

Advertising Cheats!!!
'It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style, then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such.

'To induce people
'To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else.

'The remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers
'And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible.

'Did She Die?
'No!
'She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years.

'Prosecute the Swindler!!!
'If you can't find the swindler, get green glass of Hop Bitters, which is the greatest medicine on earth.

DR. HAIR'S Asthma Cure.

This invaluable specific readily and permanently cures all kinds of Asthma. It is a simple and safe remedy, and is known throughout the world for its efficacy.

W. L. CALDWELL, city of Lincoln, Neb., writes, Jan. 28, 1885: Since using Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, for more than one year, my wife has been entirely well, and not even a symptom of the disease.

WILLIAM DENNETT, Highland, Iowa, writes, Nov. 24, 1884: I have been afflicted with Asthma for more than thirty years. I followed your directions and am happy to say that I never slept better in my life.

First came Mrs. Brule and her son-in-law, Peter. She was quarreling with him because he had not taken her part in an argument she had just finished with an overseer.

'I was a man, I'd be ashamed to let one of those overseers get the best of me.'
'Peters was being silently walking on said at last.

'If my daughter had listened to me she would never have had anything to do with you.'
'Their voices were lost. Anton watched her disappear with her eagle like nose.

'What?'
'The young man turned around perceptibly annoyed by the shouting from the spectators. He understood.

'Oh, it's that! Well, I'll go on.'
'Oh, I'll catch up with you.'
'As he moved off, Monique met his father who was also leaving the Vulture; the two men simply said good evening to the son taking the main road while the old man slowly went off by the canal.

'I've something to say to you,' said he impatiently.
'Taking her arm he led her off in the darkness, asking her if she hadn't some money.

'What for?' she demanded.
'You are going to the Volcan to see those nasty women singers.'
'He crossed himself, swearing it was not so. Then, when she shrugged her shoulders, he said suddenly:

'Come with us if you want to. You that don't bother me. What do I want with those singers?' she replied.
'You know I can't stir, for she's always crying. Let me go home. They're mad now, I'll bet.'

'But he detained her saying he did not want to appear foolish before Monique whom he had promised. A man can't go to bed with the hens every evening. Vanquished she turned up the skirt of her dress, and ripping the hem, drew out some ten or twelve francs. For not being robbed by her mother, she hid there the money she made at extra work in the mine.

'I've got five, you see,' she said. 'You may have three. Only first you must swear that you'll persuade your mother to let us get married. Swear, swear first.'

'She spoke in the tired voice of a great sinner, without passion, without the weary of existence. He swore, saying that was already a promised thing; then, when she gave him the three pieces, he kissed her, and allowing her to return to the alley alone, cut across the fields to overtake his comrade.

'Anton had mechanically followed them, but not hearing their voices, believed it a simple rendezvous. A little further on other voices were heard.

'Scated on a heap of stones, there was Johnnie, with Robert on one side and Lydie on the other.
'What did you say? I'll give you a slap if you growl. Who thought of this first?'
'Johnnie, after lying for an hour along the canal, went to the meadows and gathered a bunch of wild geese, which he carried home. Suddenly the thought came to him that they might be converted into money and instead of going home they went to Monston, sending the little girl from door to door, selling the geese, until not one was left. They made eleven francs, and now with empty hands they were dividing the gain.

GERMINAL, Or, the Story of a Great Miner's Strike.

BY EMILE ZOLA. Translated from the French.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Another laborer, a young mechanic out of work, reaches the coal mines of Monston, France, cool, hungry and penniless. The death of a young man, a vacancy and he secures employment in the Vulture mine. Mabon, one of the miners, and his daughter Catherine, explain the work to him and assist him the first day. He hears the mutterings of the miners against the company and threats of a strike. The actions of the superintendent and the small wages received, lead the workmen to the verge of desperation and paved the way to the coming strike. Mabon again explains the situation and secures lodgings for him at Rassenen's, a tipping house near the mine. Anton's determination to leave is overcome by the kindness of the struggling miners, and he decides to battle with them. The owners of the mines revel in luxury, and turn a deaf ear to the appeals of the struggling families of the workmen, who in debt for food obtained during a strike three years previous, are barely able to secure sufficient food to sustain life.

CHAPTER XI.
At Rassenen's, after having eaten a soup, Anton again went up into the little room under the roof, which he was to occupy. He had not closed his eyes for two days, and overcome by fatigue, without disrobing, he fell upon his bed and slept soundly. When he awoke, it was growing dark, he raised his head in astonishment, not recognizing where he was; then as a faintness came over him, he painfully arose, determined to get a breath of fresh air, and after eating his dinner, to retire for the night.

The weather was moderating; the leaden sky had become copper-colored, charged with one of those long rains of the north, of which the moisture of the air denoted the approach. Great smoky clouds rolled by, and in the distance shined down on that desert plain, upon this immense sea of reddish earth twilight was falling. No sound was heard, not a breath of wind was stirring.

Anton began walking, with no other purpose than to get some fresh air. In passing the Vulture, where as yet no lantern shone out, he paused an instant to watch the six o'clock exit of miners, who went off in groups, mixing with the girls from the Vulture, all laughing together among the shadows.

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'Peters was being silently walking on said at last.

'If my daughter had listened to me she would never have had anything to do with you.'
'Their voices were lost. Anton watched her disappear with her eagle like nose, white hair and long thin arms which were twinkling in the moonlight.

'What?'
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'That's not fair,' said Robert. 'If you keep seven francs we'll only have two apiece.'
'What's not fair?' replied Johnnie, furious 'didn't I pick more than you?'
'Other generally yielded with timid submission, a stupidity which rendered him the continual victim of his comrade. Older and stronger, he even allowed himself to be slapped. But this time, the thought of all that money excited him to resistance.

'He's stealing from us, isn't he Lydie. If he don't divide we'll tell his mother.'
'Jimmie stuck out his tongue at them. 'Say one word and I'll go and tell them at your house that you've sold the salad to my mother. And besides, you stupid fools, I can't divide eleven francs in three parts, don't you see? Here are three francs, and the rest I'll put them back in my pocket.'

Subdued, Robert took his portion. Lydie, who was afraid of Johnnie, had said nothing. When he offered her the money she held out her hand with a submissive smile. But he suddenly changed his mind.

'What would you do with all that money? Your mother'll take it from you, for you know she'll be sure to get it. I'd better take care of it for you. When you want some more you can ask me for it.'

The nine sons appeared. To prevent her from crying he checked her, making her walk on. When she reached the Requiart, where, around the old ruined mine all the girls of Monston assembled with their lovers. The falling sheds, long since abandoned, were still standing while he and Anton had, rather, the coal car obstructed the way. A thick fog had covered that corner of the ground, a wild grass and some young trees already sprung. In that spot all the girls and boys were waiting for him, enough for all; some sat upon overturned logs, while others even took up their stay in the cars.

A keeper lived there, old Moque, to whom the company had given two rooms almost under the ruined tower, apartments which were constantly threatened with complete annihilation from the falling timbers. He had even been compelled to move out of his rooms, but they were very comfortably there, he and his son, in one room, the daughter in the other. When every pane of glass was gone from the windows, he had kept out the cold by nailing him some boards, and when it was dark but then it was warm. This keeper occupied himself but little with that old mine, spending the most of his time in the Vulture caring for his horses.

Moque passed the day and hours among these boys and girls, counting in every corner. His daughter began at ten years of age. Lovers succeeded each other, but, as she kept them from her home, he displayed only a cold, but not a growled occasionally when, on going to gather wood for the soup, or to find some nuts for his rabbits; he would stumbl over a couple seated in the grass with arms entwined around each other's waists. He nodded his head with silent regrets on turning aside from these young people. Oh that youth which was gone. Every evening, before going to bed, Bonnemort used to visit to his friend Moque. These two old men spoke but little, exchanging scarcely ten words in the half hour they spent together. But Anton found happiness in that sitting, a log with heads of their breasts, missing of the days gone by. No doubt they became young again, as around them floated the same kisses, whispers and laughs in which they had known each other three years before. Ah! they also had passed happy hours there. And the two old men shook their heads, often leaving each other without even saying good-night.

That evening, just as Anton arrived, Bonnemort started towards the alley, saying:
'Good-night, old boy! Say, now, you know Mrs. Brule, don't you? She's a queer. Moque, for an instant, stood silent, then shrugging his shoulders he re-entered the house.

'Good-night, good-night, old fellow.'
Anton sat down on the log which he had just vacated. He was sad without knowing why. The old man, whom he watched disappearing in the distance, recalled to him his arrival of the morning of the 15th of August, when he had not had caught up and carried away. Perhaps it saddened him to be alone at that hour, when all the others had gone off two by two. The heavy atmosphere sufficed him. Occasional drops of rain fell upon his feverish hands, adding to his discontent.

As Anton remained seated, motionless in the gloom, a couple coming from the road passed not far from him. The girl, as though brought there against her will, plead with low supplicating whispers, while a man without a word hurried her on. It was Catherine and Chaval. But Anton did not recognize them in passing, and he followed them with a glance of curiosity.

On leaving the alley, Catherine had gone to Monique's and had begun working in the mine she had thus taken the road alone in that complete liberty of mining families. After passing the company's coal yards she crossed the road, and entered the house of a wash woman where she was certain of finding Monique, who passed hours there each day. But she was disappointed. The girl could not lend her the money. To console her they offered her a cup of hot coffee, but she would take nothing. A sudden thought of economy arose in her mind, a sort of superstitious fear, a presentiment that if she now bought the ribbon which she had bought in the mine she would be unable to purchase.

'I'll pay for one for you,' he exclaimed.
She flushed, feeling it would be better for her to refuse, but, filled with a great desire to have her ribbon, at last she accepted on condition that the amount paid for it should be returned to her. On the next day she was convinced that if she would return his money. Then another difficulty arose when he wished to go to Maigret's. 'No, mamma said I shouldn't go there.'

'Never mind, you don't have to tell where he goes. He keeps the best ribbon in Monston.'
When Maigret saw them enter, like two lovers buying their wedding finery, he grew very red, throwing down his blue ribbon with the rage of a man who has been made a confidant and without consulting the store he went to the door and watched them as they slowly moved away in the falling night. When his wife timidly came to ask for some information, he turned around, and he saw without explaining he would make those people who were waiting in gratitude repeat some day.

On the road, Chaval walked close to Catherine, directing her steps without appearing to. Suddenly she noticed he had left the main road and was going toward Requiart. But he did not give her time to become angry; directing her thoughts with a continual flow of careless words. She was foolish to be afraid of him; he would do her no harm. She, frightened, could find nothing to reply; and, closing her eyes on him, another form, that of the man engaged that morning, passed in the darkness before her.

Looking around her she perceived they had just entered the ruins of Requiart, but she could not see before the blackness of the tumble-down shed into which he continued to push her.

Meanwhile Anton had not stirred. He growing weary of this love-making, he strode across the street, thinking, 'The people were too much occupied to be disturbed. After taking about thirty steps, on turning around, he was surprised to see them coming along as though making for the alley.'

Wishing to see their faces, Anton paused at the first street lamp. He was surprised on recognizing Catherine and Chaval. He could scarcely believe it was that young girl in a dark blue dress

the youngster he had seen in linen pantaloons, with hair knotted under a scarf. But he no longer doubted, he saw her eyes with their greenish limpidity, like spring water, so clear and so deep.

Chaval and Chaval passed him, not knowing they were being watched. And he now followed them at a short distance, mad with rage at these lovers who seemed so happy. For a half hour this walk continued. When the couple approached the Vulture he still kept behind them, while they stopped now and then along the way as though too happy to go further. When he reached Rassenen's, instead of entering the house, he accompanied them as far as the alley, standing in the shadows for a quarter of an hour while they said good-night. When he saw the couple enter the room, he went out at three o'clock. Every one in the alley was sleeping in the dark night. Not a light shone from the closed window blinds. Only a frightened cat ran out across the empty garden. It was the close of the workmen's day, who fell from the table to the bed, overcome with fatigue.

Anton's father, a machinist and two day workmen were still drinking. But before entering Anton paused for a last look into the darkness. Again he found the same black immensity of the morning when he had entered by the main gate. Before him the Vulture crunched like a night animal. The three fires of live coal burned in the air like reddening moons; and below on the open plain the darkness had submerged all Monston, Marchiennes and the forest of Vaux, the vast fields of wheat and beets, while only the blue fires from the high furnaces and the red coals fire shone out like beacon lights amid the dark clouds of rain, he now falling, a slow continued and monotonous streaming. One single sound was heard, the great, slow, respiration of the engine which, like a human being, day and night breathed on.

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COUNCIL BLUFFS. ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

TOO MUCH LAUDANUM.

An Accidental Overdose Gives Rise to a Report of Attempted Suicide.
In some mysterious way a report gained quite a spread yesterday that Mr. J. O. Bennett, the well-known livery man, had attempted to commit suicide by taking poison. The idea of such a rugged, hearty and jolly fellow as he trying to get out of a world in which he seems to find so much enjoyment, struck his friends and acquaintances with a great deal of surprise. The fact was that he had up the facts to see how the report got started, and found that on Wednesday night last Mr. Bennett, on retiring to rest, accidentally took a dose of laudanum, instead of some other medicine, there being several vials on his table, some being for use on his ankle, which was lately sprained by a fall. On discovering what he had taken he sent for Dr. Finney, who came to his relief, and saved him from any very serious consequences. He has been under treatment, but is expected to be out and about to-day.

If you wish to make legitimately from Ten to Fifty dollars per day write to Judd & Smith, No. 31 Fourth street, Council Bluffs.

HOUSTING TROUTMAN.

The Mayor Reported to Have Been Nearly Frozen in Trying It.
It is said that the mayor yesterday sought an interview with United States Marshal Campbell to see if he could not get Deputy Troutman removed from office. The mayor has been following Troutman on a relentless war, being personally piqued against him, because Troutman joined with other democrats in sitting down on the little mayor in conventions and other political gatherings. He attacked Troutman in the meanest and most dirty manner, and has threatened to have him removed, and yesterday was to be the culmination. The interview is said to have been anything but satisfactory to the mayor. Marshal Campbell not recognizing the mayor, and even after the latter had introduced himself the marshal had difficulty in recalling where he had ever heard the name. The interview was short and cool, and it is said that the mayor got little consolation or reason for hope.

The River Tiber.

The "Yellow Tiber" rolls its muddy waters through the City of Rome, at times overflowing the lower part of the city. It breeds malaria and imperils the health of all who visit the city. Brown's Hair Ointment will conquer malarial fever, quicker and more thoroughly than any other remedy. Mr. Enos Hilo, 33 Court Street, Indianapolis, says, "It cured me of chills and fever after all else failed."

IOWA ITEMS.

A swarm of peddlers are doing up Dubuque.
A 171-pound catfish story is running loose in Keokuk.
The postal delivery boys of Des Moines will be mounted on bicycles.
Another temperance crusade is under main and jib sail at Manchester.
The Crocker Bridge closed a very successful reunion at Iowa City last Friday.
A Davenport merchant has shipped 100,000 pounds of tobacco strips to Amsterdam, Holland.
Henry Hudson, of Des Moines, paid a fine \$200 for the privilege of slaying a brick at a darkey's sign.
John Parnell, a half-breed Indian, lost an arm by the premature discharge of a cannon at the Tipton reunion.
M. W. Owens, of Woodstock, Wright county, tumbled the business end of a vicious horse and died soon after.
S. S. Winegar, aged thirty, died suddenly on a train at Pacific Junction last week. He was a resident of Macedonia.
An empty counterfeiters' den was discovered in Des Moines last week. The birds had flown, but the plant was captured with the knives.
James McCrary, father of Hon. Geo. W. McCrary, died at his home in Bettendorf, Thursday, at the advanced age of 61 years.
James Connelly imbibed freely of Burlington badge, and rested his burden in the railroad yard. A switch engine crossed him and he died.
Rev. T. McK. Stewart, of Clarinda, just before his departure for the Methodist conference at Des Moines, last week, was presented with a handsome gold watch by the members of his congregation.
The official report of State Mine Inspector Wilson shows that the total output of 417 miners for 1885 was 3,885,757 tons, and that of 1884 3,963,488 tons, showing a falling off of 347,701 tons in the past year.
Joseph Ramsey, of Albion, Marshall county, cut a gash in his throat five inches in length, and then walked through the town, knife in hand, dripping with blood. He was captured and his wounds were dressed. He is crazy.
One hundred and ten knives stolen from Beach's hardware store, at Alton, some two months ago, were found Thursday tied up in a bundle under a coal shed near the depot. Two bottles of powder were found with the knives.
Mrs. Marietta Severance, principal of the Warren high school, at Davenport, died on the 23d. She has been connected with the school as teacher, and late principal, since 1864, and had been a resident of Davenport for thirty years.
Some unknown and generous party dropped a female babe on the doorstep of Mrs. F. A. Redding, in Des Moines. Mrs. R. has enough of innocent bows to satisfy her heart's