COUNCIL BLUFFS.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

A PREACHER'S DUTY.

It is Outlined by the Rev. G. W. Croft's Yesterday.

The following sermon was preached at the Congregational church yesteeday:

"For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus, the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus sake."—2d Cor. 4 5.

This text suggests to our minds the duty and position of the christian minister. It is their place to proclaim the word. The word has a large meaning, if we look at it in its length and breadth, heighth and depth. In the first place the duty of the minister is to proclaim something. To give our certain proclamations and certain statements, and those proclamations and statements, are to be the words of Christ and his gospel, and the plan of salvation for a lost and ruined world.

Then in the second place the minister is a servant. The original word from which minister is derived might be translated slave. One who is not his own master but goes forth at the bidding of another person. The minister of the gospel is not called to dictate to christians; not to control as he personally sees fit as though the church were his own peculiar property, but is placed there by and for the sake of his Lord and Master to serve the church.

Now, the minister of the Lord Jesus Christ is put in places of high authority and influence, yet after all he occupies that position only as a servant, no matter how high that position may be. Like as in this republican government. The government officers in the truest sense of the word are servants. We are not made for them, nor the government created for them, but they are created for us, and we place them in their positions of authority and have reverence for them as our servants, to do our bidding, to see that the laws are properly administered, and to labor for us and our good as individuals, and for the good of the land and nation. The president of the United States should subscribe himself not as a ruler, but as a humble and most obedient servant.

Having pointed out the prominent ideas of the text, let us analyze them very briefly. Let us look at the great office of the minister of the gospel. He is a proclaimer. What shall he proclaim? Let us look to the Apotle Paul, the great teacher, for the answer of his question. He says, "We preach not ourselves, but Jesus Christ, the Lord." The work they had before them was to introduce Christ, and his truth, and his gospel. Christ, who was sent into the world for the redemption of humanity. They were to go out, and teach these things to man.

Paul and Peter and Barnabas did not go through all the known world advertising themselves, delivering lectures and sermons and orations that mankind might become acquainted with their existence. But they went forth telling the people of Christ. Wherever they went the burden of their song was:

"Joy to the world, the Lord has come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare his room,
And heaven and nature sing."

They had something better than their own virtues or wisdom or knowledge to set before the people. Something to fill their souls with lofty ideals of holiness, love, purity and self-sacrifice. They had seen Christ, known Christ, and had been filled with the reverence of His presence.

The humility of the apostle Paul in the presence of Christ is to my mind a subject worthy of thought and consideration. The admiration of the apostles for the Master brings to our minds a conception of what He must have been to them. How much they thought with reference to Jesus, what they thought of Him, and what their considerations were for this blessed Redeemer. His character, His life, His truth, His holiness, His mission. There was an infinitude in reference to this Savior that filled and trebly filled their whole nature, their thoughts and their hearts.

The apostle Paul was acquainted with all the lore of the ages. But when he puts Christ alongside of them, he sees them sink into insignificance as Christ grows until his one absorbing desire and his greatest ambition is to proclaim his Saviour to mankind. Here is a testimony well worthy of consideration. He says "I have determined not to know anything among you except Christ and Him crucified. There was nothing the apostle could think of, nothing which his mind dwelt upon except Christ and him crucified. To him this knowledge was a fact of all absorbing interest, and Christ is an interesting study. The devotion of Paul was an overmastering devotion. Oh, that we might have something of that spirit! In carrying out this mission he sacrificed his life. But it was no vain ambition. Many great men have so perished.

Those that were living in splendor, honor, riches, and glory at the time this humble apostle went about teaching Cnrist, have been for ages buried in oblision, but behold the fame of this faithful servant of Jesus to-day.

You remember of Captain Webb, who lost his life by endeavoring to swim the rapids of the Niagara river some time ago. It is stated by some of the papers that he did this to make himself known. To make his name be blown around the world as one who had braved so daring an act. It was a selfish ambition that possessed him. He lost his life, and nothing else was lost.

How was it with Paul? He lost his life in the world, not that he, but that the Lord Jesus Christ might be known and loved, and accepted by faith as the redeemer of mankind.

Now this was Paul's mission, and the mission of all the ministers of the gospel of Jesus. We are to preach, not ourselves, but the Christ crucified. This should be done for the best of reasons. In the first place because Jesus is the only Savior of mankind. You cannot save yourself, and no man in the world can save you. Your learning, wealth and power cannot save you. There is only one savior of the soul, and that is Jesus.

Have not we here a sufficient reason for proclaiming this Christ into the world. Christ is the only hope for a blessed immortality. We have no assurance except that which we have obtained in Jesus Christ. I think now of those blessed words of Jesus in which he says that because He lives, we shall live also. They are the only words upon which we could possibly place our hope for everlasting life.

A more interesting question than the origin of man is his destiny. Not from whence did we come, but whither are we tending is the great question of the hour. When a man becomes involved in sadness and sorrow the question is, how shall he be relieved? So Christ is all in all to us. All that is said on the one hand should have a tendency to lead men to recognize Christ, and on the other hand to enable us to realize Christ in the human soul.

IOWA IN PIECES.

'Phones cost $48 a year in Des Moines.

A brewery plant worth $50,000 is to be put in at Lemars.

The state Sunday school convention meets in Newton on June 16.

The Davenport plow manufacturers report a discouraging outlook for the trade.

The Des Moines Leader has changed hands, having been sold to C. M. Matthews; consideration, $30,000.

The raid of the preachers was too much for the Creston roller rink, and the rattle of the four-wheeled bobs is hushed forever.

The Des Moines board of trade has under consideration propositions from a large cultivator factory in Ohio and wagon works in Wisconsin, for removal to this city.

Col. Jed Lake, of Independence, has issued a call for a reunion of the Twenty-seventh Iowa infantry, to be held at that town on September 9 and 10. It is expected that A. J. Smith, the old corps commander, will attend.

The heirs-at-law of the late Henry Paulson, of Davenport, have gone to war over the $60,000 estate, with prospects of promising fees for the lawyers and experience for the litigants.

Two dozen saloon keepers of Sioux City have agreed to go into the $1,000 license scheme. They are to be guaranteed immunity from prosecution, and all refusing to pay up will be closed.

A man named Jenkins passed through Davenport Monday, bound for Nebraska, with a one-horse rig in which he had driven from Elmira, N. Y., making the entire distance in nineteen days.

The electric light men paralyzed the Marshalltown gas men at a meeting of the city council Tuesday night. The city will proceed to place twenty-five electric lights in position at once for lighting the town.

The same story comes from Cherokee. Men are seen upon the streets fuller than geese on a dewy morning every day. The pocket saloon is in vogue there, and lots of "damnation" is handed through the "hole in the wall."

A couple of boys who broke into a church at Alta, in order to get at the nests of some doves in the belfry, were fined $25 each by the pious justice for their sacrilgious intrusion of the house of God.

The following dates have been selected by some of the fair associations of the state for holding their exhibitions this fall: Afton, Iowa, October 7, 8. Bedford Iowa, September 15, 17. Nevinville, Iowa, September 16, 19. Red Oak, Iowa, September 14, 19. Osceola, Iowa, September 15, 18. Oskaloosa, Iowa, August 31 to September 4. Creston, Iowa, September 21, 25.

From a Sense of Duty.

Some people shrink from making public the benefit they have received, while others are free to tell it abroad for the good of fellow mortals. Of the latter kind is Mr. J. H. Coppuck, of Mount Holly, N. J., who writes, "I am one of many who give their cheerful appreciation of the merits of the efficacy of your valuable Brown's Iron Bitters, from a sense of duty. This bitters is doing much good in our county, for which I can vouch."

WASHINGTON.

How the President Transacts His Business with Dispatch.

Cor. New York Herald.

The president has a rather busy day to-day. He was kept steadily engaged by callers from the time he entered his office until the members of his cabinet arrived at noon. The doors were then closed to outsiders and the cabinet session began, which lasted until about two o'clock in the afternoon. From then until four o'clock his time was taken up with special engagements. In these special engagementf the president gives more time to those who seek him. They are, as a rule, old-fashioned, direct kind of talks, and are stripped of formality as much as possible. An outsider will have difficulty in understanding how any president can hear the claims and indorsements of so many persons in a day. It is done by system. The system is novelty. Congressmen who take an hour to explain what they are after or mean when they are talking in congress as a rule say the most in a short time when they have business with the president. There is nothing particularly new about this. It has always been so. In these interviews they know there is no record made of what is said except the record that the president keeps in his mind. There are therefore no words or well rounded sentences used for effect. They get what they have to say by the shortest road, instead of beating about the bushes in a noncommital or indirect way.

Besides having interviews with about two dozen other persons between ten and twelve o'clock to-day, the president received business calls from Senator Jones, of Florida, McPherson, and ex-Senator Stockton, New Jersey; Van Wyck, of Nebraska, who keeps up his anti-railroad and anti-monopoly fight during the recess of the senate as well as during its sessions; Senators Jones and Call, of Florida, Senator Morrill, who came to talk about the unveiling of the Garfield statue in the National Statuary Hall at the Capitol. There was Representative Springer, of Illinois, who explained how it was the Democrats were fooled there last week; Representatives Bragg, of Wisconsin, and Updegraff and Maybury, of Michigan, who had something to say about Michigan appointments and the necessity of making the changes as soon as possible, so as to keep the Michigan-ders in good humor. Ex-Representative Belzhoover, of Pennsylvania, who made himself famous for his efforts when in the House toward the abolition of the Signal Corps, had a short talk also. What he had to say did not expire, but it is thought it was in connection with Pennsylvania patronage. R. T. Bissell, of Leroy, N. Y., and Dr. Charles Carey, of Buffalo, also had some ideas they interchanged with the president.

The Favorite Washing compound of the day is JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. It cleanses fabrics without injury and without the laborious scrubbing necessary with ordinary soap. For sale by grocers.

RAILROAD STORIES.

Superstitious Engineers Dream and a Train Behind.

San Francisco Call.

During the recent convention of locomotive engineers in this city, number of them were invited to the house of a local railroader to meet gentlemen from the various other branches of railroading. As the evening wore on, the grizzled old throttle-pullers and their friends took to relating anecdotes and experiences from which the following are taken:

"Locomotive engineers are very superstitious," remarked the first speaker. "One of the queerest cases that I know of illustrative of this tendency," he continued, "was of old Adam Brown, who ran an engine on the Northern Pacific for many years. Adam, who was a queer man, was quite an eccentric person in his way, and had a bad habit of approaching the climax of his yarns, of which he was an industrious spinner, by the introductory announcement that 'we was yoosta goin' around the corner, about forty miles an hour'— under such circumstances a cow's tail would be discovered waving danger signal, or some other emergency would present itself calling for a display of the engenious Adam's presence of mind and dexterity.

"Well, on the night in question, Adam was pulling a mixed train—that is, one composed of both passenger and freight cars—out of Duluth, the village made famous by Proctor Knott's allusion to it as the 'Zenith city of the unsalted seas.' I was train dispatcher for the Northern Pacific, whose trains ran over a joint stretch of road from Duluth to Northern Pacific Junction, and were not under our immediate control until after passing the junction.

"Adam's train left Duluth on time, but arrived at the junction late. We could obtain no satisfactory answers to our inquiries regarding the time lost, the conductor reporting everything all right as far as he was concerned. The train continued to lose time, however, and reached Brainerd, the end of the division, where I was stationed, five hours late. I tackled the conductor for an explanation when he came in, and what do you supppose he told me? Why, that Adam dreamed the day previous that a huge tie had been strapped across the track by train-wreckers. The whole surroundings were vividly impressed on his mind, and he had awakened just as the engine touched the tie. So firmly did he believe in the premonition that he could not be induced to run along at the ordinary rate of speed but crept all night.

"The engineers appear to have a strong belief in the strange fatality that seems to attach to some engines and not altogether without cause. The old No. 47, which used to run on the Dakota division of the Northern Pacific years ago, was one of these cases. She was wrecked at least half a dozen times within a few months from various causes, and we never felt confident when she was on the road."

"Recently I boarded an engine on a train coming west from Sacramento," said another, "the engineer was an old friend of mine. Noticing a horseshoe hanging in his cab, I asked him why he carried it. 'I'll tell you, Tom,' said he. 'For a month I was never able to make our time, if it wasn't a break-down the engine would not steam, or we'd be troubled with hot boxes, or perhaps go into the ditch. At last I got the horseshoe, and, on my oath, I've not had a bit of trouble since. We haven't been ditched once; have had no trouble in getting up steam; the boxes have run perfectly cool, and the machine hasn't so much as slipped an eccentric or blown out a soft plug."

"I was breaking a new chap on the Mojave division, a few months ago," chimed in an Atlantic and Pacific engineer. "Down there the mirages are very misleading until one becomes accustomed to them. All of a sudden the new man pulled the whistle. I looked up and asked him why he had done so. 'Why,' said he 'we're right at the station.' I said nothing and after about ten minutes he whistled again. Well, we ran on for some time and still no station. Finally the man jumped up and told me to take the machine. 'I wouldn't run an engine in such a country,' said he, 'for $100 a day.'"

The last man's story was one which is related on railroads in all parts of the country. In his experience it occurred on the Central Pacific.

"We were going east through Nevada one night," he said, "when old Jack O'Brien, who was hauling us, whistled 'down brakes.' Everybody turned out and there, just ahead, was a headlight bearing down upon us. We stopped and sent a brakeman out to flag the approaching train. In the meantime we had rounded a curve and the headlight was invisible. After waiting awhile we pulled ahead slowly our flagman well in advance, and pretty soon came to a stretch of level track, and there, just above it, in the distance rose the glorious October moon, high enough by that time to no longer resemble a headlight."

A DEMOCRATIC PRECEDENT.

How the Lincoln Whigs Were Outgeneraled in 1853.

Chicago Times.

"We have been McDanieled," remarked a veteran Illinois democrat, speaking of the election of Weaver to the Illinois legislature. The older generation of Illinois politicians will at once understand this remark; the younger men may not. Thirty years ago the verb "McDaniel" was as well understood in Illinois as the verb "to boycott" is now understood in Ireland.

In 1853 Abraham Lincoln was elected to the state legislature. It was universally understood that Mr. Lincoln was to be the whig candidate for the United States senate. After the members of the legislature had been elected it was found that Mr. Lincoln's vote would be needed for his own election. He did not like to vote for himself, and, as Sangamon county was safely whig by 800 majority, he resigned before the legislature met, and a special election to fill the vacancy was held in December, 1853. The whigs nominated Norman M. Broadwell, who still lives in Springfield, and was for several years a law partner of Gen. McClernand and Congressman Springer. The democrats made no nomination. All that time Isaac R. Diller, latterly a resident of Chicago, and during the past winter a temporary resident of Washington, was the postmaster at Springfield. In modern parlance he was an "offensive partisan." He got Jeff Ball, Bobbie Burns, James Parkinson, Henry Carrigan, Jim W. Keyes, and perhaps one or two other democrats, into his back office, and among them they decided to get Johnathan McDaniel, a democrat, elected as Mr. Lincoln's successor. Diller and one of the other conspirators were printers, and they got access to the newspaper office and printed a lot of tickets. Post-offices were not very abundantly distributed through Seymour county then, and Saturdays it was customary for farmers who had good teams to come into Springfield from long distances and get their own mail and that of their neighbors. Saturday before election, as the democratic farmers came in, Postmaster Diller called them one side and gave each a package of McDaniel tickets, with injunctions to let no one know of their existence, but on election morning to give the tickets to thoroughly reliable democratic neighbors, and charge them not to go to the polls before 2 o'clock, but to be sure to go after 2 o'clock. Election day came, and during the forenoon the whigs dropped around to the polling places and voted for Broadwell. Comparatively few whigs voted. No effort had been made to get them out, because the county was whig by a large majority, and apparently the democrats were going to let the election go by default. After 2 o'clock democrats began visiting the polling places pretty thickly. There were no ticket-peddlers, but each democrat pulled out of his vest-pocket a McDaniel ballot and deposited it. The whigs very quickly discovered what the game was, and then started out runners to get their votes to the polls. It was too late. The roads were very bad, the voters were scattered, and the little democratic job succeeded. McDaniel was elected by about one hundred and thirty majority. The regular democratic candidate for United States senator was Gen. Shields. He could not be elected, because there were four anti-Nebraska democrats who would not vote for the general. They were a distinguished quartet in after years. They were John M. Palmer, W. B. Judd, Burton C. Cook and Thomas Gray. They insisted on voting for Trumbull. After a deadlock of some duration the Lincoln men dropped their candidate and voted for Trumbull, and he was elected. And so the defeat of the Whigs fell by McDaniel by exactly the tactics that enabled Weaver to beat Trumbull, with the help of some democratic bolters, instead of Abraham Lincoln to the senate.

WAR RECOLLECTIONS.

The March on Raleigh---Foraging in North Carolina.

Dinner for Eighteen—A Mysterious Courier—Capturing an Officer.

Written for The Bee.

XI.

From March 24 to April 10, 1865, we remain at Goldsboro receiving supplies of clothing and other necessaries, and on the date last named begin our march to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, the men carrying eight day's rations in their haversacks and sixty rounds of cartridges. The load is too heavy and to lighten up, blankets, clothing and all kinds personal effects are thrown away. Our first day's march is continued until eleven o'clock at night, and on the second night we do not go into camp until three o'clock the following morning. April 12, while bivouacked by the roadside waiting for our trains to cross a swamp we hear of the surrender of Lee's army, and the wildest demonstrations of joy are indulged in. We had had reasons before this to believe that the end of the war was near at hand, but now we knew it for a certainty.

April 13.—I am detailed to take charge of a brigade forage squad, consisting of fifteen men, including a sergeant and corporal, and for the next ten days

LIFE ASSUMES ROSY HUES

for us. The detail is made up as the command marches over the slippery, clay hills, in the midst of a drizzling rain and when completed we scoot off through the heavy pine woods at right angles to the line of march, which is to the westward. Finally we strike a road which runs parallel to those occupied by the moving column and, following this, notice a man's tracks, freshly made, (the rain having ceased meanwhile) and indulge in much specuulation as to who it is that is trudging along ahead of us. The country is thinly settled and we agree that the first farm house we reach of any size will have our party for guests at dinner and as none of us had eaten in a house for over a year, the anticipated repast served as a pleasant discussion. At 3 o'clock a large white residence with evidences of comfort and abundance is seen on the left of the road. There were several young ladies at the house in addition to the members of the family, and there was a general indication of something out of the common expected by them. To our surprise we were cordially welcomed and before we could proffer a request, were told to sit down, that dinner would be on the table in a few moments. We were soon invited into a pleasant dining room where a substantial and well cooked meal was spread.

"But where are the other two men?" inquired the lady of the house, when our squad was seated and it was found there were two extra plates.

"What other two men?" was asked.

"Why, the rest of your party."

We looked at each other in surprise and explained that we were all present—that there were only sixteen of us, and then she stated that about two hours before our arrival a yankee soldier had stopped at the house and told the family to at once set about getting a good dinner for eighteen yankees who would be along in an hour or so. This explained the footsteps which had excited our curiosity during the day, but who that soldier was, or how he knew anything about us are mysteries unexplained to this day. However, we were very grateful for his thoughtful kindness and also glad to know that the family thus forewarned of our approach had improved the time as they did, instead of notifying

WHEELER'S REBEL CAVALRY,

which was in the vicinity and might have easily ambushed and annihilated us.

Our first night out is spent on the magnificent plantation of the famous man of that locality—"'Squire Thompson." His colored cooks prepare supper for us, but inadvertently use silver forks and spoons in setting the table, and these the boys, likewise inadvertently "borrow" at the close of the meal. We tell the 'squire that we are a small band and realize that we are then a good many miles distant from our army; that we know Wheeler's cavalry is near at hand, and suggest that it may be in his mind to send word by some of his darkeys to that distinguished guerilla that we are temporarily the guests of his fine mansion, but that if he has, and we are attacked during the night, our first act will be to burn that fine mansion over his head. He expressed surprise that we should have suspected him of such designs—said he was a southern gentlemen—a man of honor, and then added the information that he had served in congress several terms. We were disposed to trust him before receiving the last statement but that destroyed our confidence in him, and half our party stood guard until midnight, and the remainder, the latter portion of the night. The parting, at a very early hour the next morning, was mutually agreeable—the squire was glad to see us go, and we were thankful that we were able to go.

Squire Woods, a rich neighbor, two miles distant, had the pleasure of our company at breakfast. Thus far our endeavors to convert ourselves into mounted infantry had proven a failure, owing to the lack of "beasts" (as horses are styled in North Carolina.) In response to a suggestion that he might be able to help us out in this regard, Squire Woods said he had'nt a horse or mule on his place, but after breakfast we took the liberty to search, and found seven head concealed in the brush near by, and at neighboring plantations others were found, so that by noon we were all

SUPPLIED WITH HORSES,

saddles and bridles, and had four mules hitched to a bigfarm wagon loaded with provisions, and another team of mules drawing an old fashioned family carriage similarly loaded, which supplies we turned over to the trigade commissary that night and started out rejoicing in. It was an exciting life and full of attraction and variety. At times we were twenty miles from our command, and never passed a house without making inquiries as to the whereabouts of the confederate cavalry, which hung on the flanks of Sherman's army from Atlanta to Savannah, thence across South Carolina and North Carolina to Goldsboro, and all along the march westward from Goldsboro. One day I was riding entirely alone along a path through the woods and came to a little house, where, in response to my "hello!" an old gentleman walked leisurely out to the gate, wiping a razor on his sleeve.

"Has there been any rebel cavalry around here lately?" I asked.

"W-a-ll, yes, there has," he drawled "How long since?"

"Not so terrible long sence. A company of Mr. Wheeler's hoss soldiers went down that air road a while ago," said he.

"How long ago?"

"I can't jist tell for sartin as to the time, but them hoss soldiers was at this very gate, and they rid away jist as I commenced a shavin', and now I've jist finished. You mout guess about how long it would take a man to shave, stranger."

I was riding an excellent horse and the abruptness with which we turned and dashed back the way we came and tarried not until we rejoined the squad was very startling to the old gentleman who stood at the gate, continuing to shed information about the hoss soldiers. He may be at that gate yet for all I know, and still talking.

On the 17th of April our party took possession of a grist mill, hauled in all the corn to be found within quite a circuit and turned out an excellent quality of meal which we sent in to the brigade. At this time the two armies were encamped a few miles from each other, and woods full of confederate soldiers on their way home from Lee's army.

WITH GRANT'S PAROLES

in their pockets. While at this mill Bick Jones and I ride out into the country eight miles one afternoon, with a view of spending the night at a farm house, and at dusk, in the midst of a dashing thunder storm galloped up to the door of a comfortable looking dwelling. An old lady comes out on the porch and in reply to our question as to whether she will allow us to stay all night says, "well, I suppose you'll stay anyway, whether I say so or not," and orders a colored boy to show us where to put our horses in the barn. While we are talking we see three men run to the house and take shelter under the porch. In caring for our horses we are careful to get a good idea of the surrounding and to know just where our saddles and bridles are placed, for we agree that as there are three men there, doubtless armed, and only two of us—Dick being armed with a rifle only, and I with a sword that would hardly cut a squash in two—it might be advisable for us to slip out quietly later on and go back to the mill again. Returning to the house, our uneasiness is increased by the fact that only two men show themselves—the man of the house, a hearty old gentleman over six feet tall and heavy in proportion, and his son-in-law, a young preacher. At the supper table the old gentleman asked us if we had met any of Lee's men since the surrender of Appomatox, and we replied that we had met a good many.

"If you should meet one that had no parole you would capture him and send him to prison up north?" he continued.

We responded that, on the contrary, he would not be molested—that we were glad to see them go home, whether paroled or not.

Returning to the sitting room, our host attempted to entertain us, but was very nervous and excited. He would suddenly get up and leave the room, and then return and apologize, meanwhile exchanging looks with other members of the family, all of which did not tend to create in the minds of Jones and myself that peaceful calm and mental repose which might have been desired. Finally said he, "The reason I asked about Lee's men was, I have a relative who reached home lately from Lee's army, without a parole, and I didn't want him captured, that's all."

Then we knew that the "relative" aforesaid was the third man we had seen on the porch, and was convinced that he was

CONCEALED NEAR BY.

As we talked the old gentleman gained confidence, told us that the relative was his own boy and that he would bring him into the room if he could depend on our not taking him prisoner. We urged him to bring him in, that instead of his boy being in our power we were in theirs; there were three of them and two of us; that Wheeler's cavalry was encamped near by while it was eight miles back to our lines. "That's so," he exclaimed, and the situation evidently struck him in a new light. He left the room at once to return a moment later followed by his "boy"—a splendid specimen six feet two inches tall, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, and 29 years of age. We were soon "acquainted," and, the anxiety of the family, and the the suspicions of Jones and I with regard to that third man relieved, we passed a delightful evening—or night rather, for it was nearly morning before there was any thought of going to bed. We found the son a modest, intelligent man who had seen much service as a cavalryman, and it was pleasant to note the pride the father took in his "boy" as we talked over the events of the war. The returned soldier was out on a scout at the time of the surrender hence was not paroled—to the great regret of his family who thought he was therefore liable to capture by our army. I was urged to parole him, and this I undertook to do, albeit I had never seen a parole and doubted my anthority, though I did not say so. Pen and ink were produced and the following document evolved:

"I, James Boling, first lieutenant, company "I", Third North Carolina cavalry, do solemnly swear that I will not take up arms against the United States government until I am regularly exchanged. So help me God."

To this he signed his name and rank and then followed my own, with the date.

Upon starting back to camp the next morning the lieutenant offered me his sword. He had tendered it when he received his parole but was told that we would let that matter rest until morning. I wanted that weapon and thought I had a right to it, but in our talk during the night he said much concerning it—how he obtained it and the length of time it had been carried by him and where. It was very evident he was attached to it, and when he handed it to me the next morning with the belt and trappings there were tears in his eyes and his voice shook. The sword was passed back to him; I wouldn't have taken it though the blade had been of gold and the handle studded with diamonds.

Examine Your Boilers.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,—State Inspector of Steam Boilers P. A. O'Brien publishes a card stating that while recently suffering from a dangerous cold a member of the Board of Health advised him to try Red Star Cough Cure. A few doses cured him, and he remarks that its efficacy is astonishing, and that at the same time it is free from opiates.

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Union Ticket Agent,
No. 507 Broadway Council Bluffs.

Railway Time Table.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

The following are the times of the arrival and departure of trains by central standard time, at the local depots. Trains leave transfer depot ten minutes earlier and arrive ten minutes later.

DEPART.		ARRIVE.
CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN		
9:25 A M	Mail and Express	6:50 P M
12:40 P M	Accommodation	4:10 P M
5:30 P M	Express	9:05 A M
CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND.		
9:25 A M	Mail and Express	6:53 P M
7:25 A M	Accommodation	5:15 P M
5:30 P M	Express	9:00 A M
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.		
9:20 A M	Mail and Express	6:50 P M
5:25 P M	Express	9:05 A M
CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY.		
9:50 A M	Mail and Express	7:10 P M
12:30 P M	Accommodation	1:00 P M
5:45 P M	Express	8:50 A M
WABASH, ST. LOUIS AND PACIFIC.		
12:45 P M	Local St. Louis Express Local	— —
1:30 P M	Transfer " " " Transfer	3:20 P M
6:35 P M	Local Chicago & St L Exp Local	8:55 A M
7:45 P M	Transfer " " " " Transfer	9:10 A M
KANSAS CITY, ST. JOS AND COUNCIL BLUFFS.		
10:05 A M	Mail and Express	6:40 P M
8:15 P M	Express	6:25 A M
SIOUX CITY AND PACIFIC.		
7:00 A M	Mail for Sioux City	6:50 P M
7:10 P M	Express for St Paul	8:00 A M
UNION PACIFIC.		
11:00 A M	Denver Express	4:35 P M
1:05 P M	Lincoln Pass O'n & R V	2:35 P M
7:35 P M	Overland Express	8:30 A M
DUMMY TRAINS TO OMAHA.		

Leave Council Bluffs—7:15—8:20—9:30—10:30—11:40 a. m. 1:30—2:30—3:30—4:25—5:25—6:25—11:49 p. m. Leave Omaha—6:40—7:35—8:50—10—11:05 a. m. 12:50—2:00—3:00—4:00—4:55—5:55—11:10 p. m.

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