

COUNCIL BLUFFS

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

COMFORT'S STRONG BOX.

County Treasurer Poitevin Resigns and D. O. Johnson Made His Successor.

Crawford county has had a lively little wrangle over the position of county treasurer, a vacancy being caused by an exception to the rule that office holders never resign. The Bulletin gives the following details, Brother Keith, of course, viewing matters from a democratic standpoint:

The general public was astonished last week by the resignation of County Treasurer Poitevin. That the step was contemplated a long time ago was evidently known in republican circles. It is alleged that Mr. Poitevin accepted the office with the understanding that he was to step aside a make room for the aspirations of another republican. Were it not a carefully guarded secret among our republican brethren, we might add that some of the forces that made possible Mr. Poitevin's election were generated by this understanding. As it is that Mr. Poitevin has seen fit to resign the office, alleging inadequate pay for the extra labor required under the new law, as the reason. Aside from the prospects of re-election and legislative relief, there is little to make the office attractive to any man who would not violate the spirit of the law by accepting a flag on the financial resources of the county. Mr. Poitevin has been an efficient and painstaking official. He has labored diligently, and faithfully guarded the interests of the office. With no public dissatisfaction, and against the importunities of the republican leaders, he has taken a step somewhat embarrassing to the gentleman whose original plans of "succession" are temporarily if not permanently upset. As a matter of course the gentleman selected by the board to fill the vacancy will be nominated by his party next fall.

Aside from the question of competency considerations were weighed in the various wings of the republican party in the selection of a successor to Mr. Poitevin. Every member of the board felt like a national convention filled with motions, amendments and hypodermic injections of political advice. They lived through the ordeal, however. One wing upon the order, the chairman of the board, Mr. Schultz, Mr. J. P. Miller, Mr. Schuster and others, favored the appointment of Mr. L. T. Carr. While not a candidate, in the sense of making a personal effort to secure the position, Mr. Carr was warmly urged to accept the office by a large number of men prominent in the circles of his party. The personal opinion of Mr. Chambers, however, seems to have been fatal to Mr. Carr's election. Another wing of the party, under the leadership of Mr. J. Fred Meyers, was equally anxious to secure the appointment of Mr. D. O. Johnson, deputy postmaster. Three ballots were taken, resulting in the election of Johnson. While Chambers' opposition to Carr made his appointment impossible without a democratic vote, Schultz's adherence to Carr made Johnson's election depend upon the same conditions. Both democratic members voted for Johnson on the first ballot and made possible his election.

Had the democrats elected their ticket last fall no doubt some competent democrat could have been chosen to succeed Mr. Poitevin. In view of the existing circumstances there was at first some reason to believe that one republican vote might be secured for some worthy democrat, and Mr. L. T. Roberts was urged to become a candidate but refused to enter the field. Mr. Charles Bullock withdrew his candidacy, and thus with neither of these gentlemen in the field, the democratic members of the board were actuated by no party considerations. That the democratic party of this county were unable to control the selection of a treasurer is another evidence of local impotence, resulting from political selfishness last fall.

Mr. Johnson has assumed charge of his duties and will no doubt labor diligently to maintain the high standing of the office and faithfully wear the onerous responsibilities of his position. The two Denison banks are his bondsmen and the county deposits will be equally divided between them.

To Prohibitionists.
To the friends of prohibition in Pottawattamie county: You are requested to meet at Y. M. C. A. rooms, Council Bluffs, Saturday, January 17, 1885, at 3 p. m., for the purpose of appointing delegates to the state prohibition convention to meet at Des Moines, January 22. The object of the act to convene in consultation and more perfect organization for the enforcement of the prohibition law in our state. L. W. TULLERS, Secretary.

January 13, 1885.

Fortune-telling in England.
Two Feminine Detectives Relate in Court Their Experiences with a Medium.

On Tuesday, at the Nottingham borough police court, before Mr. Butler and Mr. Brown, Sarah Ann Smith and Annie Lane were charged with professing to tell fortunes, says the London Telegraph.

The chief constable (Mr. Stevens) informed the bench that the prosecution was instituted by the police in consequence of complaints which had been made to them of the number of young persons—chiefly servant girls—who had been victimized.

Mr. H. H. Cockayne appeared for the prisoners.

The first witness called was Anna Dickenson, who said she was the daughter of Inspector Dickenson, of the fire brigade, and was a boxmaker, living on John street. On Friday night she went with Mrs. Williams to the house No. 10 Court street, where she saw the prisoner Smith, who came to the door. Lane was inside, lying on the sofa. Witness spoke to Smith, who said: "Do you want your fortune told?" Witness said: "Yes," Smith asked, "Do you want the cards or the glass?" and the witness said she would have the glass.

Mr. Cockayne—Very sensible, too. [Laughter.] Several solid glass globes were here produced by Detective Inspector Atherton, and the witness said they were similar to those which she saw at the prisoner's house.

Witness continued: The prisoner Smith then told me that I had been keeping company with a certain man, who was very dark. He did not live far away, and she said I had a very insular letter. She asked if that was right, and I said: "No."

it is not." [Laughter.] She told me that I went out to business with a light complexioned young man, who was working at the same place, who was always with and always speaking to me, and I told her that was not right. [Much laughter.] She said I had another light complexioned young gentleman, who was very tall, lived some six days away, and was very fond of me. She asked if that was right, and I said I did not know. [Laughter.]

The chief constable—You mean you did not know who he was? He was a young fellow of your or not? Yes. [Renewed laughter.]

Well, what occurred after that? I asked for the glass ball, and Smith said: "You can look if you like, but you will not see anything if you do. I will let you look, however, if you like."

Did you look? Yes, but I did not see anything at all. [Laughter.] She asked me to rub it again, and I did so, but I could not see anything and I gave it back to her.

What then occurred? Smith said I had been very ill for the past few months, and I told her that was so.

Did you pay Smith anything for having disclosed these "mysteries" to you? Did you pay her any money? No, Mrs. Williams paid for both of us.

Mr. Cockayne—Had you ever been to this house before? No.

How was it you came to go on this particular night? Was it not as the agent of the police you went? No.

Are you sure that before you went you did not see a police officer? Yes.

The bench asked witness if she went to the house of her own free will, or did some one prompt her to do so; but the witness did not answer.

Mr. Cockayne—To put it plainly did you go to this house as a spy for the police to see what these people were about? Yes.

You know you went there for the purposes of the police, therefore I presume you were not deceived at all by anything that was done there—you knew it was all humbug? Yes. [Laughter.]

Mrs. Ann Williams, who accompanied the witness to the prisoner's house, said Dickenson went up to the prisoner's room, while she remained with Lane. The latter asked witness if she would have her planet ruled. Witness said she would see about it—perhaps she would in time. Prisoner said it would tell her the truth, and it would cost her 15 pence.

When the first witness came down she went up to the prisoner Smith, who put the glass globe into her hands. Witness having looked through it for some time, and said she found she could see a figure, and handed it back to Smith, who then told her that her (witness) husband was in a very prosperous way of business, that she had one little child, and she would be well to do.

Witness would have another one. [Laughter.] Witness paid two shillings to Smith for herself and Dickenson.

Mr. Cockayne—Smith didn't tell you anything unpleasant which at all upset you? No.

You, in fact, got a very pleasant two shillings' worth? O, very. [Laughter.]

You went to the house at the instigation of the police—as a sort of lady detective? Yes.

Did you ask to look through the glass ball? I said I was not particular whether it was the ball or the cards. [Laughter.]

Did you say to Smith, "I will give you a shilling"? No, I asked what the glass would be and what the cards would be. She said the glass would be one shilling and the cards six pence, and I had the glass.

And you were well satisfied with what you got? O yes; quite.

You knew very well when you said that it was all nonsense? Of course I did. And you got a shilling's worth of fun out of it?

I did. [Much laughter.] Detective Inspector Atherton said, in company with two other officers, he went to No. 10 Court street on the previous night. He knocked at the door, which was opened by the prisoner Lane, who, as soon as she saw witness, ran through the house up stairs into the back room. Witness followed her and found her with the prisoner Smith and Mrs. Dickenson.

To the latter witness remarked that she supposed she was having her fortune told, and she said she was, but had not finished yet. Witness told Warren he had a warrant for her arrest, and one for that of Smith, and he read them to the prisoners. Lane said "I never told fortunes," and Smith remarked, "nor have I—I have never told one." Witness asked them to hand to him the glass which they had used, when Smith said: "I have not got one, and have never seen one."

Witness found the room, however, witness picked up near the fireplace a black leather hand-bag, in which he found a small-sized solid glass ball. He said to the prisoners: "You have a larger one than this one somewhere, and you might as well let me have it, as it will save me searching the house." Lane then took a big ass ball from the pocket of her dress and on looking underneath the sofa witness found a canvas bag containing another of similar size. He said to Lane: "You have some cards somewhere, and you might as well let me have them." Lane hereupon took a very dirty-looking pack from her pocket and handed them over to witness. He then took the prisoner to the police station.

Official returns show a remarkable increase of suicide in France. Five years ago the number per 100,000 inhabitants was 17; it is now 19. Hanging and drowning are most popular, and next to these are firearms and charcoal fumes. April, May and June are the favorite months of the Parisian suicide.

THE PLEASURES OF NICE.

Tale of a French Confidence Operator of Lapidary Talent.

The watering places and summer and winter resorts of pleasure and health seekers are frequented by crowds of cosmopolitan adventurers who cater to the happiness of scandal mongers, and to the despair of too confiding shopkeepers. A stranger of distinction—or so reputed—arrives at Nice, bringing letters of recommendation. Moreover, as La Bruyere said most judiciously, play with large stakes exalts a man. It was by skillful practice of this profound precept that "Count A" worked his way into society.

Luck attended his play. One evening while shuffling the cards he displayed with some affectation a magnificent diamond, which attracted the special attention of one of his companions.

"Count," he remarked, "that's a fine stone you have there." "Yes," replied the count carelessly, "the size and brilliancy of this diamond have before now tempted many collectors. I have had several good offers for it; but after you have examined it I'll tell you why I have always refused to sell it."

He took off the ring, slipped it on Prince W's finger, and went on with the game.

The prince, who is an accomplished judge of precious stones, looked at the diamond closely, turned it on every side, and was confirmed in his opinion that he had seldom seen one so perfect.

"Well," said the count, "do you see why I have refused to part with my ring?" "No, I don't."

"Well," continued A, "because that stone is false. Don't be surprised; it is less beautiful for that, and it has deceived before this many amateurs of jewelry, and not a few jewelers even. I've seen some pearls in their delusion even after I had assured them that I should consider it an abuse of their confidence to value that stone at over six thousand francs, though it would be worth thirty thousand if it were genuine."

The game was just over, and the count walked away with the diamond flashing.

Days succeeded each other, and every time that Prince W met the count he could talk of nothing but the diamond. The prince said often: "There are people who would be willing to have their past jewels believed real. I am going to think that you are of just the opposite disposition."

The count would smile and change the subject. His friend was possessed with the desire to fathom the mystery.

"Will you lend me your ring until tomorrow morning?" said he one afternoon. "Keep it a week, if you like."

The prince took it to a jeweler and asked him if he had ever seen so good an imitation.

"An imitation!" cried the tradesman. "You are laughing at me. That's one of the most beautiful stones I have ever seen."

"Is it worth more than 6,000 francs?" "It would be cheap at 30,000."

"His owner says it's paste." "He's joking."

That same evening the prince returned the ring, saying: "If you ever decide to sell it, let me know before you offer it elsewhere."

Eight or ten days afterward Count A announced his departure for Italy.

"Are you going to take the ring away with you?" "Well since you have set your heart on it," said the count, "take it. But mind that you remember it is false, whatever you do. I admit that the imitation is admirable, and for that reason it has as a curiosity the value which is not less than 6,000 francs."

"Here you are—6,000 francs." "I repeat for the last time, you are paying very dear for a paste diamond."

"Perhaps so; but I do it with my eyes open."

"All right; here's the ring." And the count pocketed his three hundred Napoleons.

The prince returned to his jeweler and exclaimed in triumph: "I have the diamond."

The lapidary looked at the ring again and said, with a shrug, "That diamond is false."

Millie, Christine Nilsson bore the real name of Mrs. Rozand. Millie, Jenny Lind bore the real name of Mrs. Goldmidt.

Alce Gates' maiden name was Alice Miller. Marie Rose is Mrs. Henry Mapleson, son of Col. Mapleson, the manager.

Miss Maude Branscombe, really Mrs. Stuart. Miss Emily Melville has as her maiden name Miss Emily Jones. She afterward became Mrs. Derby. Melville was her mother's maiden name.

Lydia Thompson, really Mrs. Alex. Henderson. Miss Ada Gray is Mrs. Charles Watkins.

Gen. Tom Thumb was Mr. Charles Stratton. Mrs. William Anderson was Miss Eliza Jefferson, eldest daughter of Joseph Jefferson, Sr.

Mrs. Daniel E. Bandman's maiden name was Miss Alice Herschel. Mrs. Lawrence Barrett's maiden name was Mary F. Mayer.

M. Blondin, the rope-walker, had as his name Emile Gravelot. Mrs. George O. Boniface's maiden name was Miss Hoffert.

Agnes Booth's maiden name was Marian Agnes Land Rooker; she became Mrs. Perry, the second wife of Henry Perry, and afterward Mrs. Booth, the third wife of J. B. Booth, jr.

George B. Christie was George Harbridge. Mrs. Edward L. Davenport's maiden name was Fanny Yining.

Matilda Heron was Mrs. Robert Stoepel, (divorced). Laura Keane's maiden name was Lee, she married a Mr. Taylor.

Mrs. Charles Kemble's maiden name was Miss De Camp. Olive Logan was Mrs. Wirt Sykes.

Fanny Morant is Mrs. Charles Smith. Rachel, the great tragedienne, was the contracted stage name of Elizabeth Rachel Felix.

Sebastian, (the circus rider), bore the true name of Sebastian Valdi Mora. Mrs. Joseph Van Zandt's maiden name was Jenny Blittz.

Mrs. Frank Lawlor, was, before marriage, Jessie Mansfield. Emma Nevada, the talented young singer, is the daughter of Dr. Wixom.

She assumed the name "Nevada" from the state of Nevada, assumed her name from the city of Albany, N. Y.

Henry Lee, the new leading man to Fanny Davenport, is really Heinrich Rosenowicz.

Miss Fortesque, who had recently been brought prominently forward on account of a suit for breach of promise against Lord Ainslie, the son and heir of Earl Cairn, is really Miss Finney.

A FAVORED LAND.

Rheumatism Cured by the Boiling Mud-pools of New Zealand.

Cornhill Magazine. The Maoris, with a faith born of long experience, bring their sorely-tried rheumatic friends from far and near; and their pains rewarded, for many who have been crippled for years are here restored to comparative comfort and health.

We saw one poor lad who literally lived in a mud-pool, just like one of the African mudfishes. He was suffering from an agonizing hip disease, and his friends had carried him from afar to try this blessed remedy. He certainly obtained relief from lying in the muddy water for hours, but, in his weekly state, he very naturally fainted on being removed, so his kindred thought the best thing they could do was to build a hut over the pool and keep him in it permanently. So there he had already lain for months, and would probably remain until he died.

Some of the boiling mud pools are horribly repulsive. They lie in great natural pits of craters, and, as you stand on the brink watching the surface of the black boiling mud slowly upheave with a dull gurgle and then burst into a form of a monstrous bubble, you can scarcely repress a shudder at the thought of how one of the feet one steps in, and how it might plunge you headlong into that horrible pool, therein to be hopelessly unguiled. The very silence with which it works is an element of horror, contrasting with the noise and energy of the clear boiling lakes and the roar of the steam-clouds that escape from a thousand fissures in the rocks and from chasms all over the mountain sides.

There is, however, one mud-lake in which interest predominates over horror. It is an expanse of half-liquid grey mud, from the surface of which rise a multitude of small mud volcanoes—real miniature, not more than three or four feet in height, but each a perfect model of an ideal conical crater, like Vesuvius, or any other volcano of graceful outline. From each little summit comes puffs of white steam, and then a small eruption of boiling clay, which, trickling down the surface, gradually builds up the tiny mountain.

The Maoris not only take this mud externally, but they take large quantities internally. There are several places where a thick dark mud exudes from fissures in the rock, and this they have discovered to be edible, and eat large handfuls with the greatest appreciation.

One boiling mud-hole is, as the Maoris term it, a "porridge-pot" in consequence of this peculiarity, and the natives who visit it swallow enough to satisfy an ordinary appetite.

What with mud-pools and mud-volcanoes, and one large volcano of pure sulphur, and columns of steam rising on every side from the well-boiled hills, and from the surface of the lake—with what muddy colored boiling pools, and the silvery whiteness of snowy terraces, Roto Mahana is, in truth, such a center of marvels as to seem to belong to some creation other than these steady-going world on whose solid surface we live our commonplace lives.

The sulphur volcano rises from the brink of the lake, very near the so-called "Pink Terraces," which, in point of fact, are distinguished from the "White Terraces" by a most delicate tinge of pale salmon color, like reflected sunlight on snow.

The sulphur volcano produces a most startling effect of contrast in contrast with the vivid blue of sky and lake. It is certainly yellow—just the color of bright primrose—and the great column of steam ascending from it is primrose-hued, and all the water near it is thus tinted, while the rocks far and near are coated with a deposit of pure sulphur.

Johanne Splan, the well-known turfman, tells a good one on him. When he was out in California driving trotters, he met a lady several times, who finally said to him: "Mr. Splan, I hardly thought it was possible. Why, do you know that if I didn't know you were a horseman I should really take you for a gentleman."

Hobbies. No man or woman, no young person who has put away playthings, should be without what is usually called a "hobby."

In other words, every adult ought to have an avocation as well as a vocation. It can be maintained without fear of disproof that an intelligent human being cannot attain to that degree of content, that approach to happiness, which is possible unless he undertakes, for his own delirium, to know something about some other matter besides the one which affords him his daily bread.

This hobby, this avocation, shall be, is worthy of consideration of every individual, for upon the character of the hobby largely depends that of the life. In a sense, every one has a hobby. Dissipation, dram-omnivore, vice of every description, are often the hobbies of the ignorant and depraved, and also, to their shame be it spoken, of many of the educated and intelligent.

Others, not depraved nor densely ignorant, yet either from want of energy or want of acquisitions, not knowing what better to do with themselves, have simply an inclination to idle away the hours they can spare from business, with, perhaps, a game of chance or skill to kill time.

Others again, with the same distinct idea of benefiting the body, follow the healthful but in themselves, as usually carried on, not highly intellectual pursuits of boating, fishing, gunning, pediculation, swimming, etc. The last set of hobbies is that of the respectable, steady-going, healthy-living and well-educated class; yet even these do not reach to the full enjoyment and full benefit of a hobby. The man who can manage a yacht and is, in a general way, fond of the sea would find his pleasure, quipped, so unlike those of the land, which people its surface and its depths or fly over its broad expanse; and the woman who enjoys a quiet walk through the fields, admires the woods and flowers and gazes with admiration at the sunset, would find herself in a new world were she to learn the structure and uses of the plants she passes by, or the form and the habits of the birds and the insects that people woods and fields.

The noblest hobbies are science and art, and they are also the most useful. They teach their votaries the insufficiency of human effort, for whoever set down to draw or paint wood, glass or distant view, landscape or seascape, the features of the human face, the contour of the figure, or even one of the humblest animals, without feeling, after his best efforts, how vastly nature excelled; and who, after years of patient study of the structure and life-history of plants and animals, of the wonders of the world's crust, or of the grand mysteries of the vault of heaven, has not at last confessed the extreme insignificance of human knowledge?

Yet with such hobbies set in one's direction to check man's pride, they yet give him the purest satisfaction. To be intimate with nature in all her moods, to reproduce on canvas her beauty and grandeur, to make her ours, while so many others are strangers to her—is no this is the purest source of pride that can be the conqueror of a country or the winner of a financial gambol. To know the lives of the birds of the air and the fish of the sea to read the remon in the rocks and the books in the trees, is not this a purer pleasure than to be the spoiled favorite of one's eyes, yet with an interest in life? The hobby of making, the evolution of societies and nations, is one of the noblest of sciences, and is a rarely married to art. Its true student is not satisfied with poring over the pages of printed books, but visits the scenes celebrated in history, and studies the remains that have come down to us to show how life worked in the days that have passed away. Literature itself is not worth by to be called a hobby. Mere book collecting and mere book knowledge are but second-hand and second-rate substitutes for acquaintance with the things they treat of.

The student of zoology out of door should be the student of zoological books whenever he wishes to learn of other climes or of others' knowledge; the student of geology needs books and charts to supplement his field knowledge; the artist student must learn of the works and the lives of other artists, and thus each book that is worthy of being a book falls into its place as a supplement to studies which relate to nature, living or dead, past or present. The usefulness of the intellectual hobby is not confined to the interest it gives to existence, the power it confers to get away from the cares and vexations which surround the life of every one of us, but extends also to the crucial matter of a breath of life. He who has art, science or the knowledge of human history and progress for an avocation may find, in some storm his work is taken away, that his hobby will become his work, and feed himself on those dependent on him. The man or woman who knows but one mode of making a living may starve, however well he or she may know that mode.

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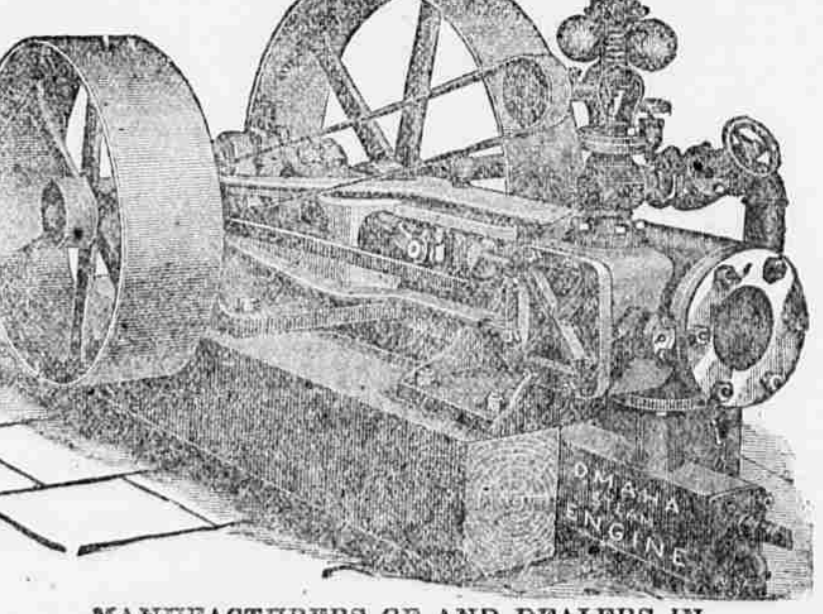
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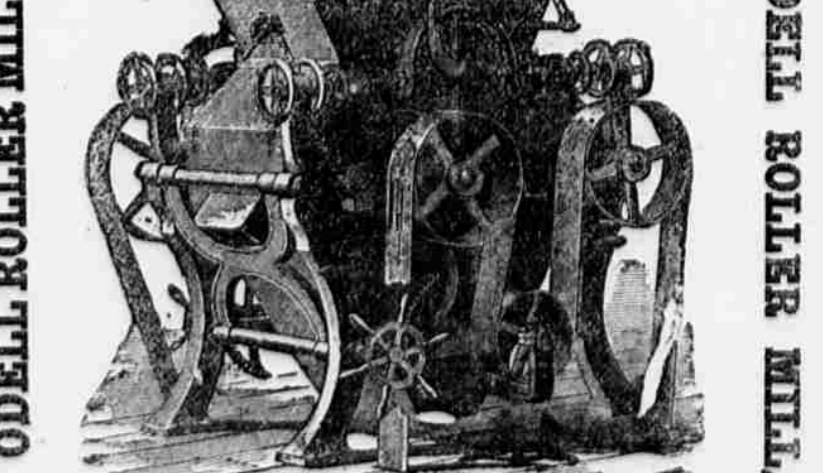


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