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COUNCIL BLUFFS.
 ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.
BREAKING GROUND.

A Start Made Toward the New Episcopal Church.
 The Ceremonies Yesterday.
 Yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock the ceremony of breaking ground for the new Episcopal church took place. The site selected is on Sixth street, on the lot adjoining that on which the rectory stands and in the rear of the present church.
 The architect, S. E. Maxon, spread the plans of the new structure before those present, and after consultation with some of the leading members of the parish the lines were laid out, so as to fix approximately the center of the tower to be built on the southwest corner. It was at this spot that the ground was first broken.

There were a goodly number present, and a brief service was conducted by the rector, Rev. Mr. Mackay, who read selections from the scriptures concerning the building of the tabernacle, the passages selected being appropriate to this occasion. Prayer was then offered, and the rector then made a short address, setting forth the requisites for the successful completion of the structure, and earnestly urging his parishioners to show patience, endurance, zeal, and liberality.
 D. C. Bloomer, the senior member was then called upon. He said that, as he had been going about with Mr. Maxon laying off the lines, the thought that came to him was, "What a big church. Can we build so large a one?" Then came to him the thought of what had been done in the past. About eight years ago some of the ladies conceived the idea that a lot should be purchased and a rectory built. They decided to do so. They had no money and little faith, but soon by earnestness and liberality the means were provided and the rectory paid for. Then \$1,000 was raised for the purchase of this lot, on which the new church was to stand, and already the ladies had raised \$1,000 for the new building. All that was needed was more faith, and an accompanying liberality. The success of the enterprise depended on each doing his or her share, as God had blessed them.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was then sung while Mr. Bloomer took out the first shovelful of dirt, the ceremonies concluding with Rev. Mr. Mackay and others, each taking out a shovelful, even to the rector's little children who innocently grappled with what was then almost a great lift as it will be for the parish to raise the means for completing the church in all its proposed beauty.
 Mr. S. E. Maxon has prepared the plans for the new church. It is to have a frontage of 60 feet and an extreme width of 75 feet, while the extreme depth will be 110 feet. The front is an ornamented one, and the exterior is to be finished in stone ashley work. The intention is to put in the stone foundation at a cost of \$4,000 before November 1st, and then if means can be secured to go right ahead with the superstructure, which it is to be hoped will also be of stone, but may be of brick, some in the parish favoring brick. The contract for the stone work of the foundation has been let to Mr. Drexel, of Omaha; that for the brick work to George Fauble, and the wood work to Mr. Murphy.
 If the plans are followed out, the superstructure put up of stone also, St. Paul's Episcopal church, of Council Bluffs, will be one of the most handsome churches in the west.

DR. A. B. SPINNEY, proprietor of the Northwestern Dispensary at Minneapolis, Minnesota, is stopping at room 39, Pacific house, until Saturday evening, the 14th inst., where he gives consultation free. He treats all chronic, nervous and special diseases. The afflicted invited to call.
Partner Wanted.
 An enterprising partner with \$10,000 to establish a patent medicine business. An independent fortune to be made in one year. Men who mean business only need apply. A capitalist preferred. Business will be located in Omaha. Address, F. G. O. S., Box office, Council Bluffs.

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TRANSFER TALK.
The Cause of the Falling Off in Business—The Clerks Fearful that Resignations Will Soon be Welcome.
 Business at the freight transfer, of which Wm. H. Burns is the agent for the tripartite roads, is decreasing every week, and from rumors that are afloat it is very certain that the small amount of business now being transacted at this station will very shortly diminish considerably. Five gangs of men have been all that has been required to transfer the freight from the cars of the eastern roads to those of the U. P., since the tripartite compact was put in operation, while it took eighteen or twenty gangs before this compact went into effect. The principal cause of this is that the cars are now billed through, where before they were billed only to Council Bluffs, and therefore all freight destined for points west of here, if only to Omaha, it was necessary to rebill at Council Bluffs, and also to transfer to U. P. cars, as in those days it was an unusual occurrence for a car other than one belonging to the Union Pacific to cross the bridge. Cars of the eastern roads having their terminus here were occasionally reloaded with Omaha freight and run over the river, especially when it would benefit the Union Pacific by so doing, but as above stated a very large portion and in fact it may with safety be stated that 85 per cent of the cars that go through this station now are billed through to points west of the Missouri and consequently

JOSH BILLINGS ON HUMORISTS.
 The Work of the American Wits and Newspaper Funny Men.

New York Mail and Express.
 Among the men who pose here and there in the broad corridors of the Windsor Hotel, in New York, every evening, is Henry M. Shaw, or, as he is known the world over, Josh Billings. He is a peculiar man. The broadcloth Prince Albert, the long gray hair flowing over the ears down the shoulders, the broad-trimmed slouch hat, the features, rough hewn withal and refined, give the impressions of a clergyman. The closely-trimmed iron-gray beard, the aquiline nose, and the firm look of the deep-set eyes deny this impression, however, and indicate rather the military man. Mr. Billings was seated on one of the soft sofas the other evening when a Mail and Express reporter approached him. The conversation turned upon American wit or humorists.
 "America is full of humor," said Mr. Billings, "and yet a great deal of it is false humor. It has no purpose. The Danbury News man is played out because he had no purpose at the bottom of his articles. All humor must have truth at the bottom. Humor is, in fact, a mixture of truth and pathos. True humor will never die. Humor in the best sense is short-lived. The funny articles in American newspapers are not drollery. I never write a paragraph without a purpose. I desire to benefit mankind. This is why my sayings are addressed to men and about men. I can not bear a man who seeks to tear down. Infidels are my greatest aversion. I am intensely religious, though I have no creed. I can talk to any man except one who believes nothing. I always take every occasion to attack infidels. They destroy without building up. The devil himself did not deny God, but only rebelled. I have often said I would rather be an idiot than an infidel, because if an idiot I'd know that I made myself so; if an infidel I'd know I made myself so."
 "You have met most of the American humorists?"
 "Eighteen years ago I sat at the dinner table with a remarkable set of wits and humorists. Henry Clay, George Arnold, O'Brien, Mortimer Thompson, (Doesticks), Dawson, Shandley, Robert Newell, Orpheus C. Kerr, and Charles P. Browne, (Artemus Ward). All died destitute, with the exception of Kerr, who is living. Another set that I dined with once is Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Lewis, of the Detroit Free Press, and Burdette of the Hawkeye. They are all living and doing well."
 "What is your opinion of those living humorists?"
 "It is a species, though a poor species, of humor. You read one article and you know the bad boy. It is an exaggeration and lacks a principal constituent of humor—sense. Nonsense that is not based on sense soon falls."
 "Do you think that the American newspaper humorist possesses the quality of sense?"
 "Not generally. The reason why so many 'funny men' spring up and disappear is because of this very lack. A person will laugh at a ridiculous thing and then be ashamed of himself because he has laughed, if he finds no truth in the story. True wit and humor never make you laugh, at least at first. You see the truth in it, and then the ridiculous side strikes you afterward."
 "Then you think the outlook for American humor is not bright?"
 "It is hard to judge humor, and I have paid so little attention to their writings. Still, as far as my limited knowledge goes I will answer. Bret Harte's humor! Bret made a good point in his 'Heathen Chinese,' although the scheme of the two sharpers being taken in by a third apparently innocent one is old. I have never read much of Bret Harte's works, but do not think him of the highest order of humorists. Nothing ever equalled the humor of Mark Twain's descriptions. He is, in fact, the greatest descriptive humorist America has produced. Lewis, of the Detroit Free Press, does not command my highest admiration. He shows great tact, and often produces a bit of praiseworthy humor. Burdette, of the Burlington Hawkeye, I enjoy very much. He has purpose in his humor, and is very pathetic. True humor is always allied to pathos. He might be called the pathetic humorist of America. Naaby is the greatest political satirist since the days of Jack Downing."
 "Is Peck's bad boy genuine humor?"
 "On the contrary, 'John Phoenix' was the founder of the American school of drollery, of which Artemus Ward was the greatest light. The newspaper humor is of that school, only the writers have exaggerated the exaggeration of the school to a nauseous extent, losing sight of the main object of humor, to inculcate a moral or physical truth. Still, once in a while, I come across a newspaper paragraph that is really humorous."
 "Do Mark Twain and kindred humorists display their humor in conversation?"
 "By no means. That is a popular mistake. Humorists are the saddest and soberest of fellows. Humor is pure thought. After you have your thought you can twist it in any ridiculous shape you like. Mark Twain does not know how to laugh, and Naaby never laughed in his life."
 "Does humorous writing pay?"
 "Not to-day. Before Artemus Ward no humorist made any money. He made some. I followed and have made money. But the profitable days of humor are past. I can remember when I would get \$100 a week for writing a few paragraphs for one paper. Now I am getting a few cents for the same. If a young man thinks he is going to get rich by becoming a humorist he is mistaken."
 "How do you rate the German humorists?"
 "Never read them."
 "The French humorist?"
 "Don't know anything about them."
 "The English humorist?"
 "Only read a few of them. They have more wit than humor. I am not a reading man."
 "What of your own position?"
 "I am essentially a paragrapher. I never wrote an article over a page in length in my life. The art of condensation is a gift. Any man can turn a paragraph into a page, but few men a page into a paragraph."
 "Did you possess the art of condensation in your younger days?"
 "I did not know it. I never wrote a line until I was 45 years old. I am now 66, and have been writing ever since. Practice makes perfect, but you cannot get apples off a pear-tree."
 "Why did you begin writing?"
 "I only began writing to please a friend, an editor of a Poughkeepsie paper. I was an auctioneer. He said a man who could talk as I did must be able to write. I did write for his paper, but my articles attracted no attention. Why did I adopt the phonetic spelling?"

PREPARING THEIR PLUMES.
 The Young Men Organize a Blaine and Logan Club.

The new Blaine and Logan club has secured the following names on its enrollment, and many others are to follow: T. B. Baldwin, John W. Baird, J. H. Marshall, George Metcalf, W. F. Sapp, Jr., E. A. Spooner, W. A. Gronow, D. E. Gleason, J. J. Steadman, J. S. Blanchard, George A. Keeling, W. H. Smith, W. Rickman, E. H. Odell, N. C. Phillips, Mark Duryee, Jacob Sims, Frank C. Geor, C. B. Judd, M. B. Brown, Ernest E. Hart, T. W. McCargar, E. Blanchard, J. N. Baldwin, H. Baird, H. H. Metcalf, Chas. H. Fesson, A. J. Crittenden, J. F. Kimball, J. M. Kimball, Charles D. Arnold, Phil Armour, E. H. Scott, H. H. Odell, J. M. Phillips, Jr., and E. H. Steadman.
 Thomas Baldwin has been elected president; Major Marshall, vice-president; and W. F. Sapp, Jr., second vice-president; E. H. Odell, secretary and Mark Duryee, treasurer.
 The club proposes to secure an appropriate uniform, and that matter has been referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. Sapp, Metcalf and Kimball.
 Messrs. Arnold, McCargar, Spooner and Metcalf have been elected as a temporary committee on uniforms.
 The membership has been fixed at \$5 each, and the next meeting of the club is to be held next Tuesday evening at the Ogden house.

An Idyl of Hate.
 Detroit Free Press.

"That horrid Mrs. Sawyer!" said Mrs. Jones the other day. "I wish she would move on to the neighborhood."
 "Well, what do you run there all the time for? I told you how it would be," retorted Mrs. Jones.
 This was not the kind of sympathy Mrs. Jones expected, and she became ominously silent.
 "What has she said about you now?" inquired Jones.
 "Oh, it's nothing about me," said Mrs. Jones indifferently.
 "What is it about?" asked Jones with evident anxiety.
 "It is about you," resumed Mrs. J. "She says you're no more fit to run for office than a brindle cat, and that if Sawyer votes for you she'd never speak to him again; she says—"
 "Never mind," said Jones loftily. "I'm not the least interested in anything a feeble minded, gossiping woman says. But the flatterer had struck home, and Jones left the table with a look on his face that boded no good.
 It was baking day at Sawyers.
 If there was anything Mrs. Sawyer prided herself upon, it was the tender, flaky quality of her paste. Jones knew this.
 Mrs. Sawyer was just rolling that tender pie-paste into great sheets of transparency when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Sawyer answered it, rolling-pin in hand. It was Willie Jones who had knocked.
 "Please, Mrs. Sawyer," said the innocent child, "pa would like a piece of your pie-crust."
 "Certainly, Willie," said Mrs. Sawyer, much flattered, "but it isn't baked yet."
 "He doesn't want it baked."
 "But he can't eat raw pie-crust."
 "He isn't going to eat it."
 "Then what is he going to do with it?"
 "He said he wanted to mend the harness and make hinges for the barn door with it, and—"
 The rolling-pin hung fire and the boy escaped, but the barrier between the houses of Jones and Sawyer can never be broken. It is tougher than the pie-crust.

The Laws of Humanity.
 Cleveland Plaindealer.

Rev. R. E. Macduff, pastor of St. Mary's church, was arrested yesterday by Patrolman Seibel for riding a bicycle on Wilson avenue. This morning Mr. Macduff appeared in the police court and pleaded guilty.
 "I desire to make an explanation," he said. "I reside at No. 1,352 Slater avenue, and my parish is a very large one. I am often called to the bedside of a sick or dying person, and must get there as fast as I can. I hope I am a law-abiding citizen, but when I receive a call of this kind, I am going to respond at all hazards. I consider that in following my calling as a minister I am obeying the law of humanity, a higher law, even though I violate the law made by man."
 "Where is your church?" asked the court.
 "At the corner of Woodland avenue and Wallingford court."
 "I have frequently heard of you," said the judge, "although never on wheels. I am much pleased with your attitude and must go out soon and hear you preach."
 Mr. Macduff looked pleased and smiled.
 "But I want to say to you," continued the judge, "that when the laws of humanity, or higher laws, as you call them, conflict with the laws of this state and city, the higher laws are going to come out second best. I respect your calling—it is a noble one; but the laws to enforce which I am placed here are applicable to everybody without distinction as to person or occupation. For the present I'll stand by the ordinance. My advice to you is to 'keep in the middle of the road.' If you take to the sidewalk you must go about."
 The Reverend Mr. Macduff was fined the costs, and walked up to the captain's desk, where he settled.

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THE ESTHETIC SLUGGER.
 There is No Place Like Boston, Says Prof. John L. Sullivan.

Speaking to a Boston Star reporter, after his return from his tour, Prof. John Lawrence Sullivan, the celebrated exponent of the fastic art, was heard by the Somerville Journal man to say: "One thing I have found out—there is no place like Boston."
 "I've traveled from Maine to the far 'Golden Gate'—
 A tour of adventures profligate—
 I've watched the sun rise in the Dirago state
 And set in the night over the Pacific,
 Niagara's cataract grand I have seen,
 The waves of Lake Erie been tossed on,
 But this I am sure of—where ever I've been
 I've found there is no place like Boston."
 "I've traveled more miles than Ulysses I know,
 Or the heroic son of Achilleus,
 And yet I have everywhere followed my show
 As it followed the Persian Cambyeses.
 I have seen the palmeto and pine where they grow;
 A Pullman the 'Rockies' I've crossed on;
 I've seen many places, and this much I know:
 There is certainly no place like Boston."
 Her culture and learning are everywhere known;
 She holds an exalted position;
 The beans that make brain, brown bread that makes brains,
 Are here in their purest condition.
 To me every street is indeed hallowed ground,
 And proudly I give you the least of
 This happy occasion—The 'Hub'—for I've found
 There is certainly no place like Boston.

Put Cheese for Milk-Men.
 A Chicago milkman is named Schalk. It doesn't look so bad spelled that way, but the milk has the usual taste,—[Lowell citizen].
 "Milkman, why does your milk always look so blue?" "My cows came from Boston, mum," proudly replied the milkman, "and they are blue-bloods!"—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph].
 "Chicago has a milkman named Schalk," whines a contemporary. "If that's the worst you can say about Chicago you may call yourself off. Lots of other towns have chalk and water named milk."—[Oil City Derrick].
 Milkman—There is another queer looking animal. What is it?
 Keeper—That's not on exhibition. It's my private property.
 Milkman—Belongs to you, eh? What a strange looking thing it is! What do you call it?
 Keeper—It's my family cow.—[Philadelphia Record].
 The flow of milk from the butter factory on Logan street into the Beargrass makes the creek white for twenty feet.—[East End Reporter. This is indeed an important piece of news. It has heretofore been customary in Louisville not to let the milk flow into the water, but the water into the milk.—[Louisville Courier-Journal].

The High Collar Craze.
 Boston Globe.
 "Yes, sir, this high collar craze is assuming rather high proportions," remarked a dealer in gents furnishing goods to a reporter yesterday. "You see the present style of 1884 is higher than it has ever been before, and the young men seem all collar."
 "Where will it end?"
 "Well, I declare, I do not know. I am looking for an addition by 1890 that will entirely envelop the chin and give a barber no end of trouble when he wants to shave a customer. Then, as one extreme will lead to another there may be an uprising by 1895 when young men no cannot raise a mustache will be glad to add another inch and take in an upper lip and a pug nose."
 "This is a great country, sir, and progress is our motto. I look for still another bill movement in collars when we reach the new century, 1900 and we may expect a collar which will take in the entire head and face, with air holes for nose, mouth and eyes. It will be warm and nice in winter and will be particularly popular with homely young men."
 "If I were John C. Eno or Ferdinand Ward I think I should order such a collar and wear it in public."
 Reform in Cows.
 New York Journal.
 Virginia has long since ceased to distinguish herself as the mother of presidents. It was necessary, therefore, for the grand old state to do something in order to recover her lost prestige. The mother of presidents has therefore concluded to improve upon the old brand of cow and to produce something novel and striking. Her latest efforts in this direction have been a cow with three horns, mane, tail and legs like a horse; also a calf with eyes or tail. If this cow had been introduced in the proper moment in Chicago there is no saying what effect it might have had upon the Blaine boom. But it is now too late. It is to be feared that for practical milking purposes the new cow will not supercede the old. Three horns are too much for any cow, even a dark horse democratic cow, and she is certain to be a kicker. A calf with eyes or tail is too much of a dude to suit the average milkmaid.

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