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LOVED AND LOST.

New York Mercury. They walked along in silence together. They could hear the gasp voices of the people of their party in the distance; a snatch of song reached them now and then, and seemed to their troubled minds like discord. Darkness was gathering quickly around them; shadows were creeping up among the trees, the long branches looked like black arms stretching 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!" murmured Mary Temple. "Does the darkness make you nervous?" asked her companion. "No," she answered shortly; "but it reminds me that it is getting late, and we must not keep so far behind our friends. I wonder they have not waited for us."

"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 right of me. I ought not to have lingered here at this hour, and I had no idea how late it was, and the darkness came on so quickly. And now, you see, they are not within hearing, evidently, for we cannot distinguish their voices any longer."

"I am afraid you will be exhausted if you walk along at such a rate," said Richard, as they resumed their hurried pace. "On the way, the shadows creep closer, the strange, weird sounds increase around them, the trees growing darker, and the sky growing darker, and over everything the soft white mist rising and spreading itself out like a huge pall."

"Why, Dick, I do believe I see a glow-worm!" exclaimed Mary Temple suddenly, 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 suffocation as he heard the old familiar name, but he controlled himself sufficiently to answer briskly and naturally: 'Haven't you seen them before?'"

"I 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 get them; and, of course, when I got them none were to be seen. And we never found any out in the woods in those days, did we? I wonder why that was?"

"I dare say because those little Kentish woods are, as a rule, so over-run with people that the glow-worms are all taken. You know there is nothing delishious a Cockney so much," answered Richard Level.

came home only a month ago, and went down to Fairfield to find you, and there they told me the bitter truth, and I bore it, however, and I determined to come and take a look at you in your Hampshire home, and to give you away again. I reached your village last night. I spoke in upon you this morning. I have spent the last few days with you, and when all your merry friends called upon you and asked you to join in their evening stroll in the forest, I must confess I was anxious to accompany you. I did not think of saying a word of this to you then, but I only felt that it would be comparative happiness to walk beside you, to know that you were near without being forced by the exigencies of society and conventionality to laugh and joke and talk platitudes. I have been through hardships of a kind that would make your woman's heart bleed. I have lain out in the open air, night after night, in the vast solitude of those American prairies. I have been, and I am, a wanderer, and I have had to walk beside you, to know that you were near without being forced by the exigencies of society and conventionality to laugh and joke and talk platitudes. I have been through hardships of a kind that would make your woman's heart bleed. I have lain out in the open air, night after night, in the vast solitude of those American prairies. I have been, and I am, a wanderer, and I have had to walk beside you, to know that you were near without being forced by the exigencies of society and conventionality to laugh and joke and talk platitudes.

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"I dare say because those little Kentish woods are, as a rule, so over-run with people that the glow-worms are all taken. You know there is nothing delishious a Cockney so much," answered Richard Level. "What a tease you were then!" continued Mary Temple; "what a worry you were to me! Do you remember persuading me to climb up the ladder into the old oak tree down the garden, when you was a child; and, directly I had got up, you scampered down the ladder as fast as you could, and ran away with it, leaving me literally 'up a tree'; and you would not bring the ladder back until the dinner-time! Then that time when I went on a visit to your home; and the night you were to come back from boarding school, your father and brother insisted on hiding me in the cupboard in the school room. 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 you were trying to 'take you in' and that 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 were thoroughly disappointed then, were you not?"

"And she laughed heartily at the recollection, and Level tried to laugh too. "However, I suppose in the wild life you have led abroad," she continued presently, "you have forgotten all these little incidents of childhood, but I have passed quite a quiet time there. I have been apt to go over all those pleasant merry days again and again." "The wild life you speak of has not made me forget a single small event," said Level, in a low voice. "Through all my adventures and perils in South America, I never forgot you. The thought of 'little Moll' was my guiding star; it kept me from harm many a time; it fired my spirit; and when some one was wrong in 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 account of my end. When I awoke one night and found myself in a room hedged in with fire on every side--you heard of it, you told me this morning--I swear to you that my first thought was, oh, if I found only 'little Moll' know that I have loved her since I was a boy!"

"Hush, hush!" whispered Mary, her voice trembling as she whispered. "You must not say this to me now; it is terribly wrong for you to say anything of the kind to me, and for me to listen." "An I to go away from you, then, still bearing all the load of my disappointment and sorrow?" said Level, bitterly. "May I not have the miserable satisfaction of knowing that some one knows of my trouble? Will you deny me that?" "But nothing you can say can mend matters," Mary expostulated; "in fact, everything is tending to make matters worse. See how late it is; and, although we are hurrying on so fast, and do not seem to be getting any nearer. If I do not reach home soon after our party goes on being the village they will grow anxious about me; and I myself am getting more nervous every moment." "Moll," he said, passionately, "I am going to leave this place to-morrow, and do not believe you will see me again! I

FURNITURE! CHEAPEST PLACE IN OMAHA TO BUY Furniture DEWEY & STONE'S IS AT They always have the largest and best stock. NO STAIRS TO CLIMB ELEGANT PASSENGER ELEVATOR TO THE DIFFERENT FLOORS.

distinct now! Yes, it is singing! They are coming to look for us. They are singing 'O hills and vales of pleasure.' With a bitter cry, he drew his arms around her and clasped her to him. "My little Moll, they are coming to take you from me!" he murmured, as he bent his head over the pale face on his shoulder. "The sound of the gay singing came nearer and nearer, and presently there was a loud 'Hello!' that echoed round and round them. 'God only knows why this agony should have been reserved for me,'" said Level, 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 see you for my very own, but I can only try to believe there is some reason. No one, however, can control one's thoughts and hopes; and in that world 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 to clasp you in them forever!"

"Dick, this is worse than death!" she said faintly. "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, passionately. And she raised her white face and kissed him. "Hello!" cried Level, walking hurriedly in the direction where the sounds of music had come; and "Halloo!" rang through the woods around, and in a few moments he was surrounded by the boisterous merry party of young people. "We must turn back," he said decisively. "I have missed our way; and all we can do is to retrace our steps until we get into the road."

"But are you sure of that?" said Level. "It seems to me that it will be very difficult to retrace our foot steps under the trees, to say nothing of finding the path we have missed. Do you not know what part of the forest this is? Do you not know in what direction we are going? I am very unwilling to go back beneath the trees if it is so damp there, and you might be cold, in spite of the fact that it is August. See how misty the air is!" "I must go back through the cold, and the mist and the damp, however," said Mary, and back they went, resolutely, walking side by side, in utter silence. "Dick, this is dreadful!" Mary exclaimed, at last. "I do not know where we are, where we are going, and the forest is bewildering. I heard Mr. Temple say that he lost himself in it once for hours at night; but I could not believe he was not trying to frighten me. Now I can understand it. Still I think we are going in the right direction; yet, after all, the trees do not seem so thick or the grass and ferns so high."

"What will your friends do?" asked Level. "Will they start off to find you, do you think? What will Mr. Temple do?" "I dare say he will guess what has happened, and will wait at home for some time at least," answered Mary. "I have often heard him speak of the folly of searching parties starting too soon. Then they will all tell him that you are with me, and he trusts me so fully that he will fear nothing." "There is one thing that I will make you do," said Level, "and that is, retrace yourself a little while. You will be ill after all this fatigue." "If you will consent to rest a few moments," Level continued, "I will make a fire here. This fire will burn splendidly, and I have some matches in my pocket."

"And that will be the capital," said Mary brightly, "if it is any of these, come back to look for us, the light of the fire will attract them." "Quick as thought he made a pile of ferns and dried leaves, and set fire to it. The flames did not grow rapidly, because of the damp; but Mary drew near gratefully, and held her slender hands towards the burning pile. "How cheerful it looks!" she said, as Level looked at it on all sides. "It is before you have often made a fire like this before. Just think how delighted we should have been at this adventure if we had been children!"

He laughed, and sighed, and stood beside her, looking with melancholy eyes at the crackling leaves and branches. "How cheerful it looks!" she said, as Level looked at it on all sides. "It is before you have often made a fire like this before. Just think how delighted we should have been at this adventure if we had been children!"

AGOOD MECHANIC. Mr. L. J. Jones, of No. 19 Charles street, Portland, Me., writes us these convincing facts. May 11th, 1883: 'I have for several years been troubled with liver complaint and indigestion, and have tried many times for the disease, and have tried many different cures, so-called, that have been recommended at times. One day I noticed in one of our papers the testimony of a person that had used Hunt's Remedy and been cured of disease similar to mine. I purchased a bottle of one of our papers in Portland, and before I had used the first bottle found that I was improving beyond my expectations; have used it all six bottles, and I have no trouble from indigestion, no distress, or pain back as I formerly had, and since I have been cured my wife has used it for kidney trouble and it has cured her. We can both say that Hunt's Remedy is a blessing to us that are troubled with kidney or liver diseases, and I would advise you to try it to our friends or to any sufferer from liver or kidney diseases, and you can use this letter as you may choose for the best interest of suffering humanity.'

COUNCIL BLUFFS. ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS. Real Estate Transfers. The following deeds were filed for record in the recorder's office, September 28, reported for the Box by P. J. McMahon, real estate agent. B. C. Halla to G. W. Cheesman, part of c. n. 7, 35, 76, 42, 81, 070. John Hammerand to Herman Peterson, lot 5, block 9, Minden, \$300. Herman Yeise to Paul Jones, part of lot 1, block 9, Minden; \$400. J. E. Coppedge to E. 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.

It is Equally to Hear From. The movement of a male's hand legs are variable and uncertain, but Dr. Thoma's Electric Oil takes but one course--it heals and cures. It is equal for asthma, dyspepsia, colic, cold and sore throat has never yet been sold. COMMERCIAL COUNCIL BLUFFS MARKET. Wheat--No. 2 spring, 76c; No. 3, 65c; rejected, 50c; good demand. Corn--Dealers are paying 31c@32c; rejected corn, Chicago, 40c@45c; new mixed, 40c; white corn, 50c; the receipts of corn are light. Oats--4 00c@6 00c per ton; 30c per bale. Hay--40c light supply. Cattle--Good beef, 125 per 100 lbs. Wood--Good supply; prices at yards, 5 00c@6 00c. Coal--Delivered, hard, 11 00c per ton; soft, 5 50c per ton. Butternuts--Plenty and in fair demand at 25c; creamery, 30c. Eggs--Ready sale at 15c per dozen. Lard--Fairbrank, wholesaling at 11c. Flour--Firm; dealers are paying for chickens 16c; live, 2 50 per dozen. Pork--Steady. Potatoes--50c@55c per barrel. Flour--City flour, 1 60c@3 40. Brooms--2 00c@3 00c per dozen. LIVE STOCK. Cattle--3 00c@3 50; calves, 5 00c@7 50. Hogs--Market for hogs quiet, as the packing houses are closed; shippers are paying 4 00c@4 75.

The Cathedral of the Incarnation at Garden City, I. 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. "Was troubled for a year with torpid liver and indigestion, and after trying everything imaginable used Burdock Blood Purifier, the first bottle revived me and the second cured me entirely. J. S. Williamson, Rochester, N. Y. Evangelist 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 repent of their evil ways and become Christians. The Testimony of a Physician. James Becher, M. D., of Sigourney, Iowa, says for several years I have been using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I have been cured of my disease. DR. HORNE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT. This Electric Belt will Cure the Following Diseases Without Medicines: Pains in the Back, Hips, Head or Limbs, Nervous Debility, Lumbago, General Debility, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuritis, Sciatica, Heart Disease of the Kidneys, Spinal Diseases, Torpid Liver, Gout, Sexual Exhaustion, Seminal Emission, Asthma, Hoarse Voice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Erysipelas, Indigestion, Catarrh or Rupture, Impotency, Catarrh, Piles, Eczema, Dumb Ague.

\$5,000 Would Not Buy It. Dr. Horne's have used your Electric Belt for some time, and it has done all that your Agents claimed for it. Any one troubled with rheumatism or sciatica, I would say, buy Horne's Electric Belt; for one of the thirty dollars billed cured me of the above disease in a short time. Any one wishing to confer with me, can do so by writing or calling at my above 1450 Douglas St., Omaha Neb. I cheerfully recommend Horne's Electric Belt as an excellent cure for Rheumatism, Laying down one's hat usually. A. M. UNDERHILL, MAIN OFFICE--Goodies Postoffice, Fresno California. For Sale at C. F. Goodies's Drug Store 1119 Fresno Street. Or by

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