

COUNCIL BLUFFS H. E. SEAMAN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BOOKS AND STATIONERY, TOYS AND HOLIDAY GOODS. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

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

UNION BAKERY, 517 SOUTH MAIN STREET. THE BEST BREAD IN THE CITY. None but first-class Bakers employed.

NEW MEAT MARKET. No. 536, BROADWAY, (Palmer's Block). Between 6th and 7th streets. E. P. TICKNOR, PROPRIETOR.

MAX MOHN, 215, 217 and 219 Main Street, GROCERIES OF All Kinds. New Goods. New Prices and square Dealing. Call and Examine Our Stock.

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Medical Electrician AND GYNECOLOGIST. Graduate of Electrographic Institution, Philadelphia, Penna. Office Cor. Broadway & Glenn Ave. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

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

JNO. JAY FRANEY, Justice of the Peace, 814 BROADWAY, Council Bluffs, Iowa. W. B. MAYES, Loans and Real Estate.

P. J. MONTGOMERY, M. D., FREE DISPENSARY EVERY SATURDAY. Office in Everett's block, Pearl street. Real Estate 228 Fourth street. Office hours from 9 to 5 a. m., 2 to 4 and 5 p. m. Council Bluffs

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

HUGHES & TOWSLEE, DEALERS IN Confectionery, Fruits, Nuts, Cigars and Tobacco. Fresh Oysters and Ice Cream in Season.

STEAM LAUNDRY. 723 W. Broadway. LARSON & ANDERSON, Proprietors.

OFFICER & PUSEY, BANKERS. Established 1866. Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Exchange and bond securities.

REAL ESTATE. W. C. James, in connection with his law and collection business buys and sells real estate.

EDWIN J. ABBOTT, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public. 415 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

COUNCIL BLUFFS RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, Atlantic, and other routes, listing departure and arrival times.

AN IMAGINATIVE TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

The Fright a Yarn Spinning Reporter Gave a Gentleman From the Country. Cincinnati Gazette.

EXCITING SCENE IN MID-OCEAN.

Men Overboard in a Monsoon, With Sharks About.

A correspondent who was a passenger by the steamship Dacca, which left Madras for London on the 1st ult., sends an interesting account of an exciting scene which was witnessed during a storm in the Indian ocean.

"Where am I?" he gasped. "In the lockup, to be sure. Don't you remember what you did?"

"Did I? I did! No—I; what was it?" "Can you recollect where you were last?"

"It seems to me I was in a saloon, but I can't just exactly say. A saloon by the market house."

"What market house?" "The one on Sixth street."

"Well, that's strange; they found you down on the levee roaring drunk. Don't you remember going there? No! Then you must have been so drunk up on Sixth street that you don't know what you were doing, and in that condition wandered off down to the river."

"I suppose that must have been the way," said the prisoner, with a great effort to remember.

"Oh," continued the reporter, "but you did kick up a row."

"Did I, really; somehow it seems that city stager juice is stronger than what we drink out in the country. But what did I do, anything wrong?"

"Anything wrong! Well I should remark, it took ten policemen to arrest and hold you till the patrol wagon came. Why, your life went so long enough to serve out the sentences you're bound to get, or your property half large enough to pay the fines."

"You are charged with drunkenness, burglary, malicious destruction of property, disorderly conduct, illegal voting, shooting with intent to kill, assault and battery; and if that politician you hit dies it will be murder."

"What's that you say? Did I do all that? And I a deacon, too?" ejaculated the country gentleman, becoming suddenly sober.

"Yes, and a deal sight more. You got drunk, broke into a store, smashed a \$100 showcase, carried off the cash drawer, knocked down an inoffensive citizen and tried to kick the life out of him, shot a bar-keeper who wouldn't give you another glass, and fought a pitched battle for ten minutes with half the police in Cincinnati; then the patrol wagon arrived and they chained you down and brought you here."

"Wha—! All that! Oh, dear, will I ever get home again?" "It's doubtful."

"I'll never drink another drop if I ever get out. All that, on this is awful!"

The poor fellow gasped and moaned for ten minutes, and then the turnkey, taking pity on him, told him that the reporters had been giving him a "stiff" (to use the classic language of police circles) and that as soon as sober he would be released, to go and sin no more.

*When the fountains of life are corrupted and embittered by suffering; when the functions of womanhood are strictly normal, woman life is like music, with no discord to jar the delicate sensibilities and break the vital and organic harmony.

How He Saved the Train. Dr. J. G. Robertson's Magazine.

The usual crowd of autumn liars were gathered together in the store, occupying all the grocery seats—the only gross receipts that the proprietor took no pride in—when a little, hair-eyed, weazen-faced individual sneaked in by the back door and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical bummer with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked several at once. "Why the chap who saved a train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us about it. If they demanded as the small man crouched in the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing kerosene lamp.

After much persuasion, being reinforced by a stiff horn of applejack, he began:

"It was just such a night as this going down the track when, right before me, across the rails, lay a great beast. There it was. Pale and ghastly as a lifeless body, and light as it appeared I had not the power to move it. It suddenly rumbled and roared to me that the night express was thundering down and soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it approached, till, just as the cow-catcher was about to hit me, I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track and the train flew on unharmed.

The silence was so dense for a moment that one might have heard a pin drop. Presently somebody said:

"What did you do with the beast?" "I didn't touch it," he replied; "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't hit it, and didn't touch it, how in thunder did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the sad-faced man, as he arose from his seat and sidled toward the door. "The obstruction was a moonbeam, and

THE EPITAPH EDITOR.

The Graveyard of Great Hope and High Ambition.

Mr. John P. Clum, until recently editor of The Tomahawk (Arizona) Epitaph, has given The Washington Post a highly interesting account of his escape from the scene of his journalistic labors, from which it would appear that, next to running a faro bank, editing a paper in some portions of the west is about as dangerous an undertaking as a man can well engage in.

Mr. Clum was also manager of the chief magistrate of the village into almost daily contact with the roughest and most dangerous element of the village population, he grew accustomed to write his editorials in sight of his trusty Colt's six shooter. In attempting to preserve order he made enemies of the cow-boys. This was the first step in a long and protracted warfare which lasted off and on for more than six months. First there occurred a drawn battle at mid-day, between Mr. Clum's chief of police and three officers and four cow-boys. Three of the officers were badly injured and the three cowboys killed outright.

The fourth officer, who happened not to be armed, ran away and escaped. After this a citizens' committee was formed and paraded the streets day and night, armed with six-shooters, needle guns and Henry rifles. Mr. Clum assailed the cow-boys vigorously through the columns of The Epitaph, and every time one was brought before him as a magistrate he imposed heavy fines. Then the cowboys lay in wait for Mr. Clum, and would be compelled to go heavily armed, and dared not stay out after nightfall without being attended by a bodyguard. Finally, every ordinary member of the cowboys failing to rid them of their enemy, they banded together, and camping a few miles from Tombstone, in a deep and wild canon, signed a death-deed agreement to kill Mr. Clum with pens dipped in blood taken from a cow-boy's arm, and afterwards drank from a cup of warm blood, diluted with pure spring water. This came to his ears, and he bought another six-shooter and another Henry rifle, and never went out into the street without being accompanied by several members of his police force. The chief of police was shot at and nearly killed one night. Things were getting very desperate indeed, and The Epitaph had great difficulty in getting out without the death of a compositor or an adventurous newsboy. Mr. Clum slept in a room guarded by men armed to the teeth. He did not remove his clothes, but kept his gun and pistol where he could put his hands on them instantly. Life at last became such a burden that he determined to remove to some locality where he could have something else but shotgun for breakfast, dinner and supper, and between meals. But to get away was about as perilous as to remain, for the cowboys suspecting some such move, had laid their plans accordingly, and were posted around the outskirts of the town in the bushes, ready to shoot him as soon as he appeared.

At length Mr. Clum managed to get aboard of a stage coach one dark night and started on his way to Tucson. The coach was stopped and fired at and one of the horses killed. Believing that he had not hit on the safest mode of locomotion, Mr. Clum decided to leave the coach and take his chances on foot. After a walk of seven miles he managed to get a horse and made his way to Tombstone. He is now in Washington, thoroughly satisfied with western journalism, and sold her his paper.

What gives a healthy appetite, an increased digestion, strength to the muscles, and tone to the nerves? Brown's Iron Bitters.

BURDICK'S BLOOD BITTERS. Mrs. J. G. Robertson, Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "I was suffering from general debility, want of appetite, constipation, etc., and was a burden for years. I cannot praise your Bitters too much."

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FOSTER, MILBURN, & Co., Props. BUFFALO, N. Y. Sold at wholesale by J. & M. Mason and Co. F. Goodwin.

"BLACK-DRAUGHT" cures dyspepsia, indigestion and heartburn.

I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and— Bang! flew a haw against the door, and if it had struck the body of the retreating hero there would have been a much bigger grease spot frescoed on the panel of the door.

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THE HUNTRESS TRACE BUCKLE. This buckle has been on the market for three years, and gives perfect satisfaction. WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce a buckle that equals it in the following points: 1st—Its fine appearance; 2nd—Its ease upon the trace; 3rd—Its strength; 4th—Its ease in changing without taking the trace out of the loop; 5th—It will not unhook itself; 6th—The buckle has pull straight with the trace. HUNTRESS TRACE CARRIERS, the best in the world. The buckle is easily adjusted, cannot get off itself, and will not catch the rein or fall. HUNTRESS PATENT WHIFFLETREE AND BLIND STIAP HOOK, for heavy wagons, - - - - - cannot be equalled. The tag will not unhook itself. Manufactured by DUTTON, HUNTRESS & Co., Janesville, Wisconsin. For sale by C. J. Beckman, Council Bluffs; Sharp & Son and H. S. Collins & Co., Omaha, and by all jobbing houses.

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