

THE OMAHA BEE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS. OFFICE - NO. 12 PEARL STREET. Delivered by Carrier in any part of the City.

MINOR MENTION. N. Y. Plumbing Co. C. R. Water Works Co. Removed to 30 Pearl street.

Burton's diamonds, watches, hollow gold. No article has been made by the police since 11 o'clock last Friday morning.

Mrs. E. J. Shubert will have a hearing today before Justice Swearingen on the charges of petty larceny.

A New Year's watch meeting will be held in the Royal Arcanum hall next Thursday afternoon and evening by the ladies of the Episcopal church.

The fire committee of the city council will hold a meeting this evening in the council chamber for the purpose of commencing an investigation of the causes which led to the discharge of Nell McDonald from the fire department.

Mrs. Mary Rixton died last evening at 8:45 o'clock at the residence of her son, Thomas Rixton, 3406 West Broadway, after an illness of two weeks, aged 70 years.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25 cents a bottle.

Swanson Music Co., Masonic temple

It is a well known fact that people can get better goods for less money at E. Burhorn's than any other place in the city.

Buy your Christmas candy of C. O. D. Brown. Candy 5c, 10c and 12c a pound.

The largest stock of Japanese and Chinese goods east of San Francisco. Frisco prices, at 317 Broadway.

Candy 5c a pound at C. O. D. Brown's.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Bert Clough has returned home from Fort Sherman, Neb., and is visiting for a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Clough.

Miss Grace Osborne has returned from her school at Schuyler, Neb., to spend a two weeks vacation at the home of her mother, Mrs. R. M. Osborne, on First avenue.

H. J. Josselyn, secretary of Twenty-fifth Street concert, Knights Templar, with headquarters at Denver, is in the city making arrangements for the meeting of the Grand lodge which will be held in Denver next August.

Starch grows sticky—common powders have a vinegar taste. Pomona's is the only complex powder fit for use.

Holiday Goods.

Remember that DeHaven has one of the most elegant stocks of holiday novelties in the city.

Mandel & Klime will move their entire stock to Sioux City January 1.

Barn for rent, located near court house. H. W. Tilton, BEE office.

Biggest bargains in holiday goods in the city at E. Burhorn's.

Reiter, the tailor, 310 Broadway, has all the latest styles in new winter goods.

Affidavits Filed.

The injunction suit of L. W. Tulley's against the Anglo-American Mortgage & Trust company was to have had a hearing in the district court Saturday, but by agreement it was postponed to Thursday.

John P. Breen, the Omaha attorney for the defendants, also files an affidavit in which he states that he was present at a meeting of the company held in the Murray hotel in Omaha, at which L. W. Tulley, J. V. McDowell, E. H. Walters, and the defendant J. S. Brown made a proposition to J. Gardner Clark, who was representing the eastern stockholders, looking towards a settlement of the controversy.

DeHaven's Christmas novelties at DeHaven's—nothing poor or trashy.

Walnut block and Wyoming coal, fresh mined, received daily. Thatcher, 16 Main.

De Haven has his usual stock of beautiful dolls. They are worth seeing and way down in prices.

Walnut block coal, \$4.25 per ton. Delivered anywhere in city. Carman's 700 Main street.

Everything new in the line of holiday goods at Day & Bug store.

The only kindergarten in the city is in the Meridian block, next to the Young Men's Christian association.

Fresh oysters 25c quart or 20c can at C. O. D. Brown's.

We have our own vineyards in California. Jarvis Wine company, Co. Bluffs

NEWS FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Creditors Attach the Property of the Searles Family.

ABOUT ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS INVOLVED.

Through Fear of Losing This Amount, Charges are Made That the Debitants Contemplate Leaving Town.

A writ of attachment has been filed in Justice Swearingen's court against Milfred E. and Ethel S. Searles by creditors, who allege that the defendants are about to remove their household goods from the state and thus default them.

The writ was served by special Constable Wesley late Saturday night after they were caught ready for flight and the goods would be held by him pending an order of court in the case.

A few days ago Mrs. Searles commenced divorce proceedings against her husband in the district court, charging him with cruel and inhuman treatment, and asking for the custody of her two children.

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heart almost stands still at the thought. There it is again—a body pushing its way through the bushes, unmindful of the noise created. There is a heavy tread—the rattle of stones on the brink of the ravine, and then—

"Smiff! Smiff! Smiff!" Now he knows what it is! Better for him had the bloodthirsty Apaches come skulking back to use knife and tomahawk! It is a bear—a huge, shaggy grizzly, whose scent caught the odor of blood as he awoke from his sleep in the dark recesses of the ravine.

"Smiff! Smiff! Smiff!" He is only a few feet away, but he does not seem to see the soldier lying among the low bushes. The light breeze is strong and circles about, and the monster must wait to catch the scent again and trail it up. He is hungry, he is vexed by the delay, and he grows in a menacing way and sharpens his claws on the flat rocks, while the face of the wounded man grows whiter yet, and his eyes close as if he feared to sight the creature which he so much dreaded.

"Growl! Smiff! Smiff!" Now the breeze drops and the scent is again wafted to the nose held high in the air. Now the ugly head is lowered, the eyes burn and glare their way through the darkness and the white-faced man hears the heavy tread of the growling beast and utters a prayer to God.

Three of us, who have been searching for Corporal Smith since the sun came up, sit on our horses and look down at a great bloodspot in the bushes. There is a shadow, a certain scum of color, and shreds of bloody clothing. We gather up the arms, turn with horror from the bloody bones, to which feet are still attached, and ride away to report.

Dry sermons are bad enough, but for the minister to preach a sermon in a church, and have the people sit through it, is a thing to be deplored. Dr. Bull's Gough Sermon will save both minister and sermon if taken in time. Price 25 cents.

When you take along a bottle of Salvation Oil, it kills pain. 25 cents.

A NEW YEAR STORY.

Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger: How merry New Year's day used to be in the long ago, when every one kept open house from early morning until midnight; when your acquaintances came down upon you in armies, on foot or in sleighs, if they happened to snow upon the ground; when anyone you had ever been introduced to might call upon you; when old beaux reappeared and recreant friends had only to smile and hold out a hand to be forgiven; when the ladies received the gentlemen in full dress, or something very like it, at high noon; when your butcher, baker and candlestick-maker might drop in with no other claim on your hospitality than the fact that you dealt with them—when, in fact, every man you knew was sure to call.

"Tired? Oh, yes, every one was tired; but she who could exhibit 230 cards—the gentlemen always brought their cards—was very happy.

How well I remember the words of greeting and adieu were spoken. Boys with bright faces rushed in and out, and girls with their hair and eyes glowing with excitement, and were gone, and I was alone to ponder over the day that had just passed.

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member, the faces that turned pale and grew old before their time, the mourning throughout our land.

Even that was over. At last peace reigned again. Once more a New Year's day came, when thoughts of festivity seemed to invade, and I said to my sister, with whom I lived:

"New Year's day again, my dear. Only one must send cards now, they say, or no one will call."

"Yes, it is more formal," my sister said. "But if you will go out to order the cards this morning there may be time to send them yet."

"Letters that I write to you, my dear, are not sent. You are so anxious to keep New Year's day, you ask? Was my grief quite over? Oh, my dear, it was only part of the old story—the old, old tale, that will be told over and over again until the world is broken out and there are no young hearts to beat and no old ones to break.

I had heard that Ned Palmer had returned—he was Colonel Palmer now—was a brave soldier, and I could not be quite sure that I could not understand with what feelings I enclosed mine, and return to me. Yes, return to me. We were young yet. We were, perhaps, more sensible. Every-thing might be explained. It could not be. I would not see him. He could not see me. I felt sure that he could read in mine that I was still true to him. I had no longer any pride about it. This watching and hoping and fearing of a man who was no longer to me, I quite gave up. If he would return to me, I asked nothing else of heaven; and he would—oh, I was sure that he would. And what pleasure it was to me, to remember that he was fond of chocolate; to think of all the pretty things that went to the dressing of the table as things that he would look upon. A New Year's day, my dear, would not come. There was something in it that I could not understand. How many more there were there, I would get him away to some quiet corner, and let him ask my forgiveness, or if it came to that, I would ask his. Oh, my darling! Just to see him again, just to feel his hand fold itself about mine again? Just to look into those eyes—those great, beautiful eyes, that would have told a love story without words. And some day, oh, some day, he would kiss me again as in the days when we were first betrothed. Oh, he would come, he would surely come, for my heart told me that his still throbbing for me, that absence and distance could not alter the belief that I was (and he had never changed him). Yes, he would come, for now he had my card.

On New Year's morn'g I looked in my glass, hoping that four years had not altered me much, or if they had, only in a way that would tell him I had grieved for him. He would rather see that in my face than not, and my dress became, as I said, a little more elegant, and when the bell began to ring and the door to open and the rooms to fill, I gave smiling greetings to all looking the while for him. He would not be among the earliest comers, of course; he never had been. He was quite elegant, and he was always elegant. And so, when noon-time came, I said of course the afternoon would bring him, and stole a few moments to look in my glass, and to add some trifle to my dress.

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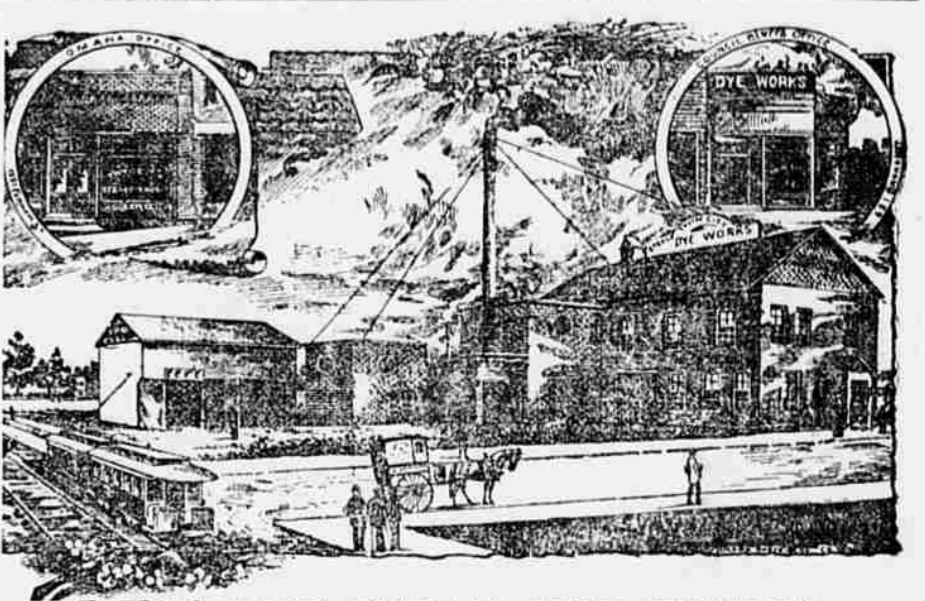
OUR PRICES BRING THE PEOPLE IN MASSES. But you can't come too quick to get Choice Bargains.

Overcoats Fly Like Wildfire at the Prices. SUITS GO LIKE HOT CAKES.

Bring your LITTLE CASH; we will give you lots of goods for it. Attend the GREAT QUITTING SALE.

Model Clothing Co., SAPP'S NEW BLOCK, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

They put me to bed, I remember waking from one troubled dream only to fall into another, all night. But I was able to rise in the morning and go to the late breakfast. My sister had one from her husband, who was in Europe, and rejoiced over it. Meanwhile I opened one which bore a black seal and had upon it a stamp I did not comprehend. There was something folded in paper in the envelope. My heart told me what it was, but I did not touch it. I was reading this: "Dear Lady: A sad duty has become mine. A friend to whom you sent a New Year card, died in my arms last night. It was Colonel Edward Palmer of the 3rd Infantry regiment. New Year's was his last. He died of wounds received in battle. He was very brave, and much beloved by all who knew him. When he received your card he smiled and asked: 'He could not move from his pillow. But a little later he wandered, and said often: "I must call. See you the next day." He died at midnight, and before he passed away, drew his ring from his finger pointed to yours, and said: "Send it to her." He took the card and laid it on his heart. It lies there now, with his hands folded over it. But let me not forget that he spoke once more to me. I felt then say what they must remember these two words, the English words he said: "There are no tears will be wiped away. We have his promise to whom only we can turn for comfort in such moments. I pray for you. ANN CARROLL. "In Religion—SISTER FRANCES. "Hostal."



TWIN CITY STEAM DYE WORKS, G. A. Schmalzack, Proprietor, Offices 621 Broadway, Council Bluffs and 1321 Farmers St., Omaha. Dyes, clear and brilliant goods of every description. Packages received at either office or at the Works, Cor. Ave. A and 23rd St. Council Bluffs. Send for price list.

"I unfolded the paper that lay beside me, and found within my nuptial ring, and put it upon my finger, it shall never leave it."

"They tell me that I only dreamed a dream that New Year's night so long ago—oh, so long ago! I felt then say what they must remember these two words, the English words he said: "There are no tears will be wiped away. We have his promise to whom only we can turn for comfort in such moments. I pray for you. ANN CARROLL. "In Religion—SISTER FRANCES. "Hostal."

Our trunks had been burned with the car, which the Chicago Tribune, and when we got to Cincinnati, an official of the railroad company desired each one of us to give him our statement of loss. A tall and solemn looking young man came to me as I was figuring away, and wanted to know what sum I was going to name.

"Well, I think my loss is at least \$60," I replied. "Was your trunk burned too?"

"Yes," "Got your loss figured up?" "Not yet," I replied. "I intend to ask you about it. Can I talk to you in confidence?" "Oh, yes,"

"Well, I don't suppose my things were worth over \$12, but—?" "But you'd like to get \$50?" "That's it exactly. The railroad folks seem willing to pay whatever is asked."

"Well, then, why not make \$50?" "You mean, you don't want to settle with your own conscience?"

"Yes, I know it is, and gaud darn my buttons if I don't hope somebody will kick me all over this town."

"Matter?" Why, instead of being ready to scoop this railroad out of \$40 or \$50, I've got to take \$10 or \$12? I've been standing by as a preacher for the last six months, and blast my old hat if I don't tell 'em a lie! That's all the way of it. I'm never fixed to hit anything good which comes along!"

Van Houten's Cocoa—Send for a can. So advs.

How Bismarck Prop-osed.

At the time of her marriage the girl who is now Bismarck's wife relinquished a name which would not have misbecome the heroine of a Dan Ballou—Vandercook story. The Countess Wilhelmina in a sketch of the Princess Bismarck in the December Ladies' Home Journal. The Fraulein Johanna was a most charmingly sweet and modest country maiden—in spite of her name, when at the wedding of one of her friends at which she was bridesmaid, she met young Herr Otto von Bismarck, a strapping, dissipated, high handed country noble, who had a reputation for fire eating and flirtations which would scarcely have disgraced a Kentucky colonel of twice his years. These two young people, as Rosalind says, "No sooner met than they looked, no sooner looked than they loved." Hence it was that immediately on his return from the wedding young Otto wrote to the parental Pattikamers, with whom, by the way, he had not the slightest acquaintance, demanding the hand of the Fraulein Johanna in marriage. The parental Pattikamers seem to have been somewhat of a diplomatist, for without counting himself to either a consent or refusal, after learning from his daughter that she cared for young Otto, he wrote, inviting that estimable young gentleman to visit him. Preparations were made to have his reception one of becoming solemnity and dignity; but the effect was rather spoiled by young Bismarck the moment he alighted going up to his sweetheart and kissing her soundly in the presence of a number of guests

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA

Paid Up Capital \$100,000.00

Organized for the purpose of conducting a banking business in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Capital paid up in cash \$100,000.00. Surplus and profits \$100,000.00. Total assets \$200,000.00.

Our trunks had been burned with the