

THE OMAHA BEE. COUNCIL BLUFFS. OFFICE - NO. 12 PEARL STREET.

Delivered by Carrier in any part of the City. H. W. TILTON, MANAGER.

MINOR MENTION. N. Y. P. Co. Council Bluffs Lumber Co., coal.

The Whist club will be entertained next Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. H. L. Shepherd on Bluff street.

Misses Anna Patterson and Helen Shepherd will entertain a card party tomorrow afternoon at the residence of the former on Fourth avenue.

Pottawattamie Abstract Co. is prepared to furnish abstracts at lowest prices; oldest set of books in this county. Office, Kimball-Clamp Investment Co.

The fire bell rang a number of times yesterday and once the department was called out. There was no fire, however, and the alarm was caused by the crossing of two of the wires.

Julius A. Cochran and Miss Rose Buckminster, both of this city, were married Saturday night by Rev. G. W. Crofts at the residence of Carl Lane, on Avenue G.

Dan Carriage is planning to erect a warehouse at the southwest corner of Thirtieth and Main streets. It will be 50x100 feet in dimensions and four stories high.

Rev. J. G. White delivered a lecture yesterday afternoon in the Masonic temple on the subject of "Romanism." The address was under the auspices of the American Protective association, and the house was crowded to the limit.

An old farmer was run in yesterday with a large jag upon him. When he was searched at the police station he was found to have a razor and a bottle filled with a brownish liquid. He claimed to have utilized the razor in dehorning cattle lately on his farm east of the city, and stoutly denied having drunk anything out of the bottle.

An alarm from box 37 brought the fire department out last evening about 6:30 o'clock in the corner of Thirtieth and Main streets. A. B. Cherniss was on fire. By the time the hose was in play the building was so far gone that nothing could be done except to remove the blaze from being communicated to the neighboring houses. The furniture was all moved out, but the house was entirely destroyed.

Miss Mary Gleason, fashionable dress-maker, 14 Pearl street, upstairs. Teapots worth \$1.00 with one pound of good tea worth 75c, all for 75c. Lund Bros., 23 Main street.

The finest grade of boots and shoes at Morris', 6 Pearl street. W. S. Baird, attorney, Everett block.

The finest line of lamps in the west. Lund Bros., 23 Main street. PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Miss Grace Osborne has accepted a position as a teacher in a school at Seluyier, Neb. Mrs. Mary Cole and daughter, Miss Laura, of Mt. Pleasant, arrived in the city Saturday evening and will visit the family of W. T. Cole, 416 Bluff street.

NEWS FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS. Board of Supervisors Will Today Make the Official Returns.

TOWNSHIP CANDIDATES IN DOUBT. After an All Night Tussle With the Bailiffs the Judges and Clerks Were Too Tired for Business.

The Board of Supervisors will meet this morning for the purpose of making the official count of the votes cast at the last election. The figures will probably be the same as have already been published from the official returns, and the count is not likely to make any difference with the results already found on the county and state tickets.

The candidates for the township tickets are therefore in blissful ignorance as to whether they will be called upon to serve the people next year or will be left to hunt a job somewhere else, and nothing definite can be learned until the supervisors meet.

The place where are congregated the fabrics for home uses. Cottons, flannels, table linens, washes, towels, napkins, comforters and blankets, sheetings, etc., etc. The foundation of a successful business rests upon a department of this nature, and it behooves us to preserve and strengthen the good name which we have obtained for the best providing this manner of merchandise. Boston Store, Council Bluffs, Ia.

We have our own vineyards in California. Jarvis Wine company, 803 Main st. Plush chairs from \$1.75 up. bed room suits from \$10.50; wire springs, \$1.40; at Morgan's, 740 Broadway.

This season, as always, but more than ever, we are hearing competition to death in the selecting and in the showing of fall and winter outside garments. Call and get our prices and see our styles. Every garment a money saver. Boston Store, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Regular meeting of Exalted order, No. 259, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons Monday evening, November 9. Visiting brethren cordially invited. By order of the W. M.

One Important Part of the City Hall Work Completed. The stone work on the new city hall is completed. The last stone was laid Saturday in the presence of Superintendent Coats and a number of the outgoing and incoming council. While there was no public demonstration, there was a feeling of general satisfaction and a realization that ere many months the building would be ready for occupancy.

The particular stone that was laid into place today was simply a piece of Portage red sand stone, weighing four tons. While in fact it was a stone, it was and will be to all the citizens known as a gorgon. Where this particular gorgon rests is on the southeast corner of the tower on the southwest corner of the building. It is 107 feet above Farnam street and enjoys the company of two other gorgons, one being upon the northwest and the other upon the northeast corner of the tower.

The gorgons are mythical animals and like their brothers, the grylls that inhabit the mountains, they are supposed to be exact representations of winged creatures that existed long ages before man set his foot upon this earth. The work of placing the last gorgon in position was not a difficult one. It was brought out of the storehouse on a large truck. The workmen placed it just in front of its shoulder, the signal was given to the engineer. A moment later there was a puff of steam and the huge curved rock was on the way to its destination, where it will remain. The trip was successfully accomplished. A few pounds of mortar formed the bed, and then the stone was lowered into its place.

The work of completing the tower will now be commenced, and to do this there will be constructed a parapet five feet in height. This will be covered with heavy sheet copper and will support an iron-roofed spire that will reach three-hundred feet above the top of the parapet. This gives the top of the spire a height of 294 feet above the Farnam street curb line.

The new boilers that are to be used for the purpose of heating the new city hall have arrived and have been put in place. The work of setting them is progressing rapidly and the chances now are that steam will be turned on in the building about the first of next month.

BABIES BEHIND THE BARS. Police Court Scenes That Are Becoming Painfully Frequent. The police court is not a criminal kindergarten, but it furnishes proof that such places abound. It frequently reveals instances of juvenile, almost infantile, depravity, but it sometimes shows something even worse than that. It introduces in fairs to the prisoners' dock in the arms of criminal mothers, who are more wretched and depraved possibly than it will ever be possible for the little ones to become, even with this schooling in infancy.

Such a case occurred barely a week ago, when a woman and her paragon were locked up for adultery, and a baby less than a year old was reeled with its mother in a cell with nearly half a score of the scarlet denizens of the Third ward.

THIS IS OFFICIAL. Challenger Thomas' Version of an Election Day Episode. OMAHA, Nov. 7.—To the Editor of THE BEE: Having read several accounts of my arrest on election day in the First precinct of the

Seventh ward, none of which do me justice, I send you a correct report of the same. I was appointed and given a certificate by the chairman of the county and city central committees to challenge illegal voters in my voting precinct. About 2 o'clock P. M. I challenged a person living in a voting camp. The judges allowed him to vote, although he stated under oath that he had only resided fifteen days in the precinct, and he intended to stay as long as he could get work. I said to them that I was not surprised that they did so, as in my opinion they were only carrying out the scheme started by Mayor Cluskey when he appointed the election boards to this city, I, e., to steal the vote at the polls.

This one of the judges arose from his seat at the table and started for me, saying he would take no such abuse from me. And as he was about to assault me, I threw my cap over my coat and clenched my fist—nothing more. A policeman present caught hold of me and placed me under arrest. Called the patrol wagon and took me to the police station, placed the charge against me of "disturbing the peace, and refusing to fight." When I arrived at the jail before the judge, he promptly ordered my discharge. Now as to the part taken by P. M. Hirschaug, being a voter-changer, he had no right under the law inside the polling place. In answer to inquiries made to him by the judges, he admitted them to pay attention to my challenge, and that I had no right to interfere in any way with the persons offering their vote. He was ordered out of the polling place by the judges, and luckily enough for him he went, of justice to Judges Zetzeman and Perry, two in the board, I desire to say they were not in favor of receiving the greater vote. Respectfully, CHARLES L. THOMAS.

Do Witt's Little Early Risers, 93 1/2 St. RARE SPORT IN NEBRASKA. Skill and Patience Tested in Wild Goose Shooting. There is, perhaps, no spot known on the continent in which the skill and patience of the sportsman are more severely tested than in shooting wild geese, says a writer in Outing. Indeed, man's intelligence is more nearly matched by these birds than by any other wild creature. The displays of their instinct would surpass belief were they not authenticated beyond possible question. It is in evidence that flocks, both large and small, following a chosen leader, though enveloped for days in impenetrable fogs, will yet hold steadily on their course along the Atlantic coast and land without difficulty at the place intended, when the captain of a vessel, endowed with what we call the superior intelligence of man and supplied with every aid which science can furnish, errs in his reckoning, frequently becoming bewildered and comes to land fifty miles from the point he had expected to reach.

The memory of the wild goose is phenomenal. They appear to keep in mind from year to year specific localities, returning to them if they have been found dangerous, and making use of them in the course of their semi-annual flights. Back of Gaspe, in Canada, is a singular elevation in the landscape. It is a conspicuous landmark, and is of importance to guides and hunters who visit that wild region. But the geese make use of it, too, for it has long been observed that when they reach this spot in their autumnal flight they invariably change their course from west to south. The young birds are often seen over the water, and to continue on to the westward, but the older ones, so soon as they are above or abreast of this landmark, invariably turn southward, and if the young do not promptly follow, turn and circle around them and compel them to take the course desired.

Geese belong to the great family of migratory birds, living in the north during the summer months and spending the winter in the south. During their spring flight northward they stop for some little time, and in their autumnal southward journeys for several months, on the broad wheat fields and corn fields of mid-America. In such states, where they frequently gather in numbers, where any statement concerning them should be regarded as an exaggeration by persons who have not been there. It is a very common and true remark, however, to say that they are found in some places in Nebraska in flocks of thousands and tens of thousands. In many sections, notably the northwestern part of the state, the residents do not estimate the size of a flock by numbers, but by indicating how large a space they would occupy when at rest. I was spending the night with a farmer, near whose house I had been shooting mallard duck. Just before dark he came in and asked if I would like to try my hand on geese, adding that a good-sized flock had just alighted on the lake near his place. I inquired how many he thought there were, and his reply was, "About four acres I reckon."

But while their number is legion, comparatively few are known to be bagged by the average sportsman. It requires a careful study of their habits, together with a patience almost Job-like to enable one to get near enough so that his kill is a marksmanship of much value. I have known men whose specialty in bagging other game was quite remarkable, to come in after a morning of hard work without so much as a feather to show for it. But geese will outwit any man who has had no experience with them covering more than one season, and even those who think they have learned all about the habits of the geese will be surprised at new evidences of intelligence coming constantly to their notice.

I once had an aggravating experience of this kind. I had been, for a week or two, shooting duck along the Loup river in Nebraska. I had enjoyed several dinners on roast goose without having given much attention to that sort of game. But while shooting duck and curlew I noticed a broad sand bar on the opposite side of the river, where large numbers of geese spent the night. They were out of my reach and I had no boat with which to cross the stream. Some five miles below the house was a rail-way bridge. One day I had a liberal supply of ammunition and telling my companion I would probably not return until near midnight I crossed the bridge and started up the other bank. Some distance away at my right a solitary sand project stood on a ridge of low land or "draw" like a promontory jutting into a lake. There were no other houses within a distance of many miles, and the one where I had been staying I went over and inquired of the woman who answered my rap on the rough door for what length of time the geese had been accustomed to spend the night on the bar.

"'Bout six weeks, I reckon," was her reply. "Where do they come in?" said I. "Over that brush." And she pointed to the willows which marked the line between the sand bar and the river and the grass-covered prairie. "Do they always come in there?" "Yes, sartin." "And do they go out the same way?" "Yes, sartin."

I knew, of course, that geese travel in a beaten track through the air with as much regularity as the mages of Nova Scotia follow a forest path, and as persons who live in a city take to the sidewalks, but I wanted to know if these people had noticed it.

Continuing, I asked if her husband had shot any, and she replied: "No, he hasn't got no good." "Do hunters come in here much?" "I hasn't seed none afore this year?" "Where do the geese feed?" "About ten miles to the northeast, and I reckon on Smith's wheat stubble." "What time do they leave the river in the afternoon?" "Bout 4, ailsus."

This showed the accuracy of her observation. I then set out on my regular hours for feeding. They are always to be found on the wheat fields from 8 to 10 in the forenoon and from 4 in the afternoon until sunset, and they could not be more punctual in starting for their meals if each one carried a chronometer. Looking at my watch I saw that it was now nearly half past 3, so I walked over toward the river, where I concealed myself among the tall weeds and waited. It was as expected. Promptly at 4 o'clock the birds rose like a hoarse cloud and with a fearful chattering and "honking" flew away toward the stubble field. Then I began operations, feeling so certain of the success of my plan that I have I slipped my hands in gloe, as Napoleon did at Waterloo just before Blucher's arrival, and as it proved, with quite as little occasion.

On the broad sand bar were large numbers of logs and stumps and roots of trees, which had been brought down by the spring freshets and had become stranded there with the subsiding waters. I expected to use one of these for a blind from which I could pour a hissing shot into the column as the geese came back at night. But I failed to find anything to suit my purpose exactly, and so I placed two stumps together, moving each one for the purpose perhaps a yard or five or six feet. I was very careful not to disturb anything else, and the sand all about had been trodden so hard by the geese that I left no footprints. I was familiar with the construction of blinds, and I knew that this one would not be noticed by the birds. Indeed, I am confident that any person accustomed to pass that way at morning and at night would not have detected anything unusual. Then I went back to the shore again to hide myself among the weeds.

I knew the birds would send out one or more scouts in advance to see if all was right. This is one of their marked peculiarities. If they have alighted in safety at a given spot for a hundred times they will not again revisit it until some of their number have examined and reported that all is well. Scores and scores of times have I seen this illustrated, and it is a recognized fact among sportsmen. It was for the scouts that I was now waiting. Just before sunset four stalwart old fellows came down from the north, their movements reported. They flew about over the sand bars for a while, till one of them noticed the misplaced stumps. Then they began a chattering which was kept up for about five minutes. Following behind the stumps and placed a safe distance from the blind, and with their long necks upraised, stood perfectly still for at least a quarter of an hour, evidently watching the suspicious stumps. By and by they moved and flew around the blind several times at a great height, until suddenly one of the number gave a peculiar "honk," and as fast as their wings could carry them they swooped over the blind and into the northwestern sky. I knew they had not seen me, but I suspected something was wrong, though I still thought I should bag some game. Hurrying across the bar, I took my position behind the stumps and placed a dozen heavily charged shells on the sand ready for instant use after the first shot should empty my gun. Then I waited—and waited—and waited. Daylight faded in the east, and the darkness deepened into darkness, until at length the moon shone brightly and the stars rained down their lustre on the scene.

Eight o'clock came, and 9, 10, and 11, and half-past 10, 11—and not a solitary bird came over the willows or alighted on the sand. Nor did they come at all. They had not left the region, for I heard them as they came in countless throngs and took their places by the river side in the twinkling of an eye. I was sure they had never been known to settle before. I was completely outwitted, and shouldering my gun I started homeward muttering: "Oh, you geese! you deserve to live, for you are smarter than I."

There is a point in northwestern Nebraska where another large stream unites with the Niobrara river. For half a mile above their junction there stretches a wide tract of dense and water-oaks among which tall grasses grow to a height of four or five feet. Both rivers have broad sand bars, and in reaching them from either direction the birds are likely to pass over this wooded tract. As they are so soon to alight they do not fly very high, and in fact, they seem to think that if they are a little way above the tree tops they are out of danger. It was my fortune to discover this, and one morning, soon afterward my companion and I took our stations in the grass. The first birds that attempted to pass fell easily, at short range, and when the multitude of them rose, they flew directly over our heads, and a large number passed directly over where we were hidden and we had rare sport for an hour in bringing them down. We had far more than we could carry home and I had no time to send for a team to bring up the game. One method frequently made use of is to do a sort of clothing very nearly the color of the sand in the river beds and take a position on the sand bar on a moonlight night. In such cases those who are to do the shooting should send a person beyond where the flock are resting for the night to discharge a gun and set them in motion. Like most birds they can see but poorly at night, and after being disturbed this way will break into squads and fly back and forth up and down the river for a long time, and the sportsman has an admirable opportunity to bag a large number as they attempt to pass him. It is essential in such cases, however, that he have a good retriever, otherwise he will lose many of the birds which fall into the

river and, whether dead or wounded, are soon beyond his reach.

Taken all in all there is perhaps no sport which is more exhilarating or more likely to be enjoyed after one has had a little experience than that of shooting the wild geese.

De Witt's Little Early Risers for the liver.

HARMLESS. TO ASSIST NATURE IN REMOVING FROM THE BODY THE GREAT MASS OF SWIFT'S SPECIFIC. Microbi cannot exist in the blood when SSSI is properly taken, as it promptly SSSI forces them out, and cures the patient. It has relieved thousands in a few days who had suffered for years.

Mr. F. Z. NELSON, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Fremont, Nebraska, suffered for years with SCROFULA, and it continued to grow worse in spite of all treatment. Finally, Four Bottles of SSSI secured him. He writes: "Words are inadequate to express my gratitude and favorable opinion of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. Drawer 5, SWIFT'S SPECIFIC, Atlanta, Ga.

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Do you know why You are a Republican? Do you know why You are a Democrat? Do you know why You are an Independent? Do you know why You are a patron of HELLMAN'S?

The last is local and possibly the most important to answer as it concerns your pocketbook direct.

In the History of Omaha

Political parties have come and gone, But Hellman has stood. On the fickle sea Of prosperity, Many merchants have come and gone, But Hellman has stood. Yankee tricks have been inflated Into the minds of men And prospered for a season. Yankee notions have come to town And the fickle public, here as elsewhere, Have at times fallen into the gilded net, And has made many an upright man Falter in his business career, But Hellman has stood. Hellman and his influence With but few others Have turned the home of the sage brush And Redman into a civilized community In which all live today, Many men faltered on the way, But Hellman has stood. You rally to the flag in times of war Without a murmur, In times of peace the mind of the public Is often led astray, But a dollar is a dollar The world over, And dollar's worth of clothing Intelligently bought Is as good as a dollar So any man in need of the clothing, Brass is made to look like gold, So is shoddy made to look like clothing. We have done a prosperous Clothing business in Omaha For thirty-eight years; Form your own conclusions.

Our \$10 suit counters Has a whole new bunch of goods And we say, without flattery to ourselves That better values do not exit And the suits show it On this counter for \$10. For the working man We still maintain That \$4.00 and \$4.50 line Of suits that look so neat And wear so well As you wander to and fro Between your shop and home. Our hosiery and underwear We own direct from the mills, And any man who says He can undersell us In shirts, drawers, or socks, Is falsifying for a gain. The most you can do is the best, And all the Yankee tricks in creation [Though it may blindfold a few] Will give no man more Than a dollar's worth of goods for \$1. That Hellman has given To all men with whom It has been his pleasure To come in contact For lo, these last 38 years. Reason with yourself, and If you discover a nigger in the fence, Stand by Hellman. His experience is your safeguard, And he is still at the Same old stand, Corner Thirteenth and Farnam.

HELLMAN.

SPECIAL NOTICES. COUNCIL BLUFFS. IOWA farms for sale. Fine farm of 80 acres back by railroad. 12 miles from Council Bluffs, Ia. Call on J. H. Johnson, Council Bluffs, Ia.

COUNCIL BLUFFS STEAM DYES WORK. All kinds of Dyeing and Cleaning done in the highest style of the art. Paded and stained linens, hats, hosiery and other goods cleaned. Work promptly done and delivered in all parts of the country. Send for price list. C. A. MACHAN, PROPRIETOR. 1013 Broadway, Near Northwest Depot, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

W. C. ESTEP, 14 N. Main St., Council Bluffs, Funeral Director and Embalmer.

CITIZENS STATE BANK. CAPITAL STOCK \$150,000. SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$70,000. TOTAL CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$225,000.

THE GRAND. Council Bluffs, Ia. THIS ELEGANTLY APPOINTED HOTEL IS NOW OPEN. N. W. TAYLOR, Manager.