ADVENTURES OF A SCOUT.

Paul C. Bloom Details Some of His Experiences.

IN THE GOVERNMENT EMPLOY.

A Brave Youth Among the Sioux—The Custer Massacre—Dealing With the Road Agents—Stage Robberies.

Said a reporter of the Nashville American to Paul C. Blum: "I understand that you have had a great deal of experience upon the frontier and in the government service as a scout."

"Yes," was the reply. "I was born at Cooperstown, N. Y., thirty-eight years ago, and after residing there five years my parents moved to St. Paul, Minn., then a thriving town of 3,000 or 4,000 inhabitants. My father and two uncles became interested in Indian trading shortly after our arrival in Minnesota, and it is but natural that I grew up with an infatuation for Indian trading and the varied and wild life of the plains, as I frequently accompanied them upon their expeditions into the Chippewa and Sioux nation reservations. They continued to do a thriving and prosperous business until the great Sioux outbreak in 1862.

"I shall never forget the first warning or intimation we received that the Indians were on the warpath. We had heard, of course, that the Sioux's annuities were late in arriving, and that they were becoming ugly, and threatened to make it unpleasant for the whites on the extreme frontier. At last word was received that annuities would be paid at a certain time, and all the Indian traders started for the posts to be present at the payment, as at that time, the Indians having money and pelts, trading was brisk and profits large. We had two four-horse teams and wagons, and had gotten between Mankato and St. Peter when we received the first warning that the Indians had actually begun their dreadful work at the Redwood agency.

"Our party consisted of my father, one uncle, and myself—then a lad of twelve—and two men, had just made camp on the beautiful banks of the Minnesota, when one of the drivers, who had just finished preparing dinner for the party, spoke up and said: 'Hello! what's the matter with our friend coming down the trail?' We all rose to our feet and saw a horseman galloping down the narrow road at a breakneck speed. As he passed the camp he yelled at the top of his voice: 'Look out! the Indians are coming,' and continued his mad career down the incline.

"We immediately hurried up the teams, knowing full well what the alarm meant. We urged our horses to their utmost speed in the direction of St. Peter, on the way to the agency to which we were bound. We did not realize the extent or violence of the outbreak, however, and as we drove along we met scores upon scores of frightened settlers carrying household goods and whatever else they could lay hands upon, and all doing their utmost to reach Mankato.

"Arriving at St. Peter we found the little settlement in a state of fervish excitement, and held a consultation as to whether to turn back or push on. We concluded to continue our way to Washburn, which placed we reached very late at night, and awoke in the morning to find the town surrounded by angry Sioux under Chief Little Crow.

"For two days the fighting was desperate, the Indian repeatedly charging about the town, and from time to time succeeded in gaining a foot-hold by getting into houses on the outskirts, from which they were as often driven, but with great loss of life on both sides, and the destruction of buildings which were fired by the Sioux before the evacuation.

"After several days of this sort of warfare the Indians, failing to capture the town, withdrew toward Abercombie, slaughtering men, women and children and devastating the country.

"When Sunday morning dawned on New Ulm, and it was certain that the Sioux had withdrawn, a horrible scene of carnage met the eye. Lying about the streets in every conceivable position were men and women, and, in some instance, children mutilated and torn, some dead, some wounded and dying, while here stood a sturdy yeoman, rifle, in hand, with blood begrimmed face and hands, ready to do battle and give up life if necessary for the protection of his loved ones, as so many sturdy settlers had done before him.

"The large athenæum in the center of the town presented a pitiful sight, as the wounded and the dead were brought in, and men were seen hacked to pieces by the frightful tomahawk, and in almost every instance minus scalps, which the bloodthirsty Sioux, however hot and bloody the carnage, never fails to take, as a proof to his red-devil brother of his triumph and bravery.

"Returning to St. Paul I was sent east to attend school, where I remained several years.

"In 1873 and 1874 I was connected with the northwest boundary survey locating the line between British America and the United States—the first season with the topographic corps and afterward as a bearer of dispatches and mail courier. Upon the completion of the survey I accompanied the Gordon party from Sioux City the Black Hills in search of gold, but we were captured by the military, our wagons burned, and everybody turned back except Gordon, who was detained and imprisoned for invading an Indian reservation. Returning to civilization once more, I accompanied General Terry on his expedition in 1876 against Sitting Bull, the great Sioux chief and warrior. We encamped at the mouth of Powder river, in Montana and from there General Custer was sent on a scouting trip with the entire Seventh cavalry, instructed by General Terry to find the Indian trail, and to follow the same until it became 'hot,' and to send back couriers to await our coming with the main command. Custer, discovering the Indian camp and not knowing the numerical strength of the band, divided his regiment containing 600 men into three columns, and attacked the camp.

"The Indians, seeing the attack about to be made, attempted to gather in their herd of ponies, but not having sufficient time, they turned and made a fight, which resulted in the total annihilation of Custer and his command, and the loss of nearly one-half of the troops under the command of Benton and Reno. The news of the massacre when brought into General Terry's Camp by a Crow Indian scout named curley, was received with incredulity but was found to be only too true.

"The winter of 1877 I spent at home and in March I accepted a position as 'shotgun' messenger with the North western Stage company, running from Bismarck, Dak., to Deadwood, in the Black Hills. Belle Fouche, a small station at the foot of the hills, about the time became the scene of several Indian outrages, perpetrated by the Cheyennes and Sioux. I was deputized by the company to go there and take charge of the station, my force consisting of five men and one woman, the wife of one of my aids.

"Did you have any trouble with the Indians?"

"Yes, we had two fights during the first week. Our station consisted of a log cabin and stable surrounded by a strong cypress stockade."

"One night, shortly after midnight, one of our men who happened to be awake heard a noise on the roof of the cabin, and on going out discovered two Sioux Indians trying to get into the house through the chimney, evidently with the intention of stealing our horses, which were in the stable connecting with the cabin. An alarm was instantly given, and after a sharp fight we drove off the reds, who numbered twelve or fifteen men or squaws. When morning dawned we discovered, about a mile from the stockade, traces of a battle. Two prospectors who came from Denver were found riddled with bullets minus their hair, while a little further on we discovered an old trapper named Marchant, who had been camping on the bottoms near our stockade, lying on the open prairie, where he had been left for dead by the Indians. He was dangerously wounded in the breast, and had been scalped. We took him to our station, and after a few weeks of careful nursing he was able to leave for Cook City, sixteen miles distant, where he thoroughly recovered.

"In the spring I returned to the fort as messenger. While acting in that capacity the road agents got me twice, robbing all the passengers of their money and valuables. They did not interfere with the mails, however, as they have a fear of Uncle Sam, and do not tread upon his toes when they can avoid it.

"Another time we came upon them, or, rather, they found us, and after a hard fight our party, consisting of the driver, three passengers and myself, took them into camp, killing one, wounding another, and driving off the third one. We had received warning that they were on the road, and were prepared for them.

"During the same season we had two running fights, one of them extending over six miles of prairie. Our leaders were both killed, and had it not been for the timely arrival of a wagon train the driver and myself would have 'gone the way of last year's bird's nests.'

"Leaving the employ of the stage company in November, I went to Fort Buford, on the mouth of the Yellowstone, and was detailed from there in the special government service and went to Fort Keogh at the mouth of the Tongue river. At the latter place, in company with X. Beidler, chief of the vigilantes, and a noted border character, and Yellowstone Kelly, I had many fights with the road agents and hay burners who at that time infested that section."

A Triple Alliance.

Unhappily for the wretched victim of their assaults, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness are faithful allies. When one of these foes attack the system, the other two speedily follow in its wake, and successively make their onslaught. Successively, but not successfully, if Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used to repel the onset. The Bitters as easily extirpates these monsters as St. George is depicted in the act of doing to the dragon in the steel vignette upon the glass bottles which contain the medicine. Their flight, like their advance, is nearly simultaneous. Their mutuality destroyed they precipitately retreat, leaving health master of the position, and strongly entrenched by the Bitters. This grand fortifier is also a reliable bulwark against the insidious assaults of malarial disease and stops the approach of rheumatism. It, however, relieves nervous complaints, and imparts vigor to the weak.

A MAN OF COURAGE.

Incident in the Life of an Ohio River Tavern Keeper.

New York Sun: "Speaking about nerve," said Brooks, as he sat at a table in the office of the Commercial Travelers' association, "the bravest man I ever met was one Prescott, of Evansville, Ind. He was a daisy. I often stayed at his place—a sort of tavern, saloon, billiard room and dance all combined. It was like this: There was a bit of property which had been idle for years. All sorts of men had tried to run it, but they had to get out. They lacked the required nerve. The bloods would cross over from Henderson, Ky., and make it disagreeable for the landlord. They would play his billiards and drink his whiskey, and then when asked for pay would set in and clean his shop out. Finally this man Prescott heard of this property for sale, found the price low, and so bought it in. But I don't suppose he knew just what ailed the property, for he was from New Hampshire.

"I just wish you could have seen the cuss! Why, he didn't look big enough to whip a cat. He was one of those Slim Jims, with sandy hair and weak legs, a sallow faced, light, watery, blue eyed fellow. I was traveling through there at that time, and I happened along a week or so after Prescott got started. He had fixed the place up in style. I drove up at dusk, put out my team for the night, and after a drink, prepared to go out for the evening. I noticed ten strapping young bloods in the billiard room. They were dressed well, and had gold watches with long chains. There didn't seem to be anything the matter with them, and I left them playing billiards and smoking cigars, with now and then a call on the bar. When I got back to the tavern, after a while, the same crowd was there, and there seem to be anything the matter with them. But Prescott said to me (I was a Vermonter, and he and I felt somewhat acquainted):

"'I'm afraid these boys will give me trouble.'

"'Why?'

"'Well, this is that Henderson gang I've heard so much of. They're all rich men's sons, and think they can run things. Their game is to get all they can and not pay nothing for it. But they will have to pay me for what they get before they get out of here!'

"He said it all as quietly as if he had just remarked that he thought it would rain next day. I sat smoking near the stove, where I could see the young bloods in the billiard room. I declare they seemed to be very decent young men. They had been to the bar pretty often, and they were a trifle lively in their play, and maybe a bit loud in their conversation, but that was all, and why Prescott was afraid of trouble I couldn't for the life of me make out.

"But pretty soon they began to show their hands. First two of them took a good stiff drink and a cigar apiece, and then jerked their thumbs over their shoulders as they moved toward the door.

"'The other fellers'll make this all right.'

"Prescott said 'Very well,' and then he bowed them out like a prince of the royal line. Then a couple more took a big drink and the best cigars, and out they went.

"'The other boys in thar'll settle the score!'

"There were now half a dozen big ones left inside. Pretty soon they came out, too. They ranged along the bar, filled up two or three times around, and then started for the door.

"'Stop!'

"They paused, then looked around mildly reproachful at Prescott, who stood behind the bar. One of the party said:

"'What d'ye want?'

"Prescott, with his thin, white face showing no more emotion than a brass kettle, remarked:

"'Gentlemen, you've forgotten something. Please to pay for what you've had.'

"'Wall—we've got no money. Pay yer some other time.'

"Then something happened. The little white-livered cuss of a Prescott sprang over the bar like a cat, his long, white apron flying between his legs, and, before the Kentuckians comprehended what was to happen, he had his back against the door and the six big toughs covered with two big horse pistols. His face was as white as chalk, but I tell you his blue eyes blazed. In an instant, after recovering from their surprise, the gang reached for their guns. But Prescott had them too well covered. He said:

"'The man that attempts to draw his shooter gets a hole bored through him as big as a barrel. Not a man shall leave this room till I've had what's due me.'

"It looked very much like blood there for about a minute, but Prescott's blazing eyes and his ugly looking guns took the starch out of the toughs, and pretty soon they tried to slink out of range. One of them said:

"'We left our money home. Let us out and we'll fetch it to ye.'

"'No—you—don't.'

"This was Prescott's determined answer. Indicating one of the party with a pistol, he said:

"'You put your watch on the cigar case!'

"He did as directed. It was a gold repeater.

"The big horse pistols were lowered.

"'Now, gentlemen, come up and have something on me.'

"Prescott said this with all the suavity imaginable as he resumed his place behind the bar, and pretty soon the Kentuckians were lifting in liquor as naturally as if nothing had occurred.

"Money! Why, that gang was full of it. They stood up and called for round after round and paid for it, and refused to take any change. Of course after awhile they got tired and wanted to lean against the furniture, while one o them insisted on kissing the bartender Finally they went off loaded right to the muzzle, but perfectly good natured. They took the gold watch along, of course, but they left about a hundred dollars of good Kentucky money in the place of it.

"A year later I stopped at Prescott's again.

"'Well, Prescott, have the Hender boys cleaned you out yet?'

"'Not yet.?'

"He smiled. The most profitable customers he had were those wild Henderson boys. They knew nerve when they saw it, and they liked it."

Keep your blood pure and you will not have rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and tones the whole system.

Defeat of a Famous Pirate.

The Portuguese government has received an official telegram from Mozambique announcing that Bonga, the famous pirate of the Zambesi, has been completely defeated by the Portuguese troops, and that his thirty-six villages, all of them strongly defended by pallisades, have been destroyed.

This man, of whom Livingstone wrote in his first book of explorations, has resisted the advance of the white race in Africa longer and more successfully than any other native chief. He has been the avowed enemy of the Portuguese since 1840, and, though several years have sometimes elapsed without hostilities, it has only been because the Portuguese meanwhile have let Bonga severely alone. Many renegade Portuguese, half-breeds and most of the robbers and disorderly characters of the Portuguese territories flocked to Bonga's standard, and his authority was supreme from the Zambesi, within twenty-five miles of the important Portuguese settlement at Tete, 150 miles southwest to the kingdom of the Mantabele. One of Bonga's sons-in-law was a nearly full-blooded Portuguese, and a number of these outlawed Europeans have smuggled ammunition from Madagascar and in other ways contributed largely to Bonga's remarkable success.

Livingstone, fearing treachery, did not visit Bonga's stronghold on the Zambesi, but one or two other white travelers have been hospitably entertained there. Some years ago the Portuguese attempted to knock the defenses of this place to pieces with cannon, but Bonga's soldiers made havoc among the gunners, and compelled the whites to raise the seige before the very strong stockade had been destroyed.

The campaign in which Bonga has been hopelessly defeated, is the fourth serious attempt by the Portuguese have made to subjugate him. Their long deferred triumph will give them complete mastery over the Lower Zambesi and its tribes.

For fear of losing a day's work, many persons put off taking physic until Saturday. The better plan is not to delay but take it as soon as needed, it may save you a hard spell of sickness. If you want the most benefit from the least amount of physic without causing you any inconvenience, loss of appetite or rest, take St. Patrick's Pills. Their action on the liver and bowels are thorough, they give a freshness, tone and vigor to the whole system and act in harmony with nature.

Debts on the Bank of Sense.

The way to have a good credit is to keep out of debt.

To be intelligent is to be honest, kind and good.

You have as much right to put your hand into another man's pocket as your nose into another man's business.

A kind word costs you nothing and the return of it may come at a time when you need it most.

Trust no man's appearance. The roughest bark covers the soundest tree, and the thinnest ice has the smoothest surface.

He who longs after good precepts is quickened in his imagination, and strengthened in his expression. The vine which grows in the sun is the fullest of sap and the sweetest of fruit.

A good-souled child, is a fortress of strength between its parents and sin. The barrest stump is beautiful when overrun by the honeysuckle.

There is no such thing as a hopeless life. The soul could no more exist without hope, than the body without breath.

Travelers should be prepared for the changes of weather and the effects of exposure by providing themselves with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A Nashville doctor's prescription for a lady suffering with neuralgia: A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, a pair of gaiter boots—and a bottle of Salvation Oil. The lady recovered immediately, of course.

A LYNCHING BEE AT RAWLINS.

The Escape of Joe Chambers From an Unenviable Fate.

New York Sun: For many years Ogalalla, on the line of the Union Pacific railroad, held the distinction of being considered by western men the worst place between the oceans until Rawlins came into prominence. I passed one night in Rawlins in the fall of 1878, and then I came to the conclusion, that life in any other town would be tame and without excitement in comparison with the pleasures which that place could afford. No one alighting from the cars in the quiet street in Rawlins would believe that the many stories of bloodshed told of it were true. On one side of the railroad track stood a big barn like building called the United States Hotel, and on the other a row of twenty or thirty one-story frame houses, almost every one of which was a barroom and a gambling house attached. Over the doors hung such signs as "The Cowboys' Retreat," "The Divan," and "The Frontiersman's Delight." Behind the town at the top of a hill was situated the city graveyard; an immense cross, which could be seen from a great distance, stood at the top of the hill and served as a landmark for travelers for miles and miles across the barren prairies. That graveyard was the pride of every man that lived in Rawlins. The inhabitants watched it grow, and pointed with pleasure to the fact that there was hardly a man taking his final rest there who had not come to his death by violence.

It was toward afternoon when I halted my horse in front of the United States hotel after a forty-mile ride. Heavily armed men stood about the groups. The looks thrown at me were far from reassuring, and I pretended not to see them and hastened into the hotel. Hardly had I taken my seat in the dining room when four men, evidently forming a delegation approached me. They demanded my business and what brought me to Rawlins in a way which left me no alternative but to answer. My answers seemed satisfactory, and one of them informed me the reason of their curiosity. They had some idea that I was a deputy sheriff and frankly told me that if I had been I should have been escorted out of town, as no government officers were wanted about Rawlins that night. They further informed me that there was to be one of the prettiest lynching bees in town that night that had ever taken place.

Three men had come to Rawlins ten weeks before, and had taken the town by storm. They had made their headquarters at a tavern almost opposite the hotel, and had levied a tax on every one who entered. Anybody who objected to paying or standing treat was beaten, and when resistance was shown pistols were used. Ten men had received their death wounds from these three men, and the town had determined to set an example to all such characters by hanging the three without further ceremony. It was not easy, however, to accomplish this, as they were intrenched in the barroom and refused to come out or to allow any one to enter. It had been determined to dislodge them that night, in spite of all resistance, and I was invited to take part in the affair. The three men were named Joseph Chambers, Jack Willis and Wat Simmons, and were desperate outlaws with large sums upon their heads.

Just at dark the citizens at Rawlins prepared for battle. The attacking parties were divided into two forces. One approached the point of attack from the rear, while the larger number marched up to the front. All the citizens wore handkerchiefs over their faces. I was with the main body of attackers, or rather behind it. We were brought to a sudden halt by a rifle shot from one of the windows of the beseiged house, and one of our leaders fell. Every means was tried to dislodge the three men, but to no purpose. Every time the slightest advances were made their rifles rang out, and some one on our side dropped. At last a small man slipped up in the shadow of the adjacent buildings, and threw a lighted can of kerosene under the building. Soon it began to burn, but still the men would not come out. At last the house was enveloped in flames, and the three men were obliged to make a rush for their lives. They were half blinded by the heat and smoke of the burning; so they were quickly captured.

Then all the citizens of Rawlins, not excepting the women and children, formed in line and marched quietly down to the cattle pens, where an old dead tree stood, which had served several times as a gallows. A rope had been brought along, and it was quickly thrown over a branch, and everything was ready for the hanging. It was at first intended to dispose of all three at the same time, but there was not enough rope, so it was decided to hang one at a time. Jack Willis was the first to be strung up; his end was hastened by a dozen bullets, which were fired into his body while it was still writhing. Wat Simmons was then disposed of, and them came the turn of Joseph Chambers, the leader of the gang. Just as he was led under the tree he made a sign that he had something to say. The gag was removed from his mouth and he said: "If you will take this rope from round my neck and slightly loosen these bonds, I will tell you men something that will interest you all." There seemed no danger with so many on guard, so his request was complied with. When his fetters were loosened he rose, stretched himself, and began his speech; "You are a set of d— villains," he yelled and you can all go to h—." He knocked down the two men nearest to him and made a dash for the sage brush on the open prairie. All the horses were left outside the barroom when the desperadoes were captured. Some few men, however, dashed into the sage after Chambers, which made it impossible for the men under the tree to use their guns lest they hit some of the pursuers. After an hour's useless chase the hunt was given up for the night.

At daylight the next morning a ranchman rode into Rawlins and electrified the town by saying he had seen Chambers near Fort Fred Steed, sixteen miles below. He said he had just finished his breakfast, after spending the night in a small house on the bank of the Platte river, when a hatless man, whom he recognized as Chambers, came in and demanded shelter. The ranchman suspected that something was wrong from the man's manner, and at once started for Rawlins to give the alarm. Thirty men immediately saddled their horses and started in pursuit of the man they had vowed to hang. As they approached the hut a man appeared in the door with a Winchester rifle in his hand. Without a word he opened fire on the advancing party. Two men dropped from their saddles, and as the rest of the party put spurs to their horses and dashed toward the hut, Chambers, who had done the shooting, rushed down the hill and plunged into the Platte. There had been heavy rains, and the river was a torrent, which made it seem impossible that a man could reach the other side alive. All the horsemen, however, drew up along the bank and waited with guns in readiness to shoot Chambers, should he by any chance get across. They waited for half an hour, and as there was no sight of him they returned to Rawlins. That afternoon the other two deperadoes were buried in what is known as murderers' row, and beside the graves was placed a board to the memory of "Joseph Chambers, drowned in the Platte while escaping capture."

Two years after leaving Rawlins I hanced to be in Abiline, Tex. A man passed me on the street one day whose face was strangely familiar. I turned to my companion and asked who it was. "That," he said, "is Joe Chambers, one of our most respected citizens." Suddenly the scene of the lynching at Rawlins came back to me; and I knew that the last time I had seen that man he was standing under a tree with a rope around his neck. I told my friend the story, and he evidently doubted my sanity, if not my veracity. He told me that Chambers came to Abilene when the town was first started. He invested money in town lots and made a fortune. He was a promoter of schools and churches, and was talked of for the next mayor. That night I was at my hotel when a tall man with a slouch hat wandered in. He looked round and then came straight to me. "Are you the man," he said, "who has been telling a yarn about Joe Chambers being lynched?"

I acknowledged that I was.

"Well," he replied, "Joe told me to tell you that he'd shoot you on sight if you were in town to-morrow." Two hours later I was taking a night ride across the prairies.

—THE—

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St. Paul,	Minneapolis,	Cedar Rapids,
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THE RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

OMAHA.

	Leave Omaha.	Arrive Omaha.
UNION PACIFIC. Depot 10th and Pierce sts.		
Pacific Express	8:20 p. m.	7:50 a. m.
Denver Express	10:25 a. m.	6:00 p. m.
*Local Express	5:00 p. m.	11:35 a. m.
*Except Sunday.		
BURLINGTON ROUTE. Depot 10th and Pacific sts		
Chicago Express, Nos 2 & 1	3:45 p. m.	5:05 a. m.
Chicago Mail	9:50 a. m.	7:25 p. m.
Chicago Local	6:45 p. m.	9:10 a. m.
Denver Express	5:15 a. m.	3:30 p. m.
Denver Mail	8:00 p. m.	9:40 a. m.
Nebraska Local	10:10 a. m.	5:45 p. m.
Kansas City Express	9:00 a. m.	6:55 p. m.
Kansas City Express	8:50 p. m.	7:00 a. m.
C., St. P. M. & O. Depot 15th and Webster st		
Sioux City & Blk Hills Ex	8:15 a. m.	*7:40 p. m.
Bancroft Express	*5:35 p. m.	10:30 a. m.
Florence Passenger	7:15 a. m.	7:55 a. m.
*Except Sunday.		
MISSOURI PACIFIC. Depot 15th and Webster st		
Day Express	10:45 a. m.	6:25 a. m
Night Express	9:20 p. m.	5:30 p. m

SUBURBAN TRAINS.

Running Between Council Bluffs and Albright In addition to the stations mentioned, trains stop at Twentieth and Twenty-fourth streets and at the Summit in Omaha.

Westward.

Broadway.	Transfer.	Omaha Depot.	Sheeley.	Stock Yards.	Albright.
A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.
.....	.....	5:45	5:51	6:00	6:05
6:10	6:17	6:30	6:37	6:50	6:55
6:55	7:02	7:15	7:22	7:35	7:40
7:45	7:52	8:05	8:12	8:25	8:30
8:45	8:52	9:05	9:12	9:25	9:30
9:45	9:52	10:05	10:12	10:25	10:30
10:45	10:52	11:05	11:12	11:25	11:30
11:45	11:52	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
P.M.	P.M.	12:05	12:12	12:25	12:30
12:45	12:52	1:05	1:12	1:25	1:30
1:45	1:52	2:05	2:12	2:25	2:30
2:45	2:52	3:05	3:12	3:25	3:30
3:45	3:52	4:05	4:12	4:25	4:30
4:45	4:52	5:05	5:12	5:25	5:30
5:45	5:52	6:05	6:12	6:25	6:30
6:45	6:52	7:05	7:12	7:25	7:30
7:45	7:52	8:05	8:12	8:25	8:30
8:45	8:52	9:05	9:12	9:25	9:30
9:45	9:52	10:05	10:12	10:25	10:30
10:45	10:52	ar. 11:05 / lv. 11:30	11:36	11:45	11:50

Eastward.

Albright.	Stock Yards.	Sheeley's.	Omaha depot.	Transfer.	Broadway.
A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.
.....	.....	.....	5:45	5:58	6:05
6:10	6:15	6:25	6:30	6:43	6:50
7:00	7:05	7:15	7:15	7:33	7:40
7:50	7:55	8:07	8:15	8:28	8:35
8:50	8:55	9:07	9:15	9:28	9:35
9:50	9:55	10:07	10:15	10:28	10:35
10:50	10:55	11:07	11:15	11:28	11:35
11:50	11:55	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
P.M.	P.M.	12:07	12:15	12:28	12:35
12:50	12:55	1:07	1:15	1:28	1:35
1:50	1:55	2:07	2:15	2:28	2:35
2:50	2:55	3:07	3:15	3:28	3:35
3:50	3:55	4:07	4:15	4:28	4:35
4:50	4:55	5:07	5:15	5:28	5:35
5:50	5:50	6:07	6:15	6:28	6:35
6:50	6:55	7:07	7:14	7:28	7:35
7:50	7:55	8:07	8:15	8:28	8:35
8:50	8:55	9:07	9:15	9:28	9:35
9:50	9:55	10:07	10:15	10:28	10:35
10:50	10:55	11:07	ar 11:15	11:43	11:50
11:55	11:59	12:09am	lv 11:30 / 12:15am	.....	.....

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

CONNECTING LINES.	Leave Transfer depot.	Arrive Transfer depot.
C., R. I. & P.: All trains run Daily.	9:40 a. m. 6:40 p. m.	9:15 a. m. 7:00 p. m.
C. & N. W.: All trains run Daily.	9:40 a. m. 6:40 p. m.	9:15 a. m. 7:00 p. m.
C., B. & Q.: All trains run Daily.	9:45 a. m. 6:35 p. m.	9:15 a. m. 7:00 p. m.
C., M. & St. P.: All trains run Daily.	9:40 a. m. 6:40 p. m.	9:15 a. m. 7:00 p. m.
K. C., St. J. & C. B.: All trains run Daily.	9:25 a. m. 9:10 p. m.	9:33 a. m. 9:18 p. m.
W., St. L. & P.: All trains run Daily.	2:15 p. m.	12:15 p.m.
S. C. & P.: All trains run Daily	9:40 a. m. 7:00 p. m.	8:55 a. m. 9:00 p. m.

Nebraska National Bank.

U. S. DEPOSITORY, OMAHA, NEB.

Paid Up Capital, - $250,000
Surplus, - - - 50,000

H. W. YATES, President.
LEWIS S. REED, Vice-President.
A. E. TOUZALIN, 2d Vice-President.
W. H. S. HUGHES, Cashier
DIRECTORS.
W. V. MORSE, JOHN S. COLLINS,
H. W. YATES, LEWIS S. REED,
A. E. TOUZALIN.

Banking Office—
THE IRON BANK.
Cor. 12th and Farnam Sts.
A General Banking Business Transacted.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY

Agricultural Implements.

CHURCHILL PARKER,
Dealer in Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Carriages and Buggies. Jones Street, Between 9th and 10th, Omaha, Nebraska.

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

PARLIN, ORENDORF & MARTIN,
Wholesale Dealers in
Agricultural Implements, Wagons & Buggies 921, 923, 925 and 927, 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, 217 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. 113 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.
200 South 13th 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.
706, 707, 709 and 711 S. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.

McCORD, BRADY & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
10th 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. DIETZ
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, 1409 Farnam Street, Omaha.

JOHN A. WAKEFIELD,
Wholesale Lumber, Etc.
Imported and American Portland Cement, Slate Roofing, Milwaukee Hydraulic Cement and Quincy White Lime.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY

Lumber.

CHAS. R. LEE,
Dealer in Hardwood Lumber,
Wood Carpets and Parquet Flooring. 9th 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 Furn