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COUNCIL BLUFFS.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

An Old California Miner Dies at the Emigrant House.

Death overtook a stranger passing through this city on his way westward. The man's name was L. C. Wagner, and he arrived here from the East on Wednesday and stopped at the Emigrant house at the transfer where was taken ill and died within about forty-eight hours. D. M. Connell took charge of the remains.

From the effects and what other information could be learned it appears that Wagner was an old California miner. He had a ticket from Fort Seneca, O., to Ogden, and had mining claims in Idaho and in California which he was about to visit. He had recently sold some claims in California and one of the purposes of the trip was to secure the payment of some money due from this sale. On his person was found a letter from his son, W. H. Wagner, who is teaching in Grand Ledge, Mich. Mr. Connell has telegraphed to Ft. Seneca to learn whether there were relatives there, and if so what disposition of the remains was desired by them. The deceased was apparently about sixty years of age.

Grand closing out cigar sale at 502 Broadway.

Downed by Drink.

In the police court yesterday there was little business for the $2.000 judge and $1,200 clerk, a few drunks simply needing to be adjusted, and this was quickly done, as they pleaded guilty. Among them was "Sport" Miller, who time and time again has been before the court, and enough fines now stand against him to bankrupt even a fellow in very good circumstances. It has been a mystery for some time how "Sport" gets liquor. The saloon men all know him, and they all say that they never sell to him. Lately it has leaked out that he gets somebody else to get the bottle filled for him. It is too bad that this "somebody else" cannot be caught, for it is a shame, indeed, to help poor Sport get any farther down the hill. The time was when silk hat and silk stockings, diamond pins and gold neck-chains were his, and old settlers remember how, when flush with his earnings, he spread a banquet for the whole town. Now, brains, energy, money, friends, have all been drowned in drink, and would hardly recognize in the shrivelled, stooped and shuffling form of the man blacking boots for a livelihood, the Sport Miller of other days. Sport was, of course, unable to pay his fine yesterday, and was put back into the jail.

Then there was the banjo player, who has been strolling about the streets for several days—a man of mature years, who has evidently in his better days had some refinement, but now so bloated and trembling that when he pleaded guilty the judge could not but see that grim death's hand was already upon him, and he remarked significantly that he wouldn't probably have to answer many more times to the charge of being drunk. He shuffled his way back to jail as best he could, and there lay stretched out on the wooden bed of his cell, a shivering mass of corruption, his brain on the verge of the horrors, while the jailer gave him, from time to time, potions prescribed by the physician to steady his nerves and cool the burning brain, so that he could get a little sleep.

Then there was a "green Swede," who had not got enough acquainted in the new land to speak a word of its language, but who had got well enough acquainted to be so roaring drunk that it took two officers, Hurley and Towns, to put him in.

Still another, Paul Wiethelm, had been so worsted in a wrestle with Johnny Barleycorn, that he stood charged with forgetting decency.

The judge adjourned court, to go home and sit down contented to a square meal, and the world went on just as it does day by day.

Now is your time to buy cigars cheap at the auction sale, 502 Broadway.

GLENWOOD'S FOURTH.

Invitations to the Natal Day Celebration at Mills County's Capital.

Correspondence of THE BEE.

GLENWOOD, June 13.—The following is from the committee on invitations to the celebration of the 4th of July at this place:

We, the committee, hereby extend a general invitation to all the people of neighboring towns and communities to join with us in celebrating the anniversary of our nation's birthday, on the 4th of July next,

It is further ordered that the following fraternal organizations of Glenwood, the Grand Army of the Republic, Freemasons, Oddfellows, and Knights of Pythias, be requested to send written invitations to the brethren of their orders, in all towns on the C. B. & Q. R. R. and its branch lines from Corning to Lincoln, Neb.

It is also recommended that each pastor on the committee write to the pastors of his own denomination within the same territory inviting churches to form excursions to this place and join with us in the celebration, a special committee being appointed to write to pastors of denominations not here represented. The committee also invite, through the press, each township of this county to send delegations with banners and bands of martial music.

Resolved, That the secretary be instructed to send a copy of these minutes to each of the following papers for publication: The Opinion and Journal, Glenwood, Pacific Junction Gazette, Tabor Union, Malvern Leader, Emerson Chronicle, Shenandoah Post, Council Bluffs Nonpareil and Globe, Omaha Bee, Plattsmouth Herald and Journal, and Lincoln State Journal. W. H. HARDMAN, Chairman.

A. E. GRIFFITH, Secretary.

Tabor College Commencement.

Correspondence of THE BEE.

TABOR, Iowa, June 12.—The days of the eighteenth annual commencement, June 8-11, were as nearly perfect as June days—the gladdest of the year—can be. Year by year the number of visitors increases. The large church was well filled at all the exercises from Sabbath morning to Wednesday evening. More than 1,000 were in attendance; 250 were counted in church at one time. The class this year fully sustained the reputation of previous years. The graduating class numbered seven. There were on exhibition 125 pictures, paintings, and drawings by pupils in the art department

As usual, the homes of labor were freely opened for the reception of guests. During the intermission picnic parties from Glenwood, Malvern, Plum Hollow and the country about could be seen in groves upon the college camp. The past year has been one of real progress. The number of students has been larger than before, 238 for the year from nine states and 45 places in Iowa. In all departments the results have been very satisfactory.

The receipts from tuition last year were $4,000; from rents and interest, $3,700; from donations, $8,074. Total for the year, $15,774.

The entire property of the college is now estimated at $100,000.

The senior class for next year is the largest in the history of the college, numbering more than twenty.

The trustees voted to raise $25,000 for a new building and gave force to their vote by generous subscriptions. M.

PICKING SLATE AT $1 A WEEK.

The Awful Slaughter of Childhood That Is Going on at the Coal Mines.

"There are many melancholy features connected with the life of a coal miner," said Morgan Jones, formerly a mine boss in the Schuylkill coal region, but now a resident in New York city, to a representative of the New York Sun, "but the most painful is the employment of boys in and about collieries. A colliery boy is never a child. He has no games. He seldom speaks. He knows nothing of the world beyond the line of bleak hills that environ the grimy locality where he begins to earn his living almost as soon as he is large enough to be put into trousers.

"I have in my mind now a colliery where for years I was one of the delvers. It is one of the oldest and one of the richest mines in the region. I passed up and down its shaft every day when it was not idle for more than twenty-five years. I have helped carry from its depths the mangled body of many a poor fellow-workman, crushed beneath some fall of coal, or mutilated by fire-damp explosions. I have witnessed the agony of wives and mothers and sisters, as victim after victim to the perils that constantly threaten the miner has been raised from the deadly depths, and my heart has ached for them in their grief. The poignancy of that feeling time never failed to temper, but the spectacle of a score or more of boys aged before their time, bent and stunted, and worn, working their lives away in the black, dusty breaker, sweltering and suffocating in the summer and chilled to the bone in the winter, was something that brought perpetual heartache. The colliery I refer to was only the counterpart of hundreds of others. Its building are on a high spur of the Blue mountains and are visible for miles. The entrance to the mines is at the top of the hill, which is covered with the accumulated coal dust of years, clouds of which are constantly rising from the whirling, sharp-toothed machinery within, and pouring from the open doors and windows. The interior is dark and gloomy, with coal-begrimed men moving silently about, appearing and disappearing in the dust, coming from invisible corners and suddenly swallowed up in impenetrable depths.

"In one room in one of these colliery buildings—a room not more than fifteen feet square—I have seen forty boys at work picking slate from the coal that passes swiftly down the chutes in an endless stream. They are seated on rough hemlock boards stretched across the room in rows. The windows are always open in winter and summer, in order that the dust may escape. In winter the wind whistles through the apartment and the snow beats in at the windows and doors. From 7 o'clock in the morning until darkness compels the work to cease these boys sit on their benches, with backs bent almost double over the running coal, separating the slate from it. To do this requires great dexterity and skill with the hands and a quick eye. The slate pickers range from 7 to 15 years of age. At 15 or 16 they are old enough to enter the mines, and to reach that stage in their career is their only ambition. If any visitor to the colliery will take the trouble to enter the miners' graveyard near by he will not need to be told how many of these boys never reach the goal of their ambition. The tombstones in the graveyard are numerous, but a great majority bear the names of boys under the age of 15—slate pickers who have succumbed to the overstrain of their toil—toil that had made them old, decrepit and infirm before they had reached the freshness of youth.

"The wages paid to these boys are from $1 to $2.50 a week, if they have the luck to be steadily employed. Some of them, in many instances, live long distances from the collieries where they are employed, frequently as far as five or six miles. In such instances they are carried to work in the morning and home again in the evening in the coal cars of the colliery company. For this service they are charged sometimes as much as 10 cents a trip, the money being deducted from their wages. It is no uncommon thing for the boys to find, after reaching the colliery, that the works will be idle for some reason. In such cases they get no pay, and I have known it to happen that at the end of the month it would require not only all of a boy's wages to pay for his transportation, but that he would be in debt to his employer. While I was in the coal regions I endeavored to awaken an interest among the miners on the subject of this employing boys at collieries, with the idea of making a change in the system, but nine out of ten of them had large families of boys, and they were willing to run the risk of their being equal to the hardship of the life of a slate-picker rather than lose the pittance each would contribute to the family income. I got up a petition among people at large asking the enacting of a law prohibiting the employment of boys under 16 at any colliery, and compelling miners to send their children to school until they were that age, but nothing ever came of it. In the meantime the graveyards of the coal regions are rapidly filling with boys whose surroundings might be made such that they would grow up to be useful members of their communities, and parents, employers, society and legislators look idly on at the slaughter."

No Experiment.

With a majority of people it is no experiment that Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup is a cure for Coughs, Colds, Pains in the Lungs, Soreness in the Chest, etc., but for those who doubt, ask your neighbors who have used it or get a free sample bottle of Schroter & Becht, the druggists.

Regular size 50 cents and $1.00. Sold to the trade by C. F. Goodman.

DRAWING LOTS.

A party of miners, four in number, were seated around their camp fire at the close of an autumn day, at Pike's Peak. They were resting after a hard day's labor, each one smoking his pipe.

"Let's have a story," said Phil Smith.

"Well, suppose you tell it," spoke Harry Mason.

"Not I. Come, Dick, trim up your ideas a little."

"Kind, aint you! I say, Joe, you can tell the best yarn, I know."

"Ha, ha! That's a good joke!"

"I tell you what we'll do," said Phil; "let's draw lots."

"Agreed!" cried all, with the exception of Joe Dixon, whose sunburned face turned pale; but he did not speak.

So Phil reached out his hand and plucked four blades of grass from behind him—one shorter than the rest—and placed within his closed hand.

"Now, boys, draw."

Harry drew first, then Phil. Both drew long blades.

Next in order came Joe. With a trembling hand he drew. It was the short one.

When he saw that it was the short one he had drawn a shudder ran through him.

"What's the matter, Joe. You look as pale as if you had seen a ghost, "called out Harry.

"Nonsence! it's the light of the fire," said Joe. Well I am the unlucky one, I may as well begin at once; so here goes."

"Ten years ago a party of four, like ourselves, started from Iowa to seek the mines. They journeyed on, crossing the Platte river, and took what is called the Smoky Hill route. They had provided themselves with ample provisions, as they thought, and was in the best possible spirits, whiling away the time with many a jest and song as they journeyed along.

"They traveled by day and rested by night around their camp fire, telling stories in turn, each trying to see which could tell the biggest yarn.

"Things went along smoothly for a few days. There was no lack of fun while their provisions lasted. But in taking this route they were obliged to cross what is called the Great American Desert, and as there was, of course, no game at hand, they had to depen upon the dried venison and other provisions with which they had provided themselves on starting.

"Being longer on the way than they expected, they were startled to find that their stock had grown very low—so low in fact that there was but one day's rations left. This was something they had not looked for. Hardships they had expected to encounter, but not in the shape of starvation.

"Yes, it was too true; starvation stared them in the face. They had yet many a day's journey before them, and how were they to accomplish it without provisions and with no hope of getting more!

As they gathered around their fire to partake of the last portion left them, not a word was spoken. There was no merry jest nor merry song that night; each man took his positiot in bitter silence, and then stretched himself upon the ground to get what rest he could find with this fearful dread staring him in the face.

"Still in almost utter silence, they again started on their way by daylight; no breakfast that morning, nor dinner nor supper that night. Despair began to creep into their hearts, murmurs began to rise, their clothes were begining to grow ragged, their shoes to break, and fatigue began to tell upon them, in consequence of lack of food.

Among the party were two brothers. They walked together side by side during the day, and slept the same during the night. Many a wistful look did they exchange, as they thought of the home they had left, but through all their deep despair they clung to each other. The other two members of the party soon noticed how these two brothers kept to themselves, as it were, and many an angry scrowl did they cast upon them both.

"At last fatigue, exposure and want of food forbade them moving any further, and one glorous night they gave up all hope, and one of them declaaed he was completely done out.

"The moon shone down upon those wild, desparing faces, in all her soft beauty, as if to mock them in their utter wretchedness. Not an eye was closed that night, one fearful thought was possessed in the minds of all, yet no one dared to express it aloud, The night wore on slowly, indeed to these wretched men. At last the gray light in the eastern sky began to streak with red, and as the sun peeped through, each man rose to a sitting posture.

"A fearful gleam shone in the eyes of the four men as they gazee upon each other.

"All friendly feeling was gone; they could think of nothing but that they were starving to death.

"No word was spoken, not a breath heard, until that awful silence was broken by a low hoarse voice, which sounded more like the growl of a wild beast than anything human.

"'Let us draw lots!'

"At last that fearful thought was expressed! Yes it had come to that: one of them must die or all perish! They dared not look in each other's faces, so great was their own horror.

"He who had spoken tore from his ragged jacket four strips of cloth, and, one of them being short, he who drew that one was to be the victim; or if the short one was left he who held it was to be the one.

"That gaunt hand was outstretched upon its fearful errand; the two brothers were to draw last, one after the other, and no one was to look at his strip until all had been drawn, and then it was to be done simultaneously. The signal was to be the dropping of a pebble.

"All had drawn.

"In breathless silence they awaited the signal,

"A tiny sound broke the stillness! The pebble had fallen, each hand was unclosed, the youngest of the two brothers drew the shortest strip of cloth.

"With a wild yell the two men grasped their knives and sppang towards their victim.

"Not so the eldest brother; he planted himself before the younger one to protect him, weak though he was.

"What was his feeble strength against the other two? They were weak also, it is true, but two to one were the odds.

"He was all alone, for his brother when he saw that he had drawn the fatal strip, had fallen back insensible, and, therefore, was alike unconscious of his own fearful position and his brother's danger.

"For one instant those three men glared at each other, before comencing their deadly strife; that one moment was their salvation.

"A faint shout was heard in the distance, rapidly approaching, was seen a large body of men, well mounted bearing directly toward them.

"Help had come at last.

"In their despair and rage they had not noticed the approach of any one until they were close upon them.

"In an instant all enmity died out, and, throwing their weapons aside, they clasped their heroic brother to their hearts, and wept tears of joy at their deliverance and the timely prevention of the fearful crime they had contemplated.

"The brother who had swooned returned to conscious just as the other party came up.

"Mutual explanations were exchanged as soon as those poor, starved wretches had been bountifully fed.

"All trouble was now over, and as soon as they had recovered sufficient strength to proceed the two parties journeyed out together and reached the mines in safety."

Joe ceased speaking, and silently wiped away a tear from his his eye; Harry was the first to break the silence.

"That younger brother ought to think a sight of the other one."

"He does," said Joe, with a trembling voice; "he would die for him, I know, or I am the one who drew the shortest strip of cloth.'

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It it now undisputed that **Wie Die Meyer's Catarrh Cure** is the only treatment that will absolutely cure Catarrh—fresh or Chronic. "Very efficacious. Saml Gould. Weeping Water, Neb." One box cured me, Mrs. Mary Kenyon, Bismarck, Dakota." "It restored me to the pulpit, Rev. George E. Reis, Cobleville, N. Y." "One box radically cured me, Rev. C. H. Tahlor, 140 Noble street, Brooklyn" "A perfect cure after 30 years suffering, J. D. McDonald, 710 Broadway, N. Y., &c., &c. Thousands of testimonials are received from all parts of the world. Delivered, $1.00. Dr. Wei De Meyer's Illustrated Treatice," with statements of the cured, mailed free. D. B. Dewey & Co., 112 Fulton Street, N. Y

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What She Put in It.

Philadelphia Call.

"What, another cup of tea, Mr. Dumley?" exclaimed the landlady, as he passed his cup for the third time. "I am delighted to see that you are enjoying your supper."

"Yes," responded Dumley. "I was hungry to-night, and the tea tastes unusually good."

"Not very complimentary to me," went on the landlady, with a sort of second-class genteel little laugh. "I generally make the tea myself, but to-night I was busy about something else, and the cook made it. I wonder what she could have put in it?"

"Well," responded Dumley, as he stirred it gently with his spoon. "I should judge from the taste that she must have put some tea in it."

Want of Faith.

If Schroder & Becht, the druggists, do not succeed it is not for the want of faith. They have such faith in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung syrup as a remedy for Colds, Consumption, and Lung affectons, that they will give a bottle free to each and every one who is in need of a medicine of this kind

When it Strikes Him.

Norristown Herald.

Herbert Spencer's lucid remark that "an incidental force falling on an aggregate containing like and unlike units, segregates the like units and separates the unlike," never strikes a young man so forcibly as when a tailor refuses to trust him for a new spring suit.

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Beautiful trees have been set out on the property and streets laid out.

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