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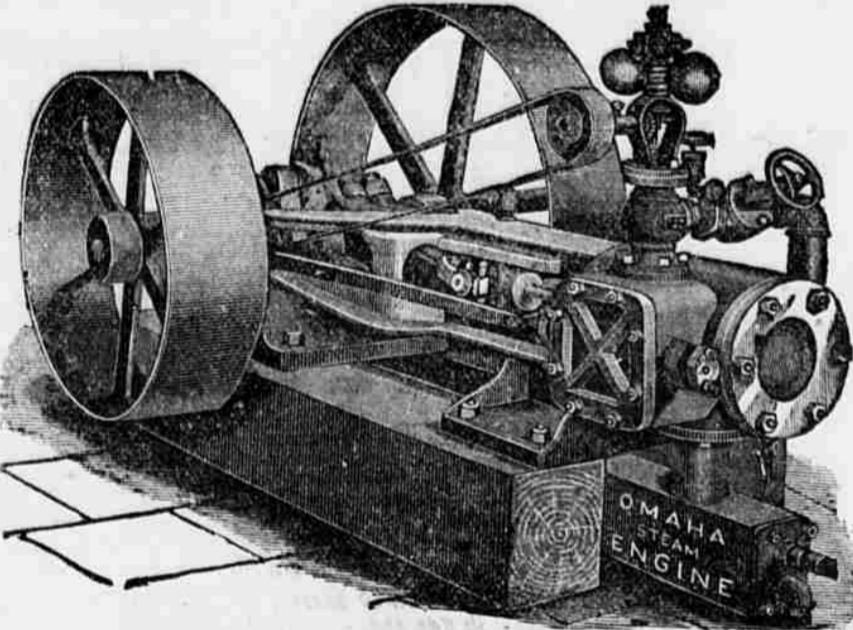
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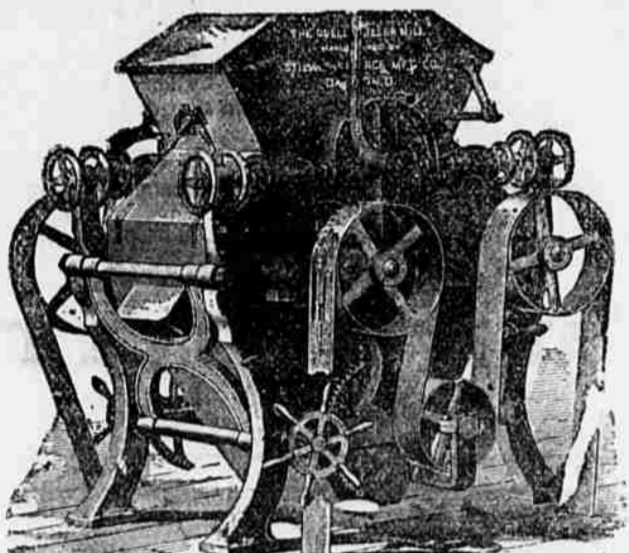
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COUNCIL BLUFFS ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

SUFFERINGS OF THE SICK.

Further Indications of Neglect on the Part of the Nurses.

What the County Physician Says in His Own Defense.

More Complaints From Neumayer.

The starting of the investigation asked for by THE BEZ seems to be rapidly developing facts and statements concerning the care received by the sick who are under the county charge. The board of health by passing a resolution censuring the county physician has started up that gentleman and he is quite indignant. He denies the statements that he has not personally visited the patients, or that he has in anyway neglected his duty. He claims that if there was a lack of food or clothing or fuel, it was not his fault, and that the services which he was to render have been well rendered, and that after presenting the proof of this to the board, if the resolution censuring him is not rescinded, he will take pains to show up some other facts which will throw light upon the actions of others. The board of health had a meeting yesterday afternoon. A letter was read by the mayor from Mr. Neumayer, the proprietor of the Coy house, complaining of treatment there, and urging that the young man there sick shall be removed to the pest-house at once. The letter was supposed to be full of small-pox germs, and it was handled very gingerly and with many grim jokes by the mayor and the board. Mr. Hardin reported that he had since the writing of the letter engaged Mr. Neumayer at \$3 a day to nurse the young man, and that provisions were being sent there as called for. Mr. Neumayer demanded that the quarantine be removed from the Coy house as there was no danger from that building and no cases there, and threatened to sue the city for damages unless this was done. The board decided that it was not yet safe to remove the quarantine, and that it must be maintained for the present.

The board passed a resolution to the effect that County Supervisor Graham and Overseer Hardin were now doing all in their power to care for the patients, and to prevent any spread of the disease. It appears that the man and woman employed to nurse the girl at the pest house must have neglected their duties. They were being paid \$8 a day and board and it seems that they should have cared for her well. It is claimed that the girl was reported by the county physician as getting along all right, and the next day she died. The county physician told THE BEZ man yesterday that the girl had the worst sort of confluent smallpox, and there was no hope for her to have lived anyway, but the overseer of the poor, Mr. Hardin, who has been investigating the matter, has gathered the information that the girl got away from the nurses and got outdoors, thus causing her death. If this is true, it seems that the nurses must have been almost entirely careless in their watching. One thing seems agreed upon by all concerned, and that is that it is almost murderous to take sick persons in a wagon, on cold wintry days, three miles or more into the country, and the end will now come to that sort of procedure. It is to be hoped that there will be an end to the investigation until every fact is shown up, and if there is any blame to be attached to any one, it should be officially stated, with the extent of the blame.

The Greatest Shop in Paris.

Paris letter to the Springfield Republican. On the other side of the Seine is the world renowned Bon Marche, which does about as much business with foreign as with native purchasers, and which together with the Devois and one or two other large shops has swallowed up so much of the small commerce of France. Every afternoon at 3 o'clock an elderly inspector with a white cravat and hair and moustache to match, enters the reading room of the Bon Marche, usually filled with people availing themselves of the stationary, reading the newspapers and turning over the handsome collection of photographs, and invites whoever will to accompany him on a visit to the establishment. It is very well worth while to follow this amiable personage and to listen to the formula which he has arranged for himself and which he repeats every day to a delighted audience with the politeness and suavity of which only French education and language are capable. He reminds one of those retainers or hunches of the old nobility of which Balzac has furnished such admirable portraits in his "Scenes of Provincial Life," a race magnified in their devotion and fidelity, now alas! long passed away. The honor of the Bon Marche is his own. He rejoices in its extent and opulence as if he were one to profit by its immense sales and its triumphs over its rivals. Probably he has no happier moments than those in which he reads sentiments of astonishment and admiration upon the facts of his listeners, and hears their sympathetic explanations. He first exhibits the boudoir in which corners designed for evening wear are shown in the daytime. The room is made perfectly dark and a touch upon some mechanical contrivance or electric button sets upon all the gas burners at once and floods the apartment with light. This performance, so simple in America is by no means so common on this side of the water and excites no small wonder and delight. Next he shows a sort of council chamber in which the destinies of the business are decided. This room contains a life size photograph of M. Boucicault, in which you are requested to remark "la bonete et la generosite" which were his principal characteristics, and a marble bust of his widow, Mme. Boucicault, the present and sole proprietress of the vast establishment. He then conducts his flock through galleries filled with rich Chinese and Japanese embroideries, past mountains of tapestries and eastern rugs and furs, and through compartments fitted up like rooms with luxurious furniture and hangings. From here it obtained a view of the surging mass of buyers and sellers below in the main body of the building, and the infinite variety of the merchandise shining with all the colors of the rainbow. The pen of a Zola or a De Maupassant might find in a description of all this, but it is only beyond the powers of a modest Anglo-Saxon.

Hidden Treasure.

Chicago Herald. "Speaking about hidden treasure," said a Dakota man at the Palmer house last evening. "I've seen lots of digging for

and silver and greenbacks, but nothing like what has been going on for years in the Northern Pacific near Bismarck, and no one claims that there is any money buried there either. "Every few weeks somebody will come along with a gang of men and begin excavating. They'll dig and dig, sometimes going over the same ground two or three times. Then they'll give it up and go away, and a month later there will be three or four more gangs at work. I have known the excitement to die out for several weeks and then new men full of confidence will appear and go to work. Sometimes they come with surveying instruments and endeavor to locate the spot. Very often a man will come along with a pick and shovel and dig all by himself for weeks.

There is a tradition that the treasure was buried there thirty or forty years ago by a party of fur traders, and you can't drive it out of the minds of the people. They have just about wrecked one farm by their operations and they are encroaching on others. The men who own the land in that vicinity charge a fixed sum per day for the privilege of digging and then make the explorer enter into an agreement to divide in case anything is found. I suppose now that cold weather has come on the search will be suspended, but in the spring you'll see them around there with maps and compasses thicker than land agents."

"What is it that is buried?" asked a bystander. "If it isn't money what on earth is it that people are so anxious to get?"

"Oh, I forgot," said the Dakota man. "It's a barrel of whisky. If it had any more money the search would have been abandoned long ago."

SPORT IN THE COCK PIT.

Twenty Battles Fought Yesterday Near Milwaukee Before a Large Crowd.

MILWAUKEE, December 28.—Local and Chicago sporting men arranged to-day to have a big cocking main at a convenient place near this city, which turned out to be very interesting. It was the first event of the sporting season. It began early and lasted all day. The birds were from Milwaukee and neighboring cities, and were in good condition. Some displayed unusual gameness. Money changed freely but in small amounts. About forty battles were fought. The first was between a pair of stags, a dark red and a blue dominique. The dominique had a reputation at stake, but was laid out in three minutes. The fight was fierce at times. Much money was lost on the dominique. The second was also a stag fight between a pyle named Congressman Deuster and a black red. Betting was even, and the birds were known to be good fighters. Deuster took money at Chicago. They went hard at each other. The red was clipped the first on-slaughter, but fought through in excellent style. He was horribly galled in the head, and his leg was broken but he went on. The pyle came out winner unhurt. The third battle was between two blinkers, a red pyle and a gray duckwing. Both were acknowledged stayers. The duckwing was a favorite in the betting. In the first round the red got his spur through the duckwing's head and clinched him. A hot fight followed. The gray tumbled around entirely blind and showed cowardice. He was terribly punished. The red took considerable money. There was a sharp fight between a black red (Rolling Mill) and a red breast. The red breast was considered the best but the other came out winner. The red was disabled from the start and fought in spasmodic jerks. He became exhausted early. The battle lasted twenty minutes. An exciting battle was fought between a black Tartar and a white rooster. The white was steeled through the breast five times, and then gave up. The Tartar won an easy victory. The times were very lively. Some of the birds will go to Chicago for a main to be fought there next week.

Train Talk.

Chicago Herald. "What kind of a Christmas did we have at our home?" echoed the brakeman, as he and the engineer sat down together in the cab. "Not a happy Christmas, Jim, not a happy one at all. I never want another like it. You remember me telling you on our run last Wednesday what high expectations my wife and I had. Our little girl, just five Christmas old, you know, has always wanted a Christmas tree, and this year we decided to have one. Only our girl, Jim, and there was nothing we wouldn't do for her. So my wife bought her a little trunk, a doll, a pair of new mittens, some candy and small toys. I got a Christmas tree, a small one for our girl, and a lot of red and blue candles, and some glass beads, and I went down into the cellar and fixed it up, and my wife popped some corn and strung it and we put the strings on the tree. Dixie—that's her name, you know, because we used to live south—ixie would try to get into the cellar to see what I was doing, and once I caught her peeping in a window hole through the snow. Before I left the house I ricked her to sleep, kissed her a dozen times, put her to bed and helped my wife put up the tree on the stand in the front room. You remember how happy I was that night. I could see that little Christmas tree and my golden-haired Dixie all the time. The switch-lights, targets, and lanterns all seemed to be the lights of the wax candles on Dixie's tree. I didn't mind the cold that night at all, and danced and sang along the top of the cars.

"Next morning just at dawn I reached home. I ran all the way, and skipped up the stairs three at a time. "Why isn't the tree lit?" I inquired of my wife. She burst into tears. "Where is Dixie?" I cried. She pointed to the front room. There, there, Jim, on the little stand, beneath the Christmas tree, on which a solitary candle was flickering, lay my Dixie. Her exposure of the day before had brought on croup, and my wife's telegram failed to reach me. That was my Christmas Jim, and as you have children of your own you know."

Marriage in High Life?

DALLAS, Texas, December 29. Miss Grace Harding Hammond, daughter of Belle Boyd, the "Rebel Spy," was married in this city last night to Ray Charters, a young Englishman, aged 21 who claims to be Earl of Linwood. For nearly a year past Charters has been employed in this city as instructor in the art of fencing, and in June last the "Brazos River" started this community by laying a serious charge against a young banker of Dallas. Her mother-in-law, Mrs. Charters, is a well-to-do woman, and her father-in-law, Mr. Charters, is a well-known figure in the shooting world. Belle Boyd has formed a comedy company and announces that she, together with her daughter, the Baroness and her mother-in-law, will appear behind the footlights in leading roles. 214

A SUMMER FIAT. Experiences of a Young Married Couple in Cold Weather.

Chicago Tribune. "How did you get along in your flat during the recent cold snap?" asked a reporter of a young married friend the other day. "Well, we had rather a hard time of it. I had to crawl out of a warm bed early in the morning after the first very cold night and walk six blocks after a plumber. My wife had forgotten to turn off the water, and we were frozen up tight. I was obliged to go out in the backyard before breakfast and cart in a load of snow to melt so that we could get water for coffee. We have a hot-water bag that we warm the bed with, and I had to break the ice in that and melt it up."

"I judge it must have been pretty cold up your way?" "I should remark that it was. You see our little Gurney flat is the lower one of the two, and directly under us is a large roomy cellar. It is very nice in the summer time, but in such weather as we had last week the cold air and wind use it for a play-ground. It used to bulge up the carpet in the parlor, and it made me seasick to look at the heavy sea it made."

"Has the plumber exacted his chattel mortgage yet?"

"Not yet. I am expecting him on the glad New Year. I went to his place at 9:30 that terrible morning, and he said he would be around in an hour. About 4 p. m. my wife suggested that I summon him again. I did so, and he said he might possibly reach us before morning. Then I left the order with seven different plumbers, and I expect to receive seven different bills."

"Which one turned up first?"

"The original plumber. Two of his apprentices showed up about 6 p. m. All day long the water in the boiler bubbled savagely, and I expected every moment to see the rear end of our little abode travel across the alley; but it didn't. The boys thawed out the kitchen pipes, and said they would come the next morning and finish the job."

"And did it come?"

"You bet they did. They spent three good, solid dinners in taking the bathroom apart and putting it together again. I set up the cigars as a sort of peace offering, but by mistake I gave them the wrong cigars, and they may swell my bill for it."

"Well, are you all right now?"

"All except the cold air. That remains with us. I sit around our base burner and mentally figure up the cost of the coal as it drops into the ash box. Then I start down town and revel in the luxury of a three-mile ride in a comparatively warm and comfortable grip-car. My advice to you is that when you lease a flat be sure and secure a winter coat. The summer flats are a hollow mockery and a sham. I'll see you later."

The Problem of the Christmas Present.

Detroit Free Press. "Something for your husband, eh?" replied the clerk, as he forced his face to a smile again. "How would you like a smoking set?"

"Got him one last year."

"Take a meerschaum pipe or a cigar case."

"He's got both."

"Here's a nice blacking box. You would be sure—"

"He never uses one."

"Anything in gloves or mittens?"

"He's got plenty."

"Take a shaving set."

"It's no use—he always goes to the barber."

"Wouldn't he be pleased with a gold pen and fancy inkstand?"

"I got those last year."

"Let's see! Is he fond of jewelry?"

"Never wears a bit."

"Does he like pictures?"

"Got a house full."

"How would a set of Dickens' do?"

"No good."

"And I suppose he has neckties, cuff buttons, slippers, dressing gowns, hair brushes, toothpicks, spectacles, writing desk, pen-wipers and so on?"

"Yes, everything."

"Madam, I don't believe we can help you any, unless you want a gold-headed cane."

"He's got one."

The clerk scratched his head and looked up and down the store for a long minute, and then remarked:

"Must you make him a Christmas present?"

"Yes, I positively must."

"Well, we've only one other article, and if that doesn't suit I'll have to give it up. It is a pair of crutches for invalids or injured persons. If he happens to get hurt it will come handy."

"Well, I dunno," she said, as she critically examined the crutch. "It lays between this and a life-preserver which I got it over to-night, and by to-morrow I must reach some conclusion. Meanwhile if I telephone you that he has taken a roll down the back stairs you can come on the cash for two crutches, a quart of ammonia, and at least six porous plasters."

A Dispute About the Pay of Marshals. TREXTON, N. Y., December 30. U. S. Supervisor Hows is in dispute with Attorney General Brewster respecting the pay United States marshals and supervisors of the recent election in this state. Hows says the marshals and supervisors should be paid six and one-half and seven days work. Attorney General Brewster has just written Marshal Decon declaring pay for no more than three days. The matter will probably be taken to the court of claims by some supervisor.

SHORT LINE. The use of Shorterm "Short Line" in connection with a k corporate name of a great road and through an idea of just what required by the traveling public—Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Northern Pacific. The best of all which are furnished by the railroad in America.

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Commencing Monday, November 24th

Consisting of Picture Frame Mouldings, Picture Frames, Engravings, Paintings, Water Colors, Photographs, Stationery, Pocket Books, Purses, Ladies' Shopping Bags, Scrap Books, Albums, Statuary, Artists' Materials, Gold, Bronze, Plush and Velvet Cabinet Frames, Brackets, Comb and Brush Sets, Jewel Cases, Work Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Ode Sets, Birthday, Christmas and New Year Cards, and a Great Variety of Fancy Goods and Novelties Adapted to the Holiday Trade.

Have You Pictures to Frame

If so, this is an opportunity of a life-time to get them done in the best of style, and at prices defying all competition. I have the largest and finest stock of the above goods, in the city, having made my entire Holiday Purchases before deciding to retire from the business. Failing health compels me to make a change and in order to close out my stock at once, I offer without reserve, bargains in every line such as will insure a speedy sale. This is the Greatest Opportunity ever offered to the citizens of Omaha and surrounding towns to select their Holiday Goods. Come at once and be convinced that every article offered is a bargain.

YOUNG'S ART EMPORIUM!

1513 DOUGLAS STREET.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN OMAHA TO BUY

FURNITURE

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DEWEY & STONE'S

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NO STAIRS TO CLIMB. ELEGANT PASSENGER ELEVATOR

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Fine Diamonds, Rich Jewelry, French Clocks, Bronze Statuary, English Silver Plate, Antique Brass Ware, European Holiday Novelties.

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