

COUNCIL BLUFFS. ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

FUSSING WITH FINANCE.

The Council Fails to Persuade the Conny Board to Make a Raise.

Extreme Retrenchment Threatened.

As announced in Saturday morning's Bee, the city council called upon the county board with a resolution asking the county board to make a general raise of the assessed valuation of the city, the raise suggested being 10 per cent. A number of the large property owners of the city were also present to protest against any such raise, and the matter was quite fully discussed. The city officials gave as the chief reason for making the request that the revenue was not sufficient to meet the demands and that this raise would help out by giving more taxes. There was some opposition on the part of citizens present, that after some talk, the mayor hurriedly called a special meeting of the city council in one corner of the building, and the request for the raise was withdrawn. Then those who had opposed the raise, having had a little more time to consider the matter, concluded that they would not oppose a raise of five per cent, and they signed a petition to the board of supervisors. This petition was referred to the county attorney, who reported adversely on the ground that the board could not legally grant it. In his opinion the board had no right to raise or lower the assessment of Council Bluffs, unless by comparing said assessment with that of the other districts of the county it was found to be too high or too low. The board had no right to consider the matter of how Council Bluffs and its revenue would be affected, its only right and duty being to compare the assessment with that of other districts of the county and equalize them. The attorney thought the law very plain, and that it would not permit a raise on the mere claim that the revenue of the city was not sufficient to meet the necessities. The claim was not made that there was an inequality between the city's assessment and the assessment of any other part of the county, and this was the only claim that the board had a right to consider. The city officials were by no means pleased with the failure to secure the raise, and it was informally decided that if the citizens did not want to be taxed enough to meet the needs of the city, another policy would be followed by the council. It was threatened that the council would make a reduction in the rates, if it could not make an increase in the revenue. It was expected that the council would meet Saturday evening for the purpose of cutting off all possible expenses, but there was no quorum, and the matter went over until this morning, when it is expected that the council will meet. It is talked that the lighting of the streets will be stopped, the police force reduced and all work suspended, but when the rates are allowed to cool a little there will be less probability of any such extreme measures of economy taken. The council has wisely concluded to bring the city finances into a healthier condition, and as there are some of the best financiers and largest property owners on the board of aldermen, they will not be apt to act foolishly, or to run to an extreme. In their attempt to further the interests of the city, they are entitled to the wisdom and an encouragement of other citizens, and if they feel that there can be no other support in all justifiable measures, they will be more apt to act deliberately and wisely.

IOWA ITEMS.

Marshalltown Catholics will build a \$15,000 church. The estate of the late Franklin Hinds, of Dubuque, is valued at \$200,000. The State Boatmen's Association has set July 14 as the date for the state regatta at Spirit Lake. Webster City proposes the erection of a soldiers' monument, to be unveiled on next Memorial day. William Steinbecker, Dubuque's leading merchant, assigned. Liabilities \$15,000; assets nominal. The census returns give Burlington a total population of 23,400, a gain of 4,010 over the census of 1880. Census returns give Kosuth county a population of 9,309, a gain of over 3,000 in the past four years. Lucien, the twelve-year-old son of Prof. Rodgers, of Marshalltown, was drowned on Decoration Day. A company with a capital of \$25,000 has been formed at Dubuque to manufacture patent medicines. The population of Marshall is 8,521, a gain of 2,241 since 1880. The population of the county is 24,954. The Iowa congressional state convention met Thursday at Marshalltown, with an attendance of 250 delegates. The Marshalltown district of the M. E. conference will hold their missionary conference at Hampton, June 25 and 26. The prohibition law is a well authenticated fact in Delaware county. No saloon is to be found within its borders. Chas. Knoener, a pressman in the Burlington Hawkeye office, lost three fingers in the cogs of the press the other night. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad company are undecided about rebuilding the recently burned shops at Creston. W. A. Swanson, a 16-year-old Creston lad, killed a huge wild cat and captured her litter of kits in the timber near that town a few days ago. Harry Fisher, the 9-year-old son of Wm. P. Fisher, of Muscatine, was run over and killed by the street cars in that city on Monday afternoon. The citizens of Franklin county held a mass convention June 2, at Hampton, to discuss the location of the proposed La Crosse and Southern railroad. D. W. King, a young man just entering his 40th year, completed a six months course of study at the Marion business college last week and received his diploma. Robert M. Reynolds, ex-auditor of the United States treasury, who was accidentally killed in a St. Louis hotel on Tuesday, served during the war in company A, First Iowa cavalry, being mustered out with the rank of captain. The Nebraska band of horse thieves, a number of whom have been captured and sent to the Fort Madison penitentiary,

MISS MANDY.

Miss Mandy's case. She believed Harkness to be abusing Coch and Buffy without provocation. She did not await an explanation. Her tongue fairly flew. She used language that was very threatening and even terrifying to a man of Harkness's retiring nature. The poor man stood in a shirt sleeves, his broad back pushed back from his heated forehead, with his right arm raised to throw a big nod at the invaders, nor trying frantically to find an exit. Spell bound he stood. The more the woman said, the greater criminal he felt. How guilty he must appear! How ugly the old looked!

For a few seconds Harkness stood thus; then, something in Miss Mandy's tone inspired him with courage to look up. He gazed with almost incredible yearning into the woman's wrath wreathed countenance, then, throwing down his geological weapons of warfare, he approached the pining and repeated softly: "Mandy!" "What is it you, Harkness, after all these years?" she asked, with something like a cry, suggesting a step or two forward. It was indeed the meeting of two who had been lovers in youth. Parted by a trifling quarrel, one as insignificant (on Miss Mandy's part, alone, this time), had brought them together at last. The years had changed both. They could not get used to it at once, but stood and studied each other closely, tenderly, perhaps. By this time Coch and Buffy were on their own side of the fence, Coch scolding lustily, shifting the blame of their expulsion from Eden on Buffy, no doubt. When Miss Mandy could command herself to speak again she said: "The preacher needn't never tell me any more about the sins of the flesh, in fust'n. I know better. If he had been for this fust, we'd never known each other, for I'd made up my mind never to even look at you. But come over, Harkness, and we'll make it all up."

Hammond's Great Leap. One Hundred and Fifty-Five Feet Down from a Cliff into the Rio Grande. SAN ANTONIO, TEX., June 4.—When the news of Professor Odium's fatal leap from the parapet of the Brooklyn bridge reached here we were talking over the affair in the "Gold Room." Sam Grant, ex-employee of the bridge, called attention to a parallel incident which attracted a great deal of attention on the frontier at the time and gave the name of "Hammond's Leap" to a lofty canyon wall on the bank of the Rio Grande, about six miles west from where the alkaline waters of the Pecos empty into the Gulf. The Southern Pacific railroad runs close to the river here, and you will by the trainmen will point out the spot where Robert Hammond made a sheer leap of 155 feet to the muddy waters of the Rio Grande below. This leap was made in the early summer of 1882, when the railroad was in process of construction. The painted red Mexican sign which the Mexicans call "El Gallo" (the rooster) was on the wall, and Hammond, who was a stung lizard or scorpion that caused Hammond's leap. Hammond was a young man, born in England, and at the time he was in the employ of the railroad, he was of rather slender build, but wiry and muscular, and Jack Harris, the contractor for whom he worked, considered him his best churning drummer. Harris' camp was at the head of the canyon, about one mile south of Vinogradon. He was engaged in digging a trench, and he had a gang of about twenty men, and Hammond worked in the day gang, and the big wall tent he shared with six or eight others was about 300 yards from the edge of the lofty wall, against whose base the muddy waters of the "great river" dashed and tumbled. At this particular point the river is quite deep, and the night sleeping occupants of Harris' camp were wakened by rattling yell, which came from Hammond's tent. Before they could collect their senses and settle in their minds whether or not the camp had been attacked by Indians, Hammond dashed from the tent, and although held by his companions, tore himself away, and yelling at every jump, he leaped over the wall, and landed on the other side of the canyon. The drillers and blasters in the camp stopped their work and ran up on the bank to see what was the matter. They saw Hammond as he dashed toward them, and heard his agonizing yells. A cry of horror burst from their lips as the yelling man reached the top of the precipice, and without a word he stepped over the edge, and shot down like a plummet to the billing flood, 155 feet below. They heard the loud splash made by his body when it struck the water, and then, with blanched faces and hushed voices, hurried down to the river level to search for the poor fellow's body. What surprise to meet the body of a dead man alive, and to see him shivering with cold, but otherwise well, and the muddy water dripping from his clothing. "What was the matter?" cried the group of searchers in chorus. "One of them infernal stung lizards got in my ear and nearly drove me crazy," yelled Hammond, "but he popped out when I struck the water. By the way, boys, what do you think of that jump?" "It ought to have killed you," said one man. "It didn't, though," cried Hammond, with a laugh. "I'll make it again for a ten dollar bill. The next morning Jack Harris had the distance measured, and the tape line held close to the cliff edge, marked 155 feet and a few inches when the other end touched the water. Hammond did not appear to suffer from his terrible flight through the air. He worked for Harris until the latter's contract was finished and then went into Mexico to work on a ranch of the colony. He was in his undecolored clothes that night, and his feet were protected only by his socks. He struck the water feet first, and described the sensation experienced as similar to that of the feet being smartly slapped with a broad strap. While in the air he felt no difficulty in breathing, and the increased velocity as his body neared the water was not perceptible.

POCKETBOOK SAM.

The Queer Yarns of a Rocky Mountain Prospector who Narrowly Escaped Lynching. The Maroon lakes above Aspen are reputed to be full of fish and the country around alive with game. There was, accordingly, no difficulty in making up a party of half a dozen last fall to put in a week up there fishing and shooting. We all enjoyed the trip, yet, it must be confessed, not solely for its sporting pleasures. Fish were few and hard to catch, though what we did get were those noble brook trout found nowhere but in the clear streams of the Rockies. Game was even scarcer, and in fact, we got barely enough to stock our tables. The joy of the trip came in when after a hard day's tramp over an abominably rough country in search of deer or grouse, or after a fruitless or rather fishless poing expedition on a clumsy log raft over the lakes without even a bite, we sat after supper around a camp fire and bag against a tree or stump, and tired legs stretched out. The fragments of the pine cones had been eaten, and the memory of the memory of the time.

One night we were setting thus, and watching the four or five jacks which, poor, patient animals, had packed up our outfit. One of them had just devoured an oily old newspaper in which some bacon had been rolled, and we were laughing over it when a sudden light appeared, a faint and trim as an Indian, and a jolly good fellow spoke up. "Boys," said he, "you've often asked me how I come to be called Pocketbook Sam. Well, I'll tell you. It is all on account of the omnivorous appetite of a jack, or rather, of a jenny, for it was to one of the latter that I owe the name. There's probably little chance in the life of a prospector, it is all downright hard work, and poor pay, for it, too. Now and then we do have something a little strange happen to us, and once in a long while we do strike a rich mine. Both these things happened to me together one day, and out of it grew my nickname. Some of you know that the Park was to be located on the Park mine over on Mount Lincoln, near Alma in Park county. I had been in the state six months when I ran across it. When I came to Colorado some eighteen years ago I went first of all to Fairplay, in Park county. It was a pretty rough place then, and I was well enough pleased to go on up to Alma, where my excitement was just being cooled by the prospect of a mine named Steve Cutter. It was well on in the winter when we went, but we hadn't been very long when one day, as I was working my way round a ridge on Mount Lincoln, I came across an outcrop that looked too good in my eyes to let pass. Steve had a look at it the next day, and he looked at it a tender foot for paying attention to such a showing. I had faith enough, however, to go to work at it, though the snow was very deep. Before the end of January there was a pretty show of mineral as a man could wish. I had got about twenty feet under the ground by that time, it would have done your heart good to see how Steve and I, almost every day in camp changed their tune about the Russia. "I determined to take a jack load of ore over to Fairplay to see if I couldn't interest money men in the property. I went to Mr. Birge, who was the principal merchant at the time, and he lent me a jenny to pack my ore, and at the same time asked me to get \$1,200 for him at the bank and bring it over. I agreed readily enough, and started out. I made one grand mistake here. I hadn't the Russia ready yet. The only thing to show who was the owner was the location stake at the mouth of the shaft, flying half and half to me and Steve. If I had taken the trouble to record the certificate with the county clerk, I would have been mine in spite of anybody. As it was, if I were out of the way Steve could get the whole mine by simply rubbing my name off the stake. But I trusted him too fully to think of such a thing. "I left my ore to have assayed made, got the money in the shape of a roll of bills, and started back through a heavy storm. By the way, I reached our camp at Alma it had cleared off, and a bright sun was shining, but I was wet through. I laid my coat in the sun to dry, and on top of it spread the bills, for they were camp. I then went to get something to eat. Steve was outside smoking, and the jenny was picking up the camp and taking it over. I agreed to come along with me, and to my horror the money was gone. At first I thought Steve was trying to play a trick on me, but he assured that he had not even the money, that either it had blown away or else the jenny had eaten it. I finally concluded that it had gone down the hole through the tent. "I went over to Birge's and told him I had lost my money, and the whole story. He didn't seem inclined to believe it, but said very little at the night, feeling tired. I had hardly got asleep when a gang of fellows, with Birge at their head, broke into the cabin. Almost before I could get up they had a rope around my neck and the other end over a beam in the rafter. The rope I had tied, and a fellow called out that I had five minutes to give up the money or die. Good God! I was so choked I could hardly breathe. "I don't know what I did. I tried to tell them I hadn't the money, that it was really lost, but they wouldn't listen. I broke into a cold sweat. I fell on my knees and prayed and begged for life. Those few minutes were years to me and I had given up all hope, when I heard Birge's voice: "'Let the critter go, boys, let's lead him out of town with the thing in his hand, and if he ever comes back we'll hang him.' "Go on with the hanging," yelled half a dozen; "we don't want thieves in Alma." "No; I lost the money, and it's my say," replied Birge. "After a lot of talk they let me down and I breathed again. Then they led me down the hill, and I stepped in Boulder. When I had been there about three weeks, one night Birge and three miners came to my boarding house. Birge walked up to me, and said 'Sam, shake, old boy; we've got all the money. We treated you like a dog, and we've come to apologize.' "I could hardly trust my eyes, but they soon told the truth in my very next day after I had been out of Alma. My partner Steve was caught in a snowslide while going up to Russia, probably to take off my name. He lived long enough to be brought to town and to make a confession. While I was inside the cabin the jenny, snuffing round for something to eat, had seen innocently protruded her tongue and taken into her mouth the whole \$1,200. Steve happened to see her just as she was about to swallow her valuable rat, ran to her, put his hand in her mouth, and so the greenbacks and brought them forth. He then hid them with the utmost fatal result to me that I have described. He pointed out the

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

New Bedford, Mass., June 6.—A horrible tragedy occurred here about noon today in the outfitting store of Philip & Slocumb. Slocumb was sitting at a desk in the counting room making an entry in the ledger when Charles Foss came from the back room, leaned against the railing dividing the counting room from the store and without speaking drew a revolver and fired, the ball taking effect at the base of Slocumb's skull. He fell instantly to the floor and died. Foss then went to the back room, placed the muzzle of the pistol to his temple and pulled the trigger. He died instantly. Foss was a confirmed drunkard, and had applied to Slocumb to ship him to Honduras Bay. Slocumb had not yet procured a berth for Foss and it is thought the delay enraged Foss that he murdered Slocumb and then committed suicide.

Seal of North Carolina Tobacco is the best. Dr. Zingraff of Bonn, has taken a photograph with him to Africa. He intends to bring home photographs of the savage dialects which he will have the natives to speak into the machine. Scott county derives a revenue of \$1,910 from its 50-cent tax on dogs.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN OMAHA TO BUY FURNITURE IS AT DEWEY & STONES'.

One of the Best and Largest Stocks in the United States To Select From. NO STAIRS TO CLIMB. ELEGANT PASSENGER ELEVATOR. WHEN SOLICITED TO INSURE IN OTHER COMPANIES, Remember These Important Facts CONCERNING The Mutual Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

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One Hundred and Three Millions of Dollars

W. F. ALLEN, General Agent for Nebraska, Dakota, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. Office Cor. Farnam and 14th St. Over 1st Nat'l. Bank, Omaha, Neb.

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YOUNG MEN! Who have tried away their youthful vigor and power, who are suffering from tremors, DRAINS and LOSSES, who are weak, and who find their POWER and VITALITY, energy and RESOLVE, STRENGTH, weakened, by the EXCESSIVE use of stimulants, EMERSON'S CURATIVE, NO matter how low, restoring the energy, who has failed to cure a few weeks of months ago, is now celebrated.

Married Men, or those who intend to marry, REMEMBER, perfect sexual strength means health, vigorous offspring, long life and the love and respect of a faithful wife. Weak men should be restored to vigor and health by the use of the CLIMAX MEDICAL CO., 504, St. Louis, Mo. (Estab. 1877.)

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Union Ticket Agent, No. 507 Broadway Council Bluffs. Railway Time Table. COUNCIL BLUFFS. The following are the times of the arrival and departure of trains by central standard time, at the local depot. Trains leave transfer depot ten minutes earlier and arrive ten minutes later.

Table with columns: DEPART, DESTINATION, TIME, ARRIVE, TIME. Rows include: DEBAGO and NORTHWESTERS, CHICAGO and ROCK ISLAND, CHICAGO and MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO, MEADVILLE and ST. PAUL, CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE and QUINCY, WARREN, ST. LOUIS and PACIFIC, ROCK CITY and PACIFIC, CHICAGO and ST. PAUL, UNION PACIFIC, DANVERS EXPRESS, LINCOLN PACIFIC, OVERLAND EXPRESS, DUMKY TRAINS TO OMAHA.

MANTEL AND CRATE. Setting and General. JOBBING AND BRICK Work. Charles Harris, 107 South 14th St., Omaha, Neb.