THE DAILY BEE---SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 29, 1835.

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Finest Equipped Railroad in the World for all Classes of Travel. T. J. POTTER, 3d Vice-Pres't and Gen'l Manager PERCEVAL LOWELL, Gon Pass. Ag't, Chicago

LOVED AND LOST.

New York Mercury They walked along in silence together. They could hear the gay voices of the people of their party in the distance; a creeping up among the trees, the long

sky, "How dark it is!" mumured Mary Temple. "Does the darkness make you nervous? asked her companion.

iriends. I wonder they have not waited for us.

for us." "They have not missed us," rejoined her companion, "and they would not be anxious about you if they did, since you are with me, and they know what old friends we are. But we will hasten on and overtake them, if you

like. She did not answer, but accelerated

"You must be tired; won't you rest a little?" he pleaded. "No, Richard," she said, quickly, "I must not rest here in the forest alone with

you. It would not be ri ht of me. I ought not to have lingered behind our friends, but I had no idea how late it was, and the darkness came on so quickly. And now, you see, they are not within hearing, evi-dently, for we cannot distinguish their

oices any longer." It was true, the sounds of laughter and of singing had died away, and listen intently as they might, they could hear nothing beyond the nameless sounds of the forest itself-the indescribable whir

and rustle and flutter of the woods at night. 'It was very inconsiderate of them to hasten on without waiting for us," murmured Mary Temple, standing perfectly still, and speaking in a low voice. "But the best thing to be done now is to hasten on after them

"I am afraid you will be exhausted if you walk along at such a rate," said Richard, as they resumed their hurried pace.

On they went, the shadows creeping closer, the strange, weird sounds increas-ing around them, the trees growing blacker, the sky growing darker, and over everything the soft white mist rising and spreading itself out like a huge

"Why, Dick, I do believe I see a glow-worm!" exclaimed Mary Temple sudden-ly, in a voice as different from that in which she had spoken before as sorrow is different from joy, as tears are different from smiles. The man's heart beat almost to suffo-

cation as he heard the old familiar name. but he controlled himself sufficiently to answer briskly and naturally: "Haven't you seen them before?" he

said. "There a ... numbers in the forest, I believe,'

"Don't you remember how we used to hunt for them in the wood and in the hedges at home?" said Mary, speaking still in the altered voice—such a bright, sweet, gay voice it was. "And you used to play tricks upon me, and make me run all

down the garden at night to see them; and, of course, when I got there none were to be seen. And we never found any out in the woods in those

came home only a month ago, and went sible. I am cold-and ill-and miserable. down to Fairfield to find you, and there they told me the bitter truth. I bore it, however, and I determined to come and

take a look at you in your Hampshire home before going away again, I reached your village last night. I broke in upon snatch of song reached them now and then, and seemed to their troubled minds like discord. Darkness was gathering quickly around them; shadows were join in their evening stroll in the forest, I must confess I was anxious to accompbranches looked like black arms stretch-ing into the softer blackness of the leaves, and, here and there, there was a break and a glimpse of the gray evening sky. "How dark it is!" mumured Mary

to laugh and joke and talk platitudes. have been through hardships of a kind that would make your woman's heart bleed. I have lain out in the open air, "No," she answered shortly; "but it reminds me that it is getting late, and we must not keep so far behind our those American prairies. I have been, I those American prairies. I have been, I can say literally, through fire and water;

and I went through all with a light heart with a happy heart ever. I thought of you day after day, morning after morn-ing, night after night, and an indefinable instinct seemed to tell me that my 'little Moll,' as I have so often called you, was really mine, that she loved me in heart,

that she would not have forgotten me If I had known the truth I should never have come back to England; you would never have heard of me again, Moll; and perhaps it would have been better so." "Oh, hush, Dick !" she said again, faint-

ly, and clasping her hands tightly together as if in agony. "All these things you are saying sink into my heart and make me cold at the thought of what I have done.

He was silent for a few moments; and presently they emerged from under the trees into an open plain, dotted here and there with masses of bush and fern and pounded on all sides by vast plantations of pine and beech and ash trees. As they stepped out from the underwood they came into comparative light, and they could see the dim sutline of each other's face, and see the gentle undulation of the land in front of them.

Mary looked around her in dismay. "I don't remember crossing this place as we came from home," she said.

But Lovel did not answer her remark. He stepped short in front of her, and, seizing her hands to prevent her from walking on, he said, his voice faltering with emotion:

"Moll, you must and shall hear and answer me, considering how you have spoilt the rest of my life, it is only fair that you should at least let me speak to

you. You say it is wrong in you to listen to me. It may be so; but the principal wrong, the foundation of all wrong, is in the feeling itself, which lies at my heart, and which, right or wrong, will lie there as long as I live, I fancy. You knew what I felt. It you did not know it before, you have, must have known it te day; you must have seen it in my face. Is it not as bad, as wrong, for you to

know that I love you as to hear my poor weak words?"

weak words?" He paused for a reply; but she only shirvered and breathed a deep sigh. "You know why I left home," he con-tinued, passionately—" because my father married again and put a frivilous, flip-pant woman in my dear dead mother's place. I had always been a wild fellow, then aid, and mot out to the motion to they said; and went out to America to work off my wilndess, determined to fall on my feet somehow while I was there and then come back to you, Moll, to tell you how I had loved you ever since those boyish days when I used to save up my pocket-money to buy presents. Simple, trifling presents they were, but they come from my young heart. I did not seek to

bind you to any promise, it seemed to me unfair to attempt to tie you to a worth-

"I used to fancy you did," she answer-

been only a boyish liking, that it was



should be gone to morrow; he had said that she would not see him again, and she **DEWEY & STONE'S** felt instinctively that it was true. What should she do to morrow and the day after to morrow, and all the days through which she would have to live? How could she ever be happy again? How could she ever even appear to be happy in her quiet home! Hitherto she had had no excessive feeling one way or the other. She had not been very happy, and she certainly had not been very unhappy; but this one day had altered everything. From the moment in that morning when her old

friend and playmate had come to her in her garden, sent by her husband to give distinct now! Yes, it is singing! They are coming to look for us. They are singing 'O hills and vales of pleasure.'" her a welcome surprise, she had felt as if she were a different person. She had With a bitter cry, he drew his arms around her and clasped her to him. dropped all the flowers that she had picked, and had stood before him unable to "My little Moll, they are coming to speak; and at the first sound of his voice

take you from me!" he murmured, as he bent his head over the pale face on his she had burst into tears. That she had afterwards attempted to account for by shoulder. saying that he reminded her of her home, The sound of the gay singing came nearer and nearer, and presently there was a loud "Hello!" that echoed round

her dead parents, her childhood. What should she do? she asked herself

over and over again. How should she live on? She knew know that her heart and round them. "God only knows why this agony should had been with Dick all along, and she have been reserved for me," said Lovel, felt that those girlish hopes and dreams of hers, those undefined thoughts and scruples which had made her delay her speaking in a low, quick voice. "It will serve some purpose of His, I must suppose. I cannot see why I should not have been allowed to have you for my marriage to the utmost limit, were all for him.

very own, but I can only try to believe there is some reason. No one, however, can control one's thoughts and hopes; They had nearly crossed the plain when Mary turned round to Lovel, who had been walking silently beside her, and stopping suddenly, said: "I do not remember crossing this broad and in that world to which we are going, in that life that follows after death,

surely we shall meet there at last, and I shall hold my arms to you, and be free expanse of land, do you?" "To speak frankly, I do not," answered Lovel. "But there are conditions of minds in which field and forest are much alike,

to clasp you in them forever!" "Dick, this is worse than death!" she said faintly.

and I must own that I was not observing "They are calling again. I must answer. Kiss me once, my little Moll, if only for the sake of my long love, my wasted hopes! Kiss me once!" he said, passionthe beauties of nature as I came along. I certainly do not remember this plain, however. Mary looked about her in dismay.

eately. And she raised her white face Everything appeared unfamiliar. She was convinced that they had never and kissed him. "Hello!" cried Lovel, walking hurried.

passed that sombre line of pine trees that stood out against the sky on the ly in the direction where the sounds of music had come; and "Halloo!" rang summit of the easy hill they were climbthrough the woods around, and in a few moments he was surrounded by the ing. "We must turn back," she said decisiveboisterously merry party of young peo-

ly. "We have missed our way; and all we ple. can do is to retrace our steps until we get into the road."

"She is still crouching by the fire I made for her," answered Lovel, speaking as unconcernedly as he could. "You see, "But are you sure of that?" said Lovel. 'It seems to me that it will be very difwe lost our way. Of course I knew nothing about it, and Mrs. Temple has ficult to retrace our foot steps under the trees, to say nothing of fi iding the path we have missed. Do you not know what been nervous and cold. She ought to get we have missed. Do you not know what part of the forest this is? Do you not the truth," he added confidentially to one know in what direction we are going! I of the party. "I am exceedingly glad feel very unwilling to go back beneath that you have come up; for you will be the trees; it is so damp there, and you able to see her home, and I wanted to might be cold, m spite of the fact that it go to the next village, from which it will is August. See how misty it all is." "I must go back through the cold, be easier to reach the station tomorrow morning. It is a matter of life and death to me to cach that first and the mist and the damp, however,"

said Mary, and back they went, re-solutely, walking side by side, in utter Her

"Dick, this is dreadful!" Mary ex-claimed, at last. "I do not know where we are, or where we are going, and the forest is bewildering. I heard Mr. Tem-

"You will be sorry to hear that poor Mary Temple-Mary Vane that was, you know-is dead. It appears that she

caught a cold, sometime in the summer,

by walking in the forest at night. She

had a bad attack of fever, and regularly

and experienced less pain in my back, my appetite

increased, and after usidg three (3) bottles my pains

were all gone, and my health entirely restored, and

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URNITUREi

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ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following deeds were filed for record in the recorder's office, September 28, reported for the BEB by P. J. Me-

Mahon, real estate agent: B. C. Hallsa to G. W. Cheeseman, part

B. C. Hallsa to G. W. Cheeseman, part of el nwl, 35,76, 42, \$1,070, John Hammerand to Herman Peterson, lot 5, block 9, Minden, \$500. Herman Yeise to Paul Jones, part of lot 1, block 9, Minden; \$400. J. E. Coppedge to F. C. Miller, lots 3 and 4, block 18, Burns' add, \$_____

Fred. C. Miller to Mary B. Swan, lots 3 and 4, block 18, Burns' add, \$145.

Kate C. Sales et al. to Mary B. Swan, lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11 and 12, block 3, and lots 3 and 4, block 10, Stutman's 2d add, \$245.

Total sales, \$2,360.

Its Equali Yet to Hear From.

The movement of a nule's hind legs are variable and uncertain, but Dr. Thomas' Ke-lectric Oil takes but one course - it heals and cures. Its equal for asthma, diphtheria, cafarrh, cold and sore throat has never yet been sold.

COMMERCIAL.

COUNCIL BLOFPS MARKET. COUNCIL BLUFFS MARKET. Wheat—No. 2 spring, 76c; No. 3, 63c; re-jected, 50c; good demand. 4 Corn — Dealers are paying 31@32c; rejected corn, Chicago, 40@45c; new mixed, 49c; white corn, 50c; the receipts of corn are light. Oats—In good demand at 20c. Hay—4 00@6 00 per ton; 50c per bale. Rye—40c; light supply. Cern Meal—1 25 per 100 pounds. Wood—Good supply; prices at yards, 5 00@ 6 00.

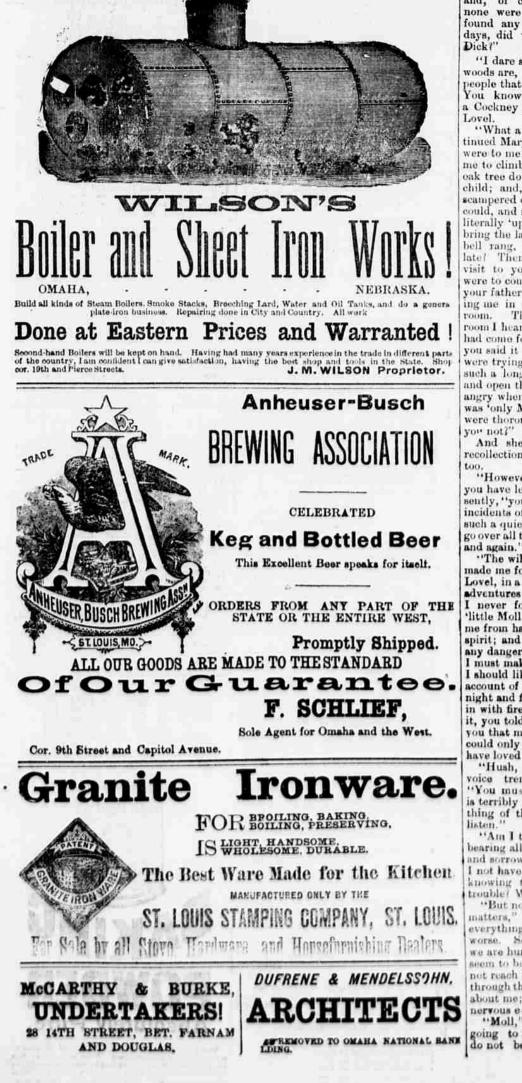
Coal-Delivered, hard, 11 00 per ton; soft,

5 50 per ton. Buttem-Plenty and in fair demand at 25e;

Buttes-Plenty and in fair demand at 25c; creamery, 30c. Eggs - Ready sale at 15c per dozen. Lard - Fairbank's, wholesaling at 11c. Poultry-Firm; dealers are paying for chickens 16c; live, 2 50 per dozen. Vegetables-Potatoes, 50c; onions, 50c; cab-bages, 30(240c per dozen; apples, 3 50(24 60 per barrel. Flour-City flour, 1 60(23 40. Brooms-2 00(23 00 per doz.

LIVE STOCK.

The Cathedral of the Incarnation at Garden City, L. I., was declared completed August 29th. It has been five years building, and has cost \$2,000,000, and St. Paul's school, which has been three years building, has cost about \$1,000,000. The Bishop's residence will, when completed, cost \$80,000. First Revived and then Cured.



days, did we? I wonder why that was Dick?" less fellow such as I was, without home or prospects, and for whom you might have to wait years; but at the bottom of

"I dare say because those little Kentish woods are, as a rule, so overrun with people that the glowworms are all taken. You know there is nothing delights a Cockney so much," answered Richard my heart there was a firm belief in you, a hope that you understood me, and that you would feel the instinct that I felt, the natural, ineradicable love that springs

"What a tease you were then!" continued Mary Temple; "what a worry you were to me! Do you remember persuading that I should find you waiting for me on | ple do? me to climb up the ladder into the old my return, and should only have to say, 'Moll, darling, I have come back to you!' oak tree down the garden, when I was a child; and, directly I had got up, you scampered down the ladder as fast as you and take you to my arms forever. Did you understand nothing of all this, then? could, and ran away with it, leaving me Was 1 entirely mistaken/ Did those literally up a tree; and you would not bring the ladder back until the dinnerpretty smiles and glances of yours mean iothing? Have I deceived myself bell rang, and I was acolded for being throughout?" Then that time when I went on a By this time Mary had disengaged her hands and had covered her face with visit to your home; and the night you

were to come back from boarding school, your father and brothers insisted on hiding me in the cupboard in the school Then when you came into the room I heard them tell you that a present

had come for you during the week; and you said it was not true, and that they were trying to 'take you in' and you were such a long time before you would come and open the cupboard; and you were so angry when you did open it and found it was 'only Moll' inside. Poor Dick! you

merely because we had grown up together were thoroughly disappointed then, were as playmates. Then my father and mother fell into such sudden difficulties, And she laughed heartily at the recollection, and Lovel tried to laugh as you have been told; and in all their trials and troubles Mr. Temple was so good and kind; he helped them in so

too. "However, I suppose in the wild life many ways; and at last, when my father on his death-bed to'd me that our faithyou have led abroad," she continued preful friend wanted me to be his wife, sently, "you have forgotten all these little when my father told me how contented incidents of childhood, but I have passed such a quiet time that I have been apt to and happy he should die if I only congo over all those pleasant merry days again sented-how could I refuse? You had

been away so long, and you never said a word to me of love, and I did not know "The wild life you speak of has not you had not forgotten me. And so my dear father died in peace, and I was marmade me forget a single small event," said Lovel, in a low voice. "Through all my adventures and peril in South America, ried to Mr. Temple. 1 have not been unhappy with him; he has been so good to I never forget you. The thought of 'little Moll' was my guiding star; it kept me always; he has trusted me so fully, me from harm many a time; it fired my and has tried to please me in every way. spirit; and when sometimes we were in I have attempted, in return, to be a goo

wife to him. I have resolutely put aside all my old hopes and dreams, and any danger, I used to say to myself that I must make a proud figure, for if I did, I should like 'little Moll' to hear a good haveaccount of my end. When I awoke one night and found myself in a room hedged "Your hopes, Moll! Did you say your

hopes?" said Lovel, passionately. "Yes; they were hopes-once!" in with fire on every side-you heard of it, you told me this morning-I swear to answered. you that my first thought was, oh, if I 'So could only let 'little Moll' know that I cried.

"So you loved me, Moll, after all!" he ried. "Tell me that you did love? Answer me. If only for the sake of the happy have loved her since I was a boy!" "Hush, hush!" whispered Mary, her years we passed together as children, give roice trembling as she whispered, ine that shred of consolation; tell me that

'You must not say this to me now; it you did love me?" "I never knew myself how much until a terribly wrong for you to say anything of the kind to me, and for me to

them.

not know it?"

this morning." she replied simply. He caught her hands in his and pressed "Am I to go away from you, then, still his lips upon them as if he were beside bearing all the load of my disappointment himself, and she heard him muttering "Am I to go away from you, then, still and sorrow?" said Lovel, bitterly. "May some impassioned words as if he were I not have the miserable satisfaction of hardly conscious of what he was saying. knowing that some one knows of my trouble? Will you deny me that?" She submitted; she let him kiss her hands and press them t ghtly in his. It seemed and press them t ghtly in his. It seemed

"But nothing you can say can mend matters," Mary expostulated; "in fact, awake presently and find herself in the to her like a dream, from which she would everything is tending to make matters sunny home worse. See how late it is; and, although Forest village. home in the picturesque New

we are hurrying on so fast, we do not "You are shivering. Are you cold, my seem to be getting any nearer. If I do darling?" were the words that roused her not reach home soon after our party go at last.

through the village they will grow anxious She put her hands to her ears wildabout me; and I myself am getting more ly, as if to shut out the sound of the nervous every moment." words.

"Moll," he said, passionately, "I am going to leave this place to-morrow, and do not believe you will see me again! I me, but take me home as quickly as pos-

ple say that he lost himself in it once for In the general confusion and laughter and

hours at night; but I could not believe acclamations of Mary's friends, no one he was not trying to frighten me. Now noticed Lovel's curiously abrupt depart-I can understand it. Still I think we are ure. The young man who volunteered going in the right direction; yet, after all, walked about half a mile with him, the trees do not seem so thick or the grass and did not find him particularly unen-

from communion of souls. I should have laughed of the idea of making you prom-se me anything; it seemed to me that you must have felt all that I felt, and do you think? What will Mr. Tem-the do you think? What will Mr. Temher a touch of the ague and fever often

"I dare say ho will guess what has hap- consequent upon exposure in the evening pened, and will wait at home for some mists of the forest, they did not tease her time at least," answered Mary, "I have with questions and jocularities, but left often heard him speak of the folly of her to her own miserable and remorseful searching parties starting too soon. Then thoughts. In a letter Lovel recieved some months

they will all tell him that you are with me, and he trusts me so fully that he will later, in America, from his brother in England, the following passages occur-"There is one thing that I will make red.

you do," said Lovel, "and that is, rest yourself a little while You will be ill "Answer me Moll!" Lovel cried. "Did after all this fatigue." you not guess that I loved you-did you Mary thought, too, that she should be

ill; but she said nothing. "If you will consent to rest a few moed, with something like a sob stopping her every now and then; "but when you were so long away, and 1 heard nothing of you, I came to think at last that it had

ments," Lovel continued, "I will make wasted and pined away. What a blow a fire here. This furz will burn splendid- this would have been to you when you ly; and I have some matches in my were a boy!"

pocket. "That will be capital," said Mary A YOUNG MAN'S CASE. brightly, "and if any of them come back to look for us, the light of the fire will at-Ma S. S. Honous, Jr., of No. 147 Park street, Lew ston, Me., relates the following personal narrative, tract them.

May 14, 1853: "About fifteen months since I had a Quick as thought he made a pile severe attack of typhoid fever, was very lame and furze and dried leaves, and set fire to it. The flames did not grow rapidly, because of the damp; but Mary drew near grate-fully, and held her slender hands towards confined to my hed for eleven weeks, and when the fover left me was in a very debilitated condition My back and loius seemed to have no strength, and the burning pile. "How cheerful it looks!" she said, as had no vitality or appetite. I tried various kinds of

Lovel banked it up on all sides. "I supmedicine recommended by my friends, but found pose you have often made a fire like this they did not improve my condition. I was induced before. Just think how delighted we to try Hunt's Bemedy, which has been used with should have been at this adventure if we such great success here in Lewiston that it has a very had been children.' enviable reputation of being a most reliable medicine

He laughed, and sighed too, and stood beside her, looking with melancholy eye I purchased one bottle, and can date my improved health from the time I commenced using it, and my at the crackling leaves and branches.

Mary glanced around with something progress continued very rapidly; I gained in strength like awe; the trees seemed bigger and blacker than ever; innumerable shadows appeared to be grouped in the back-ground; it looked as if every inch of the ground was moving in a ghastly, ghostly I can most heartily recommend Hunt's Remedy to fashion; and, as she raised her eyes to the any who may need a true remedy for debility, kidney canopy of leaves and boughs over her orjurinary troubles." she fancied she saw endless varie-

ties of faces and forms peering down at

her, the faces laughed maliciously, the Mr. L. J. Jones, of No. 10 Charles street, Portland, long arms pointing to her. With a beat-ng, throbing heart she turned quickly to 1883: "I have for several years been troubled with liver complaint and indigestion, and have suffered at her companion, and putting her hand times ter. ible distroms, and have tried many different

on his arm, said hurriedly. "I am almost frightened, Dick; the cures, so-called, that have been recommanded a times. I one day noticed in one of our papers the tes r es are so full of shadows!"

'You need not be frightened; I will timony of a person that had used Hunt's Remedy and been cured of diseases similar to mine. I put take care of you," he answered, he drew her cold trembling hand within his arm, chased a bottle of one of drug stores in Portland, and before I had used the first bottle found that and held it firmly.

was improving beyond my expectations; have used She let him do it She dared not trust in all six bottles, and I have no trouble from indiherself to remonstrate; and they stood gestion, no distress or pain back as I formerly had; together, her arm in his, her hand in his, and since I have been cured my wife has used it for kidney trouble and it has cured her. We can both in the light of the fire, afraid to speak to each other, afraid to look at each other. say that if unt's tomody is a blossing to any that are Suddenly in the dead silence-a silence troubled with kidney or liver diseases, or indigesso intense that they almost seemed to tion. We gladly recommend it to our friends or to hear each other's heart beating--there any sufferers from liver or kidney diseases, and you aroso a far, far distant sound. It was so can use this lotter as you may choose for the best in faint though they both heard it, they tere t of suffering humanity." both thought it was fancy. They listen-PERSONAL "Parts of the ed, and heard it again, and presently

ed. and heard it again, and presently again—a little more distinctly this time. "Did you hear that sound, Dick?" asked Mary, raising her eyes to his face, "What doos it sound like to you! Is it not singing? Hark! There! It is more

"Was troubled for a year with torpid liver and indigestion, and after trying everything imaginable used Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle revived me and the second curso me entirely. J. S. Williamson, Rochester, N. Y.

Evangalist Hammond has been stirring up the sinners of Jersey City. So eloquent were his appeals, that in one of the Baptist churches over forty manifested a desire to repeat al their evil ways and become Christians.

The Testimony of a Physician.

James Beecher, M. D. of Sigourney, Iowa, says for several years 1 have been using a Cough Balsam, called DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and in al-most every case throughout my practice I have had entire success. I have used and prescrib-ed hundreds of bottles ever since the days of my army practice (1863), when I was surgeon of Hospital No. 7, Louisville, Ky.





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ing Diseases Without Medicine. Ing Discases Without Medicine. Pains in the Back, Hips, Head or Limbs, Nervense Debilty, Lumbaro, General Debility, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Discase of the Kidneye Spinal Discases. Torpid Liver, Gout, Sexual Exhau-tion, Seminal Emissions, Asthma, Heart Discase, Dyspepsis, Constipation, Erysipelas, Indigestion, Harnis or Rupture, Impotency, Catarrh, Piles, Epi-ley, Dumb Ague.

\$5,000 Would Not Buy It. Ds. Hoavs -- I have used your Electric Belt for some time, and it has done all that your Agent claimed for it. Any one troubled with rheumatism or sciatics, I would say, buy Horne's Electric Belt, for one of the thirty dollars belts cured use of the above disease in a short time. Any one wishing to confer its a short time. Any one wishing to soft with me, can do so by writing or caling at my store 1430 Douglas St. Omaha Neb. WILLIAN LYONS WILLIAM LYONS

WILLIAM LYONS I cheerfully recommend Horne's Electric Belt as an efficient cure for rheumstim, Laving worn one for hat malady. A.M. UNDERHILL For sale by Foste Bre's, Council Fluffs, Iowa. MAIN OFFICE- ppeate Portoffice, Frenzer Ele ZerFor Sale at C. G. Goodman e Brug Store 1119 Parnam Street Orr. be

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