

INFIRMARY OF

DR. A. J. COOK,

COUNCIL BLUFFS,

IOWA.

CHRONIC DISEASES!

Diseases of Women and Diseases of the Rectum a Specialty.

The Dr. has been located in Council Bluffs nearly two years, and having been called professionally during that time into the best families in the city and surrounding country, takes pleasure in an announcing that he has come to stay.

SPECIALTIES. It must be evident to every close observer that no one mind, however gifted, can grasp more than a mere smattering of medical science.

country are pretending to do so, to the cost and injury of their patients. CHRONIC DISEASES. The Dr. does not pretend to cure ALL chronic diseases.

personal examination and treat all patients here, when possible, thus avoiding any chance of error in diagnosis. The Doctor treats all forms of chronic disease, without mentioning any one in particular, and has no hesitancy in saying that he CAN and WILL give the best treatment known to medical science, and charge only a reasonable fee for his services.

should it be expected of him, in the absence, perhaps, of special training and experience, and in the hurry and excitement of general practice. The Dr. is prepared to treat all female diseases in a skillful and scientific manner, having devoted several years to their study and treatment, both in the hospital and in active practice.

can be cured if taken in time, and especially in young subjects. The Dr. does not claim to cure all cases that come to him for treatment, but can point to numerous instances where a permanent cure has been wrought within the last five years. Medicines will be sent by express when patients cannot come to the city.

practitioner should promise his patients—it is all he CAN promise them and be honest. Parties visiting the city for the purpose of consulting the Dr. should come directly to his office, where the best references in the city will be furnished when desired, and where patients will also be assisted in procuring board and rooms at reasonable rates.

COUNCIL BLUFFS WATER WAVES.

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

TITLE ABSTRACT OFFICE. J. W. SQUIRE & CO. Lands and Lots Bought and Sold.

A. H. MAYNE & CO. (Successors to J. W. Rodefer) WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

LACKAWANNA, LEHIGH, BLOSSBURG AND ALL

IOWA COALS!

CONNELLSVILLE COKE, CEMENT, LIME, PLASTER, ETC. Office No. 34 Pearl Street, Yards Cor. Eighth Street and Eleventh Avenue, Council Bluffs.

MRS. D. A. BENEDICT, THE LEADING DEALER IN

HAIR GOODS 337 Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

JACOB SIMS, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

CITIZENS BANK Of Council Bluffs. Organized under the laws of the State of Iowa. Paid up capital, \$75,000. Authorized capital, \$200,000.

OFFICER & PUSEY, BANKERS, Council Bluffs, Ia. Established, 1868

MRS. E. J. HARDING, M. D. Medical Electrician

AND GYNECOLOGIST.

Office Cor. Broadway & Glenn Ave. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

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

"OUR" MR. JENKINS.

BY JOHN BERWICK.

I was fortunate in my uncle. So everybody thought, for Uncle Braithwaite was as wealthy and thriving a manufacturer as any in Lambeth, and I, his dead sister's son, Cyril Vaughan by name, was not merely drawing a fair salary with the prospect of a partnership, but was actually engaged to be married to my second cousin, reputed a great heiress—dear, sweet Lucy Braithwaite—the old man's only child. He had won his own way in life by rigid self-denial and unwearying industry during a joyless youth, and I doubt if he ever thoroughly enjoyed the fruits of his well-earned prosperity.

As I did so, a man staggered toward me, jostled me, then reeled away, muttering "Beg pardon," and would have fallen but for the support of my arm. I saw in a moment that the man was sober, but he looked ill, very ill, haggard, and hollow-eyed, though still young, and he was decently clad in a well-worn velvet suit, with large bronze buttons. There was a smudge of the country about him, and he was in the midst of London, and his accent, so far as I could judge, was that of Yorkshire or Northumberland.

"You are ill, I fear," I inquired, "and perhaps a stranger to London." "Nigh clemmed in this blessed London of yours, paved w' golden guineas as our cronies say up in Craven," muttered the countryman in the same thin, ready voice; "paved w' traps, say, I and cause for it, since all that granfeyther stored up, whether for Bess and Bell or for me—" and then he would have fallen but for my assistance.

Clearly the man was fainting, and from starvation. We had walked some distance. In tempting proximity, at the corner of a side street, was a house, over the door of which, in great gold letters, gleamed the words, "Luncheon Bar." Into this, quite instinctively, I half dragged, half hustled the man.

It was the middle of the day, luncheon time, a brisk hour for business in the city, in the eating and drinking line at least, and the place I had entered was full of customers, young men mostly, notably chatting over their sandwiches. As I flung open the swinging door I felt sure that I caught a glimpse of my uncle's confidential clerk on the pavement outside.

It—I was in exceptionally high spirits. I had been talking with dear Lucy, and though her father, who said that we children need not be in a hurry, would never consent to name even an approximate day for our wedding, still there was a vague prospect of nuptial bliss next spring. It was fine, bright weather, and on Tuesday there was to be a garden party at some Richmond villa, to which we were all to go. Altogether I was in excellent spirits, and as far as any man could be from dreaming of the evil that was to come.

"How will you take it?" asked the bank cashier. "Short!" I answered, with a sort of boyish pride in my newly acquired familiarity with business phrases, and with my gold and notes I left the bank.

"You are ill, I fear," I inquired, "and perhaps a stranger to London." "Nigh clemmed in this blessed London of yours, paved w' golden guineas as our cronies say up in Craven," muttered the countryman in the same thin, ready voice; "paved w' traps, say, I and cause for it, since all that granfeyther stored up, whether for Bess and Bell or for me—" and then he would have fallen but for my assistance.

Clearly the man was fainting, and from starvation. We had walked some distance. In tempting proximity, at the corner of a side street, was a house, over the door of which, in great gold letters, gleamed the words, "Luncheon Bar." Into this, quite instinctively, I half dragged, half hustled the man.

It was the middle of the day, luncheon time, a brisk hour for business in the city, in the eating and drinking line at least, and the place I had entered was full of customers, young men mostly, notably chatting over their sandwiches. As I flung open the swinging door I felt sure that I caught a glimpse of my uncle's confidential clerk on the pavement outside.

"Mr. Jenkins!" I called out, but he evidently did not hear me, but passed on. There was a rush of excited young fellows toward us—"But you he's drunk!" "Four to five he's dead!" "Run over!" and so forth—and it was not immediately that I could get some restorative. But the poor countryman's face was livid, his eyes closed, his teeth fast shut, and he could swallow nothing. Then a doctor was sent for, and the doctor was slow in coming, and I had explanation after explanation to give, first to the dull-witted landlord who came blinking out of a back parlor, then to inquisitive customers; and when at last a breathless surgeon, hastily summoned, came panting in at the heavy swing door, amid the surging crowd,

there was a necessary word so with him. "But where is my patient?" asked the bewildered man of science, and the object of the "poor fellow" who was the object of all this stir had disappeared in the midst of the hubbub, and with him had vanished the heavy, steel-clasped, black morocco pocketbook which I remembered too late to have incautiously laid on a table in the flurry and confusion of our sudden and awkward entry, and which was gone, pitilessly gone.

"Cyril Vaughan, I always deemed you to be a simpleton—a soft, as we Yorkshire chaps say—but now I know you to be a knave!" thundered out my irate uncle, the north country accent in his wrathful voice becoming unusually predominant. "Had you not been my relative, had not my girl—who shall never be the wife of such a scoundrel—begged you off, I would have prosecuted you as I would any other rogue, and sent you to quarry stone among convicts at Dartmoor or Portland. As it is, I won't hear another word of your lies or your excuses. Go, go! or I shall forget Lucy's pleadings, and act as a citizen, and not as a father. The confidence trick, eh? The countryman—the—I am not your dups, lad! Go and get yourself hanged elsewhere! You won't starve on the sum of which you have robbed me."

Then came a terrible three months—it was that or more—a time of depression of crushed spirits, a half broken heart for me. That I was wrongfully suspected gave me but cold comfort. I was innocent, but Lucy was lost to me; my prospects were blighted, no one would give work to me, and I was poor, and sinking fast into the dire depths of want. I remember how pale and thin and shabby I had become, when I received a visit from my uncle's lawyer, Mr. Mordant.

"Mr. Vaughan, you wonder to see me," said the shrewd solicitor, as he took the broken chair I offered him—my wretched room in suburban lodging house contained but one—"but I come now as a messenger of good tidings. Do you remember a serving man, Enoch Clint by name, whom your uncle, my client, Mr. Braithwaite, engaged some weeks before the unlucky affair of the stolen money? He was a smart young fellow with excellent testimonials—all forged by the by—and made himself useful both in the house and in the stable-yard, and was vastly popular with his fellow-servants on account of his power of mimicry and the juggling tricks which he could perform."

I had an indistinct recollection of having seen and heard of such a person in my uncle's household, and I said so, wondering how there could be anything in Enoch Clint to concern me.

"This Enoch Clint," said Mr. Mordant slowly, "was a north countryman." I stared at him sorely puzzled. "He was your countryman," drawled out the shrewd lawyer, and then a light broke upon me, and I grew sick and dizzy, and could hardly hear Mr. Mordant's friendly voice as he said, chalking my passive hand the while, "You have been sorely wronged, Mr. Vaughan. I for one believed you guilty, for which I heartily beg your pardon. Now, listen to me. This

poor wretch, Enoch Clint, was two days since run over by a heavily-laden van, not fifty yards from his master's door, and carried back to the house, the crushed and blood-stained wreck of a man. He asked for his master, and Mr. Braithwaite being absent, he prayed to see Miss Lucy. To her, in the doctor's presence, the dying man gasped out some inarticulate confession, clearing you from all blame but that of a credulity, pardonable at your age, and implacably, most seriously another person. At his own desire his broken statement was, by the doctor's help, taken down in writing, but he died before the narrative was complete. Miss Lucy had an interview with her father. I need scarcely say, on his return home, as a sequel to which Mr. Braithwaite, more agitated than I had ever known him to be, called on me and laid the matter before me. We, too, had a long talk, and the result of it was, Mr. Cyril, that on the following morning I received a visit from—have you guessed it?—the confidential clerk, Mr. Jenkins."

"Our Mr. Jenkins?" I resumed, perplexed by the half-comic expression of the solicitor's face. "Your Mr. Jenkins, if you will cling to the ancient formula," assented the lawyer, with twinkling eyes. "That commercial luminary came to me blandly, unsuspecting—for, as it turned out, he had not even heard of the death of his accomplice. My first act, when he had made his bow and seated himself in the client's chair, was to shut the door and lock it. When he heard the click of the lock, he started and turned as pale as his shirt collar."

"Now, my friend," I said to him in a frank, pleasant way, "my advice to you is, for your own good, to make a clean breast of it at once."

"Then you should have seen the ingenuitous wonder of his interesting countenance. "Excuse me, Mr. Mordant, but I cannot have heard you aright," he said, after a pause. "Oh, yes, you have," said I, shaking a finger at him. "Come, come, Mr. Jenkins, it is time for you to drop the sheep's clothing and stand forth as the wolf you are; only this I promise in Mr. Braithwaite's name—that if your revelations be full and ample, you shall have gentler and more generous treatment than you deserve."

"A stormy colloquy ensued. Once I thought the man meant to strike me, but there was something in my eye that restrained him, I suppose, for next he began to sob, and then while like a beaten hound, as sitting on the edge of my writing desk and glaring at the carpet, he stammered out a confession, which I reduced to writing and to which he presently affixed his reluctant signature. "The revelation, when this slippery witness was at length brought to make it—he did not know, you see, Mr. Cyril, how much his colleague had confessed—was a tolerable complete one. He had, it seemed, an especial malice against yourself, as the kinsman and future partner and heir of the employer, whom it had been the business of his life to dupe by a show of zeal and display of mock honesty—I say mock because, probably, when the books come to be overhauled, it

will be found that this was not the first time of a betrayal of trust. And Mr. Jenkins, thought, too, that young as you were, you did not share Mr. Braithwaite's high opinion of him, and might one day ask troublesome questions. "Wherefore, by the help of a foreign character, he got this fellow Clint into your uncle's service, put him up to the trick which he had played on you—Clint had been a low comedian, mountebank, and thimble-rigger in his time—and received from Clint himself, at the door of the city public house, the morocco pocketbook containing the gold and notes which you in the hurry and excitement of the moment had—Why, Mr. Vaughan, are you ill?"

But if he said more I heard it not, for I was weak with long privation and sleeplessness, and the blood surged up to my temples, and there was a roar as of waves in my ears, and I sank fainting on the floor. I have not much more to tell. How cordial, and even self-reproachful, was the reception which my uncle, Mr. Braithwaite, extended to me, or with what fearful joy my Lucy's eyes met mine, are easy to imagine but difficult to describe.

"I wronged you, my boy, but I thank heaven that I was wrong in what I thought," said the old man, with a sob in his imperious voice; "Lucy, here, knew you best."

Honest and Liberal. When the Hops in each bottle of Hop Bitters (at the present price, \$1.25 per lb.) cost more than a bottle is sold for, besides the other costly medicines, and the quality and price are kept the same, we think it is honest and liberal in the proprietors, and no one should complain, or buy or use worthless stuff, or cheating bogus imitations because the price is less.

"* * * * * Keep to your place and your place will keep you." But you cannot expect to keep your place without health, the foundation of all success. For instance, a railroad engineer in the employ of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad had been grievously affected with diabetes for six years. He took four boxes of Kidney-Wort and now writes that he is entirely cured and working regularly.

Nebraska Loan & Trust Company HASTINGS, NEB. Capital Stock, - - \$100,000. JAS. B. HEARTWELL, President. A. L. CLARKE, Vice-President. E. C. WAINWRIGHT, Treasurer. DIRECTORS: Samuel Alexander, Oswald Oliver, A. H. Clarke, E. C. Webster, Geo. H. Pratt, Jas. B. Heartwell, D. M. McKel Himes. First Mortgage Loans a Specialty. This Company furnishes a permanent, home loan where School Bonds and other legally issued Municipal securities in Nebraska can be negotiated on the most favorable terms. Loans made on improved farms in all well settled counties of the state, thus insuring local correspondents. "BLACK-DRAUGHT" cures of every skin eruption and is the best.