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COUNCIL BLUFFS

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Leaders of the Negro Race.

To the editor of the BEE.

It is marvelous, as well as a curiosity to white people, why it is that so few black people ever get into, or hold a public office. They have noticed particularly that most of the public offices held by colored men are by mulattoes, such as Hiram Revels, B. K. Bruce, John M. Langston, E. P. McCabe and Frederick Douglass. They want to know where the black men are. They also want to know, whether they, the black men, have the ability and the education to put them where these bright mulattoes are. If so, what keeps them at the bottom round of the ladder? The interrogatory being so wonderful, I will satisfy your curiosity by answering. The genuine negro, or black man, has the ability, education and integrity, but has not that ambition, the goaheadativeness, or force of will to reach the top most round, as that of the quadroon. The bright complexioned mulatto is three-fourths white, and comes so near being white his ambition for public gain, office, and plunder is just the same as a white man's. Go into a colored mens convention, or mass meeting, the black man is last to speak, but when a committee on resolutions is appointed it is the black men in that body that are designated to fill that responsible position. Yet the yellow men take the lead, do the spouting, while the genuine negro uses his brain and does the substantial work. We know that Douglas, Langston and Bruce claim to be our leaders. But the fact is, are they? They may be our representatives. How so? No sir, they are not, although under these pretensions they have been very fortunate and successful. But under the existing circumstances, by no means are they leaders of the negro race, because they have too much white blood in them to associate with negroes, and not enough white blood in them to become a brother to the white man. Fred. Douglass' last act proves this. J. W. S. BOSTON.

Council Bluffs, Feb. 17.

Notice.

I hereby give notice to all, not to trust my wife on my account, as I will hereafter pay no bills of her contracting.

JAMES WINANS.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Feb. 18, 1885.

It is reported that Henry Howe and Mrs. S. Jones, who figured rather prominently in a church scandal last spring, were married yesterday.

IOWA ITEMS.

The Catholic church at LeMars cost $40,000.

The Tama county Indians are expert poker players.

The board of supervisors of Page county have adopted plans for the building of a new court house.

Calling it "rambo cider" in Centreville has no visible effect on the size of the fine. Adam Halden paid $50 for this information.

The report of experts who examined the accounts of ex-Treasurer Clark, of Van Buren county, shows that there was a deficit of $9,051 28.

A monument in memory of 20,000 Iowa soldiers, who died in the war, is to be erected at Des Moines on the grounds of the new capitol.

Prof. Stalker, state veterinary surgeon, estimates that upon his recommendation four or five car loads of glandered horses have been killed in the state during the past year.

At Decorah an effort is being made to resist the collection of the special tax levied in aid of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern railway company, which recently completed an extension to that city.

The Creston girls have a club and it is against the rules for any young lady who is a member to receive attentions from a young man who is in the habit of becoming intoxicated.

The Iowa Iron works have successfully cast one of the largest cylinders ever cast in the west. It is for a steamer of the Diamond Jo line. Its size is forty-two by eighty-four inches in diameter, weighing over four tons. It is built on the same principle as the cylinders used on ocean steamers.

A fellow in Des Moines with the complete make up of a granger, swindled some of the sharpest dealing butchers in town. His scheme was to drive up to the door of the shop in a farmer's sleigh and contract his hogs at a rather low figure, receiving $10 to make the matter binding. He won four times.

The state board of pharmacy are taking a hand in the enforcement of the prohibition law by proceeding against druggists who sell liquors for other than medicinal purposes. Whenever such violators are discovered the commission revoke their certificates as pharmacists. The supreme court decides that the board of pharmacy has that power.

Martin Garber, of Dubuque, deputy collector of internal revenue, recently returned from a trip through his district, which embraces forty-nine counties. At every place visited by him it is said he found the prohibition law totally disregarded. Beer and whisky were openly called for and sold to strangers as well as those known to saloon-keepers.

In 1849 Iowa had 105 school houses; at present she has 11,844. She also has at present 5,721 female teachers, and an enrollment in the public schools of 469,537. In 1849 she expended for school purposes $40,138; in 1883 the school expenditures were $5,000 868. Pottawattamie county has the greatest number of school houses, 237; Emmet has the smallest number, 31.

An autograph and hitherto unpublished letter from George Washington has been presented to the Aldrich collections in the state library. It was presented by Judge Richards of Fort Dodge, a grandson to the man whom the letter was addressed. The letter was written from headquarters at Valley Forge, March 9, 1778, to Caleb Gibbs, a captain in the continental army, directing him to send a company as an escort for three men mentioned in the letter. The letter is valued at $1,000.

A sound mind goes very seldom without a sound digestion, and nothing contributes toward it more than the use of **Angostura Bitters**, the world renowned appetizer, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Son

Beef gall is a remedy for snake bite. Does this account for the popularity of beef tea among old topers?

LIFE UNDER A TENT.

Travels With A Cross Roads Show.

A Circus that Was Bankrupt to Begin With—Indians Made it Profitable in the End—"Pogy" O'Brien's Queer Outfit—Mock Zulus.

Chicago Herald.

"We ran a show once which burst before we started," said the showman dreamily. "We ran that concern for twenty-six weeks, although we had to stop nearly every evening and miss the next place for want of sufficient funds to pay our bills."

The speaker was Charley Kohl, and the scene was the snug little private office of the West Side dime museum, one of the favorite lounging places for itinerant showmen who are compelled to lay off temporarily on account of the weather.

"Do you want to buy a monkey? It's only $10?" comes a gruff voice up through the speaking tube from below. An affirmative reply having been shouted down the "spout," two dirty-looking Italians enter with a puny Jocko, who immediately makes an attempt to lunch off the reporter's legs.

"That's usless, Joko," suggests Charley. "That part of his anatomy is even harder that his cheek." The feeble apology for a monkey seems to have arrived at the same conclusion, because he desists, and after having shown what his talents in the professional line are by shooting off a pistol, standing on his head and similar antics, is carried off to a cage to become a member of the happy family."

"Well, sir," begins the tall partner sententiously, "I had a monkey once that could read Latin and—"

"Oh, come off!" interrupts Charley, "your tales are to commonplace to interest anybody." And then he continues his narrative of the bust circus that ran for twenty-six weeks on tick. "You see, John O'Brien, better known as 'Pogy,' was nominally the owner of the show, but we had a big interest in it, having advanced the expenses for two weeks. We first got regularly stuck in Oil City. It had been raining hard for sixteen days, and not a dollar had come in that day. About 7 o'clock in the evening along comes a collector for the Oil City Derrick with a bill of $200 for advertising. 'It will take a derrick to raise that amount of money,' says I, and shortly afterward the proprietor of that paper came plodding through the rain, a mile and a half. We told him that we didn't have 200 cents, much less $200, and that we had sunk $18,000 in the enterprise. He looked carefully over our portable property, pronounced it good collateral for his claim, and agreed to let us go on to the next place we were billed for, Franklin, Pa. We packed up our duds, but we couldn't leave the depot, because the freight agent held us up for $150 back freight. Our animals were so hungry that they began eating up their cribs, but the agent remained imperturbable. Finally we went back to the newspaper man and threw ourselves on his mercy. He pacified the agent and came along with us. Whether he paid the money or promised him to let him down easy whenever a trip to Canada should become necessary on account of financial operations, I don't know. Anyhow, he was a d— clever fellow, and he managed the affair. But then he held the whole layout—twenty-two cars, 120 horses and 140 people. We had sunshine in Franklin and did a rousing business. The newspaper man sat in the ticket wagon, and when he had taken in enough for his claim he left. He wrote us up afterward for a column and a half, and sent us 200 copies. All the papers along the route clipped their puffs from it. It was the best notice we ever had."

"Yes, and afterward we had to eat up two piebald ponies to keep from starving," said the tall partner.

"It wasn't just that way," explained Charley. "We were dead stuck in Mattoon, Ill., and the landlord wouldn't let us go without some collateral security for our grub. His wife had taken a fancy to the ponies, which was left in hock. We redeemed them afterward. They were then quiet fat, and had been very well kept. The freight bill was always a stunner to get over. I recollect in Flora, Ill., we had to hypothecate one of our brand-new flat cars and one of our wagons with it. That we didn't get back. The last I heard of the outfit it was still there, stencing on a side track. Old 'Pogy' was a great bloke. Whenever we were stuck and had everything tied up he would refer to me as the man who was to be seen, but as soon as we got out of the scrape he was the sole owner of the greatest show on wheels. Finally we took the concern on our own hook and went as far as Manitoba, clearing $40,000 in the end. The Indians are good customers. They pay liberally and care for nothing else but the elephants. They—that is the Indians—squat around these animals, tailor fashion, smoke incessantly, and say nothing but 'Umph.' These Indians are a very queer set of men—they go and see the elephant every day."

A dead silence fell over the group after this bad break. It lasted for several minutes, during which time the speaker scratched his head as if in deep meditation. The oppressive situation was relieved by the entrance of the "Paper King," who attacked the reporter with a volubility that would shame an auctioneer. He had just afflicted those present with his touching story of the death of two little children who died from cold feet, because they did not use his shoe-blacking—the "Paper King" sells that commodity when he is not artistically engaged—when the tall partner spoke up.

"Kohl is a bad man. With just such breaks as he made now he ruins our reputation for trust and veracity. We came very near being lynched once on account of a very bad practical joke he played at a razor-back out in Rockford, Ill."

"A razor-back?" exclaimed the reporter in sheer surprise.

"Yes, sir. Razor-backs are the odd men who help at the depot to load the wagons on the flat cars. That is pretty hard work, and the boss canvass-man stimulates the order of the men by shouting: 'Raise your backs,' which gives them their names. Well, this Rockford chap wanted to 'join out' with us. He said that he had a pair of lung to blow 483 at a lung tester, and that he could dance with the best of 'em. So Charley told him to be on deck after the performance to take part in the dime concert. He had to dress up as a nigger minstrell of course but Charley gave him a mixture of axle grease and stove polish instead of burnt cork for a make-up, and when the poor fellow tried to clean himself after the show was over they pulled the big tent on him. It nearly smothered him and it cured him of circus life for ever. 'Joining out' is not so easy as it looks, for circus life is very hard. After a fellow helps to drive stakes with a fifty-pound sledge hammer, stretches rolls of canvas weighing several hundred pounds, clean horses, feeds animals, sings in the dime museum, loads the wagons and then travels all night to reach the next billed place, he is not so much imbued with the beauties of the 'gyrations of the Bohemians,' as the Boston fellers call circus life."

"I may be bad," remonstrated Charley, "but I am, at least, not guilty of larceny. The big one there," pointing to the tall partner, "robbed a gang of Zulus."

"I simply disarmed them," pleaded the attacked party. "It was in Philadelphia, where a rival concern had got hold of the first genuine Zulus that ever came to this country. We had to have Zulus or shut up shop. So we hired two big colored fellows, who roped in for a Chestnut street clothing store. They had holes in their noses and ears, fine big teeth, and fiery eyes, so that we could easily fix them up with the aid of a basketmaker for their heads and a furrier for their unmentionables. But for their spears and big, peculiar hide shields we didn't know what to do until I went to the rival concern and threw the spears and shields out of a back window while their owners were at lunch during intermission. They took well until we came to Galliton, Ohio, where one was recognized as Joe Walker, formerly a porter in one of the the hotels there. He was wanted by the authorities for unprofessional conduct, and we had to give him up to civilization. He got three years and learned harness-making at the state expense in Columbus. The other fellow saw his increased value since he was alone, and insisted on a raise of his salary, which was $15 a month and find. We gave him what he wanted, but he kept on raising until he raised us out of patience. Now the Zulus are so plenty that we wouldn't take them for their keep. The great attraction now is the man who can expand his chest. I know of one who ruined two tailors. You see, he can expand his chest two inches in diameter. In his natural state he gets his measure taken for a fine suit, and when it is tried on he expands. Of course, he gets the spoiled suit for one-third of its value. He should take Alderman Hildreth's place in the council."

A MODERN BASTILE.

The Unknown Horrors of Morro Castle, in the Harbor of Havana.

Havana Letter to Boston Herald.

Who enters Castle Morro leaves all hope behind. To pass between its portal involuntarily, for any reason, is considered equivalent to a sentence of death, and many who have gone there cannot even be traced beyond the iron doors. If any record exists of prisoners who enter the castle, common rumor lies, for it is generally said and believed that only in heaven are the books kept. No one on earth has ever seen them, and none ever know positively where they are. Some say that the records of arrest and confinement are sent to the minister of justice at Madrid. Others suggest that the daily reports of the commandant are sent to Spain and destroyed after perusal. But, however it may be, the common understanding is that whoever enters Morro castle loses his identity, and never comes out again, for the bodies of the dead are said to be cast over the parapets into the sea.

The castle stands at the entrance to the harbor of Havana; a picturesque but gloomy pile, massive masonry resting upon the crest of a rock which rises about two hundred feet perpendicularly out of the sea. It is the point of a peninsula which embraces the harbor of Havana, and makes the latter, when once entered, as safe as any in the world. Covering many acres with its walls and dungeons, the castle is one of the largest and most formidable fortresses in the world, surpassing even Fortress Monroe in its extent. The present castle is not so ancient as some others on the island, as the English captured it and blew it up 100 years ago, and compelling the Spaniards to spend a million or two of dollars in its re-erection. Modern artillery would shatter down the walls, but would make no impression upon the eternal rocks, among whose crevices and ravines the dungeons of the castle have been placed. There is no prison in Europe so secure from capture, either by exterior or interior attack, for the corridors constitute a labyrinth in which it is said that even the commandant himself requires no guide. No pen will ever record and no mind can ever correctly imagine the horrors which have taken place within those walls. The iniquities of the inquisition did not surpass them, if the stories that are told are true, and people say that the cruelties continue. The life of every citizen of Cuba is the property of the captain general, to be disposed of as he chooses, and he has chosen that many of them be spent within these castle walls. Nobody knows how large a number are in confinement; nobody knows who they are or what they suffer; all the public ever knows is that Señor So-and-So has been "denounced" and taken to the castle, and his friends keep mighty quiet lest they may have to join him there. These Senors So-and-So seldom, if ever, come back from the castle, and it is better for his family and friends not to ask why. The castle is for political prisoners exclusively, and when we were over there our guide told us it was full. He showed us the place—a little parade ground—where the executions take place, and the precipice over which the bodies of the dead are cast into the sea; but could give no clue to the number annually shot, or the number who die in the dungeons, and the officers and guards on duty were quite as uncommunicative, if they were not as ignorant. To all inquiries they have one answer. If you ask them how many prisoners are in the dungeons, the same reply will be:

"Dios sabe." (God knows)

"How many ever come out alive?"

"Dios sabe."

"Do they ever secure release?"

"Dios sabe."

And the words were true. Heaven, and heaven only, knows all that has transpired within those gloomy walls. The officers on guard are changed often, and while they stay it is their business to learn as little as possible. When a prisoner is sent there they lock him up and report the fact at headquarters. With that their duty and their knowledge ends. And it is in this way that Cuba is governed. The theory of government which Spain has followed since she assumed control of the western hemisphere, and by which she has lost all that she once had, is still in vogue. The Spaniard has learned no lesson by experience. He seems oblivious to the results of tyranny in Mexico and South America, and has seen a magnificent empire pass from his hands without realizing that murder and cruelty are not the best modes of securing peace and promoting civilization.

Mrs. Sarah Stafford, of Knoxville, who died on Tuesday, was just one hundred years old that day.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

British Nerve Fearfully Shaken by an Alarm Clock.

San Francisco Call.

Among the several ships that have been lying in Mission Bay for some time past was the British ship Janet Roy. A curious story is just now in circulation along the water front about the captain of this vessel. The skipper, according to rumor, was going down Long Wharf toward his ship one night recently, when he struck his foot in the darkness against a small package. It was too windy to strike a match, the wharf was deserted, and the captain was compelled to trust to his sense of touch for a discovery of the nature of his find. As far as he could make out, the package was wrapped in soft paper, neatly tied, like a pound box of tea, and, in all probability, was some domestic necessary, dropped by a belated and perhaps not overateady householder. The captain put the package in his pocket and went down to the end of the wharf, where he tried his lungs against the gale for half an hour yelling for his boat. Finally the second mate and the two able-bodied seamen comprising the nucleus of his crew heard his wild hallooing and put ashore for him. The captain's temper was so ruffled by the dilatoriness of his subordinates that he forgot all about the package in his pocket until they had almost reached the ship, when he mentioned the matter to the mate.

AN ALARMING SUGGESTION.

The latter, who had spent an uncomfortable evening reading about the explosions in his native London, immediately offered the pleasant suggestion that the package might be some infernal Yankee invention in the way of belated English manners, who abound in that locality at this season. The captain affected to poohpooh the idea, but nevertheless took the first opportunity to shed the struggling light of a match on the package, which, to his intense discomfort, emitted a distinctly metallic sound as he turned it over contiuously.

"Hif hi were you I'd 'eave the hinfernal thing overboard," said the mate, edging forward as far as the spray would allow him.

To show timidly in the presence of his underlings would have been disastrous to the captain's future authority, and he kept the package, though at half-arm's length, until they reached the ship.

"Now," said the skipper, with forced hilarity, "we'll see whether hits a pound hof soap or the title deeds hof an estate," and he laid the package carefully on the main hatch. One of the crew started forward for a lantern, but before he had taken a dozen steps the captain and the remainder of his staff were back in their rowboat and yelling like madmen to him to follow.

THE SHIP ABANDONED.

This he attempted to do, but so slowly that he was left behind, for after a few seconds of frantic shouting, the occupants of the boat dashed their oars madly into the seething waves and disappeared in the night. They rowed as if they were matched with Hanlan, until they reached Long Wharf, where they hauled themselves ashore and sat down on the stringer to catch their breath. The mate was the first to break the silence.

"Hit's sure to hexplode soon," he gasped.

"Did you 'ear 'ow the blamed thing rattled hinside?" said one of the sailors.

"Great 'eavens!" exclaimed the skipper; "Hi'm a ruined man. There won't be a stick hof 'er left."

Then they indulged in a few regrets for their companion left in such unpleasant intimacy with the infernal affair which had kicked up such a mysterious and awful row the moment the skipper set in on English property.

In this way and in occasional conjectures as to whether the abandoned mariner would swim ashore or break into the cabin and die under the saloon demijohn, the excited crew spent the four chilly hours intervening between dawn. In the dim gray light of the morning their agony was intensified by the superstitious horror of seeing a ghostly form, clad in loose garments and a pair of old gum boots, moving to and fro over the Wharf, as if searching for some thing.

MISTAKEN FOR A GHOST.

The distressed mariners were on the point of betaking themselves again to the angry waves when the apparition reassured them by uttering a string of unghostly anathemas, and delivering an unmistakably human kick at one Bob Goble's mastiffs that had strutted up to inspect him. When the weird figure approached within speaking rang the mariners heard him mutter repeatedly:

"I'm sartin I dropped it here. Some cussed lime-juicer must have picked it up."

"Ave you dropped hanything?" the captain finally inquired, unable to control his curiosity.

"Have I? Well, I guess I have. I dropped me 'larm clock here last night, going home, and durn me if some drunken old shall-back a-nt a picked it up."

"Ah, hindeed," ejaculated the captain, with a significant look at the mate, "you dropped your halarm clock, did you? Wonder you drop hat hy thing so 'eavy and not miss hit."

"Why not?" said the mysterious stranger, "she was only a dollar-and-a-half one, an' I had her done up in a cigar-box with a lot of groceries, so I never missed her, no how. I wouldn't a cared, but I'd her wound up so I'd get up in the mornin' and dig clams afore the tide turned. None of you fellows didn't see nothin' of no small package round here, did you?"

THE CAPTAIN'S DEMIJOHN.

"Oh, no, no. Nothing whatever, my man—nothing, hi hassure you," replied the captain, as he slid rapidly into his boat and gave imperative orders to row back at racing speed. But they were too late. The abandoned mariner, left to his fate with the dreadful alarm-clock, preferred to meet death in the captain's demijohn to oblivion in the polluted waves of Mission Bay. They found him mutinously drunk in the cabin, but instead of giving him the usual mild treatment of chains and dry biscuit in the hold, as when he sobered up he was sentenced to an increase allowance of his daily grog and a soft billet on the lee side. The other seamen are also sure of not furling the topsails in a gale as long as they keep their tongues quiet. But some how the story has leaked out.

In China, according to the Cornhill Magazine, they value eggs according to their age. All eggs are put in pickle. After several years they become black throughout. The egg of wealth and luxury in the Flowery Kingdom is forty or fifty years old.

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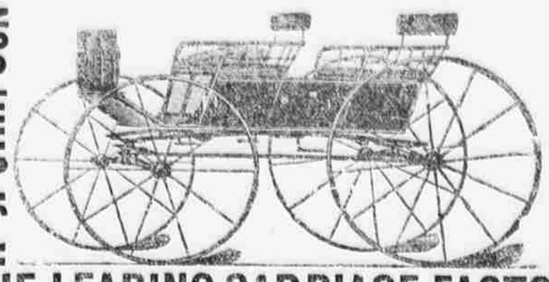

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