

THE NECESSITY FOR THE SPECIALIST. DR. H. WAGNER,

Has long been acknowledged and more so at this day than any other. The vast field of medical science is ever increasing, and the numerous branches are brought nearer and nearer to perfection.

A Few Reasons

- Why you should try the celebrated Dr. H. Wagner's method of cure: 1. "Dr. H. Wagner is a natural physician." 2. "Few can excel you as a doctor."

Plain Facts Plainly Spoken.

At one time a discussion of the secret vice was entirely avoided by the profession, and medical works of but a few years ago were silent on the subject.

The habit is generally contracted by the young while attending school; older companions through the example, may be responsible for its contraction.

Young Men

Who may be suffering from the effects of youthful follies or indiscretions will find relief in themselves of this, the greatest boon ever laid at the altar of suffering humanity.

Middle Aged Men.

There are many at the age of 30 to 40 who are troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and which may be attended in some manner by the patient's account for the same.

Let Your Light Shine.

Dr. Wagner, the celebrated specialist, of Denver, Colo., 343 Larimer street, believes in letting the world know what he can do, and is doing for thousands of his fellowmen.

Relief to the Afflicted.

In medicine, as in science, the specialist are the ones who always come to the front and accomplish great results. This remark is especially applicable to Dr. H. Wagner, of this city.

Chronic Complaints Require Time for a Cure.

Persons at a distance who wish to be treated by Dr. Wagner need not feel backward because of inability to visit him. If they will use the druggists' name and a list of questions will enable him to send medicines, counsel and advice to thousands he has never seen.

Shall We Reform?

Specific remedies for all diseases is the theory practiced at present of educated and experienced physicians, and in all large communities they have their specialties, to excel in which they direct their studies and practice.

COUNCIL BLUFFS. ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

HURRYING UP THE WORK.

The Expectation that Water will Flow by the Middle of November.

There has been delay caused in completing the waterworks, the chief difficulty being to get pipes as fast as desired. A lot of the large 24 inch pipes were wrecked on the road, and since then there has been a carload or so coming a day instead of four or five as is needed.

It is necessary for the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "Drown's Bronchial Trochee" has no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat troubles.

JUST RECEIVED.

A large and elegant stock of the most selected selections of Overcoating, Suiting and Pantalon Patterns of the latest STYLES and SHAPES.

Civil Rights in Pennsylvania.

The interviews held with leading colored citizens show how deeply they regret the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the Civil Rights bill. Some of them seem to have overlooked the fact that all the rights sought to have been secured by the law of Congress were declared invalid, have been conferred upon the negroes by the Legislature of this State, so that no citizen of Pennsylvania can be discriminated against because of race, color, religion or social condition.

Tells What He Knows.

"Best thing for burns have ever tried. Heals up gradually." P. F. Feltz, Marion, Ohio, speaking of Thomas' Electric Oil.

Vitapathy.

Vitapathy got a black eye on Friday last. Rev. Dr. Denton V. D. had his trial before Judge Hamilton for practicing without proper authority. Atty. Lee and Judge Davis of Blair were for the defense, Hopewell & Peterson for the prosecution.

SHERIFF'S REPORT.

Under date of May 18, 1883, Mr. Isaiah Cook formerly sheriff of Skowhegan, Me., writes as follows: "I have been afflicted for over twenty (20) years with a weakness of the kidneys and liver, and have had severe pains in the back and sides, which were brought upon me in the first place by exposure during my long career in California."

TIMELY ADVICE.

I have been troubled with kidney diseases and gravel for a long time with severe pains in my limbs and back, with inflammation of bladder. My sufferings were terrible. I tried several physicians, all to no purpose. I was discouraged, and lost faith in medicine, when a friend from Malden, who had been cured by Hunt's Remedy of gravel and liver complaint, recommended it to me, and from the first bottle I commenced to improve, and three bottles have entirely cured me, and I heartily thank my friend for his timely advice to use Hunt's Remedy, and the pains have not returned, and I feel in an excellent condition, and I feel that a word from me may be the means of saving some friend that may be suffering as I did, before taking Hunt's Remedy, the best kidney and liver cure.

HORSE RAILROAD MEN.

Having occasion to use a medicine for general debility in my family, I was recommended by a friend to use Hunt's Remedy, as it was being just what I needed, and I found it to be a great success all over the country. We have used one bottle with marked benefit, and find it just as refreshing, and a medicine of great value, and I cheerfully add my testimony in praise of Hunt's Remedy. GEORGE SCOTTON, South Boston, Mass., May 13, 1883.

HOW BELLA FOUND A LOVER.

Written for The Evening Call by Clara Bishop.

"I'll seek her through the whole city until I find her! What a dear girl she must be!" said Tom Selden, as he took from his vest pocket a small parcel tied with a blue ribbon, which he proceeded to unloose. There, within folds of soft tissue paper, lay one of the tiniest of embroidered gloves, redolent of the scent of roses, which he pressed to his lips.

Tom had spent the evening at a ball given in an old-fashioned house belonging to one of his friends. As he passed down from the dressing-room, through a long corridor, a small object lying on the carpet under the gaslight attracted his attention and he instantly made it his own. It was the tiny white glove, thrown down there as though the fair owner had meant it for a challenge to the finder to seek out its fellow. Tom took it up with the most delicate touch of his fingers, as soft as rose-leaves and still retained the shape of the hand that had worn it. He hid it in the bosom of his vest, where it the evening it had lain against his heart.

Tom proceeded to the dancing apartments, all lighted up with gas jets and glittering with the sheen of satin and diamonds. He stood for a moment at the door, gazing with admiration upon the scene, but the glove within his bosom like a sentinel thing whispered to him of its owner, and he entered the rooms, not to partake of the amusement, although he was particularly fond of it, but to stand and watch the dancers to discover if possible by a symmetry of or a superior style of beauty the owner of his treasure-trove. He went from room to room, yet he saw none that could have worn that little glove. There were but three unengaged ladies, and their hands could never have worn the toy in his possession. Tom prosecuted his search with untiring vigilance until the rooms were empty, but without success, and the light of day was streaking the horizon as he returned home, pondering as he went over a fascinating picture his fancy was painting of his beautiful unknown.

As soon as Tom awoke the next morning his thoughts again took up the subject of the lost glove, and hoping to find a name inscribed within it that might guide him to the owner, he attempted to turn a part of the inside outward, when a diamond ring rolled from in and fell upon the floor, where it lay sparkling in the sunlight that had found its way through the white drapery of his window.

Tom was struck with consternation. He lifted the ring from the floor and placed it on the tip of his little finger, where it seemed to nestle as it sent out brilliant flashes of all the colors of the rainbow. What should he do? The glove so dear to him was only a bagatelle, but the possession of this costly jewel was quite a different thing. Should he advertise it? No! a thousand times no! What! sacrifice all the fair castles he had been building—sacrifice the prospect of obtaining a precious little wife under such glorious circumstances? He had not so much self-development.

Tom Selden was a Government official and for the next month his duties called him to Washington. Tom was a handsome young fellow of good address and a great favorite with the ladies. When he returned to Malden he found his card-receiver filled with pretty scented notes of invitations to various entertainments. One of these was for a party to be given on the next evening, and he determined to accept it at once, as it was for another dancing party at the same house where he had found his precious glove. He felt oppressed with thoughts of the jewel in his hands, and where would he be so likely to hear if anything had transpired concerning it during his absence as there.

Tom made his toilet with great care that evening. He was a long time about it, too, for he thought as he once more caressed the tiny glove and placed it again in his bosom, "Who can tell but that I may meet my fate to-night!"

"How are you, old fellow?" cried Harry Evelyn, as he grasped Tom's hand at the door of the dancing room. "I am glad to see you at home again. Do you know you are losing your prestige with all the young ladies of our town? They say you did not dance at all at our last party, but played the part of a looker-on throughout the evening. You will not escape me to-night, though!"

He drew Tom's arm within his own as he spoke, and led him across the room to a lovely young girl, more than a child in years, Miss Isabelle Tremaine, from Westmoreland, to whom he presented Tom as a partner.

Although Tom's thoughts were so engrossed with his ideal love that other ladies had no charm for him this little girl won him over from his chimeras. As it was the familiar atmosphere of the cases of his breast-knot lingering about her that so fascinated him, or was it the diminutive little hand, sparkling with jewels, so warm and soft, that lingered in his as he led her to a seat in an alcove after the waltz was over?

"Mamma thinks I am lost, Mr. Selden," said Isabelle, as she drew part of a curtain before her, hiding her face. "She says, 'See how she is scanning every face to find mine!'" She pointed toward a lady who was approaching them.

"Your mamma, did you say? Why she is an old acquaintance of mine; we spent a delightful summer together once at Long Branch. I hope she still remembers me."

Tom went forward to meet the lady, when a cordial grasp of the hand showed that their friendship was not forgotten on her part.

"You are a good-for-nothing little girl, Bella," Mrs. Tremaine said, as she tapped her daughter on the shoulder with her fan. "You have been running away from me all the evening. Sit down, Mr. Selden; surely the sofa is large enough for three, and I want to chat with you while, Bella, where are your gloves? Why do you take them from your hands?"

"Because I do not like to make prisoners of my hands. See the red marks they have made upon them, as though they were already," and she held them up for inspection. Tom thought as he looked at the dimpled white hands that he would like very much to kiss them, and smooth away the cruel marks.

offered large rewards for it and did everything in our power for its recovery, but could never find a trace of it. It must have dropped from her finger when she removed her glove, which she also lost. Both the glove and the ring were sent to her from Paris as a seventeenth year birthday present, and she managed to lose them on the night of the same day on which she received them."

Tom was entirely overcome with this disclosure and could scarcely summon up courage to speak a word, but to his great relief a gentleman came up and carried off Mrs. Tremaine for the next dance.

Tom was alone with the object of his romantic attachment. What a puerile passion it had been compared with the love that was tugging at his heart—a love not inspired by the possession of the dainty glove nor of the jeweled ring. He has never worn them since to his heart's content, and yet never have known the exquisite feelings aroused by that half-veiled yet thrilling glance that met his from Bella's soft violet-blue eyes. He could not tear himself away from her, and yet he was afraid to stay, lest he should frighten her by betraying the violence of his passion with which she had inspired him.

And Bella, she felt an indefinable confidence in Tom, a feeling of infinite friendship for him, as if parting from him would be a cruelty. Poor little girl! It was the first dawn of love in her pure young heart.

The evening had passed too quickly away. The ladies were fast disappearing. Mrs. Tremaine, leaning on Harry Evelyn's arm, came to summon Bella to the dressing-room.

It was with diffidence yet with a certain instinctive confidence that Tom drew Bella's arm within his own as she came down from the dressing-room in her wraps to escort her to the carriage; her eyes drooped beneath the intense warmth and love of Tom's gaze as he pressed her hand at parting, and a blanch suffused her face as the carriage drove away from the door.

And now, as week succeeded week, Tom Selden was never found at Malden unless business kept him there, for the sweet young Bella Tremaine was no longer without him at Westmoreland. The winter passed quickly away, and in the ensuing spring Tom was offered a very lucrative position in Washington, but if he accepted it he would be forced to reside there. Here a difficulty presented itself. Tom and Bella had become so strongly attached to each other that a separation was not to be thought of, and yet the position was too advantageous to be sacrificed. One evening when they were alone in the drawing-room Tom asked Bella how they were to solve this problem. The little maiden looked up and hung down her head, but finally accepted Tom's proposition that they should be married and live in Washington together, in order that they never again need entertain a fear of a separation.

Mrs. Tremaine was not willing that her only daughter should be given away without a splendid wedding. Grandfather Tremaine had come home from Paris to be present at the celebration of the nuptials and everything was progressing famously, when Tom drew Bella aside one day and asked her if she yet had the fellow to the embroidered glove she had lost on the evening of her seventeenth birthday. She told him she had always preserved it as a memento of her grandfather's love; if he would like to see it she would bring it to him, and she ran off to get it.

Bella soon returned bearing an ebony glove box in her hand, in which, in folds of blue satin, lay the fellow to the little glove that had so long been Tom's loved companion. On pretense of examining it more closely he lifted it from its resting place and stealthily put his own in the place of it with the diamond ring inserted in one of its fingers.

"It is just lovely," said Bella as she took it in her hands, "and it is—Oh! Tom, here is something in the finger that was never there before! What can it be? Is it a jewel, or what is it?"

"What! are you afraid of your own glove? What a silly little puss you are! Ah! see what the fancies have done for you!" And he drew from the glove the long lost ring and placed it on Bella's finger.

Bella looked up in amazement, but it was only for a moment; the truth flashed on her once more. Seizing Tom by the arm she cried: "Oh, darling! you cannot deceive me; it was you who found my treasure!" Tom laughed at her impetuosity.

"Come to me, pussy," he said, as he held out his arms to her, "and I will tell you my fairy tale."

It was a long story, because of the many interruptions. Tom had to be kissed so often, he had to be called so many pet names, and his hair had to be gently pulled when he talked about the charms of his lady love. Indeed, the narrative took up so much time that the evening was almost spent before the end came.

Bella was as charming a bride as ever stood under a marriage bell. Her bridal robe of white satin was draped with lace point of the choicest pearls. She wore the celebrated embroidered gloves, and a single diamond glittered upon her finger.

A year has now elapsed since the night of this splendid wedding. Bella is a happy wife and her husband is devoted to her. The gloves and ring are preserved in a casket of gold, and will doubtless serve as heirlooms in the family.

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