### DAILY

DEFICE:

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Delivered by earrier to any part of the city H. W. TILTON, . MANAGER.

TELEPHONES | Business Office...

#### MINOR MENTION.

N. Y. Plumbing Co. Council Bluffs Lumber Co. Coal. Miss Nellie Dodge is visiting in Philadel-

Mrs. P. S. Pussy is visiting friends in

C. P. Platte of Chicago is visiting friends in the city Ned Everett returned last week from a

trip to Europe. William Arnd spent-Sunday with friends in Grand Island, Neb.

Miss Grace Oaborne is expected home from Schuyler, Neb., today.

CL C Patterson has gone to Burlington for Miss Roberts of Olney, Ill., is the guest of

her aunt, Mrs. Lyman. Miss Gatch of Des Moines is the guest of Mrs. R. M. Osborne on First avenue.

H. I. Forsythe and daughter Hortense left last evening for a weeks visit in Franklin.

Miss Mary Oliver, who has been studying music with Gottschalk in Chicago, is home for the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ament and son Caleb

arrived Saturday from Denver, and will be the guests of Miss Laura Baldwinthis week. Mark Smith and George Evans have returned from Iowa City, where they have been attending school, to spend the holiday vaca

Miss Lorton, who visited the Misses Farnsworth last week, was called to her home in Nebraska City by a telegram an nouncing the serious illness of her mother. Mrs. H. T. Miller entertained a party of friends last Thursday afternoon at her home on Glen avenue in honor of Mrs. Brown of Denver, Among the invited guests were: Mrs. Runyan, Mrs. Plumer, Mrs. Knepper, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Lefterts. Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Stoddard, Mrs. Rustin of Mrs. Bangs of Omaha, Mrs. Mayne, Miss Dohany Miss Mary Key entertained the Cooking

club last Tuesday evening at her home, on Seventh street, assisted by Miss Moore. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Sapp. Mr. and Mrs. Hart, the Misses Stewart of Cam bridge and Miss Uhi of Cleveland; the Misses Brown, Martin, Lutz, Rockwell Ruth, Farnsworth, Jessie Farnsworth, Reynolds, Dodge, Babcock; Messis, W. Shep hard, Woodbury, Wright, Dawson, Rowan James Casady, jr., A. Mueller, R. Peregoy, H. Stillman, Patterson, Badollet, E. B. Bow man, Everett, Mayne.

For warming guest chambers, bath rooms, etc., our gas heaters are just what you want. Look at them. Clean, convenient cheap. C. B. Gas and Elec-

Brighter than gas, cheaper than electric light and as beautiful as a dreamthose new art lamps at Lund Bros.

L. P. Judson, civil engineer, 328 B'way. No doubt the most complete stock of

fine holiday novelties is at Davis', the teading druggist and perfumer.

horn, has the only new jewelry stock in city. Many hotiday novelties.

Coming Social Events. The fact that Christmas came this year on Sunday put a stop to a great many parties and other social events that would have otherwise taken place, but the devotees of the giddy whirl propose to make up for their loss during the coming week. The following shows what may be expected during the

This evening Mr. and Mrs. S. Furnsworth will entertain the young friends of Miss Sadie and Master Tom at a dancing party at their home on Eighth street

Tomorrow evening the Boat club will give a masquerade party at the Royal Arcanum parlors. Invitations have been issued to a large number, and it will undoubtedly be a brilliant affair. Wednesday evening Miss Georgia Bennett

will entertain a large number of friends at a card party at her home on Willow avenue, in honor of Miss Watts of Neole

Mrs. W. H. M. Pusey and Mrs. Charles H. Pinney have issued invitations for a reception Thursday afternoon from 2 to 5 o'clock at the home of the former, 527 Willow Invitations have been issued for a recep

tion Friday afternoon to be given by Mrs. J. E. F. McGee and Mrs. C. H. Pinney at Mrs. McGee's home, corner of Willow avenue and Pearl street. Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Stewart will give a party at the Grand hotel in honor of their son and daughter, Master Dick and

Miss Eleanor, who are home for the holi days, Saturday evening the Commercial Pilgrims of America will have one of their in-formal socials in Scottish Rite hall.

See the line of HOLIDAY GOODS marked HALF PRICE. BOSTON STORE. FOTHERINGHAM, WHITELAW & CO.

Council Bluffs, In. Driesbach's is the only place in town where you can get genuine homemade

Christmas candy, pure and made fresh every day. 347 Broadway. See those oil heaters at Swaine's, 737 Broadway.

The snow and cold weather does not diminish the demand for acreage in the Klein tract, 21 miles east of the postoffice; 300 acres yet for sale in from one to ten acre tracts, suitable for fruit and

garden. Day & Hess, agents, 39 Pearl Hit with a Poker.

W. C. Foster, a hostler at the Ogfen livery barn, presented himself at the police station last evening with a nose that covered the larger part of his face and an overwhelming desire for revenge. He boarded an Omaha motor train on upper Broadway about 9 o'clock, paid his fare and curled himself up in as comfortable a posi-tion as possible. The conductor, whose name was Hutchinson, came in and thinking that he was monopolizing too much of the vacant space in the can, re-quested him to go into the smoker. He com-plied, but after he had scated himself the conductor and Motorman Durant came in and tried to get him to leave the car. conductor and Motorman Durant came in and tried to get him to leave the car. He refused to leave, saying he had paid his fare and was entitled to the ride. An altercation casued, which resulted in Durant seizing a poker from the stove and laying it against roster's nose with such force as to render it almost unfit for the useful and ornamental purposes for which nature had designed it. He then decided to get off and hunt for a policeman. He was sent to the residence of Justice Hammer, where he filed an information against the

where he filed an information against the two employes of the motor company, charg-ing them with assault and battery. The motor man and conductor explain their action by saying that Foster was drunk, very drunk, and conducted himself in such an obstrepous manner as to make life miscrable for the rest of the people in the car. Their story bears the stamp of truth, for when Foster called at the police station he had the remnants of a very respectable jag about him, after receiving the rough treatment at the hands of the motor wen which might be the hands of the motor men, which might be supposed to have sobered him up somewhat.

Coal and wood; best and cheapest Missouri hard wood in the city; prompt delivery. H. A. Cox. No. 4 Main.

Wanted-Cash offer for ten shares Citizen's State bank stock. Must be sold. Address E. H. Sheafe.

Do you smoke? Have you tried T. D. King & Co's Partagas? It's charmer. Just light one.

## BEE NEWS FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS

How Christmas Was Observed by the . NG. 12 PEARL STREET. Churches of the City.

> Services of Music and Song in Honor of the Day-Coming Social Events-A Week of Gaiety-Presented With

> > a Badge.

PLEASINGLY BEAUTIFUL CEREMONIES

Christmas day was observed in the usual namer at the churches. Sermons were preached by all the pastors on subjects appriate to the occasion, and their addresses were listened to by good sized audiences. considering the bad weather, which kept many at home who preferred not to brave

the elements. The service at St. Paul's Episcopal church was especially interesting, an elaborate musical program being rendered by the surpliced choir, which was strengthened by the addition of some voices besides those of the regular choir. The morning services included the "Te Deum" and jubilate by Smart, and the anthem. "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." by E. B. Hall, besides a number of selections of less magnitude. A program hardly less elaborate was presented in the evening service, which was arranged with special reference to the wants of the Sunday

At the First Presbyterian church the At the First Presbyterian church the music was also excellent, Mirs J. G. Wads worth delighting the audience by her rendi-tion of "The Birthday of a King," by Neid inger, and "Oh, Holy Night," by A. Adam At the Trinkly Methodist church the evenng service was conducted by the Epworth

The evening service at the Broadway church was by way of preparation for a series of revival meetings, which is to comsence with a "watch meeting" next Satur-

The services at the Fiest Baptist, Fifth avenue Methodist and Temple Baptist were very interesting. A Christmas cantata was rendered at the evening service at St John's English Lutheran church, and a concert by the children of the Sunday school at the Second Presby-

Prof. Hughes of Tabor occupied the pulpit morning and evening at the Congregational. Around the World.

J. A. Botzum, a New York newspaper

man, was in the city last evening on his way back home from a trip around the world. He spent some time in the corridors of the Grand hotel, where he entertained a group of loungers with an interesting series of anecdotes about his travels. He started from New York two years ago the 4th of next month, going eastward across the Atlantic, through France, Germany, Palestine, India, China, Japan and other European and Asi-atic countries. He then crossed the Pacific to San Francisco and walked from there to Council Bluffs, stopping at every city, town and hamlet that lay in his path. Nearly all his journey, where such a thing was possible, has been made on foot, 9,000 miles having been covered in this manner. He made a critical examination of the customs and characteristics of the foreigners he had happened to run across, stopping for several weeks or months in the principal countries and interviewing leners, proprietors and in-mates of harens, kings, coolies and every-body else who appeared likely to have an "item" concealed about his person that might prove useful to him, and judging from the quantity and quality of the stories he tells, he must have had a good deal of the genuine ne wspaper man's judgmert in picking out his men. He was attired in a very airy costume, but even with the mercury at 10° below zero and hustling hard for still lower regions he did not seem to notice the cold until his attention was called to it. He carries about with him a lot of photographs illustrative of the scenes he has passed through. He leaves for Chicago today by the first east bound railway track that leaves the city.

Paul Schneider, the druggist, has the newest novelties in celluloid and aluminum goods for the holidays. No one else carries the line, and they are the omest things you ever saw.

Badge for Chief Nicholson. Chief Nicholson answered an alarm of fire esterday morning that had a surprise party attached to the end of it. By a preconcerted plan of the fire boys the members of all the branches of the department were called to the upper broadway hose house at a break-neck speed. The chief, who had been detained at home until the proper time, arrived at the house and found all of his men drawn at the house and found all of his men drawn up in line to receive him. His wonder did not last long, for Chairman Pace of the council fire committee stepped forward and presented him a fine badge, as a token of esteem from the members of the depart-ment. The badge is a beauty, being of gold wrought in the form of various fire emblems. A strip of hose runs around the outside, while from the center, branching out in all directions, a c a set of miniature firemen's trampets. The name of the recipient, the date, and the name of the donors are handsomely engraved.

Bought organ stock of C. B. Musi Co. Will sell them cheap. Mar. Bour-icius, 116, 114 Stutsman street.

McPhail planes and Crown organs, eash or installments. Mar. Bouricius, 116 Stutsman street.

## A BATCH OF BUINTER SPORTS.

Commey bewalls the fact that not a single Red broke into the 200 bathing list last sum-mer, but he congratulates himself that one or two of 'em managed to keep out of jail.

The newspapers have now got Joe Quint unning an undertaking establishment in a ivery stable. Next they'll have Danny tearps running an ice cream parlor on the

President Big Head Hart of the Chicagos stamps the story that he has signed Herbert Volm of Canton, Ill., as a bald headed fake. My! wouldn't it have been just too awful if he really had signed Herbert?

Count Campau one day last week challenged any runner in New Orleans to skip over the cinders with him for the distance of 100 yards for 100 cases. No one took him up—all afraid of being double-crossed, 1

guess. On the very day that Chattanooga's terms were accepted. Manager Schmeitz received a telegram from Louisville apprising him that he was wanted there. Ohio State Journal, Yes, and if His Whiskers don't bring back that horse, he'll be wanted out here before

Manager Watkins has smoothed over many of the difficulties between Von der Ahe and his players, Glasscock, Gleason, Hawke and Crooks baying been brought into line. Globe-Democrat: Now Chris will recipro-cate about next March by smoothing Watty's

All during the year the Cincinnati cranks were kicking about "Tip" O'Neill's weak hitting, but the figures rather take the wind out of their sails. He is ahead of fourteen other Reds, and only four who finished the season with Cincinnati lead him.—Cincinnati Enquirer. I thought all the time during the season that Tip was hitting well, judging from some of his flowery breaks in the field.

The father of young McKee of the New Orleans club, has admitted the boy to a partnership in a lucrative ship caulking business, on condition that he would remain at home, and McKie has promised to leave professional base ball alone for sometime to come if not foreveer - Sporting Life. You certainly don't mean McKie? Goodness, but I an glad to hear that the boy had rather caulk than play ball.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

When Digby Bell was in Europe last summer, himself, wife and Josie Knapp traveled together through England and Ireland. On this trip they ran against Charley Schroeder of Boston. Mr. Schroeder's face resembles a moon at its full. One day, after

a particularly nard time. Digby and Schroeder returned to the hotel and were ushered to seats in the dining room across the table from Mrs. Bell and Miss Knapp. Miss Knapp looked somewhat askance at Mr. Schroeder's beaming countenance, and Schroeder, with a guilty conscience, was forced to say. Miss Knapp, do I look like a drinking man? As Josie stammered for a reply Schroeder continued: "Because If I do I'll go out and bedge."

Miss Maud Jeffries, leading lady in the Wilson Barrtel company, is a young actress of great premise. About six years ago she was a tall, angular school gir in Memphis. Tone, who won some celebrity in recitations and amateur theatricals. She soon acquired a love for the stage, and after some stidy in New York, became a member of the Daly company. One day Mr. Barrett saw her in a minor part, and signified his appreciation. of her efforts by warm appliance. The to ask for a place in his company. She was engaged, and went with them to England, "walking the stage" for a whole year, as the phrase is. Finally, when Miss Eastlake undertook her unfortunate starring tour. Mr. Barrett was driven into a corner for a lead-ing lady, and he assigned Miss Jeffries to

Frank McKee general manager of Hoyt & Thomas' enterprises, tells one on himself. It occurred in New York during the racing

season at Long Branch.

A recent addition to the Hoyt & Thomas forces was Bart Haverly, formerly with Russell's comedians. He knew nothing about races and did not care to learn. One morning he met McKee, who asked him if he ever "played the horses." He replied that

"Well." sum McKee, "you had better go down to the Branch' this afternoon and out a little money on Roulette. There is sure to be a long price about her—20 or 40 to 1—and she is a sure winner."

Haverly thanked him for the "tip" and

secretly resolved to make an attempt to swell his bank account. He went down to Long Branch in the afternoon and wandered about in search of a race track. Finally, in tespair, he approached a stranger whom he met on Ocean avenue and said:

"My friend, I would like to play roulette."

The stranger, who happened to be paid so The stranger, who happened to be had so much percentage for knowing the ropes, steered the guileless Haverly into the gor-geous gambling house kept by Mr. Daly and saw that he reached the roulette table. There Haverly purchased \$20 worth of chips,

and back being strongly in his favor he quit at the end of about two hours a winner to the extent of \$1,500. Meantime McKee had gone to the race track and bet a goodly sum on his horse Roulette at 15 to 1. The animal never made a showing in the race, and at times Mr. Mc Rec intimates that she is running yet. It

he played Roulette. "Of course I did," replied Haverly.

the evening he met. Haverly and asked him

"Well," said McKee, "I'm sorry she didn't win. Did you lose much?"
"Lose! Why, man, I won \$1,500;" and then he teld McKee what roulette he had played, whereupon McKee gazed at him thoughtfulle and made a few romarks about thoughtfully and made a few remarks about

Joseph Allen of the "Jane" company had Joseph Allen of the "Jane" company had black hair three years ago. Now it is white as snow, and thereby hangs a story.

In 4880 Mr. Allen was connected with one of the traveling companies playing through the south. The company had taken the train to go from New Orleans to Goldsboro. The stop was made at Montgomery Junction, Ala., the stop was made at Montgomery was ma at 2 o'clock in the morning to make connec-tion with another train. Mr. Allen left the train to get a cup of coffee. When he came out of the restaurant he saw a train just starting, and, supposing it was his he jumped aboard. He found out his mistake in a mo ment and appealed to the conductor to stop the train. That official informed him that the train was at that moment crossing a long trestle spanning a gulch about eighty feet deep, but he would stop on the other side of it. The train stopped and Allen got off. He was told by the train hands that an express train was due in a few moments, and that he would have to hurry in order to get across the trestle ahead of the train. It was raining and Mr. Allen was in his

traveling cap and slippers with little or no money in his pocket, and he knew he had to catch his own train before it left the junction. The trestle was nearly a quarter of a mile long but he started over it on a run When nearly in the center he saw the head light of the locomotive flashing around the curve at the other end. There was no poss: ble chance for him to get out of the way.

He had the choice of two deaths; both were horrible. He must either be crushed by the wheels of the fast approaching engine or leap into the gulch and be dashed to pieces. He stepped on the rail to make the leap when a voice called "stand still." The engineer had seen him. The lever was reversed and the train had come to a full stop within a few feet of him. Allen climbed on the cow-catcher and the train backed and he was landed on terra firma again.
"God bless you, old fellow," exclaimed

Allen to the engineer, "you have saved my 'Never mind your life, mister," answered

the engineer. "Get out of my way and let me go with this express." Allen reached his own train and crawled on board. He had just strength enough left to open the door of the car. He tottered in-side and fainted. When he left the train twenty minutes before his hair was jet black. When he returned it was white as

## CODDLING HER DARLING.

A Tender Seene Shocks a Very Crabbed

Bachelor. She had a shrill young voice that pervaded the whole car, and when she speke to the infantile darling at her side, says the Detroit Free-Press, she slopped over into baby talk that made all the other passengers grit their teeth and clutch the prush backs of the seats in front. The car was full, and the fond young guardian of infancy and innocence occupied the first seat. Back to back with that was the seat that faced the stove, and on this undesirable spot sat a thin, old man with three satchels

and chfu whiskers.

There was a bull for a few miles, and the passengers began to relax their muscles and breathe freer, when the fusilinde suddenly began again.
"Scepy, little dirl? Oh, so see, y?"

"Was oo mamma's wittle yam? Mam-

ma's wittle yammy yam? Look up here! Look at me! Oh, you bad, Was oo mamma's naughty bad?" Three slaps.
"Oh, you bad, precious little sing.
Mamma's Daisy Ducktums, her ownie
totty trots, Kissum me! Do your hear?
Kissum me!"

There were beads of perspiration on the face of the man with the chin whiskers, and when the conductor opened the car door he gave a con-vulsive shiver that knocked down the

"Conductor," he whispered, "you haven't come too soon."

"Why?" "I'm a desperate man."
"Too hot?" asked the conductor soothingly, opening the stove door.

"Hot? Man, it's that woman and baby back of me. It's the baby twaddle. I tell you I can't stand it. I've raised young ones myself out in loway, and I didn't raise em on that. Git the woman anything she wants. Git her a house and lot. I'll chip in, but keep her quiet. If you don't, conductor, I'll brain that baby with this yaller sample case. Hear? I'm desprit!

The conductor didn't reply. He leaned over to the young woman and "Madam, you must send that dog to the baggage car."

Doings of Nebraska Posts. The Sons of Veterans of Beatrice elected the following officers: W. A. Brittell, captain; Charles Claypool, first

lieutenant; Richard Fulton, second lieutenant. The remaining offices are filled by appointment, The Tekamah Grand Army post elected the following officers: C. E. Barker, commander; Charles Haney,

sr., vice commander; E. Tuttle, jr., vice commander, S. S. Skinner, officer of the day; A. P. Mason, innerermaster; I. C. Jones, chaplain; L. T. Colby officer of the guard.

The elect of Lombard post of North Loup are: George B. Rood, commander; J. H. Babcock, senior vice commander; I. East, junior vice commander; H. W. Rood, qua termaster; H. B. Shirley, surgeon; A. Springer, chaplain; H. A. Chase, officer of the day; S. J. Swan,

outside guard. Kit Carson post of Athion selected the following officers: H. E. Garzee, com-mander; W. B. Lapham, senior vice commander; W. B. Daniels, junior vice commander, John Rowell, Surgeon; L. H. Whiting, chaplain; E. T. Farmer, quartermaster; F. McElliott, officer of the day; William Ross, officer of the guard; F. H. Galbraith, delegate to the state encampment; John Peters, al-

Officers elected by James A. Garfield Relief corps for the ensuing year are: President, Emma B. Knight; senio vice president, Ellen Ludlow; junior vice president, Nancy Turner; treasurer, Kate Pend; chaplain, Kate Judson; conductor, Lona Turner; guard, Maud Knight; delegate to department convention, Kate Judson; alte nate, Sertrude

Following are the newly elected of-

icers of the Sons of Veterans of Cedar

Rapids: Captain, J. B. McClellan; first lieutenant, J. L. Probst; second Feutenant, H. B. Boylan; camp council, F C. Davis, E. E. Cox, H. E. Tutin; first sergeant, W. R. Sargent; quartermaster sergeant, L. K. McClellan; chaplain, L. Braman; sergeant of the guard, H. E. Tutin: color sergeant, B. E. Larue; camp guard, W. A. Youngs; principal musician, J. F. Baird; delegate to annual encampment, W. R. Sargent; alter-

Piles of people have piles, but DeWitt s Witch Hazel salve will cure them.

nate, J. L. Probst.

## JUST FROM PARIS.

Peculiarities of French Opera Imported to

New Orleans. Perhaps you have been told that if you want to see the beauty and chivalry of New Orleans you must attend the French opera Saturday night. The opera is seemingly the one thing to which the people of the Cres-cent city look forward from the beginning of one season to the opening night of the next. It is their own importation, direct from Paris, and while it lives in their midst they are in a state of delighted excitement. They receive each company much as a child ac cepts a Paris doll, admiring its hair, eyes and clothes, then criticising, comparing and finally embracing it in a perfect rhapsody of

It is a most unique sight to notice the peo ple going to the opera. One naturally looks for a crowd of handsome carriages, horses in shining harness, coachinen and footmen to be gathered about the entrance to the the ater. Perhaps a solitary carriage will be standing there, and maybe another will be approaching, but as a rule there will not be a single carriage in sight, and there is a pronounced absence of shining harness and liv eried coachmen. It is the street car, drawn by the meek and patient mule, which car ries the opera lovers to the opera, and it is the special "theater car" which waits for them until the opera is over. The car will be crowded by ladies in pretty evening gowns and opera cloaks, while their escorts in full dress suits will be standing clinging to the strap and making pretty speeches, which are none the less pretty because delivered in the For half an hour before the curtain rises

every car that passes is a vision of flowers, bright, expectant faces and gallant There was one part of the parquet reserved

for "distinguished men." In reply to the question, "And what do you mean by 'dis-tinguished men!" there was given the explanation, "O, visitors of note in the citystatesmen, journalists, judges." The "call" bell for the orchestra, and the curtain bell were two features of the French opera at once startling and unique.

A bell is rung for the members of the or

chestra to resume their places, and its tone suggests an old worn-out cow bell laid aside from active service years ago. Indeed, any respectable, well-bred cow would refuse to have it hung to her neck, but from its cracked, hoarse throat it calls the orchestra

Shortly after you hear a great pounding behind the curtain. It sounds more than merely putting down the carpet or moving furniture. Some one has a heavy hammer or mallet and is deliberately and maliciously pounding the fleor. That is the curtain bell. You think the first time you hear it that it is a mistake: that the little gentle-toned bell was touched, but this accidental pounding drowned the sound. It is no mistake. That surbarie hammering heralds each act, and it s something of an effort to recover from the shock of being ushered by such crude measures into realins of sweet, liquid French and ravishing song.

An honest pill is the noblest work of the apothecary. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure constipation, billousness and sick headache.

## SELECTED RECIPTS.

To prepare a fillet of flounder, a sharp onife is required to cut the flesh from the bone lengthwise, then cut each piece into strips an inch wide. Dip these into beaten egg and roll into cracker crumbs. Fry in hot fat. Any cook book will furnish a recipe for tar

tar sauce. To candy fruit-One pound of white ugar and as little water as possible; let boil down and skim it until it is perfectly clear and thick; have whatever fruit you desire to candy, and dip each piece in the hot syrup, then spread them on a dish and they will soon become hard.

Potato Fritters-Take four cold mealy potatoes, crumble them through a sieve and beat up well with two tablespoonfuls of cream; add sait and pepper and chopped parsley. Bind the mixture with an egg well beaten, then make into small cakes and fry in boiling butter or lard. Serve very hot, garnished with parsley.

To prepare horseradish for winter-In the fall, mix the quantity wanted in the following proportions: A coffeecup of grated horseradish, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half pints of cold vinegar. Bottle and seal. To make horseradish sauce, take two tablespoonfuls of the above, add one dessertspoonful of olive eil (or melted butter or cream) and one of prepared mustard.

Oatment scones are made from left-over porridge, which is often thrown away Put a piece of butter the size of a walnut into a cup, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda; pour over this a gill of hot water; stir until the soda is meited, then quickly turn it over the porridge in the bowl. Mix well, turn it out on a bakeboard, kneed it into a round, flat mass, just as you would bread. Roll out the dough to about a quarter of an inch thick; divide it into three and bake it on a hot griddle. This must be baked exceedingly slow; when baked carefully on both sides remove them from the fire, and when ready to use, toast them slowly for ten minutes.

Constipation cured by DeWitt's Early

A Tennyson an Story.

At Tennyson's table once there was a new guest. Dinner over, the butler, having filled this guest's glass, placed the decanter of port before his master, says the Argonaut. The talk was on a subject which deeply interested Tenny-son. As he talked he drank, and not noticing his friend's empty glass filled his own till the decenter was drained. Then he said:

"That was a very good bottle of port,

brought in a second decanter, which went through the same experience as the first-Mr. Blank having one glass from the butler, and Tennyson, entirely engrossed in talk as before, consuming all the rest. Early next morning his guest awoke to find Tennyson standing by his bed and regarding him with a

sort of friendly solicitude. "How are you this morning?" was the host's query

"All right, thanks." "Sure you are all right?"

decay.

"Oulte sure." "Ah, but pray, Mr. Blank, do you always drink two bottles of port after dinner

Stab Ends of Thought. No hird knows what it sings Truth should be tempered by expedi-

Hope seems to sit down to rest some times. Contentment is the pleasant word for

Some hearts are useless until they a: broken. One man cannot make a heaven that will fit any other man.

The prettler a woman is the more she needs something else. The horses can't be successfully hitched tandem to the matrimonial cart.

Cupid seldom shoots his arrow plumb through the centers of two hearts. Love is the tangible unrest, the quintessence of what should be but is not, the pleasure of pain, the happiness of heartache, the alleged attainment of the un attainable, the folly of feeling, the definition of the undefinable and about ten thousand million other things we are

Jockers' Socks in Line.

Santa Claus is not a Knight of the Garter, though he's associated with nights of the stocking.

always seeking and never finding with

any degree of certainty.

Now does the girl with eleverness Leave each admirer when he knows What Christmas presents won't conflict With those to come from other beaux.

"Love is a great leveler," said the Christmas young man as he gazed at his flattened pocketbook.

pardoned for wishing that Christmas found him with more cash and less in the slipper and suspender line. There's many a monetary conference

these days when the wife asks for funds

The young man may in some cases be

to buy Christmas presents.

All's Well That Ends Well. Little Amy West, old Mr. Clifford's granddaughter, just 18 that day, had tripped into her grandfather's office with a message from her mother and tripped out again. She had met her Aunt Helen there and was going home her mother that Aunt Helen would be round to tea, when she ran ngainst an elderly gentleman who bowed and apologized and stood looking at him. after her as she walked away. It was Mr. Dunbar, and in that instant, staid, common place man that he was, he felt that he had met his fate. Twenty minutes later Tom Hoyt, Mr. Clifford's office boy, came back from dinner, and was surprised to find Mr. Dunbar standing like a sentinel near the office door.

"Tom," said Mr. Dunbar, "I have not given you anything for your trouble this long time, and you've been very obliging. There's a dollar." "Thank you, sir," said Tom, "I'm sure you are very kind."

"Who was that young lady in Mr. Clifford's office just now?" asked Mr. Dunbar. "I noticed that she had a pleasant look." "Oh," said Tom, "I guess that Miss Helen. I left her there,

Clifford's daughter, sir.' 'She's very clever, isn't she?" "Very," said Tom. "Last Christmas she gave me a big plum cake she male herself. They say she's a wonderful housekeeper, and she's the only one that isn't married, you know."
"The child of Mr. Clifford's old age?"

said Mr. Dunbar. "Yes, sir," said Tom, agreeing to everything. "Thank you, Tom; you won't mention

I asked?" "No. sir," said Tom, as he made his bow and went his way.
"Lovely girl," said Mr. Dunbar, "and

domestic, too. Helen Clifford drew the curtains and sat down before the fire. Tea was waiting for her father's appearance, which would be just five minutes after 6 o'clock if nothing unusual occurred. And just then the little maid brought her a let-

"I wasn't expecting a letter," said Helen to herself. "Ada wrote last week and Mattie's baby was quite well yesterday. Aunt Sarah won't write until she gets one from me. And it can't be-"
Here it suddenly occurred to Helen that opening the letter would be the best solution of the mystery. She took her penknife from her pocket, cut one side of the envelope and drew out the thick, cream-tinted sheet of paper. The

letter ran:-My Dear Miss Clifford:-I saw you a few any DEAR MISS CLIFFORD:—I SAW you a few days ago as you came out of your father's of-fice. I am not a young gentleman, but I have a heart and I have lost it to you. I am coming up to tea with your father tonight. If you think well of my proposition put sugar my tea, and if not leave it out.

# Pears' Soap

Helen could hardly believe that she

Whoever wants soft hands, smooth hands, white hands, or a clear complexion, he and she can have both; that is, if the skin is naturally transparent; unless occupation prevents.

The color you want to avoid comes probably neither of nature or work, but of habit. Either you do not wash effectually, or you wash too

effectually; you do not get

the skin open and clean, or

you hart it. Remedy.-Use Pears' Soap, no matter how much; but a little is enough if you use it often.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

# other?" And, the guest assenting, the butler brought in a second decenter, which THE GELEBRATED SHELLER



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was sane, but she hurried up to her room to change her dress. She was a tall, dark woman of 36, and she looked best when most dressed. And there was pa at the door, and somebody with him. Helen sat down and her cheeks crim-

"Helen," said her father, and she arose but did not look up-"Helen, this is Mr. Dunbar. I've brought him up to take tea with us. This is the only girl I have left at home, Mr. Dunbar,

The lady and gentleman bowed.

"Tom was mistaken," said Mr. Dun-bar to himself. "And I'm an idjot, It was somebody else." Then they all sat down to the table in

some confusion. "How modest he is, poor man," thought Helen. "She has an amiable look," thought Mr. Dunbar, "After all, how much

more suitable she is for me than that

young girl. About the proper age, really." Helen was only twenty years his junior. "He's rather old," said Helen to herself, "but his heart must be young to fall in love like that."

"Amy is coming out tomorrow," said Mr. Clifford, "My granddaughter. You must have seen her running in and out of my office. She's going to be married soon—going to marry Clayton. You know young Clayton in Nason's office. He'll get on. That is my first married grandchild, and I feel old when I think

ried life is the happiest," said the old bachelor. In his heart he was thinking what a goose he was. "Your ten, pa," said Helen.
"Why, dear, help Mr. Dunbar first," said the old gentleman.

"Married, eh? Well, I suppose mar

"I've put sugar in this, pa," returned Helen. Mr. Dunbarlooked at her. She looked "Please put sugar in mine, Miss

Helen," he said. And with trembling fingers she continued. Amy West was much surprised when she heard of her Aunt Helen's engage-

ment.

"It seems so queer," she said to her mother. 'that Aunt Helen is engaged I thought that she was going to be an old maid. Mr. Dunbar seems to be a good man, but he is real old. mamma, he is almost as old grandpa. "Oh, no, Amy," sail the mother | ently. "He is ten or twelve years

gently. younger than your grandfather. And Helen won't leave home. Father will And so all ended well, and Mr. Dunbar is very much in love with his



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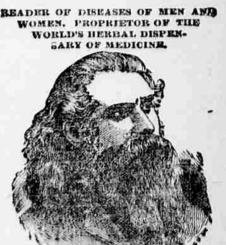
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