

COUNCIL BLUFFS

C. C. COOK & CO. COMMISSION MERCHANTS, WHOLESALE FLOUR HOUSE. City Market, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

H. E. SEAMAN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. STATIONERY AND PRINTER'S GOODS, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

TITLE ABSTRACT OFFICE. J. W. SQUIRE & CO. Lands and Lots Bought and Sold. MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES.

H. LARSON, 15 North Main Street. WHOLESALE DEALER IN SHOE FINDINGS.

GO TO MRS. NORRIS' NEW MILLINERY STORE FOR STYLISH SPRING MILLINERY. PATTERN BONNETS AND CHILDREN'S HATS A SPECIALTY.

WATER WAVES. That never require crimping, at Mrs. J. J. Good's Hair Store, at prices never before touched by any other hair dealer.

Bethesda BATHING HOUSE! At Bryant's Spring, Cor. Broadway and Union Sts. COUNCIL BLUFFS.

HAIR GOODS. WATER WAVES, In Stock and Manufactured to Order. Waves Made From Your Own Hair.

CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS. REMOVED without the drawing of blood or use of knife. Cures lung diseases, Pleurisy, Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Fever and Swelling, etc.

MRS. D. A. BENEDICT, 337 W. Broadway, Council Bluffs; - - - Iowa. MRS. E. J. HARDING, M. D., Medical Electrician AND GYNECOLOGIST.

LIVERY, Feed and Sale Stables, 18 North First Street, Bouquet's old stand, Council Bluffs, Iowa. WILLARD SMITH, Prop.

Office Cor. Broadway & Glenn Ave. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA. The treatment of all diseases and painful difficulties peculiar to females a specialty.

W. D. STILLMAN, Practitioner of Homeopathy, consulting Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence 615 Willow avenue, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

FRESH FISH! Game and Poultry, Can always be found at B. DANNEY'S, 106 Upper Broadway.

DENTIST. 14 Pearl Street, Council Bluffs. Extracting and filling a specialty. First-class work guaranteed.

JNO. JAY FRANEY, Justice of the Peace, 314 BROADWAY, Council Bluffs, - - - Iowa.

DR. A. P. HANGHETT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office, No. 14 Pearl Street. Hours, 9 a. m. to 12, and 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. Residence, 129 Bancroft street. Telephonic connection with Central office.

Loans and Real Estate. Proprietor of abstracts of Pottawattamie county. Office corner of Broadway and Main street, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

DR. AMELIA BURROUGHS, OFFICE No. 617 First Avenue. Hours from 10 to 11 a. m., and 2 to 5 p. m.

JOHN STEINER, M. D., (Deutscher Arzt.) ROOM 5, EVERETT'S BLOCK, Council Bluffs. Diseases of women and children a specialty.

Merchants Restaurant J. A. ROSS, Proprietor. Corner Broadway and Fourth Streets. Good accommodations, good fare and courteous treatment.

P. J. MONTGOMERY, M. D. FREE DISPENSARY EVERY SATURDAY. Office in Everett's block, Pearl street. Real estate 628 Fourth street. Office hours from 9 to 2 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m., Council Bluffs.

S. E. MAXON, ARCHITECT. Office over savings bank. COUNCIL BLUFFS, - - - Iowa.

F. C. CLARK, PRACTICAL DENTIST. Pearl street, opposite the postoffice. One of the oldest practitioners in Council Bluffs. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

REAL ESTATE. W. C. James, in connection with his law and collection business buys and sells real estate. Persons wishing to buy or sell city property call at his office, over Bushnell's book store, Pearl street.

DR. F. P. BELLINGER, EYE AND EAR SURGEON, WITH DR. CHARLES DEYKES. Office over drug store, 414 Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa. All diseases of the eye and ear treated under the most approved method, and all cures guaranteed.

EDWIN J. ABBOTT, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public. 415 Broadway, Council Bluffs. Real estate mortgages drawn and acknowledged.

JOHN LINDT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Will practice in all State and United States Courts. Speaks German Language.

GETTYSBURG REFOUGHT.

A Novel Reunion of Veterans—Federal and Confederate Officers, Face to Face on the Battlefield, Determine the Positions of Their Commands—Some Peculiar Scenes and Incidents.

Philadelphia Times. GETTYSBURG, Pa., June 7.—A sight the like of which is not noted in the world's history was seen here to-day, when representative Union and Confederate officers walked arm-in-arm over the battle-field, pointing out positions of opposing forces on the ground of the great combat. The courtesies shown the southern officers were so constant and so marked as to cause Gen. Farnum, a member of congress from Alabama, to say that the warmth of the present greeting almost outdid that of nineteen years ago, when he lay so sorely wounded that he did not hear the historic cannonade that shook the hills and jarred the stony bottom of the Susquehanna.

part of Lee's left was established in a delirium, a knoll suggesting this and a dell that. At every one of these points a small stake, duly numbered and registered, was driven under Col. Bachelder's scrutiny. Indeed, the only weapons upon the field were the general's sledge-hammer and the General's. Aiken, after somewhat by his discoveries, led a battalion, armed with the latter, over the ground of charge, first through a wheat-field, then between some rows of corn, and at last down a rocky bottom, where more stories of daring, of triumph, or of loss, were told. "It was upon one of these borders," said Gen. Brooks, "that a bullet hit me in the ankle;" and then he explained how his brigade came to get into such a tight place, while Aiken listened with both ears, for he had faced Brooke there and may have sent the bullet that took the life of Gen. Brooks to the grave in manner, also paid close attention, because he was with Zeck when that gentleman was slain just on the hill a few hundred yards away. "We are paired for the house to-day," Aiken, he said, "and I begin to think we were paired on the 2d of July, '63." This rally the party enjoyed, unmindful that Challengerger got a bit of lead in his leg on the hill in a moment's sort of companion bullet to a much worse one that came later in the Wilderness.

Not a Beverage. "They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poor whisky or poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them."—[Evening Express on Hop Bitters.

Just out a few rods nearer Round Top was the whirlpool of battle, the wheat-field of bloody chronicle, and into it the party moved, led by limping participants in the slaughter. On that line, from the Devil's Den to the peach orchard just to the right, the soldiers who said it was the best day's battle ever fought in the world, buried 1,500 men, and while he lost 6,000 all told Sickles counted 6,000 missing. Here Col. Charles B. Merrill, of Portland, Me., stepped to the front to show where his regiment stood jabbing at the enemy with bayonets, with only a hip-high fence between, and here Capt. G. B. Winslow, of New York, had a stake driven at the spot his men were driven to. The party remained in the wheat-field good while. Bones may be under the turf, for all one can learn, but the sheep grazing roundabout did not seem to know or care. Their bells tinkled and the veterans vapored until the sun, which had dried everything else up, ought to have gone behind a cloud for shame. Dock and such wanderers who said it was the most peaceful place aloft, while in the skirring woods were the pinkest of the pink anemones and very lattleenaks.

But rattlesnakes and the like, if anywhere, must have been in venomous multiplicity at the Devil's Den, whither the veterans now went. On the way Col. F. M. Cummins, of New York, Col. H. S. Stoughton, of Massachusetts and others marked out the lines. The former seemed to be too positive in the assertion that he stood "right there," and though he bade fair to drill a hole in that particular stone with his walking-stick there were expressions of doubt. How could a man tell to a hair's breadth where he had fought nineteen years before? All were mystified. Col. Cummins, whose hair is as white as snow, was pressed hard. How could it be? "Well," said the colonel, "you see that hole between the rocks there; that's how I know, for as I stood here on the 2d of July, '63, I said to myself, says I: 'Now, by the old Harry, Cummins, if it gets hot, hop like hell into that hole.'" The crowd was convinced and convulsed in one breath. So late was it getting that the wonderful rocks a Devil's Den were barely glanced at, and the taking of Gen. Spear's valuable testimony with respect to the position of his Maine troops had to be postponed for this time. The little valley of rocks was left behind, and the march for Gettysburg was made in quick time.

Business Was Bad. Legitimate Enterprise Paralyzed by Civilization. Brooklyn Eagle. "And how are things in the far west, now?" asked a Brooklyn man of a stranger he had picked up, and who had been lying on the ground. "Bad," replied the frontiersman. "Things are not what they used to be. Why, sir, they try a man by jury now! Yes, sir! Catch a horse-thief and lock him up in a jail and give him just as fair a trial as they do a man who murders a woman! Oh, the whole country is broke up! "You surprise me!" replied the Brooklyn man, who was more surprised by the manner than the matter of the intelligence. "Fact! Where I live they've lynched only one man in four years, and that was for wearing a stand-up collar! And they don't shoot any more! No, sir! If two men have a row, they fight with their fists, and the sheriff sees fair play! I tell you this beastly civilization has ruined the frontier. They arrest even road agents now! Think of that! Road agents! They used to elect them school trustees, and a stage driver is no more account than a mayor is in Brooklyn! I tell you the frontier is dead!" "But how is business?" "Nothing doing at all. You see they've got blue-ribbon lodges, and that knocked business galley west! Absolutely nothing doing. Merchants are starting over since the temperance movement commenced. I don't know what the country is coming to!" "Don't the temperance people do anything for a living?" "Nothing to speak of. Oh, they have little shops and kind of trade among themselves to keep each other going, but legitimate business is busted. I tell you why, sir, there hasn't over forty barrels of corn come into our town in two months! That shows you how business is. What do you think they had there just before I left?" "I'm sure I don't know." "A church festival! You won't believe it; a church festival! Right in the heart of the town! The merchants got together and swore they would not, and they voted well enough. But that didn't break it up! As sure as I'm here, those people went right along and had their festival! That shows how things are going. Then a friend of mine licked a deacon one day. Fined him cash for it, and he had to pay!" "Any gambling there now?" "Gambling? Gambling! Well I should say so! There ain't over eighty or a hundred gambling houses in the town, where it used to be the staple enterprise! Gambling! I tell you everything is dead. Why, they've even got ten-cent pieces for change! Think of ten-cent pieces!" "How do you account for all this?" "The newspapers did it! They would blow about the country and tell what a town they had, and now they've got it. We were doing well enough, but outsiders found it was a good place and in they came with their puritanical notions and knocked honest industry higher'n a stack of chips! It was opposed to the papers and said they'd make trouble, but they let 'em go, and where are we now?" "Do you think of going back?" "What's the use! There's no trade all! Everybody's honest, and all making money farming. I've got a farm myself, a hundred and eighty acres, but that's no work for me. Legitimate enterprise is busted." "Want to sell your farm?" asked the Brooklyn man, cautiously. "Sell it! I'd give it away. It's worth \$50,000, and I'd take \$10,000 for it." The Brooklyn man reflected a moment, and then the trade was consummated. Later on the deed was transferred, and the Brooklyn man went home to tell his wife. The frontiersman sent the following dispatch: "BUCK DUDLEY, Hole in the Wall, Montana: Jump the Norwegian's claim to-night. Have sold it to a sucker, and potted the clean-up. Buy Calamity Frazar's saloon for me on thirty days. Leave on the train to-night." "KICKER BALLEW." Sometimes Montana business is better in Brooklyn than in Montana, and an able-bodied liar who doesn't lie too hard can do a country as much good as a whole territorial press that overdoes the matter.

To the Consumers of Carriages & Buggies.

I have a complete stock of all the Latest Styles of Carriages, Phaetons and Open and Top Buggies, Consisting of The Celebrated Brewster Side Bar, The Hamlin Side Bar, The Whitney Side Bar, and The Millhall and Spring. The Dexter Queen Buggy and Phaeton Also the Old Reliable Elliptic Spring Buggies and Phaetons. They are all made of the best materials, and under my own supervision. I should be pleased to have those desirous of purchasing to call and examine my stock. I will guarantee satisfaction and warrant all work. H. F. HATTENHAUER, Corner Broadway and Seventh Streets. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.

DIRECTORY OF LEADING WESTERN HOTELS.

Table with columns: HOTELS, PROPRIETORS, TOWN. Lists various hotels and their owners across different western towns.

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Working Capital \$200,000. Capital Stock \$1,000,000. Par Value of Shares \$100,000. STOCK FULLY PAID UP AND NON-ASSESSABLE. Mines Located in BRAMEL MINING DISTRICT.

BROADWAY HOTEL. A. E. BISHOP, Proprietor. No. 554 and 556 Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa. Table supplied with the best market affords. Good rooms and first-class beds. Terms very reasonable.

UNION AVENUE HOTEL. 817 Lower Broadway, Mrs. C. Gerspacher & Son. FIRST CLASS HOTEL AT REASONABLE PRICES. TRANSPORTS ACCOMMODATED. HOTEL FOR SALE. GOOD REASONS FOR SELLING.

SCANDINAVIAN HOTEL. M. Anderson, - - Proprietor, 752 Lower Broadway. Table supplied with the best market affords. Terms \$2.50 and \$4.00 per week. Transient \$1.00 per day.

LOUIE DUQUETTE, Soups, Meats, and Establishments always on hand. Five Cents per call. STARR & BUNCH, HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS. PAPER HANGING, KALSOINING AND GRAINING, A SPECIALTY. Shop—Corner Broadway and Scott St.

MRS. J. P. BILLOPS, PROPRIETOR OF RESTAURANT & EATING HOUSE, 813 South Main Street, Council Bluffs. New house and newly fitted up in first class style. Meals all day long. Ice cream and cake every evening. Fruit and confectionery.

J. G. TIPTON, Attorney & Counsellor. Office over First National Bank, Courthouse Bluffs, Iowa. Will practice in the state and federal courts.

STEAM LAUNDRY. 723 W. Broadway. LARSON & ANDERSON, Proprietors. This laundry has just been opened for business, and we are now prepared to do laundry work of all kinds and guarantee satisfaction. A specialty made of fine work, such as collars, cuffs, fine shirts, etc. We want everybody to give us a trial.

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