THE DAILY BEE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

OFFICE NO. 12, PEARL STREET

Delivered by carrier in any part of the city at twenty cents per week.
H. W TILTON, - - - Manager.
TELEPHONES:
BUSINESS OFFICE, No. 43.
NIGHT EDITOR No. 23.

MINOR MENTION.

N. Y. Plumbing Co.

Reiter, tailor, Fall goods cheap.

Good coal; full weight guarant eed C. B. Lumber Co., 900 Main st. Tel. 257.

Parties of 15 or 20 should order William Lewis' big sleigh, 419 Broadway.

The Chautauqua circle will hold its regular meeting this evening in its rooms.

The police pulled in Dave Freeze out of the cold Saturday night for disturbing the peace.

Common council meets to-night in regular session. Business of importance will be transacted.

J. G. Tipton has just had built a fine store building on Broadway for one of his eastern customers.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ruthford, of Hardin township, will be buried to-day.

Committee meeting this evening at the city building to arrange the details of the return sleighing carnival on Thursday next. Seven o'clock sharp.

There will be a social meeting of the Woman's Christian association at the hospital, corner of Sixth avenue and Ninth street, at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Jimmie, the nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Garnea, who died of membranous croup, will be buried at 2 o'clock to-day in the Garner cemetery.

The revival meetings which have been in progress at Broadway church since New Years have been productive of great good, and it has been decided to continue them, during the present week, at least.

The funeral of Mr. Bridgeman was held at his late residence, 31 North Seventh street, yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Rev. G. W. Crofts of the Congregational church officiating. The remains will be taken to Sheboygan Falls, Wis., to-day, for final interment.

One of the most elaborate society events of the season will occur next Thursday afternoon and evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Evans. The following ladies will receive: Mrs. J. F. Evans, Mrs. William Evans, Mrs. Horace Evans, Mrs. T. J. Evans and Mrs. Bert Evans.

Tommy Brooks, the aspiring lightweight of this city, is not satisfied with his present success, but will meet Frank Downs, of Davenport, in the prize ring about the first of March. The fight will take place in Kansas, and is to be for $500 a side. Brooks is very confident of winning, and has already gone into training for the event.

Rev. W. T. Smith, presiding elder of the Council Bluffs district of the Methodist Episcopal church, has issued an Easter service for the use of Sunday schools, in the interest of the missionary cause, by which he hopes to increase the collections for that object. Mr. Smith has already acquired quite a reputation as a missionary worker, and has been very successful. This new service will probably be generally adopted by the Methodist church, and will doubtless increase the mission collections very materially. During the past three years this district has made a tremendous increase in this line, and is now the banner district of the west.

Splendid Business Opening

For the right man who has a capital of $10,000. For full information call on or address Forrest Smith, 14 Pearl st., Council Bluffs, Ia.

For Sale Cheap—Lots near the bridge to parties who will build at once. Address or call on J. R. Rice, No. 110 Main street, Council Bluffs.

Money to loan. W. S. Cooper.

A Snap.

Splendid chance to go into the implement business at Beatrice, Neb. Since the history of Beatrice there has never been half so favorable a time as at present. If taken at once will sell the entire stock of general implements, consisting of seasonable goods, regardless of cost. Address me at Council Bluffs, Ia., or Beatrice, Neb. O. P. McKesson, assignee for W. I. Shullenburger.

An elegant residence with beautiful grounds for sale. T. B. BALDWIN.

One thousand head of one, two and three-year-old steers for sale. Will give credit to reliable parties. Enquire o A. J. Greenamayer, 623 Mynster st. telephone 121.

For best quality coal and wood, call on Gleason, 26 Pearl street.

Working a Salvation Sister.

Ed O'Donnell, a lodger at the city jail, was in a great hurry to get out yesterday morning, as he wanted to go over to the Salvation Army hall. When asked by Jailer White what his object was, he exhibiited several rents in his clothing and said, "I stand in with Mrs. Smith and she don't want me to go around like this, so if I get up there in time she will fix me up like a dude. I tell you a fellow has a 'pud' when he gets a sister in the army stuck on his shape. You needn't give the snap away, but if you ever need anything of the kind just let me know, and I'll fix you up all right." Charley said he was not in need of a needle-wielder just at present, but thanked his boarder for his generous offer and let him go. It seems there are several of the needy ones who are working the same scheme for all it is worth.

If you desire to get a new Hall type writer cheap, drop a postal card to H. A. P., BEE office. A great bargain for the first who applies.

E. H. Sheafe loans money on chattel security of every description. Private consulting rooms. All business strictly confidential. Office 500 Broadway, corner Main street, up-stairs.

For Sale.

We offer as a special bargain 140 acres, three miles east of the city, suitable to plat in five and ten acre lots.
JOHNSON & VAN PATTEN.
33 Main st.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mrs. E. J. Baldwin, who has been seriously indisposed for some time, is reported as rapidly recovering.

Judge Carson spent Sunday with his family in this city.

C. R. Johnson, Kansas City; P. V. Miller, Keokuk; Eugene Eyl, Cincinnati; and L. M. Hartley, Salem, Ia., were among yesterday's arrivals at the Pacific.

"Boston" McClune, of Omaha, has charge of the Council Bluffs department of the Omaha Herald during Mr. Thompson's illness.

Opium, morphine habits cured. Dr. Bellinger, 614 B'way, Council Bluffs.

THE CHAUTAUQUANS' TRIP.

Mayor Rohrer and the Committee Gather Encouraging Information.

DR. PHELPS ON LIBERALITY.

The Police Have an Easy Sunday—How a Salvation Sister is Duped Arranging For a Cold Ride.

The Chautauqua Move.

The committee appointed by the city council to go east in the interests of the Chautauqua assembly has returned, having accomplished all that was expected on this trip. Their mission was to secure the co-operation of the various railways centering here and to do some other preliminary work of this nature. They were very fortunate in securing personal interviews with nearly every one of the men whom they desired to see, without any of those annoying delays which are so usual in affairs of this kind. Most of the managers were fortunately at their offices, and there was not one but gave the matter a careful hearing, and promised kindly consideration. The committee were very pleasantly received on all hands and courteously treated. The importance of the enterprise they represent, and the outlook for its success, seemed to strike the railroad men with favor, and the committee was assured that the matter would be fairly and promptly considered. The committee report that they accomplished all they expected to, and the mission was by no means in vain, the prospect being brighter for the establishment of a real Chautauqua than ever.

Mayor Rohrer proved a host in himself. He is an enthusiastic worker for all enterprises which tend to build up the city, and this enterprise, reaching out for still broader results, he threw much zeal into securing for it such support as will insure its grand success. J. E. Harkness, who has been very enthusiastic in the movement, and has put much time and strength into it, was also a strong member of the committee, being secretary of the assembly association, and having done much to bring the enterprise thus far along. Colonel Tulleys, president of the association, was also one of the committee. He aided greatly in properly presenting the matter to the officials whom the committee visited, and then left for the east, being called there on important private business. D. W. Archer, one of the most energetic of the business men of the city, was also on the committee, but unfortunately, after partly completing the business, he was taken ill and had to forsake it. S. S. Stevens, of the Rock Island, was also on the committee and was of no little aid.

After attending to the business in hand, Mayor Rohrer paid his respects to Mayor Roche, of Chicago. Chicago's mayor treated the visitors in a very courteous manner, and though crowded with business demands, took time to show them such matters as would be of interest, and would prove of value to Council Bluffs' mayor in the affairs of this city. Chief Sweeney, of the fire department, was also very kind and arranged for giving Mayor Rohrer and his comrades a showing of the workings of the department, but the terrible storm came up and interfered. Mr. Barrett, the veteran electrician, showed the visitors all the workings of his department, and gave them all needful information.

The committee went from Chicago to St. Louis to there interview other officials. They were met with like encouragement, and then Mayor Roher improved his spare moments in calling upon Mayor Francis. This official received him and his companions very courteously. The arrangements were made for Chief Lindsay of the fire department to show how quickly the boys could turn out. The visitors were on their way to the engine house to see the test made, when they heard the bell tap, and quicker than it can be told one steamer after another went flying past, until they had counted seven. They thought the display a good one for so short notice, and their bewilderment was only cleared up when they discovered that the exhibition was not for their benefit, but that a real fire had broken out and an alarm been sent in. The fire was a big one and the boys put in their time in the more practical work of putting it out, which they did well. The test was not such a one as they were looking for, but they were well satisfied.

On the way home Mayor Rohrer and Mr. Harkness stopped at St. Joseph. Dr. Doyle, who is mayor of that city, gave the visiting mayor generous opportunities for observation, and the gathering up of information from the various departments. John Brady, chief of the police, Chief M. Kane, of the fire department, and other officials, did all in their power to make the brief stay a pleasant one.

It was here that they had the pleasure, too, of meeting Harry Curtis, who recently resigned the secretaryship of the Y. M. C. A. here, to accept a like position at St. Joseph. They found Mr. Curtis getting into his new work with every prospect of making it a grand success. The new building occupied by the association there cost $85,000, and is complete in all respects.

A Sermon Upon Liberality.

Dr. Phelps, at the Presbyterian church preached an instructive and practical sermon yesterday. The points presented are especially appropriate at this time and will be read by the readers of the BEE with interest. The subject was "Liberality," expressed in the words of Paul in II. Cor., 8:9. Following the introduction the speaker said: Paul was writing this letter to the church of Corinth. He had organized it, had preached to it nearly two years and had ever since been deeply interested in it. He urges its members to be liberal. There was a special call for liberal giving just then in the fact that the poor christians were suffering down in Judea and Jerusalem. Besides this Paul urged four considerations.

1. The example of the christians throughout Macedonia. They were very poor. Their business was broken up through the persecutions of both Jews and Pagans. They were driven from their homes; hated, hunted; property confiscated, heavily taxed, desolated by the civil wars; burdened by the tribute to their conquerors, and yet they gave. They gave beyond their power, and earnestly solicited Paul to receive it and take from them to the poor at Jerusalem. There is an example here that we may well study.

2. He urged that they possessed the other graces; viz, faith, knowledge, diligence and love; they ought to abound in this grace also. The christian character is not symmetical unless it be liberal. A stingy christian is a contradiction in terms.

3. He urged the example of Christ as stated in the text.

4. He urged the motive of gratitude. Christ became thus poor for your sakes.

I take occasion, in connection with our annual contribution to foreign missions to-day, to urge you to be liberal. I have not found you lacking in this. You have given generous responses to every appeal that I have made, still permit me to press the subject upon your attention in the following considerations:

1. We need. God does not need any man's money if He chose to do without it. But He gives man an opportunity to co-operate with Him in saving the world. Such co-operation requires money. Just now the doors are open to the gospel in all the earth, and millions of heathen are calling for it. Men and women stand ready to take it to them, but cannot for lack of money. Money, then, is needed. I know there are many calls, especially on you business men. You speak of the "everlasting giving," but I desire to everlastingly preach this "everlasting giving" as long as I live.

2. I plead your example as individuals. Your name on a subscription paper and the amount of it or the absence of your name affects the whole subscription. As a church your example tells in this community, in this presbytery and throughout the state.

3. The pecuniary benefit of liberal giving. I never new a man to grow poor by conscientious giving. We read of one poor widow whose oil and meal were kept from failing through a famine of two and a half years by sharing it with others at the commandment of the Lord. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that which holdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty."

4. The satisfaction of being liberal instead of stingy and of aiding the poor and every good cause.

5. The spiritual benefit. The liberal soul is made. There is intimate connection between good and good, as there is between gold and greed and between gold and guilt. It is an instinct of our nature to give as prayer is. It is an act of worship. It is pleasing to God and glorifies Him.

I plead the closing consideration of gratitude for what Christ has done for us. Though so rich He became poor; so poor that we, through His poverty, might become rich. He was that babe in Bethlehem, which knew only a manger for a bed. He was that carpenter at Nazereth, supporting Himself and His widowed mother by His trade. His poverty includes His humiliation which involves all His suffering which was far greater than we know.

The speaker closed with a number of touching anecdotes, illustrating liberal giving and enforcing the appeal.

Guns of all kinds at Odell & Bryant's, 504 S. Main St.

On the market for over twenty years. Still the most reliable and the most popular sewing machine made. The light running Domestic. Office 105 Main st.

Domestic patterns at 105 Main st.

A STORY OF THE BLIZZARD.

Hopeless Struggle Against Cold and Storm.

Frank Wilkeson in New York Times: The Tolles realized that they had to have coal. They had lost their crops and were as poor as their neighbors. To buy coal it was necessary to take a portion of the small sum of money they had sacredly laid aside to meet the expenses of the coming of a longed-for child. For several days they hesitated to draw from this store; then a sharp, cold night, during which the north wind blew keenly, warned them to prepare, as winter drew nigh. The next morning John Tolle hitched his incumbered horse to his mortgaged wagon and drove thirty miles to town to buy coal. Arrived there he found many other settlers, all of whom were poorly clad and in financial straits, in town after fuel. All told the same story: Cow chips to burn, no solid fuel, almost a total failure of crops and hardly any money. These hardy men discussed the danger which lurked in coming blizzards freely, as there were no women there to be alarmed. There was no coal in the town. They surrounded the empty bins and demanded—and there was menace in their tones—of the dealer why he had no coal.

"Gentlemen," the dealer said, "I ordered 500 tons of coal weeks ago. The railroad company will not haul the fuel for me." He was silent for an instant, then, in further explanation, said: "You see, the directors of this corporation own the controlling interest in the coal mines in the Rocky mountains and in Missouri, on the output of which we depend for fuel. This railroad company will not supply cars to free mines. The corporation has resolved to put up the price of coal, and they are deliberately creating a natural scarcity of coal so as to be able to charge higher prices for it at the mines. They are preparing to form a western coal trust."

"Great heavens, man!" the settlers exclaimed as one man, "we raised nothing this year. We have neither grain nor stock to sell. Our teams and tools are mortgaged. We caunot raise any more money. How does the company expect us to pay increased prices for fuel?"

"That is just the trouble," the dealer replied bitterly; "you produced nothing this year. You supply no outgoing freight. So you must pay extra for incoming supplies. At least that is the way I look at it. See here, men," he added sardonically, "you have mortgaged your land and chattels, and spent the money in improvements and in living. Don't you see that the railroad corporation can make no further profit out of you? The sooner you are forced to quit the land the sooner other men, who will afford better plucking, will occupy your places. That is about the size of the thing," he added, as he nodded his head emphatically at them.

All the settlers talked and thought and acted, so did John and Mary Tolles. One morning, a week after John had returned coalless from town, the south wind was blowing briskly when they awoke. It whistled rather mournfully, as is the wont of vapor-laden winds, around their small house. They arose and dressed, and walked out onto the prairie. The sky was cloudless, but hazy. As they talked of the future they heard a low, faint roar, as though a distant sea foamed on a sandy shore. Steadily the roar grew louder and louder. The dog howled mournfully outside. The cattle lowed plaintively. The Tolles sat up to listen. Then with a crash the wind whipped into the north. The rain drove furiously against the frail house and blew through tiny cracks in spray over them. Their house shook and trembled. Gusts of wind blew down the stovepipe and caused the light ashes to fly in jets out of the openings in the stove door, as though the stove were a mighty puff ball that was squeezed by unseen hands. The dull sound produced by falling rain was speedily replaced by the sharp rattle of hail beating against the house. Then ice particles and fine snow began to sift into the room.

Louder and louder the storm raged, until the air resounded with the voice of outraged nature. It grew colder and colder. The young people trembled in bed. They piled all their clothes on their blankets, and there they lay and shook through the night. The Tolles were experiencing their first blizzard. As they suffered, and through suffering added to their scanty store of knowledge, their hearts burned with anger at the brutal wickedness displayed by the managers of the railroad company, men who knew the land and its climate, in not hauling coal to the towns along their road for the settlers to buy. They quickly realized the folly of attempting to keep the room warm with the fuel they had. They resolved to hoard it to cook their coarse food. So, after making an unsuccessful attempt to get to their stock, and in making which they very nearly became lost in the storm, they went to bed.

One day, two days, passed, and they suffered physically and mentally the while. When they awoke on third morning the sun streamed redly through the ice-coated eastern windows. The blizzard had passed, the sky was cloudless. It was intensely cold. They arose, dressed themselves, and opened the door to look out. To the extreme of vision the plains were white. All the ravines were drifted full of snow. Every familiar land mark had disappeared. The cattle shed in the ravine was almost covered with tightly-packed ice and snow. After eating a scanty breakfast of corn meal and bacon the Tolles dug a patch of their cattle and watered and fed them. Then they carried straw to their house and rolled and twisted it into bundles to burn in their stove, but it afforded little heat, and the house was very cold. The next day the wind blew from the south, and it seemed to be colder than the north wind had been. The day after that the snow began to melt, and in two days it had disappeared, excepting in the ravines and draws. The meadow lark returned and sat on the sunflower stalk and sweetly proclaimed that spring was coming soon.

The young people realized that they could not live through another blizzard without a supply of coal. But it was thirty miles to the railroad station and John hesitated to drive that long distance on the mere chance of getting fuel. On the afternoon of the fourth day after the blizzard a neighbor rode by their house and as he passed he shouted to them that there was coal at the town. The young man determined to go town the following day. The next morning was a delightful December day on the plains. There was not a particle of wind. The grass, coated with hoar frost, glistened in the sunlight as though millions of tiny electric lights glowed on the prairie. The horses were fed and hitched to the wagon. The young husband came to the house to get money and some food to eat on the journey. Mary counted the sacred hoard. It amounted to $11. She gave John $5 with which to buy coal.

"John," she said, hesitatingly and reluctantly, "John, if you will sleep in the livery stable in town it will save some money. You can take on of the blankets; I will not need all of them, as the weather is so warm and pleasant, and you will be back to-morrow, you know."

"Of course I am going to sleep in the stable," Jonn said, pleasantly. "But I guess I can find bedclothing there. I am afraid to take any from you." He looked at the sky attentively for a few minutes. It was clear to his eyes. He did not notice the faint mist hanging just above the plain away off to the north. Again he looked at the sky, and saw no sign. "I do not believe it will storm," he said, "and if it is chilly to-night you can cover up with our clothes." He took the blanket from her outstretched arms and tossed it into the wagon. He leaned over her, and as her arms twined around his neck he drew her close to him and kissed her lovingly and whispered, "I'll be back to-morrow, dear." She was loth to let him go. She clung to him and kissed him repeatedly. He laughed nervously and very near to tears as he gently loosened her arms, saying lowly, "I must go Mary, or the coal will all be gone before I get there." He clambered into his wagon and drove off.

The day continued warm. But the young wife was lonely. She was oppressed by the solitude of the plains. Her house seemed to be abandoned. She called her dog and walked over the desolate plains. She gathered the cow chips in her apron. She fed and watered the stock. She attempted to kill time, and the day seemed to be the longest and most wearisome she had ever experienced. That night she lighted a lamp and sewed on small garments. Sde smiled as she worked. Apparently her thoughts were pleasant. Without a particle of warning the wind rushed out of the north and struck the house with terrific violence. The air became cold almost instantly. But there was no driving snow. The poor young girl listened to the howling wind for an instant, then she gowed her head on the table and cried bitterly, to be aroused from her nervous grief by a blood-curdling chorus outside the house, as though 10,000 devils were exulting there. The dog's hair stood upright on his back, and he growled savagely. Light footfalls pattered around the house. Then the devilish chorus again sounded. Mary sat with blanched face and faintly throbbing heart, looking through fear-expanded eyes at the door, where she fancied she heard inquiring sniffs. Her dog became wildly excited and barked furiously. Mary was so greatly terrified that she no longer felt the cold. She went to bed to hide. She covered her head with a blanket as a timid child does, and lay awake for hours listening to the coyote's frightful chorous, and listening she fell into a dreamful, troubled sleep.

It was morning, a few flakes of fine snow shot through the air. Mary arose and fed the cattle. She wondered at the intensity of the cold. The northern sky was black with frozen anger. She built a fire in the stove and boiled a little cornmeal for her breakfast, a portion of which she gave to the dog. It grew colder and colder. The snowflakes were becoming more numerous, and appeared to be smaller than they were when she arose, and the wind gathered strength as it blow. Mary glanced at the clock, its hands marked 9. "John is at the top of the second divide by this time," she said. Ten o'clock. The sno was falling freely and almost horizontally. The mercury marked far gelow zero. The noise of the storm was terrific. She became anxious about John. But there were neighbors' houses at intervals on the road, and he would surely find shelter in one of them. And maybe he had not left town. She became nervous; she could not eat; she thought of her Ohio home; visions of great piles of firewood and bins full of coal arose before her; she conjured up the old gray house and the beehives and the apple trees, and her eyes filled with tears.

She grew colder and colder; she crawled into bed and covered herself with the blankets; she grew colder; she arose and stuffed the stove with cow-chips; they burned freely, but threw out little heat. Fearful of her life, she called aloud for her husband. The shivering dog wagged his tail in answer and came to her. She grasped the axe and chopped a portion of the floor into firewood and burned it; she chopped the furniture into firewood and hovered over the stove with extended hands as the hard wood burned.

Darkness fell on the plains. She lighted her lamp and held her half-frozen hands above the glass chimney to warm them. She got her sewing and tried to sew. Her fingers were too stiff to handle the fine needle she worked with, and the small white garments which she was making slipped from her lap and fell on the floor.

By midnight the storm had passed and the bright stars shone on the snow-covered earth. The wind fell. Mary continued to feed the stove with bits of hard wood furniture until the room became sufficiently warm for her to go to bed. The mattress lay on the unchopped floor close to the stove. She lay down and covered herself with the thin blankets. She could not sleep. She pictured her husband lost in the blizzard—how glad she was that she had given him the blanket. Then she saw him sleeping comfortably in a neighbor's house, and the wagon partially filled with lumps of coal stood outside---how good it looked. She argued with herself and tried to be cheerful, but there was a strange, unwonted pressure on her heart which would not be reasoned away. It intervals she slept fitfully, and visions rolled through her brain. She was up early, just as the whitish-gray light began to disappear. She was strangely weak and nervous, and she marveled at her condition. While she was trying to build a fire she heard the crunching of intensely cold snow as wagon wheels rolled over it. She arose and walked to the door, saying:

"Thank God, he has come at last!"

She opened the door and saw the team of horses, with low-hanging heads, wearily approaching the house. No driver sat on the wagon seat.

"John is walking behind the wagon to keep warm," she said, as she pressed her hands to her bosom to quiet her throbbing heart.

The tired, storm-beaten horses slowly approached the house. She saw that the lines were tied around the dashboard. John was not walking behind.

"The horses have run away and left him," she whispered with white lips. "That is it. He will come presently."

The horses halted in front of the door. She grasped the door post with her hands to keep from falling, and gazed wildly through terrified eyes far beyond the wagon over the frozen plains. She shrank from looking into the wagon. Her white face became deeply lined. Her heart was compressed as with slowly-shrinking hands of steel.

"I know he has remained behind," she whispered lowly. Then with a supreme effort she grasped her nerves strongly and walked with a firm stride to the wagon and looked over the high sideboard. She staggered back with the infirm steps of age. Did she see her husband? No. She saw a frozen corpse with its legs drawn up as in pain. She saw a distorted face with frozen, lolling tongue, and eye sockets filled with snow, and the long, black hair was matted with snow and ice. And the arms of the corpse were extended and the outstretched fingers grasped at the bottom of the wagon as though greedily trying to clutch lumps of coal that were not there.

Mary tottered into the house. She crouched on the mattress for a moment, and looked wonderfully at the small, white garments which were lying on the floor. She felt tired, very tired, and sleepy too. She tried to arose herself to action, tried to realize her loss. She reproached herself for not caring for the exhausted horses. But she was too tired, and cold, and sleepy, that she resolved to lie down for a moment before she attempted to do anything. She lay down on the hard mattress and feebly pulled the blankets over her. She closed her eyes and nestled a little, as though to obtain more comfort. A warm glow pervaded her entire body, and she was mildly surprised that she could have thought the morning was cold.

She was motionless for a few minutes. Then a rare smile played around her white lips, her eyes opened wide, she looked through the open door far to the eastward, where the rising sun reddened the heavens. The Kansas life and all its hard, cruel realities disappeared as a troubled dream, and she saw her husband standing under a full-blossomed apple tree in the orchard. Bees were humming in the overhanging limbs. The Miami river shown as a broad band of silver. The westerly hills were bathed in warm, rosy light. Her husband smiled at her and with outstretceed hand beckoned her to come to him. Mary smiled radiantly in reply and went to him.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.

SPECIAL advertisements, such as Lost, Found, To Loan, For Sale, To Rent, Wants, Boarding, etc., will be inserted in this column at the low rate of TEN CENTS PER LINE for the first insertion and Five Cents Per Line for each subsequent insertion. Leave advertisements at our office No. 12 Pearl Street, near Broadway Council Bluffs, Iowa.

WANTS.

WANTED—A boy with pony to take carrier route on the Bee.

FOR SALE—Furniture and stoves at a sacrifice to reduce stock. You can buy at your own prices. A. J. Mandel.

EXCHANGE—Omaha and Council Bluffs property and western land for stocks of merchandise. Call on or address J. B. Christian, 520 Broadway, Council Bluffs, Ia.

FOR SALE—Second-hand Columbia bicycle very cheap, 52-inch, at Bee office.

BUILDING lots and acre property for sale by F. J. Day, 39 Pearl st.

A BARGAIN FOR SOMEBODY

I have now for sale a 4-year-old trotting stallion. His sire and dam both standaad
DR. WADE CARY,
Eighth and Farnam Streets, Omaha.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

ut It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea witho e the knowledge of the person taking it; absolut dly harmless, and will effect a permanent an espeedy cure, whether the patient is a moderat drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands o drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. IT NEVER FAILS. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For sale by Kuhn & Co., 15th and Douglas sts. and 13th and Cuming sts., Omaha, Neb.; A. D. Foster & Bro., Council Bluffs, Ia.

WEAK MEN! Debilitated through Indiscretions or Excesses, we GUARANTEE TO CURE by the NEW IMPROVED Electric Belt & Suspensory, or REFUND MONEY. Made for this specific purpose. CURES OF GENERATIVE WEAKNESS, giving continuous, mild, soothing currents of Electricity directly through all weak parts, restoring them to health and Vigorous Strength. Electric Current felt instantly or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. Greatest Improvements over all other belts. Worst cases permanently cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet, etc. Stamp. The Beeden Electric Co. 169 LaSalle st., Chicago.

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A PIANO OR ORGAN?
IF SO, NOW IS YOUR TIME!

PIANOS—THE FULLEST, RICHEST TONE.
PIANOS—THE LATEST STYLES IN CASES.
PIANOS—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINISH.
ORGANS—SMOOTH IN TONE.
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ORGANS—ELEGANTLY FINISHED CASES.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE!

We Defy All Competition and Challenge a Comparison of Goods and Prices With Any House in the West.

SEE US BEFORE YOU PURCHASE!

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COUNCIL BLUFFS, - - - - IOWA.

TROXELL BROS.,
—STRICTLY CASH—
Wholesale and Retail Grocers.
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

Will sell you groceries cheaper than you can buy them anywhere else on earth. Mail orders solicited.

GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU FROM 10 TO 20 PER CENT.

DR. C. B. JUDD,
MANUFACTURER OF
ELECTRIC BELTS AND ELECTRIC TRUSSES.
No. 606 Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

WANTED—Good Salesmen on large commission or salary.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

FINLEY BURKE, Attorney-at-Law, Second Floor Brown Building, 115 Pearl Street, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

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