# HE HAS A ROMANTIC HISTORY.

**The Spanish Marquis Who Will Entertain Kilrain and Smith,**

**WHO WILL FIGHT ON HIS ESTATE.**

**A Noble Who Was Once a Match-Peddler in Mexico, Then a High Officer Under Maximilian, Now a Rich Nobleman.**

The coming fight between Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, and Jem Smith, the English champion, is to be fought in Spain, on the estate of Marquis de San Basilio, one of the richest noblemen of that country. After the fight the marquis will accompany the American party back to this country. If he does it will not be the first time that he has been on the western side of the water, and if the fight takes place on his estate it may revive the rather unpleasant notoriety which the marquis enjoyed some years ago when he was darkly charged by the press of the City of Mexico with having instigated no less than four murders. How truthful these charges were no one but the marquis will perhaps ever know. The matter quieted down, and except for occasional hints in the Mexican papers, seems to have been almost forgotten.

The history of the marquis would furnish a plot for a sensational novel that would gladden the heart of the small boy. Thirty years ago you might have bought a box of matches from the present marquis on the streets of the Mexican seaport, Guaymas. Now he is "one of the wealthiest men in Spain," and at one time aspired, it is said, to the hand in marriage of th youngest sister of the late Alfonso, king of Spain. Years ago he was Jorge Carmona, the match peddler. Now he is the Marquis de San Basilio, over whom New York title worshippers will rave when he visits this city. Even as a match boy the marquis was ambitious, thou h his ambition never, even in its wildest flights, soared to a king's sister in those days. He only aspired to become a merchandise vender on a larger scale than his retail operations in matches allowed. And his ambition was satisfied. By the exercise of the natural shrewdness which he possessed, and by dint of close application to business he soon found himself the proprietor of a well-stocked little store in which matches were only an unimportant factor.

HIS AMBITION.

His business flourished, and with it his ambition. He now aspired to the military. The plebeian pursuits of a tradesman were beneath his dignity. Accordingly he sold out his matches, good will, etc., and with a part of the proceeds of the sale he purchased a lieutenant's commission in the army of the republic.

He was now a full-fledged son of Mars, and he did honor to his epaulets.

In the ranks of the republicans, under Jaurez, he did noble service against the French invaders under Maximilian.

Where the fighting was fiercest, and the bullets flew thickest, Lieutenant Carmona could always be found.

He became a captain. He became a colonel. Then he was given command of a brigade, whose commander was temporarily disabled.

This was the present marquis' opportunity, or rather one of his opportunities, for he has had many.

His ambition, which had made him forsake the humble but honest calling of a match peddler, had kept pace with his advancement in life. In fact, it had always kept a slight lead on his advancement. He was in command of a position of vital importance to the republicans. To dislodge him from this position was almost impossible for Maximillian. Now or never was Carmona's chance. And he grasped it with both hands.

He sold out to the invaders.

For this piece of treachery Maximilian rewarded him by making him master of the horse. Master of the horse to Maximilian I, emperor of Mexico, erstwhile a matchboy on the streets of Guaymas. Quite a little change. His was the most desirable position at the court of the Austrian emperor of Mexico. He lived in the City of Mexico and rolled in wealth and luxury. He became a great favorite with Maximilian, and was by many considered the most powerful man at court. Wealth poured in on him from all sides. Everybody was anxious to gain the good will of the master of the horse, and he was in no wise backward in letting them see how they could do this. Through his pocket they could find a never-failing route to his heart.

Then came the crash. Through the intervention of the United States, Napoleon of France was coerced into withdrawing his soldiers, whom he had sent over to assist Maximilian in setting up his throne. Now it was the republicans against royalists in Mexico. The liberal party, with Juarez at its head, against the church party, with the foreign prince at his head. The republicans triumphed, and Maximilian was shot. With the fatal six shots which rang out Maximilian's doom at Queretaro, all of the fine things of this life with which his master of the horse had surrounded himself were swept away. His palace, his country place, his carriages, his horses, all of which Maximilian had kindly transferred from the possession of his "rebellious subjects" to him, all, all were gone. The unfeeling "rebels" confiscated them. Once more he was plain Jurge Carmona, with not a penny in his pocket.

What was he to do now?

Contact with all the fine people at Maximillian's court had polished his tastes to that extent that to go back to his old honest calling of selling matches to the walking public he found impossible. The very idea nauseated him. No; he would live like a gentleman—by his wits.

AS A CARD SHARP.

For years he knocked about the City of Mexico. As a card sharp he scored his greatest triumphs. He was a complete master of all those little tricks which are employed by not over-scrupulous "gentlemen" when their pocketbooks are slim. But as a card sharp he excelled. He could produce the aces of spades, or the king of clubs, or the queen of diamonds, or the jack of hearts, when they were most wanted, with a grace and skill borne only of long practice. He became so proficient that after a while his victims failed him. He was such a regular winner that playing with him became monotonous to his former lambs. Then he became shabby. Dreadfully shabby for a "gentleman."

He was getting into desperate straits when another one of his great opportunities turned up. And he pursued it with all the vim of an old huntsman to whom game had become scarce.

M. Vestegui, a Frenchman who had become immensely wealthy overnight by the discovery of a silver mine on a piece of land he owned, died after marrying his cook, a Mexican woman, begetting three children—boys. His cook must have been a most excellent cook, for, as his widow, he left half of his fortune, amounting to nearly $12,000,000.

This was Carmona's opportunity. Through the good Mme. Vestegui he would rapidly replenish his pockets. He would marry the former cook of the late lamented Vestegui.

No sooner said than done, or at any rate begun. The Marquis de Basilio never was a man to let grass grow under his feet. He managed to meet the bereaved widow when she had worn her weeds for six months. The buxom widow was charmed with the polished Senor Carmona, who was clothed in his most elegant court manners and a new suit of clothes obtained for the occasion from a confiding tailor.

He pressed his suit from the start with an ardor worthy of the big stake in sight. Mme. Vestegui was willing, nay, she was more than willing, to become wife to the gentlemanly Carmona, whose supreme elegance fairly awed her. But there was an obstacle.

The departed Vestegui had left his relict half of his fortune unencumbered in any way. He had, however, appointed a famous lawyer, Jose Bolado, executor of his will, and Bolado was managing the estate for the joint benefit of the widow and the three children, to whom the other half had been willed. The widow's love for her ardent admirer was great, but her respect for Bolado was greater. His iron will, his determination and his superior intelligence had inspired her with a fear of him which not even her love for Carmona could master. And Bolando frowned down on the proposed union. He would have none of it.

AN OBSTACLE TO LOVE.

Here was a seemingly insurmountable stumbling block in the way of Carmona's dreams and desires. He pleaded with the widow. He implored her in the name of his overwhelming passion to wed. Day after day his love was poured out in her willing ears—but it availed not. If Senor Bolado would only consent, yes, then—but Senor Bolado would not.

For months matters stood thus. Then one day in broad daylight on one of the most frequented streets in the city, in front of the National library, Senor Bolado was murdered. He was shot down in cold blood by a young Mexican of the lower classes, Ignacio Rosales by name by name, who was employed as a brakeman on the Vera Cruz road. The assassin was captured red-handed and placed in jail.

During the night he escaped. Gold, and much gold, opened his prison doors and he walked out.

Three weeks after Lawyer Bolado had been buried Jorge Carmona and Mme. Vestegni were married, and immediately after the ceremony they left for Europe with the three children of the woman. For five years nothing was heard of them in the City of Mexico except through the newspapers. From this source it was learned that shortly after the arrival of the couple in Europe the wife of Senor Carmona died rather suddenly, leaving her entire fortune to her husband. The wealthy widower spent his mourning year in Spain, and during this year two of his step-children died. The third boy left his stepfather and went to England with friends after his second brother's death. With him the marquis is now engaged in litigation for the estate of the two dead children.

Some months after his bereavement, Jorge Carmona was made a marquis by Queen Isabella. Why this honor was conferred upon him was not learned. But the former matchboy was now a marquis.

Well, at the expiration of five years, the marquis suddenly appeared again in Mexico. His arrival, by some strange coincidence, happened to be just ten days after the police had succeeded in recapturing Rosales, the murderer of Lawyer Bolado, for whom they had been laying in wait all these years. The murderer had been caught lurking about his old haunts and promptly jailed. Precautions were taken this time against that powerful key—gold, which unlocked his jail door before.

Fourteen days after his capture the trial of the young assassin was begun. All the best talent in the city had been retained for his defense. The Marquis de Basilio was never out of the room while the trial was in progress.

TRIAL OF AN ASSASSIN.

The prosecution presented its case. They claimed the defendant was a hired assassin. They proved he had never known the dead man, had had no dealings with him, consequently he had no object in killing him unless it was for pay. The prisoner's escape had been compassed immediately after his capture by the free use of money, yet he was notoriously poor at the time of the homicide, working for 75 cents a day. Then they proved that the prisoner, after escaping from jail, had fled to Europe, where, during the five years intervening, he had lived like a prince, spending money lavishly, traveling from place to place. Where did the means come from to pay for this unless it was part of the blood money received for murdering Blondo? Where did the money come from to pay for the array of legal talent assembled for the defense? Surely not from the defendant. They reviewed Blondo's blameless life. They brought out all the events of his stewardship of the Vestegui estate; his influence over the widow; his opposition to her marriage with Jorge Carmona, now the Marquis de Basilio, who, they pointed out, was present taking a great interest in the trial. They went beyond Bolado's death and showed that the marriage to which he had been an obstacle was consummated a few weeks after the murder. Here they rested their case.

The defense admitted the killing of Bolado by Rosales, but claimed it was an accident. The defendant was shooting at another man, a brother brakeman, who had crossed him in a love affair. But this brakeman was dead or had disappeared, and they could not prove his presence on the street at the time Bolado was killed. The able lawyers for the defendant labored hard, but had a hopeless task. Their client was sentenced to death. A month afterward he was shot. While he was standing before the open grave, ready to receive him, when the six rifles loaded for his execution were pointed at him, the judge before whom he was tried asked him if he had any confession to make before he died.

"None," replied the doomed man.

"Did any one hire you to do the deed for which you are about to die?" Answer truly, as you hope for pardon in the next world."

"No one hired me to kill Bolado," and a few minutes afterward he was dead.

The papers made a great outcry during, and for some time after, the trial against the marquis. But he managed to meet the members of the Press association at a banquet given by a notoriously stingy editor, whe had never given a banquet before. During the festivities the amiable marquis proposed that the Press association give semi-annual banquets, at which two plates be reserved for him, absent or present. If his proposition was accepted he would pay half the expenses of these semi-annual banquets.

After that banquet there was nothing more said against the marquis in the newspapers, except now and then by some new sheet.

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# THE CROW INDIAN OUTBREAK

**A Review of the Trouble, Its Causes, and Probable Outcome.**

**THE CROWS AND THEIR HISTORY.**

**Sitting Bull Was Opposed to the Outbreak and Kept the Sioux Peaceable.**

General James S. Brisben, writes to the Chicago Times from Fort McKinney as follows:

The Crow Indians who have been cutting up such a row, live in the southeastern portion of Montana, where they have a reservation embracing 4,713,000 acres. Their reservation commences at the mouth of Big Horn river on the east, and extends west along the south bank of the Yellowstone river for over two hundred miles. It embraces one of the richest regions of the United States, and takes in the famous Big Horn country. Fully 2,000,000 acres of the Crow lands are tillable, and the Crows are, agriculturally speaking, the richest tribe of Indians in our country. They do not till the lands, however, and are lazy and indolent. A few years ago, when I knew them, they cultivated less than 500 acres of their vast domain, and the white intruders of over 1,500. There has been little change. The Crows have over 12,000 head of horses, 500 mules, 800 cattle, and a few sheep. They used to sell vast numbers of buffalo robes, and even as late as 1883 sold $7,000 worth. But the buffalo has gone, and now they rely almost wholly on Uncle Sam's rations for subsistance.

The Crows number 3,200 souls, of whom 1,500 are males and 1,700 females. Perhaps 1,000 of the males are old and infirm, or too young to fight, and in no event could they put over 500 to 600 warriors in the field.

Formerly the Crows made it their proudest boast that they had

NEVER KILLED A WHITE MAN

except in self-defense, and I guess this boast was true. When I knew them the Crows were under the government of Iron-Bull and Blackfoot, two eminent and wise chiefs. Blackfoot was one of the ablest Indians I ever knew. A man of large frame with a good head, he was calm and dignified, and instantly comprehended all questions. In manners and appearance he always reminded me of George H. Thomas. Blackfoot's knowledge of law was considerable, although he could not read. He was a natural-born statesman, and had he been a white man instead of an Indian would have been a United States senator or attained to some other high public position. Blackfoot died some years ago, and his death was an irreparable loss to the Crow nation. He was to Iron Bull what Bismarck is to the German Emperor William. Iron Bull, I am told, died soon after his great secretary of state expired, and was buried beside him. The Crows have always been the firm allies of the whites, and aided them in their wars against the Sioux. Terry, Miles, Gibbon, Custer, and Stanley have all used the Crows as scouts, and they have done good service in aiding the United States troops. Many of them have worn the blue and know the power of the United States, and it is almost incredible that they should have gone to war.

In the summer of 1875 some white men who had gone down the Yellowstone to find the head of navigation and build a town, fixed the mouth of Big Horn as the highest point to which steamboats could ascend in the Yellowstone river. They

BUILT A FORT,

and laid out a town. They were on lands claimed by Sitting Bull, and as soon as he heard of it the great Sioux chief ordered the intruders to leave the country. They paid no attention to Sitting Bull, but hastened to complete a strong fort known as Fort Pease. It was on the north bank of the Yellowstone and about six miles below the mouth of the Big Horn. The remains of this fort can still be seen there.

In November, 1875, Sitting Bull suddenly appeared before the fort with some four hundred warriors and attacked it. Some men who were out cutting timber were killed, but the garrison made a vigorous defense and soon drove off the Indians. Next day Sitting Bull returned with more Indians and renewed the fight. The battle continued almost daily through the months of November and December, when the garrison found their provisions running low. The original garrison had consisted of forty-six men, of whom six had been killed and nine wounded. They were beginning to get discouraged, but held on until February, 1876, when, finding they must starve or get help, two brave men, Paul McCormack and one other, whose name I have now forgotten, determined to sally out and if possible reach the settlements, then 200 miles distant. They succeeded, and on the 19th of February, 1876, McCormack reached my post, Fort Ellis, Mont., and reported the situation of the men at Fort Pease. I at once telegraphed to General Terry, then commanding the department of Dakota at St. Paul, and he ordered me to go at once with all my force to the relief of

THE BELEAGURED MEN.

Having only four companies of cavalry with which to confront over two thousand Indian warriors, I called on the governor of the territory for assistance, and he authorized the organization of two companies of militia. The citizens of Gallatin county responded nobly to my call, and on February 22 I marched from Fort Ellis with four companies of cavalry and two citizen companies. I still had under five hundred fighting men, and, feeling uneasy, I sent a runner to the Crow agency to ask Iron Bull to aid me. The whole Crow nation responded that they were ready, and the agent, Dexter Clapp, came with all his employes to join me. We met the Crow Indians on our way down the Yellowstone at the mouth of Stillwater, and they kept down the south bank while we kept down the north bank. Goodheat, a Crow chief, reported to me with forty braves to act as scouts and an advance guard to the main body of troops. They did excellent service, being up and away at daylight, and not returning until after dark. Some of them came back twenty miles to camp. We relieved Fort Pease, taking out sixteen white men (all there were left) and one colored man. On our approach, the Sioux Indians fell back, uncovering the fort. They sent me word that they did not want to fight, but wished me to take the bad white men in the fort away and out of their country. When we left the fort, and before we were out of sight of it, we saw

HUGE VOLUMES OF SMOKE

rolling up and the fort in flames. The green cottonwood logs burned slowly, but the Indians fired it again and again, until they had nearly consumed it. And thus ended old Fort Pease and the first attempt at settling the lower Yellowstone valley. The Crow Indians were greatly disgusted at not having a fight or a chance to steal some horses, and when I reached Pompey's Pillar I cut them loose and told them to go back and fight the Sioux, and

STEAL ALL THE HORSES THEY COULD.

I heard afterward that the Sioux expected them, and, when they came, fell upon them and killed nearly one-fourth of the raiding party.

When I returned to the settlements war had already been declared against the Sioux, and General Gibbon, with a column of infantry, was marching from Fort Shaw to my post, Fort Ellis. Disbanding the militia, I joined General Gibbon with the four troops of cavalry, and we marched down the Yellowstone valley for Sitting Bull's country. Sitting Bull was then at the mouth of Tongue river, where Miles City now stands. As we again approached the Crow agency the Crows came out to meet us, and invited us to visit their village, fifteen miles up the Stillwater. General Gibbon, myself, and one or two staff officers visited the camp, and spent the night there. The scenes of that night I shall never forget, and it would occupy more than the space allowed for this letter to describe them. General Gibbon was a great chief in the eyes of the Crows, and they vied with each other in doing him honor.

THE PRETTIEST GIRL

in the Crow nation at that time was Crane-In-the-Sky's daughter, and we went to see her. She was indeed a pretty Crow girl, and as bright as she was handsome. She embroidered beautifully and made all kinds of bead-work. She showed us new clothing, made from skins of wild animals, and beautifully embroidered in scarlet and gold. She had one elk-tooth jacket, said to be worth five ponies, or about $125, and I doubt if any Chicago or New York lady was ever prouder of her new sealskin than this Indian girl was of her elk-tooth jacket. There were over 250 elk-teeth sewed on fine buckskin in rows. We made her put it on, and it fitted her superb bust as neatly as if a dressmaker had made it. When she walked the teeth rattled, making a noise like the tinkling of innumerable small bells. She told us, proudly, that she could

LIGHT THE COUNCIL FIRE,

which meant that she was perfectly virtuous. She chatted gayly, danced and played. On expressing some sympathy that so fine a girl should be compelled to marry a buck Indian and settle down in the wilderness, she said archly:

"Oh, but I am not going to marry an Indian. I am going to marry some nice white gentleman. Won't you send some nice white gentleman to buy me from my father and marry me?"

"What do you want for this girl?" I asked Crane-In-The-Sky, her father.

"Six ponies, or two good American horses," he replied.

"About two hundred and fifty or three hundred American dollars," I said.

"He simply nodded his head."

"Cheap enough," I replied. "And don't you forget," said Miss Crane-in-the-Sky, as we bade her good night. I have since learned that Miss Crane-in-the-Sky is married to a Crow buck and living happily in her tribe; so I suppose she never got her white American gentleman whom she coveted.

Many years ago, when Colonel Bonneville got lost in the Rocky mountains with his command, he disbanded a company composed mostly of French-Canadians, and they made their way to the Crows. Many of these men had to live with the Crows and in the course of time married Crow women and raised families. These French Crow women, the descendants of Bonneville's soldiers, are often seen, and some of them are

REMARKABLY HANDSOME.

They have the peculiar French shrug of the shoulders, and are quite light, with regular features and fine forms. Old Pere Chein, who died a few years ago at an advanced age, claimed to be one of Bonneville's soldiers, and had a large family. He said he knew the trail to Washington, and could ride it any day. He did not think it was very far to the capital and knew of no way to get there except on horseback—he had never seen the cars, and never knew anything about a railroad train unless possibly the Northern Pacific came along just before his death.

In 1876 there was a fine looking Frenchman with General Gibbon named La Forge, who claimed to be a Crow and had a Crow wife. General Gibbon had a hundred Crow scouts with him in 1876 and loaned six of these to Custer just before the massacre. Three of these were with Custer and three with Reno in the battle of the Litttle Big Horn. Two of these with Custer were killed, and the third, Curley, escaped. He was the sole survivor of Custer's command, and was with him in the battle. Of this there is no doubt, as I sent him with General Custer by General Gibbon's order, and I saw Curley after the battle and talked with him about it. I think he is still living with the Crows.

THE PRESENT CROW OUTBREAK.

grew out of a difficulty about horse-stealing. For years the Crows and Piegans have raided each other for the purpose of stealing horses—a noble occupation in the eyes of both tribes. The Crows were at great disadvantage, however, as the Piegans lived near the British line, and whenever they got a good haul of Crow horses thew would run them over the line, where, of course, the Crows could not follow them. On the other hand, when the Crows got a good haul of Piegan ponies they would bring them home, and in due time the Piegans would follow and lay claim to them, often securing them. A short time ago the Crows stole a lot of Piegan horses, and in due time the Piegans claimed them, and the agent ordered them to be given up. This the Crows refused to do, and there was much trouble about it. The agent finally ordered the arrest of the seventeen Crows who had been engaged in horse stealing, and they resisted the arrest. The Indian police being unable to carry out the agent's orders and effect the arrest, he appealed to the military for aid, and a company of troops was sent from Fort Custer. The recalcitrants had meantime gathered their friends, and showed up so strongly that the officers did not wish to risk an arrest. It was impossible to tell to what extent the rebellion had progressed, but the Crows

ALL BEING HORSE THIEVES

it was fair to presume they all sympathized with the thieves. The matter went to the Indian office agent to the interior office; the interior office went to the war office, and they both went to the executive office. Then it traveled back, the secretary of war told General Sheridan something, and he told it to General Terry, and General Terry told it to General Ruger, who told it to his post commanders. At the same time the secretary of the interior told it to the commissioner of Indian affairs, who told it to the agent, and now the secret is out, and the agent swears by all that is holy that he will arrest the seventeen Indians who stole horses if it takes the whole United States army to do it. The troops are marching down upon the Crow agency from all directions, and will soon inclose it on all sides. Nineteen companies of cavalry and I do not know how many of infantry are inclosing the Crows, who are said to be defiant. That the Indian horse thieves will be arrested is certain, but that the Crows will fight when it comes to a pinch is not so certain. A few days will determine the matter of war or peace, but I predict it will be peace—at least I hope so, for soldiers do not like Indian wars.

**The Reason Why.**

Detroit Free Press: One of the 100 ditizens who beat their messages over the telephone walked into a place on Congress street yesterday, bowed suavely to the occupant of the office and then walked directly to the telephone.

He rang the bell for the central and began:

"Hello, Central! Hello! Hello! Hello!"

No answer came and he went over the same ground twice. Then he seized the crank and rang the bell for two long minutes. No answer. He had just finished another turn at it when the proprietor looked up and said:

"What is it?"

"Why, I can't get the central."

"Of course you can't. The wires were detached six months ago, and I don't see why they don't come and take their telephone away."

The stranger seemed to want wings to get out of that place.

**When Your Nerves Bother You,**

invigorate them. When your night's repose is unsound or unrefreshing, your appetite jaded or capricious, when slight noises cause you to start, and annoyances of slight moment abnormally worry you, know three things, viz: 1st, That your nerves are weak; 2d, that you need a tonic; 3d, that its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the promptest, safest, and most popular article of its class. The nerves are susceptible of invigoration only by promoting an increase of vigor in the processes of digestion and invigoration. Narcotics and sedatives have their utility, but in the main, and if their use be continued, they are unsafe. A wineglass of the Bitters before retiring, and a repetition of the same during the day before or after meals, is far more likely to confer health-yielding sleep than repeated doses of an opiate. Dyspepsia, debility, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, fever and ague, and other malarial complaints, are always dominated and subdued by it.

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Agricultural Implements, Wagons & Buggies 901, 903, 905 and 907, Jones Street, Omaha.
P. P. MAST & CO.,
Manufacturers of Buckeye Drills, Seeders, Cultivators, Hay Rakes, Cider Mills and Luban Pulverizers. Cor. 14th and Nicholas Streets.
WINONA IMPLEMENT CO.,
—Wholesale—
Agricultural Implements, Wagons & Buggies Corner 14th and Nicholas Streets.

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

Boots and Shoes.
W. V. MORSE & CO.,
Jobbers of Boots and Shoes, 1411 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Manufactory, Summer Street, Boston.
KIRKENDALL, JONES & CO.,
(Successors to Reed, Jones & Co.)
Wholesale Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes Agents for Boston Rubber Shoe Co. 1102, 1104 & 1106 Harney St., Omaha, Nebraska.

Coffees, Spices, Etc.
CLARKE COFFEE CO.,
Omaha Coffee and Spice Mills.
Teas, Coffees Spices, Baking Powder, Flavoring Extracts, Laundry Blue, Inks, Etc. 1414-1416 Harney Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Crockery and Glassware.
W. L. WRIGHT,
Agent for the Manufacturers and Importers of
Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Chimneys, Etc. Office, 517 S. 13th St., Omaha, Nebraska.

Commission and Storage.
D. A. HURLEY,
Commission and Jobbing.
Butter, Eggs and Produce. Consignments solicited. Headquarters for Stoneware, Berry Boxes and Grape Baskets. 1414 Dodge St., Omaha.
RIDDELL & RIDDELL,
Storage and Commission Merchants,
Specialties—Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, Game, Oysters, Etc., Etc. 112 South 14th Street.
WIEDEMAN & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants.
Poultry, Butter, Game, Fruits, Etc. 220 South 14th St., Omaha, Nebraska.
GEO. SCHROEDER & CO.,
(Successors to McShane & Schroeder.)
Produce Commission and Cold Storage, Omaha, Nebraska.

Coal, Coke and Lime.
OMAHA COAL, COKE & LIME CO.,
Jobbers of Hard and Soft Coal.
209 South 18th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.
J. J. JOHNSON & CO.,
Manufacturers of Illinois White Lime.
And shippers of Coal, Coke, Cement, Plaster, Lime, Drain Tile and Sewer Pipe. Office, Paxton Hotel, Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Telephone 511.
NEBRASKA FUEL CO.,
Shippers of Coal and Coke.
214 South 13th St., Omaha, Neb.

Dry Goods and Notions.
M. E. SMITH & CO.,
Dry Goods, Furnishing Goods and Notions 1102 and 1104 Douglas, Cor. 11th St., Omaha, Neb.
KILPATRICK-KOCH DRY GOODS Co
Importers and Jobbers in Dry Goods, Notions Gents' Furnishing Goods, Corner 11th and Harney Sts., Omaha, Nebraska.

Furniture.
DEWEY & STONE,
Wholesale Dealers in Furniture.
Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Groceries.
PAXTON, GALLAGHER & CO.,
Wholesale Groceries and Provisions.
705, 707, 709 and 711 S. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.
McCORD, BRADY & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
12th and Leavenworth Streets, Omaha, Nebraska.
D. M. STEELE & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
1219, 1221 and 1223 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.
ALLEN BROS.,
Wholesale Grocers,
1114 and 1116 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.

Hardware.
LEE, FRIED & CO.,
Jobbers of Hardware and Nails.
Tinware, Sheet Iron, Etc. Agents for Howe Scales, and Miami Powder Co., Omaha, Neb.
HIMEBAUGH & TAYLOR,
Builders' Hardware & Scale Repair Shop
Mechanics' Tools and Buffalo Scales. 1405 Douglas-st. Omaha, Nebraska.
RECTOR & WILHELMY CO.,
Wholesale Hardware.
10th and Harney Sts., Omaha, Neb. Western Agents for Austin Powder Co., Jefferson Steel Nails, Fairbanks Standard Scales.

Heavy Hardware.
W. J. BROATCH,
Heavy Hardware, Iron and Steel.
Springs, Wagon Stock, Hardware Lumber, etc. 1209 and 1211 Harney Street, Omaha.
EDNEY & GIBBON,
Wholesale Iron and Steel.
Wagon and Carriage Wood Stock, Heavy Hardware, Etc. 1217 and 1219 Leavenworth St., Omaha, Neb.

Hats, Caps, Etc.
W. L. PARROTTE & CO.,
Wholesale Hats, Caps and Straw Goods.
1107 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.

Liquors.
WILLOW SPRINGS DISTILLERY CO and ILER & CO.,
Importers & Jobbers of Fine Wines & Liquors East India Bitters and Domestic Liquors. 1112 Harney

Lumber.
OMAHA LUMBER CO.,
All kinds of Building Material at Wholesale
18th Street and Union Pacific Track, Omaha.
LOUIS BRADFORD,
Dealer in Lumber, Lath, Lime, Sash, Doors, etc. Yards—Corner 7th and Douglas; Corner 9th and Douglas.
C. N. DEITZ,
Dealer in all Kinds of Lumber.
13th and California Sts., Omaha, Neb.
FRED W. GRAY,
Lumber, Lime, Cement, Etc., Etc.
Corner 6th and Douglas Sts., Omaha.
T. W. HARVEY LUMBER CO.,
To Dealers Only.
Office, 1428 Farnam Street, Omaha.
JOHN A. WAKEFIELD,
Wholesale Lumber, Etc.
Imported and American Portland Cement. State agent for Milwaukee Hydraulic Cement and Quincy White Lime.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY

Lumber.
CHAS. R. LEE,
Dealer in Hardwood Lumber,
Wood Carpets and Parquet Flooring. 8th and Douglas
Millinery and Notions.
I. OBERFELDER & CO.,
Importers & Jobbers of Millinery & Notions 208, 210 and 212 South 11th Street.
Notions.
J. T. ROBINSON NOTION CO.,
Wholesale Notions and Furnishing Goods 408 and 410 South 10th Street, Omaha.
VINYARD & SCHNEIDER,
Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods.
1108 Harney Street, Omaha.
Oils.
CONSOLIDATED TANK LINE CO.,
Wholesale Refined and Lubricating Oils.
Axle Grease, etc., Omaha. A. M. Bishop, Manager.
Paper.
CARPENTER PAPER CO.,
Wholesale Paper Dealers.
Carry a nice stock of printing, wrapping and writing paper. Special attention given to car load orders.
Printers' Materials.
WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.
Auxiliary Publishers.
Dealers in type, presses and printers' supplies. 83 South 12th Street, Omaha.
Rubber Goods.
OMAHA RUBBER CO.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in Rubber Goods Oil Clothing and Leather Belting. 1008 Farnam Street.
Steam Fittings, Pumps, Etc.
A. L. STRANG CO.,
Pumps, Pipes and Engines.
Steam, water, railway and mining supplies, etc. 922 and 924 Farnam Street, Omaha.
CHURCHILL PUMP CO.,
Wholesale Pumps, Pipe, Fittings,
Steam and Water Supplies. Headquarters for Mas. Foost & Co's goods. 1111 Farnam St., Omaha.
U. S. WIND ENGINE & PUMP CO.,
Steam and Water Supplies.
Halliday Wind Mills, 918 and 920 Farnam St., Omaha. G. F. Ross, Acting Manager.
BROWNELL & CO.,
Engines, Boilers and General Machinery.
Sheet Iron Work, Steam Pumps, Saw Mills. 1213-1215 Leavenworth Street, Omaha.
Seeds.
PHIL. STIMMEL & CO.,
Wholesale Farm, Field and Garden Seeds
911 and 913 Jones St., Omaha
Storage, Forwarding & Commission
ARMSTRONG, PETTIS & CO.,
Storage, Forwarding and Commission.
Branch house of the Henney Buggy Co. Buggies at wholesale and retail. 1308, 1310 and 1312 Izard Street, Omaha. Telephone No. 760.
Teas and Cigars.
WM. A. WILSON & CO.,
Importers and Jobbers of Teas & Cigars.
Spices and Daisy Baking Powder. 1416 and 1418 Harney Street, Omaha.

OMAHA MANUFACTURERS.

Cornice.
EAGLE CORNICE WORKS,
Manufacture Galvanized Iron and Cornice.
John Epeneter, Proprietor. 920 Dodge and 103 and 105 North 10th Street, Omaha.
Smoke Stacks, Boilers, Etc.
H. K. SAWYER,
Manufacturing Dealer in Smoke Stacks.
Britchings, Tanks and General Boiler Repairing. 1516 Dodge Street, Omaha, Neb.
Iron Works.
PAXTON & VIERLING,
Wrought and Cast Iron Building Work.
Engines, Brass work, general foundry, machine and blacksmith work. Office and works, U. P. Ry. and 17th Street, Omaha.
OMAHA WIRE & IRON WORKS,
Manufacturers of Wire and Iron Railings
Desk rails, window guards, flower stands, wire signs, etc., 123 North 16th St., Omaha.
OMAHA SAFE AND IRON WORKS,
Man'frs of Fire & Burglar Proof Safes
Vaults, jail work, iron and wire fencing, signs, etc. G. Andreen, Prop'r. Cor. 14th and Jackson Sts.
MOLINE, MILBURN & STODDARD Co
Manufacturers and Jobbers in
Wagons, Buggies, Rakes, Plows Etc.