THE STATE PENITENTIARY.

A Visit to the Asylum of Criminals at the Capitol.

BILL STOUT'S BIG WORKSHOP.

A Hive of Involuntary Industry—The Buildings, Their Occupants and Work—The Guards—A Sketch of Nobesville.

[*Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee.*]

Lincoln may be styled the city of magnificent appropriations. She bears evidence of this fact on almost every side. It is found mainly in the public buildings some of which have been erected at her own expense, while others have been built by the liberality of the county of Lancaster, the state of Nebraska and even the government of the United States. The result of these generous contributions of the public money is an assortment of all kinds of structures, as singular in design as they vary in size, and the purpose for which they were erected. In all probability, the most noticeable of all these is

THE STATE PENITENTIARY.

It is situated south of the city about three miles at a place called Nobesville, doubtless in honor of the gentleman who has, for nearly a dozen years, presided over its inmates.

From a distance, the penitentiary has an imposing appearance. When it is approached, it betrays an irregular construction which is disappointing. It is built of lime stone, with a frontage of several hundred feet. In the middle of the front is a gable-roofed structure three stories in height, which rises above the walls on either side. To the west extends what is known as the cell house, to the east, a large wall with blind windows, which may be taken out at will, when it is decided to put a roof over this part of the structure.

Through the gabled portion mentioned entrance is secured to the prison. On the day of my visit the hall leading from the front door to the first apartment in the in the jail was filled with a heterogeneous collection of both sexes and all descriptions. They were awaiting their turn to pass through the penitentiary, another similar combination of Nebraskans having, a few moments before, disappeared behind the bars. While waiting for the latter to return from their work of inspection, a heavy set, stolid gentleman busied himself in receiving twenty-five-cent pieces from each of the expectant visitors, in return for which he gave a red ticket endorsed with some unknown name and printed to denote that the bearer was entitled to visit the "pen," which a little female rustic poet styled in my hearing as a "living tomb." Though many were surprised at the tax imposed, yet everybody paid it with cheerfulness, some marvelling whom the "quarters went to anyway."

On either side of this hall are situated W. H. B. Stout's office, a reception room and several other apartments of a private nature. From where I stood, a heavy barred door could be seen, and this at length was opened. Out came the crowd from the "living tomb," and in went the other with an interest not always experienced by those who enter the portals of death. The gate was closed and locked behind us. We were in a large hall with a rough oiled floor. On all sides were cases filled with books and constituting

THE CONVICTS' LIBRARY.

The books seemed in excellent condition and covered every subject in discussion in the world of letters, except, possibly, that of crime itself. They number very nearly 2,500 and are said to be greatly appreciated by many of the convicts. In one corner of this apartment is a small room which is used as the postoffice. Passing into the next apartment, the visitor is informed that he is in

THE CHAPEL.

It is large, roomy and gloomy for such a place, notwithstanding that a flood of light breaks through half a dozen large windows from the inner court. The floor is rough and sandworn, the walls dusty and the aspect of the whole cheerless for a place of divine worship. Rude benches are stretched along the walls ready to be extended across the floor for the accommodation of the prisoners at service, which is held every Sunday under the leadership of Rev. P. W. Howe, of Lincoln, who, according to the warden, does not confine himself to an exposition of the scriptures, which in prisons is generally an effort barren of results the substitutes lectures which have the characteristics of being interesting, sound and wholesome.

The convicts when in the chapel, listen with heads bent down. The minister does not see their faces and they can not see his. It is therefore no easy matter to determine the effect his logic or his sentiment produces upon his hearers. There is a small organ resting against the wall which one of the incarcerated gentlemen plays during service, while a chorus of companions, forming, as the warden says, the best choir in Lincoln attend to the vocal part of the exercises.

As I was about leaving this sombre sanctuary, I was met by Warden Nobes, under whose direction myself and a couple of friends made the rounds of the institution.

The chapel opens upon a large yard, bounded on the west by tall stone shops, on the east by a stone wall twenty-three feet high, upon which, at intervals, are the watch towers of the sentries. This wall extends along the southern line of the inclosure, but is hidden by a collection of rambling structures which are used for various purposes.

There is a sound of the clicking of hammers on all sides, and immediately we are led to the nearest point whence proceeds this sound of industry. It is

THE STONE SHOP.

Thirty men and boys clad in zebra-like cap, shirt, jacket, pants with white and black stripes are here at work upon blocks of stone of many sizes. Some with the interest and skill of tradesmen, others with the indifference of inability and compulsion. Beyond the clicking of hammer, stone and chisel not a sound could be heard. The men seemed like a collection of mutes. Not one of them spoke. If they raised their heads as we passed, which few of them did, it was for but a moment. The head then dropped and the eyes were bent upon the work upon which they were engaged. Many of the men were occupied upon work which kept them in comporatively upright positions, and yet we passed through the place and by them without feeling in the least that we had been observed by them. Indeed, it seemed as if they had fallen in obliviousness of the scene or their eyes had lost their power of vision. This is the result of the enforcement of the prison rule, that prisoners must not stare at passers by, and many of them, doubtless, not wishing to be misunderstood in a simple look, suffer the increased mortification of paying no attention whatever to parties who pass them by.

On a dais in the middle of the room is a guard, who commands an unobstructed view of every man in and every part of the shop. He is also armed, and so situated that, in the event of any disturbance, the fact may be instantaneously communicated to headquarters.

Adjoining the stone shop, is a power shed and mill where stone is sawed and rubbed, and coming next is

THE FOUNDRY

in which, Mr. Nobes says, about forty men are employed. They are exclusively engaged upon farming implements, for the Western Manufacturing company of Lincoln. They make corn shellers, mowers and rakes, and that is about all, and while many of the parts of these are easy of moulding, yet I saw some that would have to be broken and returned to the furnace. Upstairs was

THE WOOD SHOP,

where the frames for the machines are made and where the latter are put together. Here, possibly, the most skilled work in the building is done. At least it looks to be such, especially when painted in its gaudy colors of red and green. There are several rooms pied high with implements of the farm, from this style of manufacture, as were the rooms of the Incas years ago with gold. Thus far there has not been a demand for this kind of work and it is yet to be determined whether the farmers of the state, any more than the artisans of the same are disposed to encourage the output of prison labor. On the same floor is

THE TAILOR SHOP,

where about twenty men, engaged in making vestures of all kinds, for D. May, of Lincoln. The stillness of this place was oppressive. There was not even the rumble of a sewing machine, although there were several of them in the room, to relieve it. In their awkward positions upon the tables, their variegated uniforms, their silence and colorless faces, one might readily for a moment, at least, have fancied it for an enchanted scene in a childish tale.

TRUNK AND BROOM SHOP.

Seven men are employed in the trunk and broom shop by A. H. Dorris, of Lincoln. So far as appearances went these men were turning out work which at least presented a semi-respectable appearance. The harness shop was next visited. Here about thirty men were working for the Lincoln Tanning company, some sewing straps together, others working them into various parts of the harness, and others still exhausting their energies in beating straw-padded leathers into collar shapes. A few old men were daubing with black, and a great deal of the paint went as well upon their hands as it did upon the material. Down stairs we found the

BLACKSMITH AND MACHINE SHOPS.

There were but few men working here, and some of them who presided over lathes and drills, had just succeeded in breaking several plates which had been sent them from the foundry to finish. The material worked upon was that of the Western Manufacturing company, before referred to. We passed next through

THE LAUNDRY,

where half a dozen men were looking after a number of mangles and washers for a man named Mower of Lincoln. Here the inmates displayed the variety of of clean hands and white faces, even those whose complexions were as dark as that of the Moor of Venice.

Almost in the middle of the inclosure stands a two-story stone building. The first floor consists of cells in which rebellious subjects are confined with but little light, less food, and but the downy side of a hard board upon which to sleep at night. Up stairs is

THE HOSPITAL.

Here were a dozen beds, each with its occupant either lying upon or sitting beside it. Some of the men were young, others old. Some on the highroad to recovery and some tending toward the grave. The former displayed ravenous appetites, while the food of the others remained untouched on their plates. One of the former sat beside the door. When we entered, he was very busy discussing a dish of prison fare as if it had been prepared at Delmonico's. His head was down, and a shade which extended over his eyes, seemed to make his head droop even more than was required by prison rules. He was a hoary-headed old scoundrel of nearly fifty-five years of age. His wife was but a couple of years his junior, and one of their children was thirty-six years of age. And yet, in a fit of jealousy he killed the woman who had been his partner for twenty years.

The convict who was taking care of these unfortunates is a young fellow, who was sentenced at the last term of the district court by Judge Neville, to seven years in the penitentiary for highway robbery. When sentenced, he stood up erect, disposed of a quid of Honest John tobacco, and looked as if he had been called upon to oppose his breast to a decoration of the great Napoleon. He received his punishment with a smile. Since his incarceration he has become a stalwart, and the warden has put him in charge of the sick, because his proportions enabled him to assist them in all emergencies. We went thence to

THE CELL HOUSE,

which is really a house within a house. It has two fronts, and each contains three stories, of stone whitewashed. Each story contains a row of cells, forty in number. Each of those cells may accommodate two convicts, so that in this big structure, 480 convicts may be confined. At present there are but 397 people on the lists, so that some of the cells have but one occupant. The names of the inmates are printed over every door, and a look within reveals the size of the cells to be about seven feet two inches deep, seven feet high and four feet, two inches wide.

On one side of the interior are two bunks, one above the other, and made of gas pipe. They are supplied with blankets and sheets and seemed comfortable enough, but it is not apparent how mortals can survive in such a miserable hole on a warm summer night. Some of these cells are decorated in a more or less crude manner, according as the taste of of the the occupant with the indulgence of the warden may suggest.

Over each cell door is a small box, in which is deposited, when a convict is assigned to a cell, four tickets. One of these entitles him to one ration of chewing tobacco per week, another to a ration of candles, a third to permission to write once in three weeks and the fourth to see friends on the first Tuesday of each month. These tickets are taken away according as the convict breaks some of the prison rules. As a general thing, however, they are greatly prized by the inmates who, as a consequence, seldom allow themselves to be deprived of them by violation of the rules of the institution.

While we were looking at this solemn and yet forbidding place of confinement, a bell announced

THE HOUR OF DINNER.

Almost immediately there issued from their worships the men whom we had previously seen engaged there. But they left it not as do mechanics who are not deprived of their liberty, with the rush and haste of famished individuals. Oh, no! The first man who appeared came out slowly. His hands were placed upon his breast. The man immediately behind him laid his hands upon the shoulders of the first, the third upon the second and so to the end of the file. The back of the front man touched the breast of the man behind, forming a solid file of human beings, through which not even daylight could penetrate. At a signal they commenced to get step, and then, with head and eyes to the left, they shambled to the cell-house, passing us as we stood at the entrance. Here, also, stood several hundred bowls of soup, and a couple of convicts with several columns of bread in slices reaching almost to their foreheads. As each convict passed this pile of the staff of life, he took as many slices as he felt disposed to appreciate, seized his tin of soup, and, without a word or look to the right, marched to his cell, stood with hand upon the door until every convict in the row had reached his place. At a sign, the keeper withdrew the long bolt, at another, every cell was opened and at the next, the convicts had disappeared within. Then came a clanking of the great lever and the unfortunates in forty cells had been locked in for the dinner hour. It took less than a minute by the watch.

A detailed account of this interesting feature of prison life, with other manners of importance is reserved for a further sketch. E. A. O'BRIEN.

Another Champion Sculling Match.

LONDON, Sept. 25.—In the sculling match on the Thomas between Beach of Australia and Wallace Ross of New Brunswick, for $500 a side and the championship of the world, Beach beat his opponent by four lengths. Beach won the toss for position and took the sunny side of the river. Beach was the favorite in betting thirty-five to ten being placed on him. Ross was first away but for only the six first strokes when Beach passed him and steadily increased the lead till he was two lengths ahead. At Walden Ross spurted, and when Hammersmith bridge was reached he drew up on Beach. Several barges got in Beach's water and he was compelled to cross Ross' boat, but he avoided fouling. The Australian soon shot ahead again, and there were two lengths of open water between himself and his opponent when Dover was reached. Before the finish he had increased his lead a length.

Beach's time was 23 minutes 5 seconds.

The Cuba Massacre.

CUBA, Mo., Sept. 25.—R. S. Wallace, suspected murderer of the Logan family, was brought here from St. Louis yesterday. Upon the arrival of the train at the depot, the officers in charge of the murderer were met by 100 men who evidently intended to lynch the prisoner. Prompt and decisive action by the officers, however, averted trouble. The mob was ordered to disperse and Wallace taken to a hotel, where a strong force of deputies are guarding him. He expects to be taken to Steelville for safe keeping. A mob gathered about half way between this and that town to take him from the officers, but the latter considered it unsafe to make the journey at night. He will probably be taken there tomorrow.

A Trio of Kansas Rogues.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 25.—C. J. Weatherby, president, William H. McCury, secretary and E. E. Penn, cashier, of the Kaw Valley Life insurance association, located at Kansas City Kansas, left this city and their whereabouts are unknown. The company's books have disappeared and no statement of affairs can be made, though R. W. Hilger, treasurer, says that out one policy remains due and unpaid. The company did business chiefly in Kansas on the co-operative plan, levying assessment for each death. Whatever surplus the company may have had has presumably disappeared.

Taking Their Ease.

Chicago Mail: Tom Swan, of Cheyenne, has been at the Grand Pacific for a week or more. As he sits about the lobby he looks more like the Iowa legislator he used to be fifteen years ago than like the millionaire cattleman he is to-day. He dresses in gray and wears a gray hat, and his beard, that used to be red, is now gray, too. He started into the cattle business early—about the time that the Dickey boys did. All those pioneers are rich now. That is the difference between the pioneers who rushed across the plains to find gold and the pioneers who stopped on the plains to raise cattle. The former are still prospecting; the latter are taking their ease in the lobbies of the first-class hotels. It is said that Tom Swan had $6,000 when he left Warren county, Iowa. He and his brother Henry could probably raise $6,000,000 between them now.

A Comedy of the Customs.

A new use for cattle has been apparently found in Prussia, where a band of smugglers employed a cow in their attempts to avoid the tax on lace. A strong, 10-months-old cow was wrapped around with a quantity of lace valued at $1,000. Over this was fitted a false skin so ingeniously constructed as to defy detection. They passed the cow quite easily at the custom office, the men there admiring her size and beauty, some of the excise officers even offering her feed.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers were filed Sept. 24, with the county clerk:

Reuben Ross, jr and wife to W P Stevens, lot 15, 16, Arlington, q c d—$1.

W P Stevens, single, to C H Kellogg and C E Moore, lot 15, 16 Arlington, w d—$1,550.

Dennis Cunningham, et al, to Wm Pulte, lot 7, blk 2, Washington Hill, w d—$800.

Dennis Cunningham, et al, to Christian Leberand, lot 8, blk 2, Washington Hill, w d—$800.

Sarah O Allen, et al to John H Levy, s w ¼ sec 7, 16, 12, w d—$4,000.

Mathew Baines to Frank Buncher, lot 10, blk F, Prospect Place, w d—$1,250.

Frank Buncher, single, to C L Wilkins, lot 10, blk F Prospect Place, w d—$1,350.

Ralph H Bowman to Anna K Bowman, e 22 ft lot 7, blk 93, Omaha, q c d—$1.

Patrick Morrow and wife to Jane Thomas, lot 5, blk 38, Florence, w d—$3,500.

W W Bartlett to Jane Thomas, lot 1, blk 43, Florence, w d—$2,500.

W R Bartlett to Jane Thomas, lot 6 and 8, blk 37, Florence, w d—$20.

Chas Shaw to Boggs & Hill, lot 6 to 10, incl blk 3, Park Forest, q c d—$1.

G H Boggs, et al to Chas Shaw, lot 7 to 11 incl blk 3, Park Forest, w d—$850.

G W Logan and wife to De Ver Sholes, lot 3, blk 8, Hanscom Place, w d—$2,200.

Adelia S Francis and husband to G W Loomis, lot 11, in sub-div of e 295 ft blk V, Shinns 3rd add, w d—900.

Emma E Higganbottom to Chas E Reiter, lot 14, blk 7, Shulls 2nd add, w d—$3,000.

Zero Snow, et al, to Fredk H Davis, lot 6 and 7, blk 8, McCormicks add, q c d—$1.

Wm Dickey and wife to John F Coad, lot 20, blk T, Hanscom Place, w d—$2,100.

Thos J Pennell to John F Coad, lot 13, 14, blk 9 Hanscom Place, w d—$5,250.

G W Loomis and wife to Geo W Logan, lot 11, sub-div of e 295 ft blk V, Shinn's 3rd add, w d—$1,000.

Saml J Rechin and wife to Geo W Logan, lot 1, blk 17, West Omaha, w d—$4,000.

Clifton E Mayne to The Public Plat, Mayne Place, e ½ of s w ¼ of s w ¼ sec 21, 15, 13.

W E Clark and wife to Davis S Guild, lot 33, 34, Terrace add, w d—$4,000.

A PUBLIC CONVENIENCE.

The Marvellous Accommodations and Success of the Parcel Delivery Company.

One of the most successful of the recent enterprises undertaken in Omaha is what is known as the Parcel Delivery Co., whose office is at 307 South Eleventh street, immediately south of Farnam. It wos established as a public necessity, to give the people a ready, rapid, safe and reasonably priced means of sending parcels, carrying trunks or removing household furniture and carting at all times the heaviest kind of goods. In all these it has been permanently successful. So greatly has it grown in demand and popular estimation that the company now run seven wagons, all of which are of the finest build and most beautiful decoration. The last of these was added to the complement yesterday and consists of a magnificent double team spring dray, which the company propose to use for the heavier hauling and the moving of household furniture. In this last respect the manager, E. Hannon, takes personal supervision of this part of the business, having been for years superintendent of the moving and delivery of furniture in both Shiverick's and Dewey & Stone's houses in this city. This dray is especially provided with side boards which will enable it to perform the kind of work in a most satisfactory manner, and the management guarantees perfect satisfaction. Baggage is moved for twenty-five cents and checked at the house, so that when the owner goes to the depot he need have no difficulty in finding his property. The company is now hauling a great deal of freight for merchants in this city, and are prepared to contract for more to and from the depots. Its office is 307 South Eleventh street, immediately south of Farnam.

Women's milk is sold on the streets in some Chinese cities for the sustenance of infants and old people, it being believed peculiarly nourishing to aged persons.

THE BARTENDERS OF OMAHA.

Something About a Hard Working and Genial Class of Fellows.

HOW THEY EARN A LIVING.

Their Duties—Their Salaries—Hours of Work—How They Spend Their Money—Their Trials.

[*Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee.*]

"See that man over there?" said a commercial drummer to a reporter, as the two were taking a morning "eye-opener" in a down town resort the other day. The reporter nodded assent. The individual pointed out was rather a handsome, well-dressed fellow, who was awaiting the decoction of some drink at the hands of one of the men behind the bar. It did not require more than one observation to discern the fact that the fellow was in that condition known as being "three sheets to the wind." "That man," continued the speaker, "is an Omaha bartender. Perhaps you know him? No? Well, he is one of the best in the city, but he's very fond, every three or four months of going on a little spree. His little toots generally last about two days, and he manages to keep full all the time while he is away from work. Between the periods of these little toots, he will drink absolutely nothing, though his opportunities for doing so are unlimited. When he does go off for a 'time,' he will patronize every saloon in the city but his own. Funny, isn't it, how these bartenders never want to drink their own stuff, but to have a good time must go off and patronize some other saloon and drink some other man's decoctions."

The speaker might have continued in this contemplative vein indefinitely, had not the mixer of drinks interrupted him with a "here's your cock-tail."

There are many things, interesting and curious, that might be written about the Omaha bartenders. This article aims to deal with a few phases of the subject, but being short is necessarily incomplete and limited in its scope.

Good authorities agree that there are not over twenty barkeepers in this city. To be sure, there are about 150 saloons in the city, each employing on an average two men behind the bar. This would make about three hundred men who are engaged in the actual business of dealing out drinks. Of this number, it is safe to say, not more than a score are first-class bartenders.

There are a thousand requisites that go to make up a good bartender. He must not only be a machine, an accurate machine at that—able to compound a list of drinks as long as your arm—putting together the proper ingredients in the proper proportions. He must be a close student of human nature, affable and agreeable under all circumstances and at all times. He must be able oftentimes to tell the drink that the customer wants, besides being able to put it together in the most approved fashion. If a customer is sleepy and stupid, the man behind the bar must possess the ability to give him a decoition which shall open his eyes and make him feel wideawake and ready for business; is he, on the other hand, unable to sleep and in need of rest, the bartender must call to his aid the magic of his art and give him something to soothe his nerves and insure him a night of sweet sleep. Whether the customer is suffering from physical or mental pain, the bartender must be able to provide the mixture which shall drive away care and relieve pain.

In these days, when mixed drinks are the rule and not the exception, a good bartender is expected to know how to mix at least one hundred different kinds of drinks. Whether a man calls for a whisky sour, a whisky cocktail, a milk punch, a sherry flip, a sherry cobbler, a gin-fizz, a Manhattan cocktail (and so on ad fin) the bartender must be able to respond to the emergency and give him what he wants with the least possible delay. In the summer time, of course, mixed drinks are much more in vogue than in the winter time. On the first of October the bell rings for the saloon patrons to drop mixed drinks. "Straights" then become the rule, with a few hot mixed drinks thrown in by way of variety.

A small proportion of the Omaha bartenders are "book-men"—that is, they have studied receipt books and gleaned nearly all they know about the business from that source. But the larger numbered of them are men who have grown up behind the bar. They commenced in the business by opening the saloon in the morning, sweeping out, cracking ice, squeezing lemons and performing the thousand and one other menialities which fall to the lot of the saloon boy. Gradually the novice grows up in the business, its mysteries slowly, but surely unfold themselves to him, and he finally becomes able to "throw a cocktail" with the dexterity of an old-time bartender. If he is bright, capable and painstaking, two years may serve to give him sufficient insight into the work. On the other hand, a man may be in the business twenty-five years, and still be learning something. One of Omaha's best bartenders said the other day, "I have been in the harness twelve years and I am learning something every day. It is a business that requires a lifetime to master."

Omaha bartenders are not paid the most princely salaries imaginable. Twenty dollars a week is the amount earned by the majority of Omaha's best drink-mixers. A few are paid $100 a month and one or two perhaps a trifle over that amount. From these figures the salaries run down as low as $8, $10 or $12 a week, or even less, at which prices the lower-grade men and "beer-hustlers" are purchaseable. The German saloons, as a rule, do not pay high salaries. In these places beer is the favorite beverage, and as every one knows, it requires no high order of ability to draw lager. And so it is that this class of bartenders command salaries which are truly somewhat meagre. Occasionally a bartender adds something to his regular earnings by "knocking down"—that is, pocketing a portion of the money which he takes in.

As a general thing bartenders work six hours one day and twelve the next. For instance, suppose a saloon has two men behind the bar. No. 1 will open the saloon in the morning and remain on duty until noon, when No. 2 comes on and remains until 6 p. m. No. 1 will then return and remain until midnight. The next day No. 2 works twelve hours, and No. 1 six, and so on.

The Omaha bartenders, as a rule, are well-dressed, gentlemanly fellows, who live well and know how to spend their money. A bartender who saves his money is a very rare exception. The majority of this class of men prefer to spend it on women, high living and diamonds. There is one popular bartender, however, who does not allow himself to spend all his money in this fashion. He salts down something in real estate every month, and having purchased before the boom had fairly started in, is now worth considerable money. Another bartender has purchased, out of his earnings, several fine horses. Instances like these, however, are not to be often met with.

It was intimated elsewhere that patience was a very necessary requisite in the make up of a successful bartender, for the trials and annoyances which he has to endure are almost as numerous as the sands of the sea. There is the man who will always pay you "Saturday" or "tomorrow." He swoops down in large numbers every day, and asks credit for a drink. The bartender is required to use no little judgment in discriminating between the honest customer whom a refusal to trust would mortally offend, and the dead beat who, nine chances to one, would not settle his account. Then there is the man who has just purchased a drink for 15 cents and wants another for ten, "just make it an even quarter, you know." The man who wants to know why you don't keep such and such a brand of whisky, "the finest in the market," is on hand every day in the week. He is first cousin to the bore who regales the man behind the bar with an account of the inimitable manner in which So & So of Chicago, can mix a drink. And so the category might be extended. Is it to be wondered at that the average bartender grows gray-haired and bald-headed very fast? L.

Proposals for Purchase of Paving Bonds.

CITY TREASURER'S OFFICE, OMAHA, NEB., Sept. 17th, 1886.

SEALED Proposals will be received at this office until September 28th, 1886, at 12 noon, for the purchase of $50,000 of Paving Bonds of the city of Omaha. Said bonds will become due and payable in 20 years from October 1st, 1886, are in sums of $1,000 each and bear interest from October 1st, 1886, at the rate of five per centum per annum, payable semi-annually at the office of Kountze Brothers, New York, upon presentation of coupons attached. The principal will also be payable at the same place.

Said bonds are issued under the charter power of said city, after the election duly held authorizing their "issue for the purpose of paying the cost of paving, re-paving or macadamizing the intersections of streets and spaces opposite alleys in the city," at which election over nine-tenths of the votes cast were in favor of said issue. These bonds will be delivered to purchasers, on payment therefor, at the City Treasury in Omaha, on October 6th, 1886.

Bids will be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Proposals for Paving Bonds," and must state the name and address of the bidder, the amount of said bonds desired and the price to be paid.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

s17d8 TRUMAN BUCK, City Treasurer.

Legal Notice.

IN DISTRICT COURT—Douglas County.

Louie C. Whitbeck, Plaintiff,
vs.
Doddridge Whitbeck, Defendant.

Doddridge Whitbeck, defendant, will take notice that on the 3rd day of September, 1886, Louie C. Whitbeck, plaintiff, herein, filed her petition in the district court of Douglas county, Nebraska, against said defendant, the object and prayer of which is to be divorced from said defendant, for the following reasons, viz: Defendant's being of sufficient ability to provide suitable maintenance for plaintiff, grossly, wantonly and cruelly neglecting so to do, and also habitual drunkenness of defendant.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 18th day of October, 1886.

September 4th, 1886.

LOUIE C. WHITBECK.
By N. J. BURNHAM, Her Attorney. s4-11-18-24

Railway Time Table

OMAHA.

The following is the time of arrival and departure 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. R. & Q. and K. C., St. J. & C. B. from the B. & M. depot all others from the Union Pacific depot.

BRIDGE TRAINS.

Bridge trains will leave U. P. depot at 6:35—B7:35—8:00—8:40—8:50—B10:00—11:00 a. m.; B1:0—1:20—1:50—2:00—3:00—B4:00—5:00—5:30—6:10—7:00—11:10 p. m.

Leave Transfer for Omaha at 7:12—B8:15—9:30—9:42—B10:35—10:37—11:37 a. m. 1:37—2:13—2:37—3:30—3:37—4:37—5:50—6:42—7:20;—7:50—8:50—11:52 p. m.

Leave Broadway 10 35 p. m; Arive Omaha 11 00. Lv. Omaha 10 00 p. m.; Ar. Broadway 10 25. In effect August 29th until further notice. This is additional to present train service.

J. W. MORSE, G. P. A.

CONNECTING LINES.

Arrival and departure of trains from the Transfer Depot at Council Bluffs:

DEPART.	ARRIVE.
CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC.	
B 7:15 A. M.	D 9:15 A. M.
B 9:15 A. M.	B 5:30 P. M.
C 6:40 P. M.	B 7:00 P. M.
CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.	
A 9:15 A. M.	A 9:15 A. M.
A 6:40 P. M.	A 7:00 P. M.
CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY.	
A 9:35 A. M.	A 9:15 A. M.
B 6:40 P. M.	B 6:20 P. M.
	A 7:00 P. M.
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL.	
A 9:15 A. M.	A 9:15 A. M
A 6:40 P. M.	A 7:00 P. M
KANSAS CITY, ST. JOE & COUNCIL BLUFFS.	
A 10:00 A. M.	D 6:35 A. M.
C 8:55 P. M.	A 5:35 P. M.
WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC.	
A 3:00 P. M.	A 3:30 P. M.
SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC.	
A 7:05 A. M.	A 9:35 A. M.
A 6:25 P. M.	A 8:50 P. M.

Depart.		WESTWARD.		Arrive.	
A. M.	P. M.	UNION PACIFIC.		A. M.	P. M.
.....	8:20a	...Pacific Express...		7:50a	.....
10:55a	.....	...Denver Express...		.....	5:20a
.....	5:05n	...Local Express...		.....	11:00a
		B. & M. IN NEB.			
8:10a	.....	...Mail and Express...		.....	6:40a
.....	6:25a	...Night Express...		10:40a	.....
Depart.		SOUTHWARD.		Arrive.	
A. M.	P. M.	MISSOURI PACIFIC.		A. M.	P. M.
11:10a	.....	...Day Express...		6:25a	.....
.....	9:10b	...Night Express...		.....	6:00a
		K. C., ST. J. & C. B.			
9:20a	8:45b	...Via Plattsmouth...		7:00d	7:10
Depart.		NORTHWARD.		Arrive.	
A. M.	P. M.	C., ST. P., M. & O.		A. M.	P. M.
8:15a	.....	...Sioux City Express...		.....	5:45c
.....	5:45c	Oakland Accommod'n		10:30a	.....
Depart.		EASTWARD.		Arrive.	
A. M.	P. M.	C., B. & Q.		A. M.	P. M.
9:20	6:00	...Via Plattsmouth...		9:20	7:10

NOTE—A, trains daily; B, daily except Sunday; C, daily except Saturday; D, daily except Monday.

STOCK YARD TRAINS

will leave U. P. depot, Omaha, at *6:40—7:35—8:35†—9:00 a. m; 2:00—3:05—4:05—5:25—8:00 p. m □Pacific Express, 8:20 p. m.; Denver Ex., 10:55 a. m.; Local Ex., 5:05 p. m.

Leave stock yards for Omaha at *7:05—8:10—9:30—11:35 a. m.; 2:30—3:35—4:35—6:05—*6:25 p. m. Atlantic Ex., le S. O. 7:35 a. m.; Chicago Ex., le S. O. 5:07 p.m.; Local Ex., le. S. O. 10:51 a.m.; Mo. Pac. Ex., le. S. O. 5:47 p. m.; 2d M. P. Ex., 6:00 a. m.

*Except Sunday.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY

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A. HOSPE, JR.,
Artists' Materials, Pianos and Organs,
1513 Douglas Street, Omaha.

Agricultural Implements.

CHURCHILL PARKER,
Wholesale Dealer in
Agricultural Implements, Wagons,
Carriages and Buggies. Jones street, between 9th and 10th, Omaha, Neb.

LININGER & METCALF CO.,
Agricultural Implements,
Wagons, Carriages, Buggies, Etc., Wholesale, Omaha.

PARLIN, ORENDORF & MARTIN
Wholesale Dealers in
Agricultural Implements,
Wagons and Buggies. 901, 903, 905 and 907, Jones st

Butter and Eggs.

McSHANE & SCHROEDER,
Buyers of Butter and Eggs.
Refrigerator and Packing House, 15th and Leavenworth St., U. P. R. R. Track, Omaha.

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Butchers' Tools and Supplies,
Sausage Casings of all kinds always in stock. 1215 Jones st., Omaha.

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Western agents for Jefferson Steel Nails, Austin Powder Co., Fairbanks Standard Scales. Corner 10th and Harney, Omaha.

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Dealer in All Kinds of
Building Material at Wholesale.
18th Street and Union Pacific Track, Omaha.

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Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
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Special Brands. Faust, Budweiser and Erlanger.

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Lager Beer Brewers,
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Omaha Coffee and Spice Mills.
Tea, Coffees, Spices, Baking Powder, Flavoring Extracts, Laundry Blue, Ink, Etc. 1414-16 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.

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Coffee Roasters and Spice Grinders, Manufacturers of Baking Powder, Flavoring Extracts, Bluing, Etc. Try one case of our 1-5 package Home Blend Roasted Coffee. 1009 Howard st., Omaha, Neb.

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Butter, Eggs and Produce. Consignments solicited. Headquarters for Stoneware, Berry Boxes and Grape Baskets. 1414 Dodge street, Omaha.

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Dealers in
Hard and Soft Coal,
Office and yard, 16th and Nicholas sts., Omaha, Neb. Yard Telephone, 667.

GEO. F. LABAGH, Pres. C. F. GOODMAN, V. Pres.
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OMAHA COAL, COKE & LIME COMPANY,
Jobbers of Hard and Soft Coal,
209 South Thirteenth Street, Omaha, Neb.

J. J. JOHNSON & CO.,
Manufacturers of Illinois White Lime,
And Shippers of Coal and Coke, Cement, Plaster, Lime, Hair, Fire Brick, Drain, Tile and Sewer Pipe. Office, Paxton Hotel, Farnam st., Omaha, Neb. Telephone 811.

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Geo. Burke, Manager.
Union Stock Yards, S. Omaha. Telephone 562.

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Shipments of any and all kinds of Stock solicited. Union Stock Yards, Omaha, Neb.

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