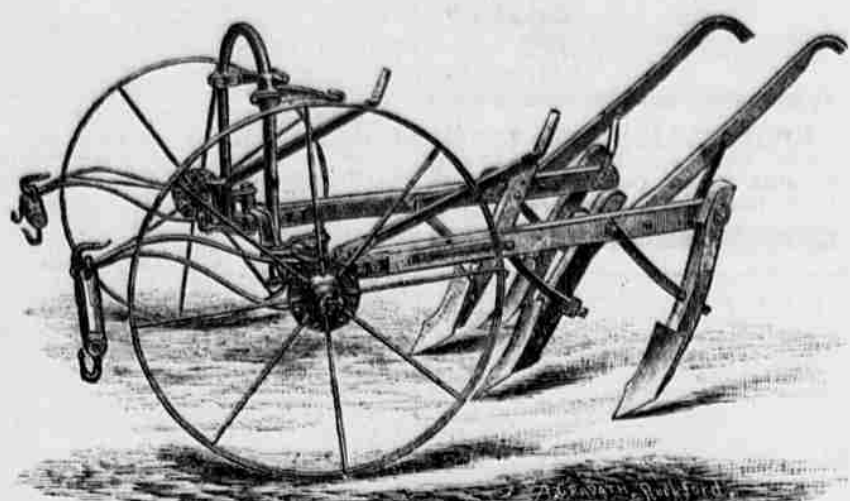


VAN BRUNT, THOMPSON & COMPANY,

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.



"The N. C. Thompson, Tougless Cultivator"

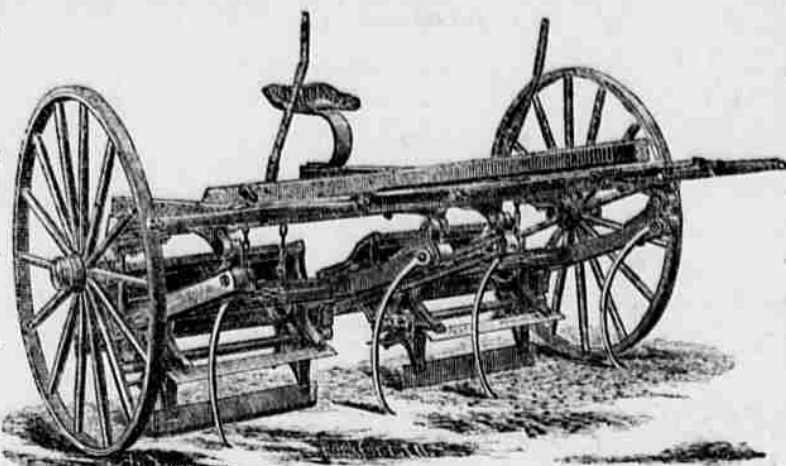
This tougless Cultivator is a new implement, thoroughly tested and bound to succeed.

N. C. THOMPSON Iron Beam Spring Cultivator

Will be about the same as last year, and everybody knows that it is as near perfection as anything ever put on the market.

You Should Have This Cultivator. Your Trade Needs It.

WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF
N. C. THOMPSON'S SULKY AND COMBINED CULTIVATOR.



"The N. C. Thompson Double Row Stock Cutter."

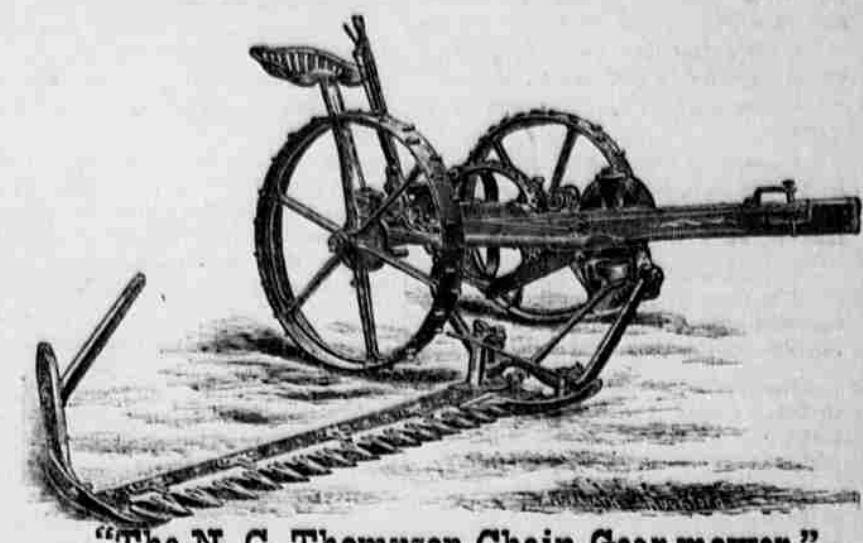
We would like to Show Outs of all Our Goods, but space will not permit. If you need a

HAY TEDDER,

The N. C. Thompson is the one you Want.

THE KETCHUM WAGON.

WE WILL STILL CONTINUE TO HANDLE
WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT:
Carriages, Buggies, Spring Wagons, Harrows, Pumps, Shellors,
REAPERS, MOWERS, PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, ETC.
Don't Forget! We have the N. C. Thompson Hay Rake.
COME AND SEE US. IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.



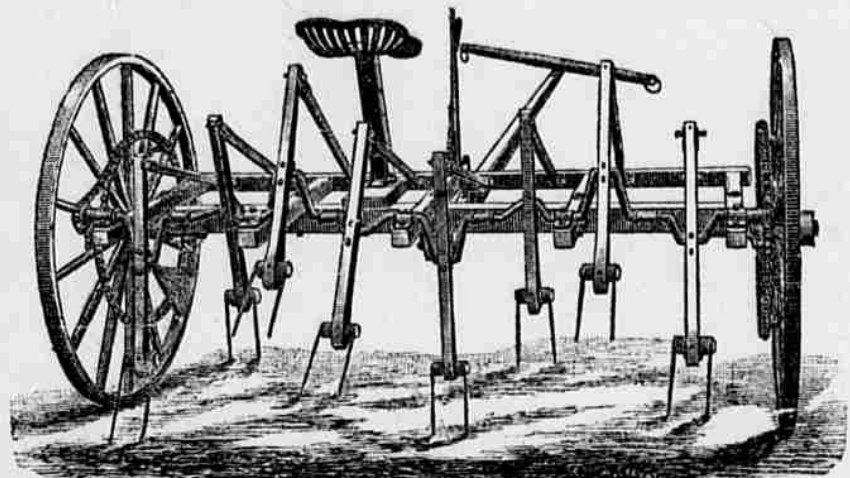
"The N. C. Thompson Chain-Gear mower."
This Mower we will sell together with the Mower we have sold heretofore. This Mower is run by a Chain & Sprocker wheel, making it the

Lightest Running Mower Ever Made!

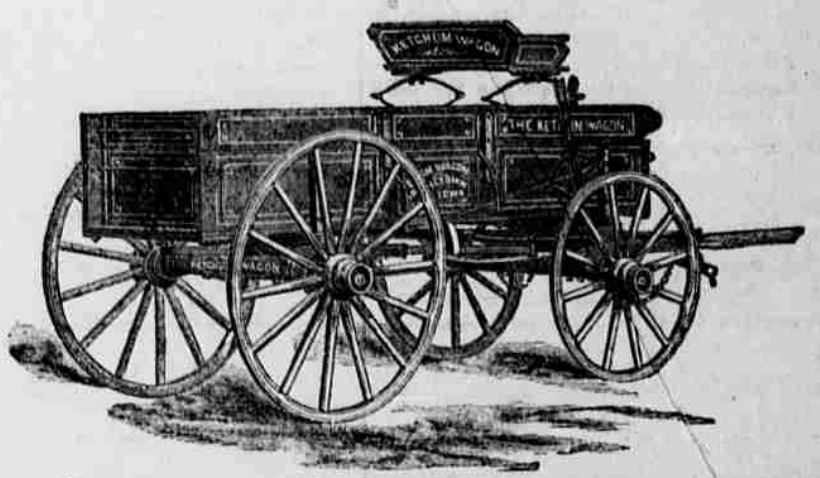
IT IS THE LATEST THING OUT, AND WILL TAKE THE PLACE OF OTHER GEAR MOWERS.

The N. C. Thompson Double Row Stalk Cutter.

We have the Single Row Cutter, but as everybody knows the success of these Stalk Cutters, we will not enlarge.



"The N. C. Thompson Hay Tedder."



"The Celebrated Ketchum Wagon."

VAN BRUNT, THOMPSON & CO., Nos. 12, 14, 16, 4th Street, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The Doctor's Mistake.

One of the old mistakes of the profession was to think that there were no other ways of curing disease except those which had been handed down from former times.

It is not to be denied that the Doctors have done great things for the world. But when it comes right down to the real curing of disease, it must be admitted that Brown's Iron Bitters has done enough to earn the generous gratitude of this whole present generation, including the medical profession. There are no mysteries or secrets about the compounding of Brown's Iron Bitters. This preparation of iron is the only preparation which will not injure teeth or stomach. In this it is beyond comparison better than the other preparations, which are mischievous and injurious.

You need not fear a mistake in trying Brown's Iron Bitters. Your druggist has it. It gives vigor to the feeble, and new life to the dyspeptic. Children take it, not only with safety, but with great advantage.

HENNING'S IMPROVED SOFT ELASTIC SECTION CORSET



It is warranted to wear longer, give more support, and give better satisfaction than any other Corset in the market, or give more relief to the sufferer from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or any of the ailments of the back, hips, or chest.

Imported Beer IN BOTTLES.

Erlanger,.....Bavaria.
Culmbacher,.....Bavaria.
Pilsener,.....Bohemian.
Kaiser,.....Bremen.

DOMESTIC.

Budweiser,.....St. Louis.
Anhauser,.....St. Louis.
Best's,.....Milwaukee.
Schlitz-Pilsner,.....Milwaukee.
Krug's,.....Omaha.
Ale, Porter, Domestic and Rhine Wine, ED. MAUREL, 1214 Farnam.

DISEASES OF THE EYE & EAR

J. T. ARMSTRONG, M. D.,
Oculist and Aurist.
164 Farnam Street, opposite Park Hotel, Omaha, Neb.

LEFT OUT ON LONE STAR MOUNTAIN

BY BRET HARTE.

[Continued.]
Although a single rapid glance convinced him that the slide had taken place in an unfrequented part of the mountain, above an inaccessible canyon, and reflection assured him his companions could not have reached that distance when it took place, a feverish impulse led him to descend a few rods in the track of the avalanche. The frequent recurrence of outcrop and angle made this comparatively easy. Here he called around; the feeble echo of his own voice seemed only a dull impertinence to the significant silence. He turned to reascend; the furrowed flank of the mountain before him lay full in the moonlight. To his excited fancy a dozen luminous star-like points in the rocky crevices started into life as he faced them. Throwing his arm over the ledge above him, he supported himself for a moment by what appeared to be a projection of the solid rock. It trembled slightly. As he raised himself to its level his heart stopped beating. It was simply a fragment detached from the outer lying loosely on the ledge, but upholding him by its own weight only. He examined it with trembling fingers; the encumbering soil fell from its sides, and left its smooth and worn protuberances glistening in the moonlight. It was virgin gold!

Looking back upon that moment afterward, he remembered that he was not dazzled, dazed, nor startled. It did not come to him as a discovery or an accident stroke of chance nor a caprice of fortune. He saw it all in that supreme moment; nature had worked out their need. He saw it all in that supreme moment; nature had worked out their need. He saw it all in that supreme moment; nature had worked out their need.

It was his own. His own by right of discovery under the law of the land, and without accepting a favor from them. He recalled even the fact that it was his prospect on the mountain that first suggested the existence of gold in the outcrop and the use of the hydraulic. He had never abandoned that belief, whatever the others had done. He dwelt somewhat indignantly to himself on this circumstance, and half unconsciously faced defiantly toward the plain below. But it was sleeping peacefully in the full light of the moon, without life or motion. He looked at the stars; it was still far from midnight. His companions had no doubt long since returned to the cabin to prepare for their journey. They were discussing him—perhaps laughing at him,

or, worse, pitying him and his bargain. A slight laugh he gave vent to here started. It was little, it sounded so unmeaning, and so unlike, as he had often felt, what he really thought. But what did he think?

Nothing mean nor revengeful; no, they never would say that. When he had taken out all the surface gold and put the mine in working order he would send them each a draft for a thousand dollars. Of course if they were sick or poor he would do more. One of the first, the very first things he should do, would be to send them each a handsome gun, and tell them that he only asked in return the old-fashioned rifle that once was his. Looking back at the moment in after years, he wondered that, with this exception, he made no plans for his own future, or the way he should dispose of his newly acquired wealth. This was the more singular, as it had been the custom of the five partners to begin his career as a millionaire by a "square meal" at Delmonico's; how the Right Bower's initial step was always a trip home "to see his mother"; how the Left Bower would immediately procure the parents of his beloved with priceless gifts—it may be paraphrastically remarked that the parents and the beloved one were as hypothetical as the fortune—and how the Judge would make his first start as a capitalist by breaking a certain faro bank in Sacramento. He himself had been equally eloquent in extravagant fancy in those penniless days—he who now was quite cold and impassive beside the more extravagant reality.

How different it might have been! If they had only waited a day longer—if they had only broken their resolves to him kindly and parted in good will! How he would long ere this have rushed to greet them with the joyful news! How they would have danced around it, sang themselves hoarse, laughed down their enemies, and run up the flag triumphant on the summit of the Lone Star Mountain! How the Judge had been the Old Man, the hero of the camp! How he would have told them the whole story, how some strange instinct had impelled him to ascend the summit, and how another step on that summit would have precipitated him into the canon! And how—but what if somebody else—Union Mills as the Judge had been the first discoverer! Might they not have merely kept the secret from him; have selfishly helped themselves and done—
"What you are doing now."
The hot blood rushed to his cheek, as if a strange voice were at his ear. For a moment he could not believe that it came from his own pale lips until he found himself speaking. He rose to his feet, tingling with shame and began hurriedly to descend the mountain.
He would go to them, tell them of his discovery, let them give him his share, and leave them forever. It was the only thing to be done—strange that he had not thought of it at once. Yet it was

hard, very hard and cruel, to be forced to meet them again. What had he done to suffer this mortification? For a moment he actually hated this vulgar treasure that had forever buried under its gross ponderability the light and careless past, and utterly crushed out the poetry of their old indolent happy existence.
He was sure to find them waiting at the cross roads where the coach came past. It was three miles away, and yet he could get there in time if he hastened. It was a wise and practical conclusion of his evenings' work—a lame and impotent conclusion to his evening's indignation. No matter. They would perhaps at first think he had come to weakly follow them—perhaps they would at first doubt his story. No matter. He bit his lips to keep down the foolish, rising tears, but still went blindly forward.
He saw not the beautiful night, cradled in the dark hills, swathed in luminous mists and hushed in the awe of its own loveliness. Here and there the moon had laid her calm face on lake and overflow, and gone to sleep embracing them, until the whole plain seemed to be lifted into infinite quiet. Walking on as in a dream, the black, impenetrable barriers of skirting thickets opened, and gave way to vague distances that appeared impossible to reach—dim vistas that seemed unapproachable. Gradually he seemed to become a part of the mysterious night. He was becoming as pulseless, as calm, as passionless.
What was that? A shot in the direction of the cabin yet so faint, so ethereal, so ineffective in the vast distance, he would have thought it fancy; but for the strange instinctive jar upon his sensitive nerves. Was it an accident, or was it an intentional signal to him? He stopped; it was not repeated—the silence he asserted itself; but this time with an ominous death-like suggestion. A sudden and terrible thought crossed his mind. He cast aside his pack and all encumbering weight, took a deep breath, lowered his head and darted like a deer in the direction of the challenge.

The exodus of the seceding partners of the Lone Star claim had been scarcely an imposing one. For the first five minutes after quitting the cabin the procession was straggling and vagabond. Unconscious of the fact that they were losing out of the pack and all encumbering weight, took a deep breath, lowered his head and darted like a deer in the direction of the challenge.
"I'll be a sorter distraction for the Old Man," said Union Mills, feebly—"kinder take his mind off his loneliness."
Nobody taking the least notice of the remark, Union Mills stretched out his legs more comfortably and took out his pipe. He had scarcely done so when the Right Bower, wheeling suddenly, set off in the direction of the creek. The Left Bower, after a slight pause, followed without a word. The Judge, wisely conceiving it better to join the stronger party, ran feebly after him, and left Union Mills to bring up a week and vacillating rear.
Their course, diverging from Lone Star Mountain, led them now directly to the bend of the creek—the base of their old ineffectual operations. Here was the beginning of the famous tail-race that skirted the new trader's claim, and then lost its way in a swampy hollow. It was choked with debris; a thin, yellow stream that once ran through it seemed to have stopped work when they did, and gone into greenish liquidation.
They had scarcely spoken during this brief journey, and had received on other explanation from the Right Bower, who

always my luck to happen out just as such times. I don't see the necessity anyhow of tramping round the claim now if we calculate to leave it to-night."
The men waited to observe if the suggestion was taken up by the Right and Left Bower, moodily plodding ahead. No response following, the Judge shamelessly abandoned his companion.
"You wouldn't stand snooping round instead of lettin' the Old Man get used to the idea alone? No; I could see all along that he was takin' it in—takin' it in—kindly but slowly, and I reckoned the best thing for us to do was to get up and git until he'd got found it." The Judge's voice was slightly raised for the benefit of the two before him.
"Didn't he say," remarked the Right Bower, stopping suddenly and facing the others—"didn't he say that that new trader was goin' to let him have some provisions anyway?"
Union Mills turned appealingly to the Judge. That gentleman was forced to reply, "Yes; I remember distinctly he said it. It was one of the things I was particular about on his account," responded the Judge, with the air of having arranged it all himself with the new trader. "I remember I was easier in my mind about it."
"But didn't he say," queried his Left Bower, also stopping short, "nuthin' about its being contingent on our doing some work on the race?"
The Judge turned for support to Union Mills, however, who under the hollow pretense of preparing for a long conference had curiously seated himself on a stump. The Judge sat down also, and replied hesitatingly: "Well, yes; 'Cs or him."
"Cs or him," repeated the Right Bower, with gloomy irony. "And you ain't quite clear in your mind are you, if you haven't done the work already? You're just killing yourself with this spontaneous, promiscuous and premature overwork; that's what's the matter with you."
"I reckon I heard somebody say nuthin' about its being a Chinaman's three day job," interpolated the Left Bower, with equal irony; "out I ain't quite clear in my mind about that."
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They had scarcely spoken during this brief journey, and had received on other explanation from the Right Bower, who

led them, than that afforded by his mute example when he reached the race. Leaping into it without a word, he at once began to clear away the broken timbers and driftwood. Fired by the spectacle of what appeared to be a new and utterly frivolous game, the men gayly leaped after him, and were soon engaged in a fascinating struggle with the impeded race. The Judge forgot his lameness in springing over a broken sluice box; Union Mills forgot his whistle in a happy imitation of Chinese coolie's song. Nevertheless, after ten minutes of this mild dissipation, the pastime flagged; Union Mills was beginning to rub his leg when a distant rumble shook the earth.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Is designed to meet the wants of those who need a medicine to build them up, give them an appetite, purify their blood and oil up the machinery of their bodies. No other article takes hold of the system and hits exactly the spot like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works like magic, reaching every part of the human body through the blood, giving to all renewed life and energy. \$1 a bottle; six for \$5.

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Wheat—No. 2 spring, 75c; No. 3, 65c; rejected, 60c; good demand.
Corn—Leaders are paying 38c for old corn and 36c for new.
Oats—In good demand at 25c.
Hay—4 00@6 00 per ton; 50c per bale.
Rye—40c; light supply.
Carr Meal—25 per 100 pounds.
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Coal—Delivered, hard, 11 50 per ton; soft, 6 00 per ton.
Butter—Plenty and in fair demand at 20c; creamery, 35c.
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Flour—City flour, 1 00@1 00.
Brooms—2 50@3 00 per doz.
LIVE STOCK.
Cattle—3 00@3 50; calves, 5 00@7 50.
Hogs—Local packers are buying now and there is a good demand for all grades; choice packing, 5 00@5 10; mixed, 4 65@5 00.



DRY TETTER.
For years I was afflicted with Dry Tetters of the most obstinate type. Was treated by many of the best physicians; took quantities of mercury, potash and arsenic, which, instead of curing the tetters, crippled me up with neural poison and rheumatism. The Tetters continued to grow worse, and the itching almost made me crazy. In this condition I was induced to take Swift's Specific, and the result was as quick as lightning as it was gratifying. In a few days the Tetters were entirely well, the Mercurosal Poisoning all out of my system and I was a well man—and due only to Swift's Specific. All it requires should take it.
JAMES DUNNING, Louisville, Ky.
Urteratious on Blood and skin Diseases mailed free to applicants.
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Drawer 5, Atlanta Ga.

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And your work is done for all time to time to come.

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109 South 14th St.
Makes a specialty of furnishing castings and repairing stoves of all description, wood stoves changed to burn coal, grates, fireback dumpers, etc., constantly on hand. Try one of our stove pipe shutters and clothes dryers combined \$2.50.
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