

Immense Sale!

CARPETS AND DRY GOODS!

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COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

Commencing Thursday, Nov. 1.

Carpets at 18c, worth 30c per yard.

Ingrain Carpets at 45c, worth 60c.

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Best quality Body Brussels at \$1.15, worth \$1.40.

1,000 yards Canton Matting, at 20c, worth 30c, less than can be imported to-day.

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OUR NEBRASKA CUSTOMERS

WILL FIND IT TO THEIR INTEREST TO EARLY EXAMINE THESE GOODS.

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Latest Style for \$75.00, priced elsewhere \$125.00.

" " " 50.00, " " 75.00.

" " " 6.00, " " 9.00.

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HARKNESS BROTHERS,

401 Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

A CRUEL MISUNDERSTANDING.

"How provoking it is that a stranger should step in and make a conquest of one of our most attractive beauties, when we have so few of them in Milford!"

"What is it, Nelly?" asked Bessie Bloomfield. "Pray be more explicit."

"I was telling Marion about Miss Lefevre. Conrad Marcy has been playing the gallant to her ever since she has been here."

"That is no wonder at all," answered Bessie. "Did you ever see a more beautiful woman? All men are attracted by a handsome face."

"Oh! as to that, we have as pretty girls among us as she, if I am a judge of a judge," rejoined Nelly. "But I think she must have known him before she came to Milford. He visits her very often. I know, because I live next door and hear them singing together. There is no mistaking Conrad's voice. The walls between our houses are so very thin that one can almost hear them talking."

"I heard yesterday—but hush!—here she comes; and the last speaker, Marion Ramsay, bent over her work lost in scrutinizing some false stitches in the formation of a pany."

The foregoing conversation took place among a coterie of girls in the corner of a large room bright with the glow of an open fire of anthracite, the heat of which penetrated even to the oriel window in which Milly Vernon, the youngest and prettiest of the Milford maidens had ensconced herself. The apartment was overcrowded with young ladies, who occupied sofas, chairs, ottomans and, in fact, anything that could be improvised into a seat, for Mrs. Dumont's art school had become famous, and her scholars increased in numbers daily.

There was a sudden silence as Miss Lefevre entered and walked across the room, greeting each of her acquaintances with a word and a smile, until she came to the corner where the gossips were sitting.

Her entrance caused such a sensation that no one noticed Milly's agitation produced by the idle words just spoken. Milly's glance inadvertently rested on a ruby ring that Conrad Marcy had slipped upon her finger only two nights before, saying it was a talisman, the color of which would fade should he cease to love her.

Was it really losing its crimson hue, or did her own fears produce a faded change? No! it was a great tear that had fallen from her eyes upon the surface of the stone; she felt a thrill of joy as she wiped it away and saw the gem's undimmed brightness.

Before Miss Lefevre reached the window where she had detected the presence of Milly with the curtain partially drawn before her, the girl had summoned up courage enough to exchange salutations with her and even looked smilingly into her face as she took a seat beside her and began to speak of the sociable that was to take place at her house that evening.

"I count on you, Miss Milly," she said, "to help me to ascertain a young gentleman from New York. Mr. Chester, the son of a millionaire who has come here in search of a new sensation and, with that end in view, will come to our sociable. I hope one of our belles will get up a sensation to gratify him; indeed, I do not know of any one better fitted for the purpose than the little lady before me, if she so will."

Milly felt a choking sensation in her throat, but mastered it and answered with some asperity:

"For my part, I do not know of any one better versed in the management of hearts than Miss Lefevre herself; she should try her arts on the gentleman."

"Oh, no," Miss Lefevre replied. "I have other business on hand." She stopped suddenly, while a blush tinged her handsome face, but it was only for a moment, when she resumed with a smile, "I shall certainly bring him to you first."

Then, rising from her chair, she went over to Mrs. Dumont for her assistance in the construction of the delicate stamens of a white lily.

Milly thought over Miss Lefevre's words. Yes, they were sufficient to confirm all she had heard, and a feeling of jealousy and hate took possession of that innocent young heart that never before harbored an unkind thought toward anyone.

Milly returned home, fled to her chamber and threw herself on the bed. She had longed for this rest, and she felt a flood of tears, but she had been too much shocked for such a relief. Besides, in defiance of every conviction she tenaciously clung to the belief that there might be some mistake, and a generous trust in the man she loved came back to her. She was positive there must be some exception about the matter. Conrad had always proved himself the soul of truth and honor, incapable of double-dealing, and she surely had loved her. She blushed and was thrilled as she thought of the past few weeks. Why should she doubt him without more convincing proofs of his guilt?

If Milly intended to go to the sociable that evening it was time for her to be making her toilet. Conrad would wait to escort her there and had sent her a splendid bouquet for the occasion. Yes, she would go. Without doubt in the course of the evening she would see enough to convince her either of his truth or falsity.

Milly was as lovely and sweet as a cluster of newly-gathered rosebuds when she descended from the dressing-room to accompany Conrad Marcy to Miss Lefevre's house. The young man gazed at her with admiring eyes and could scarcely refrain from telling her of all the love for her that was in his heart; but the thought of Miss Lefevre and of the trials that might be in store for her had so transformed Milly's generally impulsive manner, causing an appearance of coldness and reserve, that all the warm feelings of his heart were chilled. They rode along together, exchanging merely a few commonplace words, and it was a relief to both when they arrived at their destination.

Milly found only a few ladies in the dressing-room. Having taken off her wraps, she rearranged whatever was amiss in her dress and, walking to the window, looked out into the clear, starlight night. Her heart was heavy with forebodings, for she was positive her lover's manner toward her was changed. Tears were fast gathering in her eyes, when she heard the rustle of silk upon the stairs and a party of girls laughing loudly into the room.

"Well!" exclaimed Bessie Bloomfield, "if here isn't Milly Vernon, looking just as lovely as a cluster of lilacs-of-the-valley. I suppose she intends making a conquest of our illustrious guest to-night."

Milly smiled. "Oh, no!" she answered. "I will leave him to you," and then she went out on the landing where she heard Conrad's voice. She thought he had come to take her to the dancing-room; instead of that, she heard him an-

swering Miss Lefevre, who had just said to him:

"It was very thoughtful in you, Mr. Marcy, to come so early this evening."

"Am I not always thoughtful?" he replied, so familiarly as he held her hand in his, that Milly saw a great friendship, if nothing more, existed between them.

"I will not detain you now from your visitors," Conrad went on to say; "but I hope you can find time to read a letter I have for you."

Milly was standing behind them and could not help seeing Conrad take from his pocket a letter and place it in Miss Lefevre's outstretched hand. She saw the unmistakable look in her eyes, the quick blush on her cheek. Milly waited for nothing more. She felt cold and dizzy; and strange lights danced before her eyes; but, knowing she must compose herself, she struggled for strength to accomplish it, and the color that had left her face rushed back again. She returned to the dressing-room and, unmindful of Conrad, who was really waiting for her, found an opportunity, under the cover of a large Morton's broad shoulders and the voluminous folds of his lady's stiff silk dress, to steal unobserved past him, down into the dancing-room. She felt that the man she had trusted had proved false to her before her own eyes; but should the world know it and her rival triumph in her discomfiture? No! she would bury it all in her own heart, and none among the careless throng should even suspect she was a slighted woman.

Watching her opportunity, Milly took possession of a low seat at the end of a sofa, where she could escape observation and yet command a view of the door at which Conrad stood chatting with Mary Derwent. All the time, however, she was looking eagerly about as if she were expecting some one to appear. Milly's better nature asserted itself as she thought he was surely looking for her and how unladylike she had been acting, when she saw Miss Lefevre cross the hall and place her hand on his shoulder. How beautiful she looked with that smiling blush, while the glance she lifted to his face was full of consciousness.

"Come, air," she said to him, "how shall we begin the evening? Shall I sing, and will you accompany me? I am in a very obliging mood to-night." And again that conscious smile flashed over each face.

It is needless to tell how Milly suffered as she heard her lover's voice blend with that of her rival, or when she saw him bend over her to turn the leaves of her music and whisper soft words in her ear. At last the girl's heart began to harden; a flush came to her face and she took a sudden resolution. Yes! for the rest of the evening she would be the gayest of the gay. Why should she make herself miserable for a man who did not care for her? She would show him that she, too, could forget.

The singing being now over, the hired musician took his seat at the piano. At the first notes of the dance music the gentlemen stepped away in search of partners, and Milly was not long when she saw Miss Lefevre approaching her with a mischievous smile on her face, bringing with her the elegant Mr. Chester.

There was an evil look in Milly's eyes as she acknowledged the introduction. She intended to supply the place of her recreant lover with this city dandy, for one night at least. The shadowy form chased away from her face and a smiling beauty summoned in its stead. Nothing could be lovelier than her appearance as she took Mr. Chester's arm for a promenade before the dancing commenced. Milly's bright head was seen passing and re-passing the open door of the hall, and Mr. Chester stroked his mustache as he listened to her gay conversation, thinking complacently that he had again met with his usual good luck in procuring for his partner the prettiest girl in the room. Little did he think of the jealousy and rage in her bosom, nor did he see the eager glances she cast into the room beyond them.

Milly's anxiety would not let her remain long in the hall. Conrad caught sight of her as she entered the parlor, and, starting from his careless position by the piano, hastened to her side.

"Where have you been all the evening, little woman?" he said. "I missed you at the dressing-room door and have been unable to find you since until this minute. Milly, have I been so unfortunate as to offend you?"

"Oh, no. The beauty and goodness of Miss Lefevre quite overshadowed me," Milly replied, looking carelessly up into his face with a gay smile.

Conrad wondered what could be the matter with his little girl. She had forsaken him entirely and would not receive any attentions from him. And what could she mean about Miss Lefevre. He both smiled and felt vexed as he thought about it.

The musician now struck up a brilliant waltz, and Milly, almost before she knew it, found herself whirling round the room, encircled by Mr. Chester's arm, her white hand on his shoulder, her glowing face turned up to his, and his breath amid her flowing hair. Conrad stood and looked a moment with folded hands and quiet brow, while Milly's floating drapery touched him as she swept by. Then, with a sigh, he turned away from the scene, and, looking at his watch, he saw that it was half past nine. Milly saw it all and felt her heart grow sick and cold; yet she carried out the programmed with great spirit—danced, ate and flirted, scarcely conscious of what she was doing.

At last the sociable ended. Conrad did not escort Milly to her carriage as he accompanied her home, but sat looking on while Mr. Chester carefully adjusted her wraps and kissed her hand as he bade her good night.

"How painfully I have been deceived," thought Conrad, as he took his hat to go home. "Milly seemed to me a perfect gem of purity and artlessness, and she is just like all the rest of the husband-hunting young ladies."

Milly was sick for a week after the sociable and could see no one. Mr. Chester called frequently, and then went home, but every week thereafter found him in Milford. Milly being his only attraction there, he showered attentions upon her, and took her riding with a grand team he had brought from New York for that purpose alone, and made all the young ladies of the village her enemies. Poor Milly was exceedingly unhappy. She knew the intimacy between Conrad and Miss Lefevre still existed, as she frequently saw them together, but the only communication she had with her quarrelsome lover was an occasional formal tip of the hat when she encountered him in the street.

At last, some months later, Mr. Chester made Milly an offer of his hand, which was promptly rejected; then, after the excitement that had been keeping her up had passed away, she began to grow languid and pale, and all her former sprightliness left her.

One pleasant sunny morning in May, Milly, to please her mother, had started out for a walk, for in the cruel days that had fallen upon her her greatest inclination was to stay within doors. She had

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not gone far before she saw Miss Lefevre in the distance coming toward her, for this lady had taken a good-natured fancy to Milly, despite Mr. Marcy's conviction as to her vanity and fickleness, and the girl had been glad to secure her visits. The poor child loved Conrad still with her whole heart, and it was only through Miss Lefevre she could hear of him.

But Miss Lefevre was not coming to see her that evening; she turned aside from the path and was about to cross a field in which an excavation had been made under a shelving rock. It could not be seen by any one approaching until she was on its brink, and a fall into it would surely prove fatal. What was she to do! The woman who had destroyed her happiness was walking into the jaws of death. Should she save her? Milly trembled at the wicked thoughts that intruded themselves upon her and fled breathlessly across the field, calling loudly to Miss Lefevre, and at last reached her just in time to save her from a terrible fate.

Miss Lefevre sank in terror to the ground. "You have saved my life, Milly," she cried, "almost at the risk of your own—for the poor weak girl was quite overcome with the exertion she had made—'How shall I ever repay you? I owe you a great debt, greater than you can imagine, for life is very sweet to me now. You do not ask me why. Shall I tell you?'"

"I don't think you would tell me any secret," Milly replied. "Your projected marriage with Mr. Marcy is fully understood, I believe. I am glad to have an opportunity to congratulate you on a union with a man of so much constancy and faithfulness. Now you must really excuse me; my head is aching violently."

The girl was gone in a moment, and a light suddenly broke over Miss Lefevre. She put her hands to her face for an instant and then exclaimed: "How blind I have been! I have almost ruined Milly's life for nothing, and Conrad's, too, poor fellow! Well, I can reward her now and restore her lover to her. They both shall be happy at last."

Milly did not suffer much longer. The following Sunday, as she was returning from church, she saw Miss Lefevre and Conrad walking along engaged in close conversation a short distance before her. She saw them approach Miss Lefevre's house, open a gate and walk up the pathway, when a tall, handsome man started up from a chair on the porch and rushed down the steps to meet them. She saw this man clasp Miss Lefevre in his arms and extend a hand in a brotherly greeting to Conrad. Then the strange truth flashed upon Milly that it was the story of this lover that Miss Lefevre was going to tell her on the day of the rescue. Oh! how foolish she had been! She thought of her hasty suspicions and blind jealousy. She had thrown away her happiness with her own hands. She could see no fault in Conrad now. All her troubles had arisen from her own miserable folly.

That afternoon the complication was fully explained. Miss Lefevre's lover was Conrad's dearest friend. The betrothed couple had had many difficulties to contend with during their long engagement, and these Conrad had been instrumental in arranging, hence his intimacy with Miss Lefevre.

"And now, little Milly, have you no words of affection for me after this long, dreary silence?" said Conrad, when all had been explained.

"Will you forgive me, dear Conrad? You know I never cared for Mr. Chester, do you not?"

Conrad looked down into her upturned face, wet with tears.

"I was more to blame than you dear," said he. "Do not let us speak of it any more."

Milly put up her tempting lips to be kissed, and there was no need of words to tell that she and Conrad had at last found all the peace and happiness that love can bring.

by his father. He was educated in the mission schools, and when 20 years old set sail for America. He has here attended Brown University, Newton Theological Seminary, and Jefferson Medical College, graduating from the latter in 1882. He is highly endorsed, and his entertainments have received much praise. As he is to lecture in Omaha and other places near here, some of the Council Bluffs folks are anxious to secure him for an evening entertainment here before he leaves this part of the country.

COMMERCIAL MARKET.

COUNCIL BLUFFS MARKET. Wheat—No. 2 spring, 70c; No. 3, 60c; rejected, 50c; good demand. Corn—Dealers are paying 28c@30c; rejected corn, Chicago, 40c@42c; new mixed, 40c; white corn, 50c; the receipts of corn are light. Oats—In good demand at 20c. Hay—4 00c@5 00 per ton; 50c per bale. Rye—40c; light supply. Corn Meal—1 25 per 100 pounds. Wood—Good supply; prices at yards, 5 00@6 00. Coal—Delivered, hard, 11 00 per ton; soft, 5 50 per ton. Butter—Plenty and in fair demand at 25c; creamery, 30c. Eggs—Ready sale at 15c per dozen. Lard—Fairbank's, wholesaling at 11c. Poultry—Firm; dealers are paying for chickens 10c; live, 2 50 per dozen. Vegetables—Potatoes, 50c; onions, 75c; cabbage, 20c@40c per dozen; apples, 3 00@4 00 per barrel. Flour—City flour, 1 60c@1 40. Brooms—2 00c@3 00 per doz. LIVE STOCK. Cattle—3 00c@3 50; calves, 5 00c@7 50. Hogs—Market for hogs quiet, as the packing houses are closed; shippers are paying 4 00@4 75.

THE BAKER'S WAY. Mr. Alfred Nudson, No. 62 Lincoln street, Lewiston, Me., writes us, May 24, 1883: "I have been afflicted for some years with a severe kidney trouble, and having noticed an article in one of our papers of the wonderful cures Hunt's Remedy had performed in many cases of dropsy, bladder and kidney troubles, and finding a bottle in a box of straw packing, I concluded I would try it, and commenced to take it, when, to my surprise, I found that the first bottle benefited me so much that I decided that I would continue its use, and I kept on taking it until I had used in all six bottles, and my appetite is good, all pains in the back and side disappeared, and for some of my years (I am now 80 years old) I am able to attend to my business, and am strong and vigorous, as many of my friends and neighbors can testify that know me well. I beg to state also, that many of our neighbors have used Hunt's Remedy with equally as good results, and one of my friends who has just purchased a bottle of Guppy, Kinsman & Alden, of Portland, says he would not be without it at any price."

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Mr. Geo. D. Bates, of No. 22 Cottage Street, Lewiston, Me., a reliable and prominent citizen, imparts the following information, May 14, 1883: "Having learned of the valuable qualities of Hunt's Remedy in a practical manner, I beg to state that I consider it a remedy of great merit, and can most cheerfully recommend it to any one troubled with kidney or liver disease."

SHORT LINE. The use of the term "Short Line" in connection with the corporation name of a great road, conveys an idea of quick time and the best of accommodations—all of which are furnished by the greatest railway in America.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE And St. Paul.

It owns and operates over 4,500 miles of road in Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota; and its main lines, branches and connections reach all the great business centers of the Northwest and Far West; it naturally assumes the description of Short Line, and Best Route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Chicago, Milwaukee, La Crosse and Winona. Chicago, Milwaukee, Aberdeen and Ellendale. Chicago, Milwaukee, East Otter and Stillwater. Chicago, Milwaukee, Wausau and Merrill. Chicago, Milwaukee, Beaver Dam and Oshkosh. Chicago, Milwaukee, Wausau and Oconomowoc. Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison and Prairie du Chien. Chicago, Milwaukee, Oconomowoc and Fairbault. Chicago, Beloit, Janesville and Mineral Point. Chicago, Elgin, Rockford and Dubuque. Chicago, Clinton, Rock Island and Cedar Rapids. Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha. Chicago, Sioux City, Sioux Falls and Yankton. Chicago, Milwaukee, Mitchell and Chamberlain. Rock Island, Dubuque, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Des Moines, Galena, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Pullman Sleepers and the Finest Dining Cars both run on the main lines of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY and every attention is paid to passengers by courteous employees of the company.

S. S. MERRILL, Gen'l Manager, Geo. H. HOFFORD, Gen'l Supt. A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen'l Pass. Agent, GEO. H. HOFFORD, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agt.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following deeds were filed for record in the recorder's office, November 9, reported for the Bee by P. J. McMahon, real estate agent: Ida A. Hill to Silas U. Collins, lot 4, block 2, Bayliss' Second addition—\$1. William Goddard et al. to B. Barry, et al; 31 and 33 w 1/2 s 2, 77, 41—\$2,000. F. M. Everingham to Wm. Siedentopf, lot 7, block 3, Snow & Green's addition—\$30. Lucy A. Hall to Alfred Emmott, nw 1/4 and se 1/4 nw 1/4 and nw 1/4 ne 1/4 34, 76, 45—\$3,500. Total sales, \$5,531.

Gas fixtures at Bixby's, 333 Broadway.

Cut rates to all points at McAllister's ticket office, 505 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

Sau Albra, the native of Burma, who is lecturing in this part of the country, is rather a remarkable personage. He was born in India in 1850, and became a convert to Christianity when 10 years of age, and on account of this was disinherited