INFIRMARY OF

A. J. COOK. DR.

COUNCIL BLUFFS,

IOWA

DISEASES! CHRONIC

Diseases of Women and Diseases of the Rectum a Specialty.

country are PRETENDING to do so, to the cost and injury of their patients. CHRONIC DISEASES The Dr. has been located in Coun-SPECIALTIES. cil Bluffs nearly two years, and hav-It must be evident to every close CHRONIC DISEASES. ng been called professionally during observer that no one miud, however nosis, The Doctor treats all forms of chron ic disease, without mentioning any male diseases in a skillful and scientific treats all forms of chron ic disease, without mentioning any treats all forms of chron ic disease in a skillful and scientific treats all forms of chron ic disease in a skillful and scientific treats all forms of chron ic disease in a skillful and scientific treats all forms of chron treats The Dr. does not pretend to cure that time into the best families in the gifted, can grasp more than a mere smattering of medical science. The ALL chronic diseases. He claims, city and surrounding country, takes field is too large and the natural divis however, that years of patient study one in particular, and has no hesitancy manner, having devoted several years within the last five years. Medicines best references in the city will be fur-in saying that he CAN and WILL to their study and treatment, both in give the best treatment known to med-the hospital and in active practice. within the last five years. Medicines best references in the city will be fur-in the city will be sent by express when patients inshed when desired, and where pa-tients will also be assisted in procurpleasure in an announcing that he has ions too numerous for anything more and practice, in the hospita's and also come to stay. His constantly increas-Ing practice at home, in the midst of his own people, is the best evidence of his skill as a SPECIALIST, and he wishes it understood, once for all, that wishes it uulerstood, once for all, that his methods of treatment arcs SIRUF. LY scientific; that he deepises quarks, embracing and "Homespathe" practices of his SPE-GIALTLES and has had the benefit of has no heirangy in practices of this SPE-GIALTLES and has had the benefit of has no heirangy in practices of this SPE-GIALTLES and has had the benefit of has no heirangy in practices of this SPE-GIALTLES and has had the benefit of has no heirangy in practices of the success. The budy practitions at a surgery. The budy practitions at in the western the non the diagenesis and be found to the budy. The budy practitions at in the western the surgery in the diagenesis and be found to the surgery in th ing board and rooms at reasonable rates. OFFICE: NO. 36 NORTH MAIN ST. (One Block North of Broadway.) he examines you and finds your dis case incurable, he will tell you so in plain words; if he finds you can be DR. A. J. COOK. P. O. Box No. 1462, Council Bl == COUNCIL BLUFFS CARRADINE'S LOVE. eves such as he had not seen

their affection. But though his nature

there was one chord, deeper than all, that remained untouched, and from

the sweetest glances his thoughts went

The ideal head became his great

source of enjoyment, and a dreamy

softness shaded his dark-grey eyes, as

meaning peaple, good natured to a degree, but with little delicacy of per-

"Aha, master painter," he said,

With that he laid his hand on the

back to the unknown child that had

smiled down on him so long ago.

responded rapidly to any kindness,



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REMARKABLE

KANSAS (ITY, Mo., Sept. 20, 1882. I think it a duty I owe to humanity to say I think it a duity I owe to humanify to easy what your remety has done f r me. Ore year ago I contracted a had case of Blood Di ease, a d not knowing the result of such "roubles, I allow-ed it to run fo some t me, but finally ap lied to the best physician in t is city, who "reated me for six months. In THAT TIME I TOOK "OVER 600 PILLS OF PROTODORS OF MR-CORY I grain each, and had run down in weight from 210 to 1AT pounds, and was confined to my bed with Mer-curial Rhermatism, scarcely able to turn myself over. Being a traveling man, some of the fra-ternity fount me n this deplo a le condition, and recom-

and rocom-mended me to try your sector of the sector of the sector appendic and the sector of the sector of the sector had been curred by its use. I commende the use it with very it its faith acp is less that three weeks was able to take my place on the road. The over set commende the sector of as the weeks was able to take my place of the four the sores and copper-collored spots gradually disap-peared, and to da: I have not a so cor spot on my person, and my welg t is 217 pounds, bein r more than it ever was. I do not wish you to publish my name, but you may show this letter to any who doubt the merit of S. S. S. for I know it is a sure cure.

Yours Truly, J. H. B.

Sove thirty years ago there lived in Montgo Sove thirty years ago there lived in Montgo-mery, Ala., a young man who was terribly afflic-ted. - fter being tre-ted for a long time by the med cal projession of this town with no benefit, he commenced taking S S S. After persistently taking it two months he was cured. Boing ac-quainted with him for the disease never made its return. J. W. BISHOF, J. P., Hot Springs Ark.

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vs.81,000 Reward will be paid to any Chemist who will find, on analysis of 100 bottles of S. S. S., one partice of Mercury, Iodide of Potassium, or other Mineral substance. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Proprietors, Atlanta. Ga. Price of Small Size,.....

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Carradine sat alone at his easel, painting; and as he painted he FOUNDRY.

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	rose wreath, dry and withered now,
MES. E. J. HARDING, M. D.,	was all that was left to him of the fair vision; but when that morning, in turning over an old portfolio, he had come upon it by chance, it spoke to
Medical Electrician	him of that by-gone day just as elo- quently as when its blossoms were fresh and fall. "Eight years ago," he said, thought-
AND	fully, letting the circlet alip through his fingers slowly. "She must be six- teen nowif she lives. If? No, I
GYNECOLOGIST.	do not doubt her living presence- somewhere. I wonder where she is now, and what she is like at sixteen?" With that he placed the wreath be-
Graduate of Electropathic Institution, Phila- delphis, Penns.	side his easel, and began to paint. The face, as it grew on his canvas, presented a young girl in the dewy morning blush of first youth, with
Office Cor. Broadway & Glenn Ave.	shadows in the great dark eyes and a half smile about the bright curled
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.	lips, like an embodied symmer sun shower. It was thus that the artist pictured his ideal of the child woman,
The treatment of all diseases and painful , dif ficulties peculiar to females a specialty.	whose infantile look and smile for eight long years had been his own dream of love.
PERSONAL-"Parts of the human body	Carradine had not had an easy life.

PERSONAL—"Parts of the human body enlarged, developed and strongthened," etc., is an interesting advertsecuent long run in our paper. In reply to icqu rises we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On WIFT the contrary, the advertians arvivery highly in-dorsed. Interest of persons may get sealed cir-culars giving all particulars, giving all particu-ins, by addressing Erie Medical Co., P. O. Box 513, Buffalo, N. Y.-Toledo Evening Bee. _____ an 11-1y

thought. Eight years before, when he was a poor struggling boy, just entering on that race which must be ran by every aspirant to art and its honors, there happened to him something which neither time nor toil had ever been able to efface from his memory. As he was passing along the streets a wreath of fragrant roses auddenly fell on his head, and looking up in wonder, he beheld, reaching out from the embroidered drapeztes of an over-

hanging window, a child, with fairylike proportions, with great dark eyes and long, curling black locks, who stood smiling and throwing him kisses from her curved lips, colored like a pomegranate. While she still gazed, a it was not so much the lovely child nurse had come forward and drawn that he saw in fancy as the beautiful

the child away; the curtains were closed, and he saw the little creature girl whose face, with fuller depth and sweetness, looked out at him from his own canvas. Instinctively, he hardly knew why, no more. Such was the vision that the artist had carried so long in his momory; in his memory only, for he he disliked to work on this picture in

had no second glimpse of the child. That very day an accident occurred which kept him a prisoner in his room happened that it was nearly finished for several weeks, and when next he went out the house was empty, and a placard with great flaring letters announcing it for sale stared him in the face, from the same window in which the little white sched of her ing his easel to the wall to conceal the which the little white robed elf had face upon it. This little stratagem.

stood waving her hand and smiling to however, was destined to be of no him. In course of time other faces avail. Having been marked by the appeared there, but they were strange intruder, one of those cordial, wellappeared there, but they were strange faces, and among them was never the ono for which he looked.

Now, as Carradine sat painting alone, he thought of all this; of the struggle that had ended at length in success; of his hard, unfriended boy-

with a laugh, "let us see what it is hood, and of the beautiful child with that you work at by youself till is her fragrant rose crown, which had steals away your eyes and ears. Only seemed almost like a prophecy. That rose wreath, dry and withered now, one peep! that was left to him of the fair frame, and receiving no forbidding so many years. Then she spoke: but when that morning, in word from Carradine, turnedit around, over an old portfolio, he had The next moment he was loud in his how?" pon it by chance, it spoke to praise,

pon it by chance, it spore to that by gone day just as elo-y as when its blossoms were as when its blossoms were inal, and I will, if it is a seven days'

curiosity.

ht years ago," he said, thought-bt years ago," he said, thought-Carradine smiled. ers slowly. "She must be six-ow--if she lives. If? No, I such an original, I should not be here it vanished in certainty. A smile just doubt her living presenceto tell you, my good friend," he anere. I wonder where she is swered evasively.

"Oh, a fancy sketch," said the d what she is like at sixteen?" that he placed the wreath beother, misled, as the artist had dealred. "I might have saved myself the trou- often I have wondered sinces easel, and began to paint. ble of asking. No real flesh and blood face ever looked like that-moreshame ce, as it grew on his canvas, ed a young girl in the dewy g blush of first youth, with to nature, I say. Of course you will

in the great dark eyes and a exhibit it, Carradine?" mile about the bright curled ike an embodied summer sun "No!" answered the painter quietly. "No!" repeated the other in surprise. "But my dear fellow, you must, or I shall betray your secret, It was thus that the artist his ideal of the child woman, and you will have a swarm of visitors into what she would ripen." infantile look and smile for ong years had been his own worse than a plague of Egypt let in upon you.'

An orphan from his earliest years, in his friend's speech had suggested a poor and unfriended, he had studied possibility that made his heart leap in in his friend's speech had suggested a | such an honor?"

had gained for himself almost as much | easel, gazing into the lovely, upturned alone at the very heart as he had face, until it began to fade into the been eight years before, when the gathering twilight. child's gift came to him as a prophecy.

"It-it!" he murmured to himself, half unconsciously. "But it cannot It was not that he was friendless There were men who liked and sought be. Yet I will send it-and perhim, women would gladly have have haps---" taught him to forget his loneliness in

And so the picture was sent, in due subtle sadness. time; and it seemed almost as if Carradine's soul had gone with it and drawn him to follow. Hour after hour, and place or circumstances, into the un-day after day, he sat in the gallery, real realm of imagination in which his He wish was supreme ruler scrutinizing eagerly every face amid the visitors, whom taste or fashion had brought to look at the now celebrated artist's latest success. Every

night he went away unsatisfied, and every morning he returned with hope springing afresh in his heart. Still, the object of his search, what-

line by line and that by that took him back into that past, which, all lifeless as it was, seemed to him, in ever it may have been, does not appear; and one day, discouraged at last. those moments, more real than the busy present. Yet now, in reviewing he resolved to go no more on so fruitthat one bright vision of his memory, less an errand. Shutting himself in his studio, he began to paint, but, strive as he would, he could command neither hand nor fancy. Finally, tired of repeated failure, he abandon work, and yielded to an impulse which drew his steps in the customary direc-

> When he entered the small side room in which his picture hung, he found but two persons within,

young man and a girl. Carradine could not see the faces of

these two, but, with an earnestness for which he was at a loss to account, he followed their retreating figures as ture? they moved slowly toward his picture.

But the next moment an exclamation of astoniahment burst from the lips of the young man. Why, here is your portrait, Leilia! What does it mean? Who can

ception-the action at once aroused his the painter be?" With that he hurried out to pur chase a catalogue. Carradine advanced quickly to the girl.

"I am the painter," he said. She turned and looked at him with one ateady gaze from those glorlous eyes that had haunted his visions for

"You painted that picture? and "From remembrance," he answered. 'It is my only tribute to the little

once with roacs. Does she, too, remember it?" For a moment doubt was in her face; but as he looked fixedly at her

touched her bright lips. "It was you, then, on whom I forced my roses? A princess who gave away honors unasked. How

She stopped, turned to the can vas, and added abruptly, "but I was a child then, and here-"

"Here you are a woman," said Carradine, completing the unspoken sentence. "It is so hard to understand? The same power that kept the picture, as she asked him in a low event for which he was waiting.

Carradine hesitated; a chance word voice, "and whom am I to thank for "My name is Hubert Carradine,"

hard for the means to gratify that in-herent idolatry for art which was al- "You are right," he said. "I shall was no unfamiliar word to her. "And ways clamoring to find expression in form and coloring. He had fought and he had won; but now, at twenty. After his visitor had left him alone After his visitor had left him alone

turned to him. when she stood in the gallery beside "You never knew my name? Then her betrothed husband a light which think of mestill as you have thought recalled the merry child who smiled of me through all these years," she

down on him so long ago. "Mr. Carradine," she said, "I told sald, a half smile lingering about her mouth, but never lighting the great you that my fortune was gone, but did dark face that was shaded by some not tell you how utterly it had been swept away. I am nothing better than a beggar. Will you take me for

"Leilia," he said, "does your loss

The look, the tone, transported Carradine beyond all remembrance of one of your students, for charity's He looked searchingly into her

amiling face.

"I have thought of you always as "And Mr. Wyndham?" he asked, in my life and my love," half consciously, a low voice. She laughed without so much as a

his dreamy, deep gray eyes glowing upon her face. She blushed sudden-ly, and then paled in an instant. Just "Mr. Wyndhan "Mr. Wyndham has gone with the

rest of my worldly possessions. Did I not say that I had lost everything? then her former companion entered the room.

"I am Leilia Auvernay," she said hastily, "and this is Cecii Wyndham, not of as much worth now as my plemy-my betrothed husband." tare." The words, as she said them, did

Not another word was said. As the young man approached Carradine fell not seem bitter. He took her hands. back a step and looked at the two. His make you unhappy?" "Do I look so?" she asked gayly. was a fair, handsome face, so little marked as yet by time, that it would marked as yet by time, that it would be hard for an unpracticed eye to con-jecture with what lines the shaping character would yet stamp it. Never-theless, with one keen gaze Carradine estimated both present and future. Do I look sof "she asked gayly. "As for the marriage, it was my father's wish, and to gratify his dying request I consented—before I knew my own heart— ." Here, a quick, vivid color shot into her cheek, but estimated both present and future.

she went on: " There pever was love She said a few low, spoken words to on my side; and on his-well, money her companion, who presently moved toward Carradine, and addressed him: is more than love - with some natures. I do not wish to blame him. "I have the honor of speaking to

Carradine's grasp tightened on her Mr. Carradine, the painter of this pichands. "Lellis," he said, "once your an-Carradine bowed without speaking.

swer put a bar between us when I "Will you pardon me for asking if it is a fancy sketch?" continued Mr. spoke words that were surprised cutof Wyndham. my heart. Would it be so now, if I

"Partly so, but suggested by the should say them once more? My love, my life, will you come to me?" "Will I come!" she repeated, lookface of a little girl," answered the artist.

ing up in his eyes and drawing nearer, until his arms silently folded "But the likeness is so very striking," muttered the young gentleman. "I must have it any rate. Of course about her. And so Carradine found his love at you will part with it-at your own

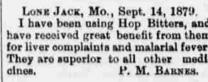
last. price ?" "The picture is not for sale," said Carradine, quietly, still regard-ing the young man with that cool, steady gaze which had already caused him to betray a hesitation, almost confusion, very unlike his usual easy con-tilence. He seemed to have an in-

unknown princess who crowned me stictive knowledge that the artist was measuring him, and, to shrink from that measurement with unconscious dread Carradine saw Leilia Auvernay once

more before she returned to her home in a distant town. Then he took his picture from the academy walls and hang it in his studio, where his eyes could find it whenever he looked away from his work. For he did not give up work; yet, among themselves, his friends pronounced nim an altered man, and marveled what had caused so subtile a difference. Always silent, he now seemed to live in an ideal world of his own; and, whatever he might compy himself with, there was the child in my heart showed me that in his manner which appeared to imply that it was only a temporary She did not look at him now, but at diversion until the coming of some

So passed half a year, at the end of which there came a letter to Carra-dine. It was brief, but it was enough he answered, and saw at once that it to assure him of that which he had been unconsciously expecting. The letter was from Leilis Auver-

nay. He went to her at once. She met him with a laughing light in her



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