

THE BEE. ANOTHER SOFT COAL FIND. THE Contents of a Mysterious Hole South of the City. THE STUFF BURNS ANYWAY. Trial of Bill Cuppy For Thumping a Tenant—Narrow Escape From a Big Blaze—Police Points Personal.

MINOR MENTION. N. Y. Plumbing Co. Reiter, tailor, Fall goods cheap. Money to loan on improved city property by W. S. Cooper, 130 Main street.

Workmen excavating on Broadway to repair a burst water pipe found the ground frozen to the depth of five feet. George H. Rodgers, a patient at St. Bernard's hospital, died yesterday after a five week's illness of typhoid malarial.

Omaha parties are watching the city scales in this city, and are buying large quantities of corn which they are shipping across the river. Marriage licenses were issued yesterday to S. W. Brown and Louis Barstow, of Shelby, Ia., and to Patrick Cronican and Mary Jones, of this county.

The P. E. O. will meet with Miss Rockwell, 813 Third avenue, this afternoon at 4 o'clock. A full attendance is desired. By order of the president. Jennie, youngest daughter of T. A. Kirks, died yesterday. Mr. Kirksland is in Nebraska at present, and has been telegraphed of the sad event.

The donation party at the hospital occurs this afternoon. A committee of the ladies of the Woman's Christian association will be present to receive all callers. The fifth of the second series of Pall Mall parties was given at the Royal Arcanum parlors Tuesday evening. About thirty couples were present, and heartily enjoyed the excellent programme that had been prepared.

Miss Cora Van Tassel appeared at Do-ham's last evening as Capitola in "The Hidden Hand." The large audience present was enthusiastic over the fine acting and realistic manner in which the play was presented. Miss Van Tassel was fully equal to her part, and the support was very good. The company carries its own orchestra and the change was greatly appreciated. This charming little actress will meet with a rousing reception when next she visits the Bluffs.

Tipton has some fine business property on Broadway and Main street. A bargain.

Harkness Bros. this morning open the largest and choicest assortment of embroideries ever brought to this city.

Notice. Some of our competitors are circulating the report that we have sold out. This is not true.

We, however, come very near it every day, each of our customers getting their share. Come and examine our goods and prices, and you won't be surprised that we sell so many goods. We guarantee to give you more groceries for one dollar than any house in the city.

TRIXELL BROS., Cash Grocers, No. 345 Middle Broadway, Telephone No. 20.

Union Abstract Co., 236 Main st.

E. H. Sheafe loans money on chattel security of every description. Private consulting rooms. All business strictly confidential. Office 500 Broadway, corner Main street, up-stairs.

Pickups of the Police. The victims in the police court yesterday included some of a particularly bold, bad nature, and numbered but five. Dave Pyle had not finished up his spree, and had scarcely gone two blocks from the station before he was full again and was re-arrested. In consideration of all the facts in the case, the judge concluded to call it all one drunk and lumped it all at \$5.10. Jake Shoup had kept sober about as long as usual and came up for his regular assessment of \$5.10. The police had nabbed him before he had indulged in his common recreation of beating his family. Ed. O'Donnell had enjoyed to the utmost all the fun that could be crowded into ten short hours of liberty and was again before the bar of justice. He had gone into the Salvation army hall in the course of his travels and rescued a sister's nose in black and blue. He was ordered to the county jail for thirty days. Commitment papers were made out and he acted as his own escort on the way to the jail, where he turned himself over to Sheriff O'Neil. Dan Donovan, a boarder at the Denmark hotel, had threatened to kill any one who entered his room and flourished an ancient blunderbuss in a rather promiscuous fashion by way of emphasis. The landlord swore out a warrant for his arrest, and the police gathered in the offender and his arsenal. The court ordered him to pay the costs, settle with his landlord and get another boarding place.

Tipton has some cheap residences on easy payments.

Money to loan. W. S. Cooper.

The District Court. The attention of the district court was occupied yesterday with the case of State vs. W. B. Cuppy, of Avoca. The defendant is charged with assaulting one J. J. Friel with intent to do great bodily injury. Friel rented a piece of land of Cuppy, and the quarrel was about a division of the grain. Friel endeavored to drive away with a load, when the defendant stopped him, and finally hit him over the head with a club.

Colonel C. R. Scott, of Omaha, and Fremont Benjamin, of Avoca, are defending Cuppy. Friel was on the stand nearly the whole day. The case will occupy two or three days. The next case will be that of State vs. Hugh Thompson, charged with bigamy and perjury. The defense will be conducted by Judge L. H. Bradley, of Omaha.

Tipton has bargains in building lots. On the market for over twenty years. Still the most reliable and the most popular sewing machine made. The light running Domestic. Office 105 Main st.

The youngest of the thirty-eight living widows of revolutionary soldiers is Nancy A. Green, of Versailles. She draws a pension, but there are those who question her right, for this reason: she was born in 1783; the revolutionary war was ended in 1783. If her husband was twenty-one years old when he was murdered, she was fifty-six years old when she was born; and if he married her when she was eighteen years old, he was then a man of seventy-four. But stranger things than that have happened.

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During the past four months there have been rumors afloat hereabouts that coal had been discovered within a few miles of Council Bluffs, but they were of so vague and unsatisfactory nature that they have been regarded as canards and tales having no existence in fact. For all this certain persons living in this city have been quietly investigating, making mysterious visits, etc., the results of which they have sacredly kept to themselves. The fact that we are situated near or upon the coal belt which traverses the state (as has been demonstrated by late geological surveys), lent a strong color of probability to the oft repeated prophesy that within a few years, at most, the fuel of the city would be supplied by home mines. Now it seems more probable that this prophesy will be actually realized. At various times traces of soft coal have been found at different points near and in the city, but none that attained to near the magnitude of this latest discovery.

The hope of fuel at home is based largely upon recent discoveries over the line in Mills county, where it is thought a vein of canal coal has been uncovered. The find is located on the farm of Mr. C. H. F. Spetman, which is about one half mile from Henton's station, or sixteen miles from this city. A portion of the farm is covered by timber through which a small stream of water flows. The soil abutting is low and marshy, interspersed with rocky cliffs which rise twenty feet above the water level. There forms a kind of glen, at the mouth of which lives a wood-chopper who is in the employ of Mr. Spetman. The difficulty of access to the spot is, without doubt, the reason the find has remained undiscovered. Yesterday a son of Mr. Spetman called at the BEE office and gave a history of the finding. It is interesting and the facts are herein given as detailed by him:

"It was some time between Christmas and New Year's, I said he, 'that I found it, was walking along through the woods by the stream when I saw a hole which was not naturally made. I knew somebody had been there and I made up my mind I would find out what they were there for.'

"I thought about something might be buried there," suggested the BEE man. "Well, I didn't know what to think," he replied, "whoever they were, I knew they had no business there and I went to work to find out what I could about the matter. I asked the wood-chopper, but he said no one had gone in by his house. I learned afterward they were in over the hill. Didn't want to be seen? Why, of course they didn't, or else they would have gone in the other way, and not gone climbing over the rocks and running the danger of breaking their necks."

"Then the discovery was purely accidental?" "Well, yes. I had no idea there was coal there and my digging was to find out what the hole was for. The spot was so low that water flowed in as fast as I took anything out. Those who dug the hole must have contrived some way to keep the water out."

"To what depth did you go?" "About three feet. The weather was so cold and the water flowed in so fast that I gave up doing anything more until it moderates, but there is a three-foot vein there, anyway."

"You think it is of a quality to make a fair test as to its burning qualities?" "Yes, I took out quite a quantity. I tried it at home and found it burned freely after the water had dried out of it. I really took it out of the water, you know."

The BEE man was getting curious to see practical evidences of this story and asked why his informant had not brought some of his product into town with him. "I did bring in some," he answered, "a couple of steers for sale. Will give credit to reliable parties. Enquire of A. J. Greenamayer."

S. B. Wadsworth & Co. loan money. A Great Shooter. William N. Riddle, ex-president of the Penn bank of Pittsburg, a broker, now in New York city, is one among the best close-range shots, and has only one lung, but he is quick as lightning and shoots on the intuitive sight plan. He once defeated Buffalo Bill and other crack marksmen in a close-range contest with rifles. About once a week he makes the rounds of the shooting galleries in the Bowery and is more popular with the crowds that drop in than any ward politician. Taking a revolver or a sixteen-shooting rifle, he rings each target in succession.

One of Riddle's most remarkable exploits with firearms was when he went to California last May. After the train passed Reno he and Billy Emerson, the negro minstrel, had a jolly time. The train was beginning to slow up at a station when Emerson fired a chicken shot at the head of a small house. He bet \$1 that the latter could not shoot off the chicken's head with his pistol while the train passed. Riddle pointed his pistol from the window, fired, and the owl's head was severed from its body. Emerson threw \$1 to the astonished negro woman who saw her chicken keel over as if it had been guillotined. In California Mr. Riddle visited a mining camp and soon had the freedom of the place presented to him. Many miners, scouts, miners and prospectors were in the neighborhood. A friend who accompanied Mr. Riddle to the town said that the slim man with him would shoot against any man in the crowd for a treat all round. Instantly four or five champion shots stepped up. One was a Pennsylvania hunter, the other a New York sylvanist, the bull's eye nine out of ten times with a rifle, and then, taking his pistol, he centered the bull's eye seven consecutive times. The people went wild over him and made him an honored guest of the town.

Last year Riddle took a aunt through a success as a marksman that the people wished him to settle among them and accept some political office. His skill came through an illness. For several years he was in a hospital, suffering from pulmonary troubles. Too weak to take any exercise of any kind, he amused himself by shooting marks all day in the rear of the hospital.

For Sale Cheap—Lots near the bridge for parties who will build at once. Address or call on J. R. Rice, No. 110 Main street, Council Bluffs.

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Frank G. Carpenter in the Chicago Tribune: There is no pocket in a shroud. All of A. T. Stewart's millions could not prevent the body-snatchers seizing his corpse, and it is said that it costs \$50,000 a year to guard the ashes of William H. Vanderbilt. The Vanderbilt tomb cost half a million dollars, and \$30 a day is spent for the detective guard which is now kept about it. It is perhaps the costliest tomb in this country. It is more than one hundred feet square and sixty-three feet high, and lies in the Moravian cemetery on Staten island upon the ground which gave their start in the United States. It is watched night and day, and in order to better protect its contents a powerful flame is lighted from its cupola at night. The detectives have to inspect the tomb every half hour, and there is an electric register which shows whether they have done their duty.

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Jay Gould has made much money in the cemetery, and his lot there is a circular one containing about four acres. There is not a single tree nor shrub upon it, and Jay Gould, when he leaves his \$200,000,000, and without his check-book, passes to the other world, will receive in a tonic temple made of unpolished Westery granite. Thirty columns, eleven feet high and about a foot in diameter, will uphold the roof above his remains, once so rich but now so poor, and a bronze door of Grecian design will lead into the interior, and give visitors a chance to peep in at the magnificence within. The foundation is concrete and a single stone forms the floor. There is a window with the picture of a chair of angels on the wall, and a vault will be as big as that of the Capulets and will give an uncrowded resting place to at least a score of dead.

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There is a millionaire in Connecticut who has now passed his three-score and ten, who has made his own coffin, and who has arranged at the details of his funeral. His name is Richardson, and he is said to be the richest man in Connecticut. He is a good business man and has increased a fortune which his father left him. He is a crank on the subject of elm timber for coffins, and it is said that he has sent a trunk to England for an elm sapling. While it was growing he told his friends that he intended to be finally buried within it, and that he hoped to have enough wood from it to furnish coffins for all his friends. A few years over thirty years old, was cut down and enough material got out of it to make three coffins. He packed one of these away in his garret for himself, burning his name into the top and sides with a pen-knife. He said that an engraved plate would be too expensive, and his directions for his funeral provide that the simplest ceremony shall be used. Enough of the wood for another coffin he sent to Dr. Dix, the rector of Trinity church, New York, and the other planks he presented to his only brother, Dr. Dix is said to have had a coffin made from the wood, but the brother, though he has sent his thanks for the present, has not cared to do so.

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P. T. Barnum lately says that he has provided that if any of his legatees make a contest of his will he shall by that act forfeit his bequest, and he has left \$100,000 as a fund for the executors to fight any contestant. He thinks there is too much contesting of wills on the ground of incompetency, and he has had three physicians witness his will and these have all made oaths that he is of sound mind. His will contains 700 pages and it was made several years ago. It gives \$10,000,000 to twenty-five different charities and various sums to the charities of his native town of Bridgeport. It is very sensibly written and Barnum's precautions will probably save a number of lawsuits.

There has been talk of contesting Tilden's will since his death and trouble is said to have now arisen between the widow of Alexander Mitchell and his son. Mitchell left his wife an annuity of \$50,000 during her natural life to be paid her in monthly installments from the date of his demise. He gave her \$200,000 in cash and \$200,000 in stocks, and also the homestead during her lifetime. The bulk of the rest of his property went to his son, and the widow and son were made the executors of the will. The son, who is forty-six years old, now manages the property and a report has been published that Mrs. Mitchell is not satisfied with his management, and that she is thinking of going to California to live.

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Some Curious Ways in Which Fortunes are Disposed Of. RUFUS HATCH ON JAY GOULD. Some Queer Wills of Rich Frenchmen—Compound Interest—Barnum's Will—How Millionaires Have Left Their Money.

Frank G. Carpenter in the Chicago Tribune: There is no pocket in a shroud. All of A. T. Stewart's millions could not prevent the body-snatchers seizing his corpse, and it is said that it costs \$50,000 a year to guard the ashes of William H. Vanderbilt. The Vanderbilt tomb cost half a million dollars, and \$30 a day is spent for the detective guard which is now kept about it. It is perhaps the costliest tomb in this country. It is more than one hundred feet square and sixty-three feet high, and lies in the Moravian cemetery on Staten island upon the ground which gave their start in the United States. It is watched night and day, and in order to better protect its contents a powerful flame is lighted from its cupola at night. The detectives have to inspect the tomb every half hour, and there is an electric register which shows whether they have done their duty.

The guarding of rich men's graves has become a regular business since the death of A. T. Stewart, and few prominent men die whose remains are not watched for some weeks after their interment. The vault in which F. A. Drexel's body lay was watched months before he died, and a number of millionaires of Philadelphia's millionaires, in addition to guarding his husband's grave, had a massive granite slab put upon it, so heavy that it could not be moved without the use of powerful machinery.

Jay Gould has made much money in the cemetery, and his lot there is a circular one containing about four acres. There is not a single tree nor shrub upon it, and Jay Gould, when he leaves his \$200,000,000, and without his check-book, passes to the other world, will receive in a tonic temple made of unpolished Westery granite. Thirty columns, eleven feet high and about a foot in diameter, will uphold the roof above his remains, once so rich but now so poor, and a bronze door of Grecian design will lead into the interior, and give visitors a chance to peep in at the magnificence within. The foundation is concrete and a single stone forms the floor. There is a window with the picture of a chair of angels on the wall, and a vault will be as big as that of the Capulets and will give an uncrowded resting place to at least a score of dead.

Rufus Hatch, who is a writer as well as a millionaire speculator, gave an account of the body of A. T. Stewart, and his will would probably be, and he says that the Irvington property will go to Mrs. Gould with an income of \$100,000 a year. Gould will give \$1,000,000 to each of his children in trust until they are twenty-one years of age and the bulk of the rest of his property will go to charity, with the exception of \$50,000,000, which will be given to his son George J. Gould to keep up the family name and reputation. Jay Gould has not been noted for his generosity to the poor, during his life he will have care to make a reputation of this kind after his death. His \$200,000,000 will be put in such a shape that it will continue to grow until either his children or his children's children fight over it and the lawyers and his descendants scatter it to