HARKNESS BRO'S,

DRY GOODS & CARPET HOUSE.

Have the Largest Stock and Choicest Patterns of

CARPETS!

Ever Brought to the City, and at

LOWER PRICES

than ever offered in this vicinity,

DO NOT FAIL

TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK BEFORE PURCHASING.

HARKNESS BRO'S,

401 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

COUNCIL BLUFFS RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

The following are the times of arrival and departure of trains from the local depots. The trains start from the Union Pacific depot about ten minutes earlier than below stated, and arrive at the depot about ten minutes later. Trains on pool lines and K. C. run on Chicago time, a half hour faster than local. Wabash trains run on St. Louis time, twenty minutes faster than local. U. P. and Lincoln trains run on Council Bluffs time.

Depart.	Arrive.
CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC.	
Atlantic Ex†...5:20 p m	Pacific Ex‡....9:15 a m
Ex and Mail*..9:25 a m	Ex and Mail*..6:55 p m
D. Moines ac*..7:15 a m	Des Moines ac*.4:40 p m
CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY.	
Atlantic Ex†...5:35 p m	Pacific Ex‡....9:20 a m
Mail and Ex*..9:00 a m	Mail and Ex*..7:00 p m
N. Y. Ex.......5:20 p m	Neb & Kas Ex..9:10 a m
CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN.	
Atlantic Ex†...5:15 p m	Pacific Ex‡....9:15 a m
Mail and Ex*..9:20 a m	Mail and Ex*..6:15 p m
Accom (Sat.)..5:50 p m	Accom. (Mon.).1:45 p m
KANSAS CITY, ST. JOE AND COUNCIL BLUFFS.	
Mail and Ex....9:55 a m	Express........5:35 p m
Express........8:25 p m	Mail and Ex...6:45 p m
UNION PACIFIC.	
Overland Ex.11:30 a. m.	Overland Ex..4:00 p. m.
Lincoln Ex..11:30 a. m.	Denver Ex....8:00 a. m.
Denver Ex...7:00 p. m.	Local Ex.....6:30 a. m.
Local Ex.....7:25 a. m.	" Ex.....9:05 a. m.
Emigrant....5:20 p. m.	" Ex.....[illegible]:00 p. m.
WABASH, ST. LOUIS AND PACIFIC.	
Mail and Ex.. 9:45 a m	Mail and Ex... 4:30 p m
Cannon Ball.. 4:50 p m	Cannon Ball...11:05 a m
SIOUX CITY AND PACIFIC.	
For Sioux City.7:55 a m	Frm Sioux City.6:50 p m
or Fort Niobrara, Neb*......7:55 a m	Frm Fort Niobrara, Neb.......6:50 p m
For St. Paul...7:40 p m	From St. Paul..8:50 a m
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.	
Leave Council Bluffs.	Arrives Council Bluffs.
Mail and Ex..*9:20 a m	Mail and Ex...*6:55 p m
Atlantic Ex..‡5:15 p m	Atlantic Ex....‡9:10 a m
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.	
Leaves Omaha.	Arrives at Omaha.
Mail and Ex..*7:15 a m	Pacific Ex.....‡9:45 a m
Atlantic Ex..‡3:40 p m	Mail and Ex..*7:25 p m

*Except Sundays. †Except Saturdays. ‡Except Mondays. ‡Daily.

Council Bluffs & Omaha Street R. R.

Leave Council Bluffs.	Leave Omaha.
8 a m, 9 a m, 10 a m, 11 a m, 1 m, 2 p m, 3 p m, 4 p m, 5 p m, 6 p m.	8 a m, 9 a m, 10 a m, 11 a m, 1 pm, 2 p m, 3 p m, 4 p m, 5 p m, 6 p m.

Street cars run half hourly to the Union Pacific Depot. On Sunday the cars begin their trips at 9 o'clock a. m., and run regularly during the day at 9, 11, 2, 4, 5 and 6 o'clock, and run to city time.

MRS. E. J. HILTON, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

222 Broadway, Council Bluffs

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ARCHITECTS!

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"FOR TABLE USE"
The Natural Mineral,

KAISER WATER

From Birresborn on the Rhine

RECOMMENDED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES.

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—OF THE—

CHICAGO,

Milwaukee & St. Paul

RAILWAY

Is now running its FAST EXPRESS TRAINS from

OMAHA AND COUNCIL BLUFFS

—WITH—

Pullman's Magnificent Sleepers

—AND THE—

Finest Dining Cars in the World.

IF YOU ARE GOING EAST

TO

CHICAGO' MILWAUKEE.

Or to any point beyond; or

IF YOU ARE GOING NORTH

To

ST. PAUL OR MINNEAPOLIS

Take the BEST ROUTE, the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y

Ticket office located in Paxton Hotel, at corner Farnam and Fourteenth streets and at U. P. Depot and at Millard Hotel, Omaha.

See Time Table in another column.

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G. H. FOOTE, Ticket Agent, Omaha.

S. S. MERRILL, General Manager. A. V. H. CARPENTER, General Pass. Agent.

J. T. CLARK, General Sup't. GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Ass't Gen. Pass. Agent.

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FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

Imperial Austrian 100fl. Government Bond.

ISSUE OF 1864,

which bonds are issued and secured by the government, and are redeemed in drawings,

FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY,

Until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw a prize, as there are no blanks

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200,000 Florins,
20,000 "
15,000 "

Any bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than

200 FLORINS.

The next drawing takes place on the

1st of June, 1883,

and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of June, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

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Specht's Patent Metallic Skylight Patent, Adjusted Ratchet Bar and Bracket Shelving. I am the general agent for the above line of goods.

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Address all orders to the NEBRASKA MANUFACTURING CO Lincoln Neb

What it Means.

"V—e—t, Vet." What does it mean
Upon yon soldier's faded coat?
His hand is hard and rough and brown,
I see a scar along his throat;
His eyes seem looking far off still;
His close shut mouth is firm and grim,
Mother, what means that little word,
Upon a sleeve so worn and dim?"

It means, my child, that rugged hand
Has wielded musket long and well;
Has sent the iron thunder home,
And tuned the song of screeching shell.
It means that steady, staunch and true,
He fairly won that ragged scar,
While you and I sat safe at home
And read the news about the war.

What wonder if the mouth is grim,
That said so many swift "good byes!"
Life's common words are idle breath
Beside those earnest battle cries.
What wonder if the gaze is dim,
And yonder strangely lingers yet?
The eye that has looked straight at death.
His image may not soon forget.

And this is what it means to earn
The title "veteran" on a coat;
To march through flood and field, or lie
Where rebel rifles sweep the moat;
To serve the guns in rifle pits;
To sleep beneath the silent sky;
To dream of home and wake to war;
To see a comrade drop and die.

To hear and heed the fearful song
Which whistling minnie bullets sing;
To faint and fall, and longing lie,
For one cool draught from rocky spring.
And this, my child, is what it says,
That little word of letters three;
Go, clasp his hand and give him thanks
For battles fought for you and me.

TALBOT'S KIDS.

E. W. Townsend in San Francisco Call.

Old Smally was a "no good." No slang ever suited his case until Zinc Barnes applied "no good," which he had picked up during a visit to the Bay. "That's just what Smally is, boys, I'm telling you; 'no good,' and nothing else goes; but that goes, even if he hears it."

"But what started yer on old Smally, Zinc?" Mr. Reddy asked, cheerfully enough.

When Reddy put this leading question to Zinc the men around the bar drew closer together, and the players at the faro table half turned towards Zinc, chipping in four-bit pieces listlessly on the layout, the dealer making the turns slowly and picking up his winnings or paying his losses with an added professional indifference that allowed him equal chances with his patrons to listen to Zinc's reply.

"Well, I'll just tell you, Reddy," Zinc began, meditatively kneading some plug smoking tobacco in the palm of his left hand with the right, "when I was down to the Bay who'd yer think I seen?"

Mr. Reddy and the crowd looked their inability to guess who, of all the people in San Francisco, it had been Mr. Barnes' peculiar happiness to see, and waited in perfect silence while he emptied the tobacco from his hand into his pipe. Carefully lighting the latter, Zinc sent forth a big ring of smoke, took, a speculative squint through it, and then said, with the satisfaction of a man who knows he has a sensation on hand, "Parson Talbot!"

It was sometime before any one spoke. Finally Reddy got his amazement spread mouth sufficiently closed to exclaim: "The e e deuce!"

"Heerd he'd gone back to the states"

"Where's he prospectin' now!"

"Old Parson Talbot; well, yer did strike it rich, Zinc."

"How's his folks? Don't yer remember them kids of his'n, and that smart little woman?"

While this shower of remarks was pattering down on Zinc, two young men who had been talking quietly in one corner of the room, went over and joined the party at the bar.

One was dressed in the rough miner's garb worn by most of the crowd; the other a little better, but not out of keeping with his surroundings. The latter, addressing Barnes, said: "You don't mind my listening, I hope; I know Parson Talbot."

"Any man's welcome to hear what Zinc Barnes says about Parson Talbot. stranger, for I ain't got nothing but good to say of him."

"I'm glad to hear it," the young man said, smiling pleasantly. "But before you go on, take something with me." He nodded to the entire crowd in a manner perfectly understood, for everyone faced the bar, and Mr. Reddy produced a line of glasses which exhausted his stock, the faro dealer and case keeper being obliged to use one glass between them.

This important and imposing ceremony finished, Mr. Barnes continued:

"Yes, Parson Talbot; and he looks a sight older than he did when he left Hangtown in the winter of '56, busted. But ye asked me, Reddy, what started me on old Smally, that's what I'll tell you. I ran right agin the parson one morning at the Bay, but wouldn't know him, only he braced up to me and says, holdin' out his hand in that easy way of his, 'Ain't I speaking to Zinc Barnes?' 'Ye are, stranger,' I said, and then he smiled in that way ye remember, whoever knew him, and I yelled out Parson Talbot, by——.' I think I was going to say 'gosh,' but the parson didn't run no chances, ceein' as how he knew my way, and chipped in before I finished. Well, he asked me out to his house, sayin' I would meet the old lady and have dinner with him that evening. I found out the parson was preachin' as a stiddy lay out."

"Well, I went out to his house, and it 'pears they don't pay much for preachin', even from a regular parson, in some of these districts at the Bay. He seemed to be located pretty near the edge of the camp, for we were an hour gettin' there in a hoss car, and his little house did'nt show no signs that he had struck it over rich. But the old lady didn't seem to mind it, for she was as chipper as ever, and how she did enjoy talking about old times! Well, after dinner the parson had to go to the meetin' house.

"When the parson was gone, the old lady told the whole of the story about that deal old Smally gave the parson in Hangtown in '55. I never heard the whole story before and never knew how bad old Smally played the parson. I tell you gentlemen, old Smally's no good. It seems that the parson had saved nearly $20,000 out of the rich strikes he had made, and was goin' back to the states with it and settle down, for he was awfully dead set on bringin' up those two boys of his back east, and eddicating them where he went to school himself. Well, it was just then that Smally, who was not old then, ran across the parson, and roped him into a quartz claim. I reckon the claim was good enough, and worth what they paid for it, which took all the parson had and some of Smally's coin, too. They struck it pretty rich one day, and had a big offer to sell right away. That just suited the parson, for he was aching to get aboard the steamer for the States. Smally worked the sale, and to do it got some kind of a paper from the parson, who knew no more about business than a Piute about whisky poker. Smally got the money and eloped. They brought him back, you remember, Reddy, but when they come to law him about it it turned out the parson had signed a paper agen which he had no show in court. They had to let him go, and any man who was in Hangtown then knows he saved his neck gettin' out of sight quicker'n he had before. Well the parson was kinder broken hearted. He didn't squeal; that wan't his kind; but he slipped quietly away, all the life gone out of his voice, and hardly courage to dig up stakes and move, 'cept for that little wife of his—goin', Mr. Howard?" Barnes suddenly asked, for the young miner suddenly left the group surrounding Zinc. Howard was already at the door before answering, "Yes; good night."

When the door had closed behind him, Reddy, addressing Barnes, said, "Guess he didn't like your picture of old Smally."

"Who is he?" Barnes asked, looking at the door which had just closed on Howard.

"He came here about a month ago, just after you left for the Bay, an' struck up a great friendship for old Smally. He's cabining with the old man now, and has charge of the tunnel the old man is runnin' to tap the ledge of his claim. He's no good."

"Well, I ain't sorry he knows what kind of a pard he has," Barnes said. "Old Smally's no good, and I guess if he hears it, which I guess he will," and the prospect of some pistol practice with old Smally which this reflection suggested caused Mr. Barnes to refill his pipe with much care.

"Friend of yours?" he suddenly asked Mr. White, the young man who had treated the crowd.

"No; I only met him a few days ago. I've been asking him about old Smally's claim, which I was thinking of bonding or buying," the young man answered; a remark which instantly caused him to be regarded with intense interest by every man in the room, nearly every one of whom had a claim he was willing to bond or sell.

In a few minutes White left the saloon, after treating once more, and wishing every one a pleasant "good night."

When he walked out into the dark street he stopped a moment, as if assuring himself that none of his late companions were watching his movements. Then he walked quickly on for a short distance, overtaking Howard, to whom he said, with a quiet laugh: "If any incentive was needed, I think Mr. Zinc Barnes' story supplied it, Frank."

"Rather," was Frank's short, dry rejoinder. They walked on for a while in silence, and then White said:

"Do you really think I ought to offer the old rascal $100, Frank? It happened to be just about all I have left. It's been rather expensive work, posing as a capitalist here for a week, with Reddy's vile whisky two bits a glass, and every one drinking every time. The whole hundred, Frank?"

"I tell you yes, Henry," Frank replied, with some impatience. "You do not know what an influence the sight of gold has on the miserly old reprobate. Those precious five $20 gold pieces will turn his head nearly. Follow the programme I've laid out and the game will win."

"All right, my dear boy; but if it don't, we walk back to San Francisco, or borrow from the ruddy Reddy. Here we are."

As he spoke they reached a cabin. Entering, they were met by old Smally, whose small, closely set eyes and uncommonly long, smooth upper lip give him a most unlovely appearance. He greeted White with a cringing attempt at cheerfulness and received from that young man such a grip of the hand as caused his eyes to water and his long lip twitch with pain. "I have concluded to close with the terms you proposed through Howard, and brought the necessary papers," White said, briskly, after releasing the old man's cramped fingers.

"Oh, the morning will do, Mr. White; the morning will do quite as well," old Smally said, his cunning suggesting some show of reluctance.

"Excuse me, but the morning will not do. You must sign the papers to-night or the trade is off, and I will accept another favorable offer I have from Mr. Barnes."

"Well, if you insist upon it, I've no objections to signing to-night. But you know that some little coin, just as a guarantee of good faith, you know, generally passes at such a transaction as this."

White threw five twenties on the table with the remark: "That's all the gold I happen to have in my pockets."

Old Smally's eyes gleamed as he clutched the gold, and droned over and over, "such a transaction as this, such a transaction as this."

White and Howard glanced at each other significantly. When White spoke again, old Smally started like a discovered thief, and hastily buried the gold in a pocket.

"Well, here are the papers," White said.

He laid on the table a carefully drawn form of memorandum of sale, by the terms of which old Smally bound himself to deed a certain mining claim duly, described, to White, for the sum of $20,000.

Then, after taking a receipt for his five twenties and pocketing both papers White left the cabin. These formalities complied with the strictly observed, though unwritten law, of that class of mining camp transactions.

An hour later the young men met at the mouth of a tunnel.

"Is the dear man asleep, Frank!" asked White.

"Yes, the sweet creature is in gentle repose, his lovely head resting on your five twenties, already sewn up in his pillow."

The two men then threw off their coats, and by the light of two lanterns reversed the usual order of mining for five or six hours carrying ore into the tunnel instead of out of it. The ore they carried in they took from numerous small piles scattered about, but where it had carefully been hidden in the thick growth of sagebrugh near the mouth of the tunnel.

"This ought to make a good veneering," Howard remarked, as they carried in the ore. "I worked hard enough packing it up here from old Smith's select dump"

At last, each holding a lantern, they stood near the face of the tunnel and carefully surveyed their work. The face and for several feet the sides and crown of the tunnel were thickly studded with pieces of rich, free gold quartz, firmly set into every crevice and crack, and loose broken piles of the same glittering ore lay on the floor of the tunnel near the face, as though blown down by the last blast.

"It will do," Howard said, finally. "Now go home and prepare to be surprised soon after daylight."

He had not long to wait. Already the stars were vanquished by the rose-clad couriers of his light, sent forward by the conquering sun to where

"The first baby peaks were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow."

Along the line of the western horizon a vivid green was darting up from between the great, grand domes of the Sierra; darting up to meet the richer hues of the eastern sky, and add its brightness to the gaudy carnival of color which ushered in that mountain day. The sun came and warmed into life the little camp of Smalley's Spur. Threads of smoke wound out from cabin stove-pieces; frowsy miners broke the thin ice on the stores of water in pails and buckets, and performed at fresco toilets in front of cabin doors, or sliced the universal bacon wherewith the matutinal meal was to be flavored.

The Smally cabin, of all that dotted the hollow at the foot of the spur, alone showed no signs of life. Old Smally still slept, his gold-lined pillow giving color to his dreams. Suddenly he awoke with a startled cry; hugged his pillow in his shaking arms, and glared in confused, unreasoning terror at Howard, who stood before him, dishevelled, panting, and apparently laboring under the most intense excitement.

"What is it man! Can't you speak? Does White refuse to pay? Refuse to give me the $20,000! I'll have it from him, I tell you!" shrieked the old man, jumping from his bed and feebly stamping the floor.

"Why don't you speak? I tell you he must pay! I'll tear it from his heart, but I'll have it!" and the wretched old miser fell back upon the bed in impotent rage, rocking the gold-lined pillow and moaning.

Howard let him recover somewhat before he said in a low tone, speaking slowly: "Wish rather that he will refuse to pay."

"What!" cried the old man, jumping up again. "Have we struck it?"

"Go up and see for yourself what the last blast the men fired last evening after we left has thrown down."

"They struck it rich and told him, and he came here and cheated me into signing the papers It's a fraud! I won't be bound by it! It's fraud, I tell you!"

Cursing and crying old Smally hurried on some clothes and went with Howard to the tunnel. When the light of the lantern fell on the glittering masses of ore he almost sobbed out: "No, no, no! he can't have it! See! the face is almost solid gold?" In his rage and terror and despair, his insane lust cheated his eyes and the tiny specks of free gold danced before his uncertain sight a thousand-fold magnified "It's all a cheat! a fraud! The miners told him and he has swindled me. This is all mine! It's worth a million, a million! He can't have it!"

Howard did not interrupt his ravings, but silently returned with him to the cabin. There old Smally finally became rational enough to beg Howard to go and see what could be done with White. He returned in about an hour from his mission and simply said: "White may have been told about this, but does not appreciate the strike as you do. He agrees to return the memorandum for a bonus of $20,000

TWENTY THOUSAND.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" cried the old man. "That is all I have—just all I have. It is in the bank at San Francisco. I'll not give it; I'll fight this out."

"Do you think Zinc Barnes and the rest of the men would stand by you?" Howard asked. "It seems that Barnes saw an old acquaintance of yours, Parson Talbot, down at the Bay, and has been talking about him. There was something about twenty thousand in that story, too, and if this goes the same way you might not fare so well. Besides, you say the mine is worth a million."

At the mention of Parson Talbot's name old Smally, after a quick, frightened look at Howard, buried his face in his hands and thus rocked himself and moaned and trembled miserably. "A million—twenty thousand. He must not have it. I must buy him off. A million, a million, a million!" He became perfectly quiet after a long while, and then, at last, without a word, muttering no more, he cut open the pillow, took out a pocketbook, and from that a draft for $20,000. Not even trembling he endorsed it, and gave it to Howard saying:

"When White gives you back that memorandum give him this; it's payable in Wells-Fargo bank in San Francisco. Go. I'm too weak now to walk to him. Twenty thousand—a million!"

An hour after the stage rolled down the steep grade from the Spur, Zinc Barnes took old Smally a letter and the memorandum. The letter read:

We leave by the stage, to bear your kind regards and $20,000 draft to the parson, our father.

FRANK HOWARD TALBOT,
HENRY WHITE TALBOT.

"It strikes me, Frank," Henry remarked as the old stage jolted along the Carson road, "it strikes me father won't have to use this to 'eddicate the kids'"

"No, in the light of recent events, we do not appear to be in great need of an education. I guess we'll let father use it to take mother back to the States."

In the absence of suitable materials or the time to prepare it, people often go without a dressing for salads. Buy DURKEE'S, and you will never trouble yourself to make another.

...ear What One Member of the Profession Testifies Regarding the Scientific Preparation of a Brother Member

Mr. Dawley has been in the drug business in the city of Providence twenty-five years as clerk and proprietor in good standing, and knows whereof he affirms.—ED.

Mr. D. says: "For many years I have suffered, intensely at times, with what is generally called rheumatism. When first attacked I was confined to my bed and could not walk a step. I could not bear the weight of the bedclothes, so excruciating was the agony I endured. I always noticed that before these attacks came on my kidneys were affected; before there would be any pain in my limbs or any swelling of joints or limbs, the color of the secretions from the kidneys would be very dark and the odor strong and feverish. The 1st attack was very severe, about 5 years ago, and I was confined to the house several weeks, and was unable to attend to business in three months During the time I was confined at home and the time of my convalescence I employed four of the best doctors I could obtain, but none of them gave me permanent relief, for they did not go to work at the cause of the trouble. Having been acquainted with the proprietor of Hunt's Remedy a long time I was induced by him to give it a trial, hoping that it might reach the seat of the disease; and after taking one bottle I found myself very much improved, and after taking the second I was feeling better than I had after any previous attacks. During many months previous to taking the Remedy my hands and fingers would be much swollen and stiff every morning; my left side, in the region of stomach and spleen, was very lame and sensitive; at times I would be taken with severe cramps over the spleen, and be obliged to apply mustard or cayenne for temporary relief; I was very nervous nights and could not sleep; I was obliged to be very particular in my diet, and my physical system was sadly demoralized. Since I have taken Hunt's Remedy systematically all these things have changed; I have no swollen hands or limbs, no pains or cramps in the side, can eat all kinds of food, sleep soundly and get thoroughly rested, and my kidneys are active and perform their functions promptly, thus taking out of the system all the poisonous secretions which contaminate the whole system where the kidneys do not act efficiently. My friends, what Hunt's Remedy has done for me it will do for all of you. I believe it to be the only sure cure for all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary organs. Respectfully,

E. R DAWLEY,
454 Broad Street."

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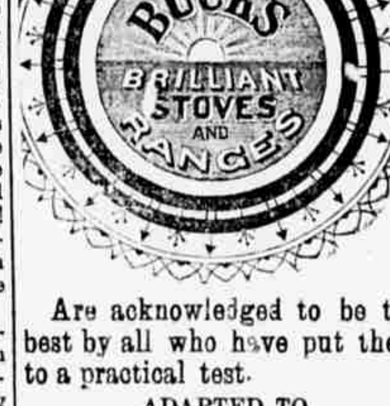

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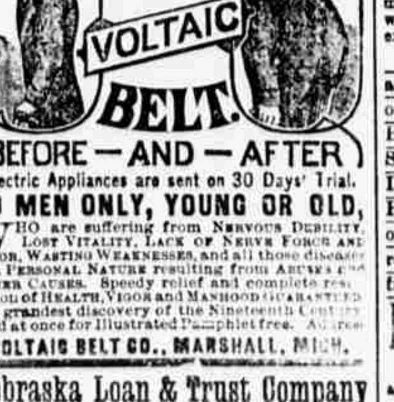

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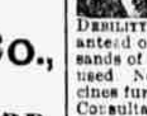

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