr. Roberts with a scalpel laid bare a portion of the hip bone about three inches wide. Then he called into play a bone-cutting machine, nvented by himself and called the elecro-osteotome. It is worked by an elecrie battery and can revolve surgical instruments 12,000 revolutions, if necessary,

n a minute.
The doctor attached a small drill to the astrument and cut out portions of the hip bone up to its head, a distance of four inches. These pieces of bone under the microscope showed disease. The doctor then used still larger drills until there was a space large enough to admit the entrance of a man's finger. He now wanted to see the exact condition of affairs inside of the bone. To do so he used a novelty in this class of work—a tiny incandescent electric light, about as big as a pea. This Dr. Roberts introduced in-side of the passage in the bone, and the several flashes of light enabled him to see just where the diseased bone was. Then he took up his drill again and cut out the diseased bone wherever it was necessary as easily as if the bone was open before him on an operating table. Dr. Roberts put in a drainage tube to take off diseased matter that might form, sewed up the wound, and applied antiseptic bandages. A hypodermic injection of morphine was given to the patient and when he recov-ered from the effect of the ether he was n a satisfactory condition, and it is conicctured that he will in a comparatively short time be able to use his disabled

Trick of a Traveling Salesman. Albany Journal: I fell in with two veteran Fulton county glove men on a Central Hudson train. One of the gentlemen was a manufacturer. The other was a drummer. They joked and related anecdotes about the glove trade. "You remember Dwight Thomas?" said the manufacturer. "Yes, well; I first met Dwight when I was clerking in, a country By grocery store forty-five years ago. Dwight had the reputation at one time

of selling more goods than any one man who went out of Fulton county.

"Many years ago he used to go around the country with a wagon. When he found that some style of gloves or mittens were going slow he would put thirteen pair in a ragular down has teen pair in a regular dozen box under his arm. He would put up the list price of the goods from \$2 to \$3. 'It's the last dozen I have,' he would say. The ever-cautious storekeeper would carefully count over the thirteen pairs in the dozen box, and thinking he had a bargain, would tumble into Dwight's trap and buy them. To the next customer Dwight would say, in disposing of the eleven pair at an increase of \$2 on the list price: 'The proprietor of such a hotel bought a pair of these gloves last season. He was so pleased with the good quality of the gloves that he made me break this dozen when I stopped over night.' Dwight must have been 70 years night.' Dwight must have been 70 years old when he died at Gloversville three or

four years ago. Give the Unruffled Debtor His Due. Numerous anecdotes have been told of the nonchalance with which bankrupts have disported themselves after their struggle was over. On the occasion of one of these chance encounters the solv-ent merchant received the accustomed how and salutation of "how are you, my dear sir?" with a feeling of irritation he dear sir? with a feeling of irritation he could not suppress, and he exclaimed. "Look here, Mr. —, you owe me \$9,000; if you'll never speak to me again I'll forgive you the debt." "My dear sir," was the bland response, "I couldn't think of such a thing. I wouldn't deny myself the pleasure of greeting you in a friendly way for double the money."

HOUSEKEEPERS that fall to acquain themselves with the value of JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE in the kitchen and laundry deprive themselves of the most convenient and useful article of the age

THE COWBOYS IN WINTER.

Sports of the Snow-Bound Herders of the Northwest.

Hilarious Gatherings at the Ranches -Amusiments that Surprise and Delight a Tenderfoot.

This is the time of year when the average cowboy is taking a thorough rest after the fatigues of the past season's work. To see the cowboys "at home" one must come to Miles City, Montana, writes a correspondent from that place. This town is their headquarters all the year round. There are many knocking around Miles City from day to day with nothing to do except sit down, keep the fire warm and spin yarns. A portion of them find plenty of work even in the dead of the winter, in line riding to keep the cattle back from the streams among the hills, where there is always good grazing to be found. When a blizzard sweeps over the unprotected prairies the animals run before it and seek the valleys and river bottoms, where they are likely to bunch and freeze to death unless kept in motion, and they are also likely to starve to death unless hurried back among the hills, where the grass is plentiful. Then it is that the cowboy finds he has got business on his hands.

But here in Miles City one can run against scores of cow-boys on the street corners, in the saloons, on the roads, or going to and coming from the ranches. They are a race worth studying. They delight in appearing rougher than they are, and find a particular pleasure in startling a tenderfoot with blood-curdling stories and impossible adventures as if such incidents were a part of their every-day life. Some of them are pretty well oil, too, for funds; in fact, some might be counted wealthy. But "easy come, easy gone" is their motto, and nebody is the worse for it. As a class they are the most reckless fellows on earth regarding the handling of money. While in a store here the other day a cattle man had occasion to handle a good deal of ready money, and when he had finished his business and got up to leave he shoved a large roll of bills off the desk on to the floor, and went out perfectly oblivious of the fact that he was minus about \$3,000. A stranger, entering the store, happened to walk up to the desk and saw the bills lying scattered around. Of course, it was immediately known to whom the money belonged, and a search was instituted for the owner, who was discovered after some time unmindful of the fact

that he had left behind him so large an amount of cash.

But it was a desire of mine to see the cowboys at their winter homes, when they are at the ranches and away from the towns. So a day or two ago I walked boldly up to a gentleman of that persuasion whom I saw standing idly in front of one of the leading hotels, and said: "My friend, what do you boys find to do with yourselves during cold weather? How do you manage—" Here "my friend" interrupted me with a broad grin, and

"Wal, you are a tenderfoot, sure enough. Did you ever go a line-ridin', stranger?" "No." I answered politely; "but I did

No. I answered pointely; but I did not mean the cowboys who were on duty, but those who he around the ranches all winter and who are out of a job. Now, what do they do? "Stranger, jist you go and saddle up yer cayuse and come with me. I'll take

nobody'll touch yer beautiful hair."
In half an hour we were jogging along the river bank in about three feet of snow. About an hour before dark we pulled up in front of a pile of snow, a sort of hummuck, so it looked to me, but which proved to be the outbuildings of a regular frontier ranch. Soon afterward we arrived at the ranch itself, which looked mighty cheerful and welcome after our long, cold ride. We dismounted, put up our horses and entered the shack. The building was characteristic of the calling of the occupants. Over the doorway were a pair of enormous long horns, nailed, to the logs, that had probably belonged to some Texas pilgrim who had been driven north to the Montana ranges during the early days. The whole lower floor (there were two stories to the building) was one room. In one corner stood a red-hot Dutch stove, with a big drum on top of it. The drum was made of sheet-iron, and dou-bled the heat by retaining it a long while. There were heads of wild animals hanging or nailed to the walls, among which I observed the mounted head of a very large and fine buffalo bull. By way of additional decoration the walls were lined with six-shooters and Wihehesters, so that on first entrance I was doubtful as to whether I was not entering an

I learned there was going to be a dance at this ranch on this particular night, and that was the reason why my cow-punch-ing friend had brought me out to see what the boys did on winter evenings. In surprise I inquired of another lariat-swinger if they did not have horse-racing and card-playing at the ranches. "No," he replied; "card-playing at the ranches and horse-racing on the ranges have been ruled out by stock growers at various meetings. Times have changed. They won't allow us to play cards or see who has got the fastest horse in camp any more. Reckon the next convention wil

give orders for family prayer. It's about time I was going to Texas or Missouri." The speaker was not a swaggering desperado or animated arsenal, and yet he was a typical cowboy of the northwest. Fond of cards, not as a gambler, but for the amusement there is in them, and also because they afford a pleasant way of killing time. Fond of horse-racing; but who is not? That is a sport all true Americans take a delight in, and therefore the liking can be excused in a cow-

Pretty soon more visitors began to arrive, among whom, strange as it may seem, there was a sprinkling of the fair sex. Some of them had been traveling all day on horseback and in bob-sleds, through deep snow and over unbroken roads, to be present at the dance. A stranger in the country, I wondered where so many ladies came from; but learned that they were in the minority at these meetings only because of the enormous crowds of cowboys who are now enthusiastic over the newly discovered racket of ranch-dancing on a win-

ter's evening. When all had arrived I should judge there were about fifty cowboys present, and about inteen ladies. Some little time was spent in thawing out, and then the fun began. Let no eastern tenderfoot imagine that a cowboy goes to a ball with a six-shooter stuck in each boot-leg and a butcher-knife, like an ice-saw, protruding from the back of his neck. While there were lots of noise and fun going on, which at times drowned out the two left-handed fiddlers, who were sawing away for dear life, I did not hear a word r see an act that might not have been heard or seen in an eastern ball-room, where only swallow-tailed coats and white kid gloves could enter. From all I could see the programme of dances was about the some as that adopted by the Texas and Arizona cowboys at their dances. A recent arrival from the south hald up as an e had brought it up, and it was tacked to revenge is sweet.

the wall where everybody could see it. It ran as follows:

1. Grand Circle Round-up March.

2. Horse Hunters' Quadrille.

3. Catch Horse Waltz.

4. Saddle-up Lancers.

5. Broncho Racket.

6. Captain's Quadrille.

7. Circular Gelop.

8. Round-up Lancers. Round-up Lancers.
Cut-out Schottische.
Branding Quadrille.
Cow and Calf Racket.
Night Horse Lancers.
First Guard Waltz.

Second Guard Quadrille, Third Guard Newport, Fourth Guard Quadrille, Day Herder's Waltz, Maverick Polka, Buli Calves' Medley, Stampede Atl.

My friend, at whose invitation 1 was present, seeing me stand an idle specta-tor, shouted as he whirled by: "Git a partner and pitch in!" But I left them partner and pitch in!" But I left them to their innocent, happy enjoyment, and remained a wall-flower throughout the balance of the evening. When the gay revelers had danced unremittingly until about 1 a.m., a halt was called and supper announced. The supper was spread in a large tent at the back of the main building, and this canvas house was made comfortable and pleasant by the aid of a large stove. There ant by the aid of a large stove. There were oysters, turkey, venison, all manner of canned goods, coffee and cigars in abundance, but not one drop of whisky or spirituous drinks of any kind. When supper was finished the order came for "On with the dance," and so it was kept up until morning. It was a revelation to me, this life at a cattle-ranch in the dead of winter, and I departed much pleased with my visit and my fifty new-found. with my visit and my fifty new-found friends. In talking over the matter with other cowboys I learned that dances at the ranches are all the rage this winter. They all take turns in giving them, and thus in some measure is the bleak cold season of the northwest made more easily bearable.

The advent of a stranger used to be ooked upon as a god-send; but now, unless he is very entertaining, he is not made very welcome. Yet the cowboys tire of the long winter months, even though they have lines to ride and dances at least twice a week. At first these days of rest seem to be a delightful relief, but as the months go on they get restless and anxious to be in the saddle again and out on the ranges. All the stories about last year's feats become exhausted, and so they await with impatience the appearance of that first blade of grass. How a certain horse cut out an unpre-cedented number of cattle in remarkably quick time; how old Blink Eye held that 2-year-old steer down unaided, or how Curley actually made that 100-mile ride on one pony between sun fip and sun down, have been discussed over and

over again.

When the snow is gone and the grass begins to sprout everybody is up and stirring. Old saddles are brought out and supplied with new buckles and straps. He must sleep with one blanket less, as the same has to be used under the saddle now. He bids good-bye to the building now, which has covered him during cold weather, and with a glad shout of freedom starts out to look up the herd which has been rustling for tself since the early days of December. During the summer there is plenty for the cowboys to do-nineteen hours of work a day, more or less—therefore it is fair to presume that they fairly earn and richly deserve the few months of rest which they get each year from December to April.

#### FOR WIVES. A Few Suggestive "Dont's" that Wives

Should Remember. Chicago Herald: Don't disturb your husband while he is reading the morning or evening paper by asking foolish ques-tions. He may be reading the latest scandal or divorce suit, but he is just as much interested as though it were foryou to a ranch close by where by whar you'll enjoy yerself till daylight. No need of a six-shooter, jist come as you are, and eign news or market reports. Be patient, and when he comes across anything he thinks you can comprehend perhaps he will read it to you.

Don't communicate unpleasant news or ask a favor before eating. The heart is not easily touched when the stomach is empty.

Don't ever tell a man he is good-looking Some other woman will probably some time, and in that case he won't know that her opinion concurs with yours. He earries a pocket hand glass now, and he will shortly become addicted to Pejama.

Don't ever tell a man he has pretty egs. Men who have been known to bear up under facial compliments fail completely when they realize that their legs are notably good. Don't put the morning paper at the bottom of the pile, and don't have more

ton-hook. Don't impose upon your husband because he is good enough to assist you a ittle in your housework. Don't leave the stove-handle on the red-

than a dozen different places for the but-

ot stove and don't ask him to empty the ash-hod. Draw a line on the ash-hod, and don't run a free horse to death. Don't gather up all his receipts and notes that he has put carfully away on the sitting-room table and tuck them in the fire the moment his back is turned. Don't monopolize every hook in the closet. Graciously tender him one nail for his very own—and then in mercy hang your Mother Hubbard, your paler-

ine, your shopping bag and bonnet in some other place. Don't be explicit in giving directions. When you ask him to go up stairs for your pocket-book tell him it is either on the table or in the further corner of the left-hand side of the upper bureau drawer, or in the pocket of your brown dress in the closet. He will have no trouble in finding it—if you tell him just where it is espacially the pocket. where it is, especially the pocket.

Don't ask him where he has been the

moment he enters the house, or where he is going if he starts out for a walk beore breakfast. It nettles him, and men hate to have such pointed questions spring upon them. Beside that, we live under a free flag.

Don't ask him to walk the floor with

the baby half the night. A man who tramps industriously around a billiard table three nights in a week, or buys an admission ticket to the opera, can't be pected to be on duty at home the other three nights. Have mercy on him and give the man an opportunity to recup-

Don't use your breath in useless vitup eration against his chum. Cultivate the chum yourself—ostensibly—when your husband is not around, and matters will same a different aspect. Don't put pins in your curl papers or et your crimping pins dangle on your

orchead. They are abominations and feminine implements of warfare that Don't leave hair in the comb or your

neck curls where they will stick to his hair brush. Don't put a long hair on the soap or in

nis tooth brush—purposely.

Don't mend his hosiery with cotton, aving knots in it bigger than a pea.

Don't scold him because he leaves ashes a his pipe. One of the privileges of a married man is to leave an old pipeful of ashes in just the position to empty the contents on the window-sill or the man-

tle the moment it is touched. Don't indulge in flights of temper when your husband suggests how his mother did. If he objects to having eggs boiled in the tea kettle and prefers them washed previous to cooking, endeavor to please him by indulging him in his fancies. In the meantime bring your sons up as carefully as you can, and when they are married you yourself will doubtless be held up as an example of virtue-and

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Railway Time Table. OMARA.

The following is the time of arrival and de-parture of trains by Central Standard time at the local depots. Trains of the C., St. P., M. & O. arrive and depart from their depot, corner of 14th and Webster streets; trains on the B. & M., C., B. & Q. and K. C., St. J. & C. B. from the B. & M. depot: all others from the Union Pacific BRIDGE TRAINS.

Bridge trains will leave U. P. depot at 6:45-B7:35-8:00-8:40-8:50-B 10:00-11:00 a. m., 1:00 -1:20-1:50-B 2:00-3:00-4:00-5:00-5:50-6:05-11:52 p. m. CONNECTING LINES.

Arrival and departure of trains from the transfer depot at Council Blutts:

ARRIVE.

transfer depot at Council Blutts:

DEPAPT.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.

9:15 A. 5. Mail and Express.

12:40 P. M. Accommodation 4:30 P. M.

5:20 P. M. Express.

9:15 A. M. Mail and Express.

9:15 A. M. Mail and Express.

7:00 P. M.

7:15 A. M. Accommodation 5:30 P. M.

5:20 P. M. Express.

9:15 A. M. Accommodation 5:30 P. M.

5:20 P. M. Express.

9:15 A. M. OHICAGO, MILWAUKEP & ST. PAUL.

9:10 A. M. Mail and Express.

9:10 A. M. Express.

9:15 A. M. OHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY.

9:35 A. M. Mail and Express.

6:40 P. M. Express.

9:15 A. M.

Express.

9:15 A. M.

6:40 P. M. Express.

9:15 A. M. 

## B:00P. M. Transfer St. Louis Ex. Transfer 3:20 P. M.

KANSAS CITY. ST. JOE & COUNCIL BRUFFS.

2:15 A. M. ... Mail and Express. 7:35 P. M.

8:00 P. M. ... Express. 5:35 A. M.

8:00 P. M. ... SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC. ... ST.

9:05 A.M. ... SIOUX CITY Mail. 7:00 P. M.

6:30 P. M. ... St. Paul Express. 9:35 A. M.

Depart. ... WESTWARD. Arrivo

A. M. P. M. UNION PACIFIC. A. M. P. M.

8:20a ... Pacific Express. 7:50a ...

10:40a

10:40a

4:10a A. M. P. M. UNION PACIFIC.

10:40a Denver Express.

O. & REP. VALLEY.

2:40a Mail and Express.

B. & M. IN NEB.

8:10a Mail and Express.

Night Express .... 4:10a 2:10a . 6:40a SOUTHWARD. A. M. P. M. MISSOURI PACIFIC. A. M. P. M. 10:30a ... Day Express... 6:25d ......

10:30a Day Express 6:25d Night Express 8:45b Night Express 8:45b K.C. ST. J. & C. B. 9:20a 8:45b Via Plattsmouth 7:00d ... 6:35**a** Depart. NORTHWARD. Arrivo. A. M. P. M. C. ST. P., M. & O. A. M. P. M. 8:30a ... 5:30a ... 5:30a 5:40e Oakland Accommod'n 10:00e RASTWARD. Depart. Arrive A. M. P. M. C., B. & Q. A. M. P. M. 9 20 6:00 ....Via Plattsmouth.... 9:20 7 15 STOCK YARDS TRAINS

Will leave U. P. depot. Omaba, at 6:40-8:3310:45-10:55 a. m.; 2:40-3:50-5:25 p. m.
1.eave Stock Yards for Omaha at 7:55-10:25 a.
12:01-1:23-4:40-5:97-6:20 p. m.
NOTE-A trains daily; B, daily except Sunday
C, daily except Saturday; D, daily except Monday.

Motice to Contractors.

SEALED Rids will be received by the building committee of the Corning Academy, until March 29, 1885, for the furnishing material and building a college building at Corning, Adams Co., lowa. Plans can be seen at the office of the secretary, or at the office of C. H. Lee, architect, les Moines, fown.

The committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Address: feblidlet H. M. Towner, Secretary, Corning, Iowa,

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