A COAT OF TAR AND FEATHERS

How the Citizens of Bisbee Administered the Garment.

SAM SMITH'S PUNISHMENT

A Night in a Western Town Made Glorious by the Infliction of Merited Pain on a Lustful Brute—A Big Job for Two Mexicans.

St. Louis Republican: Bisbee is an Arizona mining town, situated in Conchise county, about thirty-five miles from Tombstone, and five miles from the Mexican frontier. In 1879 it was one of the toughest towns in America. All the leading spirits of Tombstone visited Bisbee regularly, and as it was a maxim of the mining region that wickedness and prosperity went hand in hand Bisbee smiled all over when it led Tombstone in depravity and extravagant excesses. There was practically no law in Bisbee at the time. The people of the town, by an overwhelming majority, refused to organize a municipal government, much to the disgust of a small army of politicians who were waiting patiently for an opportunity to bleed the taxpayers. The women and children of Bisbee were protected by a chivalrous public sentiment that is always prominent in western mining camps under any conditions. The men had to take care of themselves. The man who was not able to take care of his own person and property had no business in Bisbee. Judge Lynch was frequently invoked. The public sentiment of the community could not tolerate claim jumping or cruelty to women or children. Man's inhumanity to man, man's injustice to man, man's tendency to take the life of man wantonly were seldom called in question. It is a fact, however, that there were two classes in the community and that one class seldom interfered with the other. Probably half the population were honest, industrious, plodding citizens, who would be law-abiding if there were any laws to be observed, and who did their best to conform to the rules governing society, personally and commercially, in communities where the relations of man to man were regulated by law. The other half of Bisbee's population was composed of gamblers, thieves, desperadoes, murderers, outlaws, outcasts and simple loafers. These two classes compose two different worlds, and one had little dealings and little communication of any kind with the other. The honest, working, community bargained, competed, strove, worked during the day and slept during the night. What was known as the sporting portion of the population fought, killed, gambled, debauched, defied decency and despised rules, kept awake all night and slept the greater part of the day. The sports preyed on each other, and seldom bothered the respectable portion of the population. Occasionally some reckless desperado killed a miner, laborer or business man, and then Judge Lynch was called to exercise his functions. The respectable portion of the inhabitants invariably acted together and the sporting section was generally divided up into factions. The respectable element, in consequence generally had the upper hand. So long as the tough element operated in its own world, but the respected element never interfered, but as soon as ever the toughs went beyond the bounds, the orderly element took a hand in the proceedings.

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September, 1879, Sam Smith, commonly known as Slick, was a faro dealer at Dodge's White Elephant saloon. Slick was run out of Toombstone for killing a barkeeper at the Bird Cage variety theatre, and the very first night he reached Bisbee he killed the Chinese cook at the Huachuca hotel. He was a sneaking, cowardly villain, who never fought a square fight and never played a square game. Yet he was a handsome fellow. He had an even, regular face, with a complexion that a society queen would envy, large, lustrous blue eyes, yellow, wavy hair, and a set of teeth like two rows of shiny pearls. He was cold blooded, treacherous and depraved. He had no conscience and no feelings of honor, justice or kindness, and in his dealing with those about him only consulted his personal safety. The rustlers and robbers and spirited gamblers of the region despised him, and always took occasion to let both him and the rest of the world know it. The better class of gamblers at the time always "bucked" the game, and only the "tin-horn" operators and little cut-throats, and those who were dead-broke would consent to enter the employ of a boss gambler as dealer. If there was a brace game in the town in which "Slick" resided he was sure to be the dealer. In the west in the early days a man could be a bad man without being a mean man, but slick was bad and thoroughly mean.

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One evening when Mrs. James Riordan returned to her home from a shopping tour she found her daughter, Kitty, aged twelve, missing. She instituted a search, but could not find her. She sent word to the Copper Queen mine where her husband was employed and he returned home instantly. The search was kept up from 4 in the afternoon until midnight, but not a trace of the missing girl could be found. Between 12 and 1 at night she returned home scarcely able to walk and nearly speechless. Her story was simple, short and terrible. She was out on the street playing with her cat, when a man with yellow hair, and well dressed, came along, took her by the hand, invited her to walk around the corner and get some candies. She went, and the stranger led her into a house which he opened with a key, and which was empty when they entered it. The child was outraged and detained until after midnight, when her persecutor left, and she made her way home. It is not necessary to state the feelings of the parents and of the respectable neighbors. The child in her father's arms directed the way to the house. The door was battered in and the house was found tenantless. There was a bed in one room, and a trunk, and behind the door several articles of men's wear were hanging. Nobody knew who occupied the house. The neighbors described the man they saw enter and leave the house from time to time, and from the description Mr. Riordan assumed that he was a gambler or a barkeeper. So in company with ten or a dozen sturdy miners, he began to make a tour of the gambling houses and saloons of the town to see if he could not see the man who answered the description of the party who occupied the premises where his daughter was wronged. It was about 5 o'clock in the morning when the party of miners entered the White Elephant saloon. Slick was dealing at a faro table. As soon as Mr. Riordan saw him he felt almost instinctively that he was the man he was in quest of. The saloon was filled with a drunken, noisy, quarrelsome lot of desperate men and degraded women. Riordan approached the table where Slick presided, and, covering him with a cocked six-shooter, ordered him to throw up his hands. Of course there was excitement and every man pulled his gun. Slick sat behind the table, pale and trembling. His face betrayed his guilt. The father, in simple, direct language explained to those present his grievance. Except the party of miners who accompanied Riordan all in the room were gamblers, desperadoes, robbers and murderers. But they were not cowards nor sneaks, and two-thirds of them had no sympathy for Slick. Questions and answers passed and Jack Ringo, the boss of the cowboys, who was present, told Riordan to lower his gun, and that he would take charge of Slick. The gaming checks were passed in, and Slick was ordered to cash them. He did so. Then Ringo and the cowboys made the scoundrel prisoner, and he was taken to Riordan's house, where Kitty fully identified him. It was then daylight, and the respectable portion of the community was getting up. The news of the outrage flashed through town, and within an hour, at the suggestion of Ringo, a lynch court was organized.

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The tough element of the community, under the leadership of Jack Ringo, kept Slick a prisoner, but insisted that the respectable element should make the Judge Lynch's court, in other words, the toughs desired to represent the executive while the orderly portion of the people were invited to assume the judicial functions. And on these lines Slick was tried. He received an impartial trial. The best men in town were his jurors. Every witness he called for was brought to testify. But there was a dead case against him The little girl identified him. The doctor who attended him testified to her injuries. The owner of the house proved that he rented it to the accused, and an examination of the contents of the trunk proved that it was his property. Finally a man and woman were found who testified that they saw Slick lead the little girl into the house the evening before. There was no doubt of his guilt, and the jury sentenced him to be tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail.

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The execution of the sentence necessitated a holiday in Bisbee. Work in the mines, smelters and stores was suspended. Preparations were made to make the event memorable in the annals of the town. The saloons put on a double force of bar-tenders, and the Bisbee band began to parade the streets and furnish soul-splitting music soon after 9 o'clock. Promptly at 11 the culprit was dragged from the White Elephant to a vacant lot near the smelter by Ringo and the cowboys. He had to be dragged. His knees would not bear his weight. He was completely "done up" in anticipation of his punishment. The whole town was assembled around the vacant lot, and in the center four o five men were attending to a fire under a pot of boiling tar. A few feet from the tar pot rested three or four baskets of feathers. There was no ceremony about commencing and there was no hitch in the proceedings. As soon as the culprit reached the vacant space near the tar pot, Ringo, who was master of ceremonies, ordered him to undress. He took off his coat, vest and hat, and refused to proceed further. Ringo and another took hold of him, and two others pulled down his suspenders, hauled off his outer and under shirts, his trousers, drawers, shoes and stockings, and Slick stood before the assembled population of Bisbee, dressed in a finger ring and a stub of a cigar. "Lay it on, boys," said Ringo, and immediately two men plunged pieces of boards into the tar pot and hauled them out reeking with the molten sinuous extract of pine and laid them onto the cowardly ruffian's shoulders. He yelled and plunged and tried to break away, but he was held by sturdy arms. The tar was hot and it pierced his skin. It was not hot enough to blister, but it was much too hot to be comfortable to the naked flesh. In five minutes he was daubed all over from head to feet. The beautiful yellow locks, of which he was so vain, were closely pressed against the pate under a cover of tar. His eyes, nostrils and mouth were free, but the rest of him was covered with a thick covering of tar. Then the feathers were brought into play, and were thrown on him in handfuls. They adhered to the tar, and in a minute he was a hideous-looking object. He was completely covered with feathers of all colors, and the cowboys did their best to make the dress as picturesque as possible. The long tail feathers of the rooster were planted on top of his head. The stiff wing feathers of the goose were stuck in his breast, and the larger feathers of hens were arranged along his legs, so that his extremities looked stouter than his body. He yelled, and pleaded piteously all the time, but had not game enough to curse or defy his tormentors. When the job was completed there were demands from the crowd on the outside of the circle that he be led out where they could see him, and passageways were made for that purpose. But he could not move. The tar had dried around his joints and he could not bend a limb or lift it. He was as stiff and solid as a block of wood. In this condition a stout plank was procured, placed between his legs and he was lifted on the shoulders of four men. A procession was formed to escort him out of town. All the people joined. The Bisbee band led the way, followed by Ringo and cowboys. Then came Slick in his new dress, riding on a rail and borne on the shoulders of four men, and following were about 1,800 people, comprising the entire population of the town. The miserable wretch was taken about a mile beyond the limits of the town and then dumped on the roadside and left entirely alone to the enjoyment of his own reflections.

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About 10 o'clock next morning a party of men, influenced by curiosity, went out from Bisbee to ascertain Slick's condition. After several hours' search he was found in a Mexican jackal, about six miles from Bisbee. All the big feathers were plucked from him, but the down still adhered to his coat of tar. He was in a pitable condition. He was picked up by a couple of Mexicans who charitably carried him to their shanty, and labored earnestly to restore him to his normal state. But it was no easy task. It was hours before he could crack the tar coating over his joints so that he could bend his limbs. The tar adhered to his flesh almost as tenaciously as the skin. He was continually moaning or shrieking. The body is covered with small, fine hair, and each filament becoming fastened in the tar, a constant pulling was maintained that superinduced the keenest torture. He was completely exhausted. The pores of his skin being stopped, he was on the verge of suffocation, and gasped for breath through his mouth and nostrils as if he were being strangled. The Mexicans were trying to get off the tar, but were making poor progress. First they set him by the side of a blazing fire, hoping that the tar would soften. But he could not stand the heat and the softer the tar grew the tougher it became, and the more stubbornly it seemed to adhere. He was next steeped in a pool of water outside the door. The tar, however, resisted the force of soap and water. Then he was daubed with grass and at last the tar gave evidence of weakening. It began to soften under the influence of the grease and the Mexicans kept up a constant scrubbing with coarse cloths. Soon there was a patch as large as a platter between his shoulders cleared of the tar, but he could not stand the strains of the scrubbing and ordered a cessation. Then one of the Mexicans was sent to Bisbee on horseback for a solution of potash, and when he returned Slick went through a fresh ordeal. The potash was dissolved in a tub of water in which the victim's body was steeped. He first tried his feet. The potash cut through the tar, and, with the aid of vigorous scrubbing, the coating was removed. This process was tried on his whole body, and at the end of two weeks he was cleaned. It was a month, however, before he was able to travel. The scrubbing he was subjected to, in unwholesome water, so debilitated him that, at the end of the ordeal, he was scarcely able to move. When he was able to move, he made tracks for Texas, where he was killed at El Paso in 1882.

There are two forms of chronic rheumatism; one in which the joints are swollen and red without fever; in the other the joints are only stiff and painful. In either form Salvation Oil may be relied on to effect a cure. It kills pain. 25 cents.

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DAVID WHITMER'S DEATH.

The "Testifyer" to the Book of Mormon—How He Was Regarded.

Chicago Times: David Whitmer, one of the original Mormons and a sketch of whose life was printed in Tuesday's Times, died at his home in Richmond, Mo., at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the news reaching here last evening in a dispatch to Mr. Vancleave, of the city clerk's office. A Chicago man, on hearing of Mr. Whitmer's death, related the following:

"Some sixteen years ago I chanced to ride across the state of Missouri, from Hannibal to Kansas City. There were but few in the car in which I rode, and the seat directly in front of mine was occupied by a very tall, quiet elderly gentleman with whom I had some conversation. Some things in his dress, manners, and talk caused me to think that he was a prosperous Pennsylvania Quaker, journeying west to look after his investments. I soon found, however, that he was possessed of much information about the land over which we were passing, the various resources of the same, and of its early history. About noon a gentleman in the car asked me into the smoker to enjoy a cigar. He asked me if I knew the man with whom I had been talking. I informed him that I did not. He then stated that it was David Whitmer, one of the 'testifiers' of the book of Mormon, and one of the early associates of Joseph Smith. I asked him if he was well acquainted with Mr. Whitmer and he stated that he was, having always lived in the same county with him. As I now remember he said he was brought up on a farm, but had for several years been practicing law or performing the duties of sheriff of the county. At my request he gave an account of what he knew of our traveling companion and his estimate of his character.

He said he was a small boy when some patriotic citizens proposed to drive the Mormons out of Missouri, the leading charges against them being that they were "Yankee abolitionis and prohibitionists, who spent more time in going to meeting than most persons thought there was any need of." He was on horseback, behind his father when they were driven out. The leader of the party, he said, dismounted, took a stand on the stile in front of David Whitmer's house, and produced various firearms and dirks, declared that he should stand guard over those premises. Ae declared that he would kill like a dog any man who ventured to molest David Whitmer or his brother, or to take any of his goods. The Whitmers continued to reside on their places, after their old companions had left, and were always highly respected. At the breaking out of the civil war, the narrator continued, most of the people in our county were secessionists, and it was proposed to notify the union men that their room was much better than their company. A meeting was accordingly called at which the sentiment of the community was to be expressed. Some speeches were made and a committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feeling of the members present. At this point in the proceedings David Whitmer arose, walked to the platform, and delivered a short but very telling speech. He stated that no resolutions and threats would cause him to run away. He declared that he was a citizen of the United States, and should remain such. He proposed to live or die under the old flag. If anyone desired to shoot him, then was a good time. The resolutions were not passed, the meeting adjourned to a given day, but did not convene.

In the opinion of this gentleman, no man in Missouri possesses greater courage or honesty than this heroic old man. "His oath," he said, "would send a man to the gallows quicker than that of any man I ever knew." He then went on to say that no person had ever questioned his word, to his knowledge, about any other matter than finding the Book of Mormon. He was always a loser and never a gainer by adhering to the faith of Joseph Smith. Why persons should question his word about the golden plates, when they took it in relation to all other matters, was to him a mystery.

A Man of Many Wounds.

Atlanta Constitution: A very remarkable application for allowance under the wounded soldier act has been sent to the executive department. The applicant is Mr. S. A. Gade, of Richmond county, who, during the war, was a private in company E, Cobb's Legion. The man was literally shot to pieces, and has lived through all these years, and now applies for a pension. Here is an inventory of his wounds: A minie ball entered his right leg, cutting the sciatic nerve and paralyzing the limb below the knee. A fragment of shell struck him on the right arm, near the elbow, breaking the bone and destroying the joint. A minie ball entered the muscles of the right arm, tearing them apart. A fragment of shell hit him on the left leg below the knee, crushing the small bone and scaling off several parts of the main bone three inches in length. A minie ball passed entirely through the left leg below the knee. Another minie ball passed through the center of the left eand, shattering the bones and breaking the joint of the middle finger, entirely disabling the hand. Besides all this he was struck in the right side with two fragments from a shell, making two distinct wounds. The application has not yet been passed on. When it shall be the probability is that Mr. Gade will get several pensions for limbs rendered substantially useless. This variously wounded man is in fair health and seems to enjoy life.

GIRLS OF THE TENNESSEE.

One Who Married When She Was Twelve and Loved Tobacco.

TRASH AND THE BEST SOCIETY

The Sociable at Mr. Tuttle's Cabin—Red Apples and Candy All Around—Curious Phases of American Life.

Chicago Daily News: They had evidently been attracted by the noise of the saw mill on the Hub, and had come to see what the matter was. One was a woman about forty years of age—tall, bony, and "slab-sided." The other was a girl not above fourteen years old, built on the same plan as her companion. Both wore woolen dresses and sun bonnets. They stood on the bank watching the men rolling the logs aboard the boat and sawing them up into flitch.

Desiring to make the acquaintance of the ladies, I approached them and said "Good morning." They looked at me with wide-open, bold eyes, regarding me as a steer does a stiange dog—with more surprise than wonder. The girl replied to my salutation with: "Say, mister, have you got any chawin' tobacker?"

I replied, confusedly, something about it being "always a pleasure," and produced my plug. The girl took it, regarded it with pleased surprise, and passed it to the older woman, saying: "Why, it's store tobacker!"

TOBACCO AS AN INTRODUCTION.

The older woman took a generous bite and passed it to the girl; the girl took a regulation chew and passed it to me; I took a chew and returned the plug to my pocket. For a moment they rolled the tobacco in their mouths, mentally commenting on its excellence, and then both spat in the river.

Wishing to open the conversation, I said to the girl: "You're rather young to be chewing tobacco, sissy."

She looked at me indignantly. "Don't you call me sissy," she exclaimed.

I apologized. I assured her I meant no offense. I called her "sissy" simply because she was a little girl.

"I'm no little girl, nuther!" she said. "Do you see that man down thar?"—pointing to a tall fellow some distance down the river. "Well, he's my husband."

"How long have you been married?" I asked.

"More'n two years."

And this girl was not more than fourteen years of age!

He related this to Captain Morse, and expressed my surprise at the youth of this wife. He replied: "Oh, that's nothing! Girls in this country get married when they are big enough to be wives. Age has nothing to do with it."

These women represent the "poor white trash" of the country. We had the opportunity that night of seeing the better quality of Tennessee river society. Mr. Tuttle, who owned the lime-kiln burning near the boat's landing, came down to the boat in the afternoon and invited us to his house in the evening. He said: "We'll have some vocal music and a good time, I reckon."

About 7 o'clock in the evening there was a loud "hello" from the bank, and a small boy came aboard carrying a lantern. He said his name was Greenie, and that he came to show us the way to his "pa's" house.

ON THE ROAD TO GOOD SOCIETY.

We followed him along the path through the canebrakes and woods, across cornfields and over several fences. "I'm takin' you the short cut," he explained. "This a-way it's 'bout a mild; t'other way it's 'bout a mild an' a half."

He prophesied, too, that we would have a "nice time." He said there would be "candy from a store and apples; and I reckon you'll see the purtiest gals you ever see in yer life."

We asked him which of all the girls was the prettiest. He replied: "The schoolma'am is awful pritty, but she won't be thar to-night. Mr. Duncan's gal is mighty pritty, too, but I don't reckon she'll be thar, nuther. There was a dance last night at her house, and I reckon she's tired. Thar's lot's goin' on now round hyar. There was a candy breakin' t'other night at Larkins's."

"What do you do at candy breaking?"

"Why, break candy! What do you reckon?"

"Taffy candy?"

"Not much!" he replied indignantly. "Stick candy—reg'lar candy. You git a piece an' yer gal gits a piece an' you break it an' eat it. It's lots of fun!"

We came to Mr. Tuttle's home. It is a double log house—two cabins of a single room each, connected by a roof. To go from one to the other necessitates going into the open air. As we neared the house a pack of dogs came down to us barking. "Git out, Mage, down, Pige, Rover, what ails ye," shouted Greenie and the dogs were quiet. Mr. Tuttle appeared and conducted us into one of the houses. "This is whar the old woman an' the children an' me stay," he said. "The young folks is doin' the singin' in 'tother house. Lay off yer things."

Our host ushered us into the presence of some thirty young men and women, seated closely on benches in the rear of the room, as far as possible from the big fireplace, where three green logs burned Two chairs were placed by the fireplace for the captain and I. As we made our entree the host said, "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you to-night Captain Morse of the steamer Hub."

It struck me that Mr. Tuttle had at some time presided over a political meeting.

Captain Morse bowed gracefully and dropped into one of the chairs.

"And this gentleman," said the host, laying a hand on my shoulder, "is Captain Hull of the steamer Marietta. He lives in Chicago."

This staggered me a little, but I bowed as the commander of a lake vessel should and fell into the other chair.

The introduction formalities over, the host said: "Now go on with yer singin'," and retired to "the old woman and the children."

THE SINGING EXERCISES.

The singing at once began and continued for two mortal hours, with short and silent intermissions between each song. It was all church music, and the most doleful, cheerless chestnuts imaginaple. We poured out our souls in—

"Nothing in my hand I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

And—

"This is the way I long have sought,
Save mighty Lord!"

And—

"Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?"

By way of enlivenment we sung "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "A Charge to Keep I Have." Nothing was sought for in this music but absolute time, and it was preserved to the sacrifice of ever other consideration. It was a broad-gauge, wide-open concert. All sung as they pleased and all sung soprano. They all sung because they wanted to sing, and everybody did his or level best. A young woman in the centre of the group started the singing, and all joined in after the first few words.

There were perhaps twenty young women in the party—women of heroic stature and peculiar "old-fashioned" faces. Nearly all were dressed in flannel dresses, fitting the form closely. There were no collars, cuffs, nor ties—no ribbons nor gegaws of any sort. Not a woman had her hair frizzed or banged. Their faces were serious and calm—as guileless and unsophisticated as the faces which are supposed to have come over in the Mayflower. They were tall, strong women, broad across the bosom, with magnificent shoulders and busts. They will be the mothers of another generation of these big Kentuckians from Tennessee stock—the finest men, physically, in the world. Men as simple and inoffensive as children, but talk fight to one of them and his big frame will grow three inches, and he will throw back his head and shake his hair as if it were a mane. And it occurred to me while looking at this group of women if Kiralfy could only engage this whole party what an Amazonian ballet he could put on the stage!

When the concert was over the host appeared with a basket of red apples on his arm. He handed out an apple to each guest and then retired to bring in a plate of lemon stick candy—"reg'lar candy." Each guest received one stick. The captain and I gave our candy to Greenie. If there was any doubt about his friendship for us before this it was settled now.

After the candy was eaten the party sung, as a night-cap, a lively song about Christmas and sleigh-bells. Then the "good-nights" were said, everybody mounted his or her mule and started through the woods for home, and Greenie, with his lantern, led the captain and me back to the Hub.

Leland hotel, Chicago.

A Bride's Sleepy Father.

Chicago Mail: Many a good story is told of John Campbell, the pioneer iron manufacturer of the Hanging Rock iron region, whose daughter, Miss Clara, sued Charles Arbuckle for breach of promise. The old gentleman is a plain man, who does not understand the ways of society and prefers ordinary jeans trousers to the finest broadcloth. When his daughter, Mrs. William Means, was married the wedding was a social event of great moment in southern Ohio. It was a fashionable affair, and 9 o'clock in the evening was the time set for the ceremony. The head of the house watched the preparations with misgivings, and was told for some sufficient reason that his daughter was to be marearlier in the day. Accordingly he was all ready for the event by 2 o'clock, and waited impatiently for the wedding party to appear. When 8 o'clock, which was his usual bedtime, arrived his patience was exhausted, and he decided to retire, notwithstanding the fact that his house was full of guests. Going to his apartment, which had been given up to the ladies for a toilet room, he pushed aside bonnets, hats and wraps and crawled into bed, and was soon sound asleep, regardless of what was going on down stairs. When the time came to give away the bride her father couldn't be found, and that part of the ceremony was necessarily omitted. It was not until the guests were departing that he was discovered lying amid the bonnets and wraps, many of which he had ruined.

Gone West to Build Up the Country.

San Jose Herald: Last evening there arrived in this city Charles Gay and wife and sixteen children.

The extraordinary part of the fact lies in the statement that Gay is but forty-four and his wife forty.

It is his intention to locate here and help build up the country up the country.

He was a tinner by trade and was married in 1863 in Galveston, Tex., his wife being seventeen years of age. In 1874, while residing at Shreveport, La., they lost three of their children by yellow fever. The next year they removed to Fort Worth, Tex. The children came along until three years ago, when their nineteenth child was born.

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(Akron, Ohio.)
Harvesting Machinery and Binder Twine.
W. E. Mead, Manager. 1213 Leavenworth st., Omaha

MOLINE, MILBURN & STODDARD CO
Manufacturers and Jobbers in
Wagons Buggies, Rakes, Plows Etc.
Cor. 9th and Pacific Streets, Omaha, Neb.

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.

Booksellers and Stationers.

H. M. & S. W. JONES,
Successors to A. T. Kenyon & Co., Wholesale & Retail
Booksellers and Stationers.
Fine Wedding Stationery, Commercial Stationery. 1522 Douglas Street, Omaha, Neb.

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, 317 S. 15th 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 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 811.

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 and Scale Repair Shop.
Mechanics' Tools and Buffalo Scales. 1405 Douglas Street, 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. 1205 and 1211 Harney Street, Omaha.

JAMES A. EDNEY,
Wholesale Iron and Steel.
Wagon and Carriage Wood Stock, Heavy Hardware Etc. 1217 and 1219 Leavenworth St., Omaha, Neb.

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 Streets, Omaha Nebraska.

FRED W. GRAY,
Lumber, Lime, Cement, Etc., Etc.
Corner 6th and Douglas Sts., Omaha.

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY

Lumber.

T. W. HARVEY LUMBER CO.,
To Dealers Only.
Office, 1603 Farnam Street Omaha.

JOHN A. WAKEFIELD,
Wholesale Lumber, Etc.
Imported and American Portland Cement. State Agent for Milwaukee Hydraulic Cement and Quincy White Lime.

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

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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 Street, 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.

MEAGHER & LEACH,
Fire and Burglar Proof Safes, Time Locks.
General Agents for Diebold Safe & Lock Co.'s Vaults and Jail Work, 1415 Farnam Street, Omaha.

Hats, Caps, Etc.

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

Millinery and Notions.

I. OBERFELDER & CO.,
Importers & Jobbers in Millinery & Notions
208, 210 and 212 South 11th Street.

Notions.

J. T. ROBINSON NOTION CO.,
Wholesale Notions and Furnishing Goods
403 and 405 South 10th St., Omaha.

VINYARD & SCHNEIDER,
Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods.
1105 Harney Street, Omaha.

Oils.

CONSOLIDATED TANK LINE CO.,
Wholsale Refined and Lubricating Oils.
Axle Grease, Etc., Omaha. A. H. 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.

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WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION,
Auxiliary Publishers.
Dealers in Type, Presses and Printers' Supplies. 502 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. 920, 922 and 924 Farnam Street, Omaha.

CHUHCHILL PUMP CO.,
Wholesale Pumps, Pipe, Fittings,
Steam and Water Supplies. Headquarters for Mast, 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 Street 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. 750.

OMAHA MANUFACTURERS.

Cornice.

EAGLE CORNICE WORKS,
Manufacture Galvanized Iron and Cornice.
John Epeneter, Proprietor. 920 Dodge and 103 and 108 North 10th Street, Omaha.

Brewers.

STORZ & ILER,
Lager Beer Brewers,
1521 North Eighteenth