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.

Six applicants for pensions were before the pension board yesterday morning.

Two beautiful little antelope were yesterday received by express from the far west for Dr. Pinney.

About two hundred teachers are now in attendance at the county institute at the Bloomer school.

The Woman's Exchange will give a lawn sociable at the residence of Thomas Officer, on Willow avenue, this evening.

The funeral of the infant son of George Baylis took place yesterday afternoon from the family residence, 817 Avenue G.

Attend the lawn social at the home of Mrs. L. W. Tulleys this evening. You will be welcomed and served with refreshments by the young gentlemen.

The press club held a meeting yesterday morning at the parlors of the Ogden house to make arrangements for securing rooms and furnishing them. A finance committee, of which D. W. Carr is chairman, was appointed to canvass the ground and see what could be done in the matter.

F. Brownald was inquiring diligently yesterday for two painters, James Godshaw and James Smith by name, who, he alleged, had left his employ and in going had taken several dollars worth of brushes. The chief of police thinks he has located the culprits and is sure he will get the goods as well as the men.

Mayor Rohrer yesterday received a telegram from Editor Lafe Young, of the Atlantic Telegraph, stating that his wife lost her gold watch and chain while the Iowa state press excursion party were at Lake Manawa on the preceding day. Every effort will be made to recover the time piece, as it is very valuable.

The watch that was raffled off for the benefit of St. Bernard's hospital was won by ticket No. 2264, and the holder of that ticket is requested to present it immediately. Unless it is presented within a week, the watch will be raffled again. The sisters netted $160 from the sale of tickets, and the money has done a great deal of good. City papers please copy.

There were but two lonesome lodgers in police court yesterday morning and they were given the usual dose by Judge Aylesworth. A Swede by the name of John Peterson appeared at the clerk's office and swore out a warrant for the arrest of a young fellow by the name of Carrothers for assault. Shortly afterward Carrothers' father appeared and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Peterson on the same charge. Both parties were fighting at Wickham's brick yard in the northern part of the city.

An electric light of 2,000 candle power was placed in the center of Bayliss park yesterday, and will hereafter illuminate that beautiful little spot. It is quite likely that the park will now lose much of its attractiveness for the dozens of "spooney" couples who have filled its rustic benches almost every evening this summer, as the friendly darkness will be there no longer to shelter them from the observation of passers-by. The light will remain there until the autumn frosts scatter the leafy screen that now shuts out the rays from the lights on the court house.

A prominent citizen residing on South Main street, stepped into THE BEE office yesterday and said: "You warmed Walters and Waterman in good shape, but it wasn't half as bad as the citizens outside gave them. If you had tried to publish it all your paper wouldn't have been half big enough to hold it. Walters wanted to bet that the double reel wouldn't be sent back, but I see it is again at the old stand. I thought the council would hardly submit to the dictation of a subordinate who is suffering from an aggravated attack of bighead, and I see I was right."

Union Abstract company, 236 Main street.

Largest stock of bathing suits at John Beno & Co.'s.

Full line of sheet music at Council Bluffs Music Co., 224 Broadway.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr. C. Peterson, of Chicago, has accepted a position with the Council Bluffs Music company.

Miss Yetta Zangs, of Ottumwa, Ia., is visiting with her uncle, J. C. Lange, on Mynster street.

Will Davidson, a young man who has just been graduated with honor from Amherst, was in the city yesterday the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Hanchett. He left yesterday for Nebraska, but will probably return this way before entering upon a permanent location in the west.

Special reduction of 20 per cent on all kinds of picture frames, made to order for ten days, at Chapman's.

Regatta Place.

The balance of these beautiful lots in Regatta Place, Lake Manawa, go to the best bidder at 5 p. m. Thursday, July 12.

Money loaned at L. B. Crafts & Co.'s loan office, on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, personal property of all kinds, and all other articles of value without removal. All business strictly confidential.

Sucker Skinners.

The case of Mills and Pullard, for running a "ball and pin" skin game on the streets, was tried before Squire Barnett yesterday morning. Attorney Lindt conducted the prosecution, and Snyder & Welch looked after the defense. Several witnesses were examined, and a clear case was made out against Mills as the principal in the affair, and Pullard was proven to have taken the role of "plugger." Mills was bound over to the grand jury in the sum of $300, which he failed to furnish, and was remanded to jail. Pullard was discharged and made haste to get out of the city.

400 Feet.

Four hundred feet of frontage on Lake Managa will be struck off to the best bidder Thursday, July 12, at 5 p. m., on the grounds.

It Pays for Everybody.

I have an unusually large stock of pant goods on hand which I want to run off. I will make up pants from this date for $5.00; usual price $10.00. This reduction applies to all summer goods.
A. REITER, 310 Broadway.

Was Not Drugged.

The Omaha reporters yesterday gave a brief account of a Council Bluffs woman having been drugged by two gamblers in a Tenth street wine room. She was brought back to her home here yesterday, and promptly and emphatically denies that she was drugged or that she even drank any liquor. As is known among her friends here, she was sun struck several years ago and since that time she has had to be careful about being exposed to the heat. About five weeks ago she was overcome with the heat again. Tuesday she went over to Omaha and she claims that all she drank was a glass of lemonade in a little restaurant near Stephenson's stables. She then went to Dewey & Stone's to make some purchase, but finding that she was growing ill she returned to the depot and there became unconscious. She was taken to St. Joseph's hospital and her friends sent for. She was soon restored to consciousness and returned home. She feels keenly the statement that she was visiting wine rooms and associating with gamblers.

Artists prefer the Hallett & Davis piano, at C. B. Music Co., 224 Broadway.

S. B. Wadsworth & Co. loan money.

Travelers! Stop at the Bechtele.

Buy bathing suits at Beno's.

THE DOINGS IN THE BLUFFS.

The New Steamer, Mayor Rohrer Launched on Manawa.

GOING FOR STREET FAKIRS.

The Striking Engineers Deny the Chicago Dynamite Story—The Kincaid Divorce—A Wayward Girl from Nebraska—Personals.

Launching of the M. F. Rohrer.

Yesterday afternoon in the presence of 2,000 people Captain John Chapman's new double decked steamer, the M. F. Rohrer, was launched at 4:55. A number of newspaper representatives climbed the ladder for the purpose of inspecting the boat when it broke from its moorings and slid off gracefully into the water. The "slide" was premature, but for all that was made without any accident. Three cheers burst from the assembled concourse as a greeting to the new craft, after which she was made fast by lines to the shore. Shortly after 5 o'clock the formal ceremonies occurred upon the lower deck of the steamer. W. H. Copson introduced Mayor Rohrer, who spoke briefly and in a most happy vein. He referred to the time in the history of Council Bluffs when one hack was sufficient to transport visitors about the city, but now many, and those the finest, were seen upon the streets. It was but a short time ago when one boat was sufficient for the needs of those who visited Lake Manawa. Now four beautiful steamers sailed upon its waters. In behalf of the position he occupied as mayor of the city, the city council, the 35,000 people and their seven representative newspapers he accepted the honor the occasion imposed. He then introduced his niece, Miss Lottie Armour, who in a neat and maidenly speech christened the boat, breaking a bottle of wine over the bow. W. A. Mynster, in behalf of the people assembled, was introduced by Captain Chapman. His appearance was greeted with applause. He spoke briefly and appropriately, rehearsing the growth of Manawa Lake to its present position as the recognized pleasure resort of the Missouri valley. Very soon the boat, with its merry load, steamed out, and a couple of hours were pleasantly passed upon the bosom of the lake. The occasion was most successfully terminated, and amid cheers for the M. F. Rohrer and its gallant captain the crowd reembarked upon the train in waiting and were borne homeward. The occasion was made the more delightful by the presence of Dalby's band, which discoursed beautiful melodies at proper intervals.

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

Everything from a Jewsharp to a piano at C. B. Music Co., 224 Broadway.

J. G. Tipton has bargains in realestate.

The Strikers and Dynamite.

"No, don't dodge, I haven't any dynamite," remarked one of the striking engineers as he stepped into THE BEE office yesterday. "I just want to show you a letter I have received, and which shows how the boys feel. By the way you fellows don't begin to get all the news there is about the "Q." For instance, there was a mighty close call the other night near Prescott. The train which left here that evening was manned by a pretty merry crew, and it was getting still merrier, for there was a keg of beer on board for the boys. At Prescott the board was out for the train to stop there to let a second No. 13 pass. The boys never noticed the board and went skipping by. The baggageman—they keep a sharp lookout now a-days, for they feel a little nervous—noticed the board, and jumped and pulled the rope and the air-brake, and stopped the train. Just as she stopped No. 13 was seen a coming. They just got back to Prescott in time. It was a close call. I just got a letter from my brother, and he tells me that the scab who took my place has been drunk ever since the Fourth, and the fellow on the other run had to double up. That's the way its going. But what I wanted you to see was this letter from the boys who are said to be using dynamite. Just read it."

NATIONAL HOTEL, CHICAGO, July 8, 1888.—Brother Engineers, Firemen and Switchmen: You are all fully aware by this time that a desperate attempt is being made to frighten the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy men, and, if possible, cause a stampede in their ranks. This is the supreme hour of the contest. Brothers, we have every reason for believing that the men under arrest are innocent, or that they are enemies, for a friend, if he meant to be a friend, and undertake such a dastardly act must be crazy. There are many reasons to believe that the whole plot has been instigated by the enemies of our brotherhood, for the Burlington is financially embarrassed and they are trying to borrow $2,000,000 to defray the expenses of the immense loss incurred by their set of incompetent men. The whole thing shows that the "Q" is desperate and the men who would intrust the lives of people to such a man as Fred Geier (who had the wreck at Naperville) and others of his type, will not hesitate to still carry on their desperate attempts to injure life, and what is more dear and precious still, the characters of men.

Reports are continually coming in showing during the last few days and in fact for the last months, a gradual falling off of the traffic of the road, which irritated, beyond a doubt, the officials to seek revenge in the way they have.

Stand firm, brothers, for the last desperate attempt from all appearance, to ruin you, is all you will have to overcome, which truth will do. Respectfully,

HOGE AND MURPHY,
THOMAS W. FOWLER.

Buy mantels, grates and hearth furnishings of the New York plumbing Co.

Three Days For a Divorce.

The troubles of the Kincaid family have already been quite fully aired. The divorce case in which Mrs. Kincaid figures as plaintiff was called up in court in Omaha Tuesday and some testimony taken. It leaked out, however, that Mrs. Kincaid lacked just three days of having lived long enough in Omaha to secure a residence in Nebraska, and hence the case was thrown out of court. The judge remarked that he had no doubt but that a divorce should be granted, but on account of this technicality he would not consider the case further. He granted an injunction restraining Kincaid from interfering with the children until Mrs. Kincaid could get her case properly in court. Of course this injunction cannot interfere with the habeas corpus proceedings started by him in this city, before Judge Aylesworth, and by which Kincaid hopes to secure possession of the children. Mrs. Kincaid and children are living here now. In the taking of testimony the other day Kincaid swore he owned forty acres in Cass county, Iowa. As this is not believed by Mrs. Kincaid and others, steps are being taken to secure evidence to show that Kincaid's statement was false, and if so, this may get him into further trouble.

Escaped From Omaha.

The Omaha police may be lynx-eyed, but they are not foxy enough for some of the Council Bluffs sports. The other day there was a quartet from this city taking in Omaha. The feminine pair seemed to have got too heavily laden and the police decided to run in the four. One of the Bluffites seeing the bluecoats coming, and not being a very good racer, crawled into an ice cream wagon which chanced to be standing near by, and under this friendly cover was completely hidden. He offered the driver $10 to bring him over to the Bluffs, and the wagon rolled off as the wondering policeman was trying to determine where that other fellow went to. His partner in distress was not so fortunate and was placed behind the bars, where he had to remain until a deposit of $15 was given as security, and a Bluffs policeman vouched for his general character, and that he is not a Jesse James. The ice cream wagon is now looked on with friendly eyes by the sports as a means of escape more certain, if not more dignified, than the Jeff Davis petticoat.

When fragile woman sighs, deploring
The charms that quickly fade away,
What power the bloom of health restoring,
Can check the progress of decay?
The only aid that's worth attention,
For pains and ill of such description,
Thousands of women gladly mention—
"Tis Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

The price of this royal remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is but one dollar. Specific for all those chronic ailments and weaknesses peculiar to women. The only medicine for such maladies, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles $1. Six for $5.

SWALLOWED BY QUICKSAND.

An Engine Falls Into a Pit of Quicksand and Sinks Beyond Reach.

"In the construction of the Kansas Pacific and Topeka & Santa Fe railroads," said H. L. Carter, a railroad contractor of St. Joseph, the other day to a representative of the Industrial World, "one difficulty of frequent occurrence was met with which, as far as my experience goes, is unique in railroad history. I refer to the trouble arising from quicksands. From western Kansas to the mountains quicksands are to be found in nearly every stream, no matter how small, and to successfully bridge them required an expenditure out of all proportion to the size of the stream to be crossed. We tried pile driving, but the longest piles disappeared without touching the bottom. Then filling with earth and stone was attempted, and met with equally poor success, as the quicksand was apparently capable of swallowing the entire Rocky mountains. The only means of crossing was found to be to build short truss bridges across them. This was very expensive, but was the only thing to be done. As an instance of this practically bottomless nature of the quicksands, I may cite the case of an engine that ran off the track at River Bend, about ninety miles from Denver, on the Kansas Pacific. The engine, a large freight, fell into a quicksand, and in twenty minutes had entirely disappeared. Within two days the company sent out a gang of men and a wrecking train to raise the engine. To their surprise they could not find a trace of it. Careful search was made, magnetized rods were sunk to the depth of sixty-five feet, but no engine could be found. It had sunk beyond human ken, and from that day to this has never been discovered. Cattle and horses are frequently lost, the only animal that is safe being a mule—the only animal that never gets caught. No greater instance of the intelligence of this much-maligned quadruped can be cited than the skill and care with which it avoids an unsound bottom. As its hoofs are much smaller and narrower than those of a horse, it would mire down in places where a horse could safely pass. Recognizing this fact, whenever a mule feels the ground giving away under his feet it draws back instantly and cannot be induced to advance a step, although a whole drove of horses may have immediately preceded. Those who think a mule is stupid are much mistaken."

"See how white my teeth are growing,
Satisfactorily showing;"
Said a lady to her friend, t'other day,
"That this standard preparation
Merits highest commendation—"
It was SOZODONT, I scarcely need to say.

"Tipping" and Its Reform.

Julian Magnus in the Epoch: It is to the selfishness and thoughtlessness of the rich that the growth of "tipping" is mainly due. But while the result is not oppressive to them, it has become a serious tax on persons of moderate income who travel much or take their meals in restaurants. The man who can afford to pay anywhere from $2 to $5 for his dinner does not miss the quarter, which is the lowest amount that he will give the waiter. To the man or woman of moderate means who takes three meals a day at a restaurant where the service is sufficiently good to be agreeable the necessity of paying 30 cents a day for "tips" is a serious addition to the expenses of living. If his three meals cost from $1.50 to $2 the increase is from 16 to 20 per cent. Over $100 a year compulsorily spent in "tips" is a sum which if saved would make to many people the difference between continual pinching and a fair degree of comfort. Ten cents is the lowest "tip" that can be given in a good second-class restaurant. Now, if a man has a chop and a glass of beer or a cup of tea or coffee for lunch at the cost of 35 or 40 cents, he is paying 25 per cent. additional for the privilege of giving the restaurant keeper a large profit, as the cost of the meal, with all expenses, is at the highest not more than two-thirds of the amount charged.

Reform is only to be hoped for through the action of hotel and restaurant keepers who will possess enough intelligence to see that larger profits can be made by ridding the public of this, to many, almost intolerable burden. Any man who will start a good restaurant or hotel, in which there shall be a strict and rigidly enforced rule against "tips," will most assuredly have more patronage than he can accommodate. It would need only a few such entering wedges to generally relieve the public of this irksome and unnecessary tax.

One touch of kindness that a house keeper will appreciate is the presentation to her of several bottles, nay of one bottle, of Van Duzer's Flavoring Extracts which are known and esteemed in every properly ordered household for their ascertained purity, delicacy and height of flavor. They are particularly economic, necessitating the use only of the least quantity, and the bottles of the five different sizes contain more than the average. All grocers sell them.

Why Three Girls Were Expelled.

A case relating to one of the boarding schools for young ladies in Baltimore county has just come to light and is the subject of much popular talk. The affair occurred several months ago and concerned three of the female students and three young men. On the day in question the young ladies of the establishment were given a holiday, but were not permitted to leave the grounds nor to receive visitors. By a preconcerted arrangement the three girls were to meet three young men of Baltimore at a stated hour in a secluded spot in the grounds. The girls repaired to a high board fence on which stood the three young men in waiting. Three boards were pulled off and the young ladies went through. A few minutes later all parties were sitting under a tree chatting. A servant woman who had occasion to pass along a pathway near the place where the parties sat was a silent witness to everything that transpired. Leaving her hiding place she hurried to the institution and apprised the custodian of what was going on. The latter sped across the grounds and when within a few hundred feet of the truant maids was discovered. The frightened girls appealed to the chivalry of their beaux, but the latter, remembering that the days of chivalry have past beat a hasty retreat and left their sweethearts to their fate. Next day the three girls were expelled.

A DAY AT PINE RIDGE AGENCY

The Indian of Romance and of Reality.

HE SEMI-MONTHLY BEEF ISSUE.

A Strange Scene on the Sioux Reservation—The Chiefs and Braves in all the Glory of Feathers and Filthiness.

RUSHVILLE, Neb., July 9.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—If you arise in early morn on the second or fourth Wednesday of any month and drive thirty-five miles north of Rushville to the valley of the White Clay river in the Sioux Indian reservation, three miles above the Pine Ridge agency, you will witness a scene not easily forgotten in your future wanderings. Eastward stretches dimly away the winding, sedgy valley of the lovely rippling stream whose source is the bubbling crystal springs in the Pine Ridge hills. Westward, and the valley is lost to sight by encroaching hills, as its channel winds on its course to its mother stream, the White river. As far as the eye can reach, and all around you, are the active camps and tepees of the squaw man, and original inhabitants of the plains. Dotted along the river banks for miles, these sodden, smoke-stained domiciles of these wild people of the forest appear in endless profusion. When one comes in sight of this grand panorama of primitive habitation, as he descends the northern slope into the valley, he can but contemplate the romance of the occasion. It is the day of the big issue when four thousand bucks, squaws and papooses congregated at the government corral are to receive their monthly beeves, and rations. On wagons drawn by broncho ponies waits the female part of the family together with the younger element whose youthfulness deprives them of riding on horseback, and around every vehicle is the pack of sneaking, snarling, barking dogs that every lodge invariably possesses. On horseback painted in all the gaudy colors known to the Indian art, are the young men and old warriors, each armed with an implement of warefare of some description, cantering up and down the field as though there were preparations being made for a desperate battle, all the hideousness of which their savage minds is capable of conceiving, is displayed on every feature. Contortionate expressions of countenance, signs and signals known only to tribal nomenclature, paint and feathers, brass and bone rings for ornaments, dangling from the ears, or suspended by their matted, jet black hair, are some of the features of action and dress to which the stranger's attention is first attracted. One will observe among them those who think themselves much above their associates, and my attention was called particularly to one gaunt and greasy son of the wilderness, who believes himself to be the glass of fashion and the mould of form. He came up to me and asked for "towak" (tobacco), apparently as unconscious of his odors as though redolent of patchouly and white rose. He was truly unwashed, and nearly naked, save in the respect of paint and feathers and the scanty government blanket thrown over his shoulders, and if the impolite truth be told he was swarming with that enterprising insect to which the Poet Burns wrote an apostrophe. Yet he maintained the hauteur and personal pride of his importance and stood with folded arms and defiant looks desiring to impress me with the idea that he is indeed "heap big Injun."

Promptly at 9 a. m. the issue is expected to take place, and while we have an hour to wait we put in the time in studying the habits and customs of these wards of Uncle Sam. There have been many pen-pictures drawn of the American Indians' elevating their character and discoursing on their virtues, and the picture from a romantic view of the case has been very beautiful; but in truth, when confronted with the actual hero, have been without foundation. Cooper's beautiful lines become ridiculous when he makes these sons of the forest, whose descendants now linger upon coveted reservations, in unhappy squalor, filthy, brutal, cunning and treacherous, thievish and marauding, appear as lovely, content, reticent, eloquent, brave, faithful, magnanimous and truthful—every sentiment of beauty fades like mist before the noonday sun when you compare their magnanimity and truthfulness with the actual man. To one who has been on the frontier for a number of years the ordinary reservation Indian is not a curiosity. The greasy red blanket, the shanky legs, the brass jewelry, the lazy, shuffling gait and pigeon toes, the encrusted rancidity, are poor material out of which to manufacture a hero or form a romance. All missionary and philanthropic efforts made in his behalf have thus far failed to amend his life or change his morals. Always prominent in the history of the country, ever to the fore in philanthropic literature and "spread eagle oratory," always the impediment to be removed, and afterward the dependent to be supported mollified by semi-annual gifts, and oiled and pacified by periodical talks about the "Great Father" at Washington, and blarney about "brothers" through campaigns, councils, treaties and tribal relations, he is finally approaching the last years of his career, with only one redeeming fact upon his record, that he has never been tamed, nor never been a servant.

The common instincts of savagery from Red Jacket to the present time, is burning in their untamed breasts, and is illustrated in their mode of slaughter, as witnessed in these beef issues. In the corral are some 250 wild Texas steers, very rough looking animals, to be called beeves—but anything with horns, hoof and hide is a beef with an Indian—which the herders are branding as they drive them through the "chute." This brand is put on them the day of issue and is for the purpose of detecting a stolen hide among them. It is a simple triangle in shape, and no Indian can sell a hide to the post-trader that has not this brand upon it. Through the kindness of Mr. Harry Clark, chief clerk, we occupied a position in the lookout or call stand, during the progress of the issue.

Upon the arrival of the agent and chief clerk and interpreter the Indians formed in line in a sort of "present arms" style, each line facing the other, leaving a space of about thirty feet through which the frightened animals were compelled to pass on leaving the exit of the corral. And as each name was called from the record the gatekeeper announced the beeves for the same and the interpreter gave the same in aborigine language to an Indian caller, who proclaimed it in turn to the crowd, and the red skin answering to the name would immediately dash from the ranks with all the chivalry and pompousness of Indian bravery and pursue at full speed the frightened animal, chasing the beast for at least a mile from the inclosure before shooting. After tormenting, torturing and aggravating the brute until its endurance was beyond forbearance, the Indian would dispatch his victim with his Colts or Winchester. The process goes on the same throughout the entire exercises, and it is no small sight to witness three or four hundred of these slaughtering heroes upon the plain at one time, and the discharge of firearms sounds like the combat of fighting armies. Immediately after the first beef leaves the inclosure the squaws start for the slaughter field with their wagons, in order to be ready to skin and dress the animal. The "big brave Injun" has done his noble work in the affair and with the trophy of the animal's smoking tongue for his prize, he sits upon his pony while his squaws prepare the carcass for that process by which it becomes jerked beef. Everywhere and always the squaws do the work and the men are idle. The hideous and toothless crone is never too old to work, never old enough to rest. The life of her and all her daughters is that of a slave, a slave born and predestined, to whom rest and liberty shall never come. She is beaten, abused, reviled, driven like any other beast of burden. She is bought and sold; wife, mother and pack animal joined in one hideous and hopeless whole—a squaw.

There is but little more beauty to be found among Indian "maidens" than there is among gorillas. Those false poems which descant upon the charms of dusky love and the romance of wilderness affection are vague imaginations of a dime novel mind. Poetic license is a wanton and wayward thing, and has been made to caper nimbly to strange tunes, but the man who invented those charming but phenominally false Indian ideals, and first crowned the universal squaw with the roses of love, ought to see the woman once, and he never would again effuse on her "bewitching charms."

Every particle of the animal is saved and utilized, even the blood is left in the flesh, and the intestines are carried to the lodge and eaten as one of their most dainty dishes. A grotesque category of names of these people becomes amusing to one on first visit, but after awhile its peculiarities will not be thought of. Indians are named in honor of some peculiar circumstance, or characteric, in their early life, I append a few which are among the prominent of the Sioux tribe, all being heads of consolidations, Crazy Bear, No Flesh, Broken Arm, Little-One-Toe, Horny Bull, Run-After-Cat, Feather-Man, Young Bat, etc. There are 156 of these consolidations, consisting of thirty people each, one-half as many others who get their rations from the block, making a total of 7,020 people at this agency. The government issues to these 230 beeves every twenty-eight days and 130 every fourteen days, making 360 beeves a month. After a pleasant visit with Colonel Gallagher, the courteous and accommodating agent, and his chief clerk, Harry Clark, and looking through the government school building under the guidance of Prof. W. T. Manning; also a friendly call on Captain George Sword, the chief of the Indian police, in his commodious and elegant apartments, we express ourselves as fully repaid for the time spent in visiting the Pine Ridge Indian agency. E. E.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

Sunstroke—How to Treat Cases.

Indianapolis News: Do the following things in the order named:

1. Carry the patient to the nearest shade, preferable a drug store.
2. Place the patient's face up, head slightly raised, where there is a draft of air.
3. Open the clothing around the neck and at once apply cold water to the head and neck, ice water is preferred.
4. Keep spectators away.
5. Send for a physician.
6. Send for a patrol wagon.

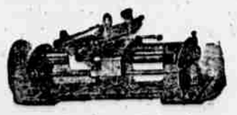
While waiting for the physician or patrol, continue to apply the cold water. Sponges or clothes saturated with water and applied to the neck over the jugular veins affords speedy relief in most cases. It is believed that many cases have ended fatally for want of prompt attention, the patient having been left alone, until the physician or wagon arrived. Don't wait in any case; act promptly and save the patient.

Mothers Read.

The proprietors of SANTA ABIE have authorized Goodman Drug Co., to refund your money if, after giving this California King of Cough Cures a fair trial as directed, it fails to give satisfaction for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough and all throat and Lung troubles. When the disease affects the head, and assumes the form of Catarrh, nothing is so effective as CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE. These preparations are without equals as household remedies. Sold at $1.00 a package. Three for $2.50.

Drink Malto.

Mrs. C. L. Gillette. NOVELTIES. NO. 29 HUMAN HAIR GOODS. COUNCIL BLUFFS. MAIN ST. Steam Dye Works. Fashionable. Same Street & Number.



PRICE $15.

The Morris Type Writer is a practical, well made and finely finished machine, and combines the perfect lettering, exact alignment, and rapid writing of a high priced writer. The EDISON MIMEOGRAPH, the best apparatus made for manifolding autographic and type writer work; 3,000 copies can be taken. TYPE WRITER supplies for sale. Send for circulars. The Excelsior Co., Council Bluffs, Ia. Mention this paper.

CAMPAIGN GOODS
Our new CATALOGUE OF CAMPAIGN OUTFITS, with constitution, drill tactics and full information about organizing and drilling Marching Clubs. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,
108 Madison St., CHICAGO. | 241 Broadway, NEW YORK.

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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.

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