THE DAILY BEE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

OFFICE, NO 12 PEARL STREET.

Delivered by carrier in Any Part of the City a Twenty Cents Per Week.

H. W. TILTON.....MANAGER.

TELEPHONES:

BUSINESS OFFICE NO. 43.
NIGHT EDITOR, NO. 23.

MINOR MENTION.

N. Y. Plumbing company.

Coal and wood. E. E. Mayne, 619 B'way.

There are now confined in the county jail forty prisoners, many of whom are awaiting the action of the grand jury.

Unity Guild will hold its next dime sociable Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. Weatherby, No. 44 Fourth street.

The docket was called in the superior court yesterday morning, and the first assignment of cases made. None of them were ready for trial, although the attorneys were out in full force.

A. Keeler was arrested yesterday for peddling thermometers without a license. He paid the costs, took out a license, and was then allowed to resume his occupation of assisting the dear people to freeze to death.

The annual drawing of the Mueller Music company will take place this morning at their store at 10 o'clock sharp. There are ten valuable prizes to be drawn, and all those holding tickets are invited to be present.

Judge Aylesworth rendered his decision yesterday morning in the Collins larceny case, and bound over the prisoner to the grand jury in the sum of $1,000, which the prisoner failed to furnish and was remanded to jail.

The following jurors have been drawn for the January term of the superior court: George H. Jones, Samuel Morrison, George Dalton, James Brooks, George Jacobs, S. Covalt, L. V. Williams, Paul Siebold and John Booth.

At the annual meeting of the First Baptist church, William C. Garman was elected deacon for three years; F. L. Evans, clerk; H. Pethybridge, treasurer. The trustees elected were: R. Morgan, Peter Wahlgren and C. J. McNitt.

The week of prayer is being observed by the Presbyterian, First Baptist and Congregational churches by a series of union prayer meetings. The meeting to-night will be held in the First Baptist church, and will be led by Rev. Dr. Phelps. To-morrow evening the meeting will be in the Congregational church, and will be led by Rev. Dr. Cooley.

In the district court yesterday, the argument of the motion for a new trial in the case of Byrd was not completed until noon, when the matter was taken under advisement. During the afternoon the Herald receivership matter was heard. There is but little else to be heard by the court at present, as the next term convenes on the 22nd inst.

An enjoyable bal masque was given at the residence of Mr. George H. Champ last evening, which was attended by about forty couples. The majority of the maskers wore simple dominoes, but the occasson was an enjoyable one. The guests were most elegantly entertained, and the event was one of the social successes of the season.

There will be an entertainment at the Platner variety hall next Saturday evening, one of the features of which will be a glove contest between Charley Allen and Billy Crockett. It will be a friendly setto, but will witness considerable hard slugging. There is no purse to contend for, but both parties are training for the event.

A deal was made last evening by which E. A. Wickham secured the controlling interest in the Pacific house property. He purchased the sixth interest held by E. H. Merriam for $3,000. This gives him a two-thirds interest. The property will be leased for hotel purposes by E. W. Haines, who will occupy it after certain changes are made.

About 10:30 o'clock last evening an alarm of fire was sounded. The department responded quickly, but their services were not needed. It was a false alarm, and was caused by the steam issuing from the second story windows of the Cascade steam laundry being mistaken for smoke. Considerable excitement was caused, and the Masonic temple was quickly emptied of its crowd of dancers.

The county board of supervisors were busy yesterday settling with the county treasurer. There was found to be about $98,000 in the treasury on the 1st day of January, of the present year. The board will pass to-day to the allowing of bills and other routine work. The newly elected chairman, Mr. C. B. Waite, presides over the deliberations of the board in a most satisfactory manner, and keeps the mill grinding. The present session will probably be completed Saturday afternoon.

Another case of varioloid was reported at the office of the city clerk yesterday by Dr. Cook. The patient is Mrs. M. Sears, residing at 136 Harrison street. She is a daughter of Mr. A. B. Campton, who has just recovered from an illness that was said by some to be varioloid, but that report was denied by others. Mr. Sears visited the house of his father-in-law during the latter's illness, and it is now claimed that the contagion was carried to his home from that place. The case is not regarded as dangerous, although a quarantine will be established.

The larceny case of L. R. Mayne was called in Squire Barnett's court. A motion for the discharge of the defendant had been argued and taken under advisement by the court, and a decision was rendered sustaining the motion. It appears that the charges preferred against Mayne were more the result of spite work than because of any criminal intent on the part of the defendant, and as soon as they were investigated and the defendant had an opportunity to be heard in his own defense, he was discharged, there being no grounds upon which to hold him.

Dr. Cleaver, 26 North Main. Tel. 147.

The Old Reliable Jewelery Firm

of E. Burhorn, No. 17 Main street, has laid in an immense stock of holiday goods, which will be sold cheaper than ever. This is a special inducement for thirty days. All goods first-class and guaranteed to be just as represented. It is an established fact that you can get the best goods for the least money there. Call and examine the stock and get prices before purchasing.

See W. C. Stacy's ad.

Notice the beautiful finish given collars, cuffs and shirts by Cascade Laundry company.

Buy groceries, stationery and Christmas goods of Kelley & Younkerman, 102 B'way.

Rock Spring coal, Gleason, 26 Pearl street.

Pickled tripe and pigs' feet at Tibbitts', 345 Broadway.

Dr. C. C. Hazen, dentist, Opera house block.

Have our wagon call for your soiled clothes. Cascade Laundry Co.

ALL ABOUT COUNCIL BLUFFS.

A Futile Attempt to Grab a Roll From John Linder's Safe.

A VERY CLUMSY SNEAK THIEF.

Motions in the District Court—A Good Grist For the Police Court—The Incandescent Lighting.

The Police Court.

The largest grist that has been disposed of in some time was ground out in Judge Aylesworth's judicial mill yesterday morning. There were fifteen victims, and their medicine was measured out to them in liberal doses

John Kane pleaded guilty to the larceny of a shirt and was sent to jail for thirty days.

Jacob Voight admitted being drunk, and squared himself by the payment of $8.70. R. Mortis and C. Sayles were charged with disturbing the peace. Mortis pleaded guilty and was fined $9.60. Sayles denied violating any ordinance, and after a trial was discharged.

I. P. Kirby, F. E. Hume and F. W. Sanders were arraigned on a similar charge. They all pleaded guilty, and were fined $10.10 each.

Five vags were then called up and discharged with a reprimand. The dose was evidently not to their liking, as they were anxious to have a jailor's tender care until the robins nest again. They were loth to leave the pestilential atmosphere of the city jail, but the jailor "fired" them bodily. The forgery cases against William Carnahan, Ed Middleton and W. S. Hodges were not ready for a hearing, and they were continued at the request of the prosecuting attorney. Carnahan and Middleton were arrested Tuesday, but Hodges could not be found. Yesterday morning he appeared at the jail and asked to see the prisoners. He was at once accommodated and thrust into the corridor with them. So far as is known these three smooth crooks have disposed of three bogus checks. They are all drawn on the bank of Officer & Pusey. The first one, for $25, was presented at Goldstein's by Middleton, but was suspected to be a forgery, and Middleton and Carnahan were placed under arrest. Another check for $25, with the name of Chris Straub attached, was passed at Metcalf Bros', and one for $29, over the purported signature of Henry Spetman, was passed on a barber named Miller, near the transfer. The forgeries are very poorly executed, and would not deceive any one acquainted with any of the parties whose names were forged. The case against the prisoners seems to be a very clear one, and the penitentiary looms up before them with alarming distinctness.

Sleigh bells, sleds and skates at cost to close out. ODELL & BRYANT.

Money loaned on furniture, pianos, diamonds, horses, buggies or anything of value at low rates of interest. No publicity; fair and honorable dealing. A. A. Clark & Co., office cor. Broadway and Main, over American express.

All grades hard coal, C. B. Fuel Co.

Illinois and Iowa best soft coal, Gleason, 26 Pearl street.

Notice to Water Consumers.

The water rent for quarter commencing January 1, 1889, is now due. A discount of 5 per cent on all bills paid at this office before January 10, 1889.

Council Bluffs Waterworks Co.

Attempted Robbery.

A trio of bold crooks attempted to rob the wholesale liquor store of John Linder yesterday morning. One of the fellows was in the store and saw Mr. Linder receive about $200 from a customer. He left the place and shortly returned with two others. Mr. Linder was alone at the time, and one of the fellows asked to see some whiskey. The proprietor started forward to wait on him, when one of the others attempted to enter the office. Mr. Linder rushed back to head him off, and the others closed in on him. He managed to get his safe locked, and then the fun began. It was a race up one side and down the other, while two of the party guarded the doors. Mr. Linder threw one fellow out, but he rushed around the building and entered by the rear door. Finally the fellows began to get alarmed, and two of them skipped out. The proprietor grabbed the third and kicked him the whole length of the store. During the whole proceeding nothing was said about the money in the safe, but Mr. Linder is positive that the strangers came in for the sole purpose of getting it. Their actions were so bold that it is difficult to put any other construction on their movements.

W. S. Cooper has cash on hand to loan on approved city property, No. 130 Main street.

S. B. Wadsworth & Co. loan money.

Bargains in real estate in all parts of the city, W. S. Cooper, 130 Main street.

All grades soft coal, C. B. Fuel Co.

The London "Tailor's" is the place to get your clothes made. 637 Broadway.

L. E. Roe, dentist, No. 27 Main St., over Jacquemin & Co.'s jewelry store.

Lighting By Lightning.

Now that the council has passed the ordinance granting a franchise to the Brush Electric Light company, it will be but a short time until incandescent light will be supplied to the public at reasonable rates. The company will furnish lights at the rate of 1 cent an hour for business houses, and three-fourths of a cent an hour for residences. Those used in business houses will be of sixteen candle power, and those in residences, especially bed rooms, ten candle power. A twenty-four hour service is guaranteed, but lights will be charged for only while in operation. Work will begin immediately, and the plant will be in active operation in a few weeks.

Major Hendershot brings with him the original silver drum presented to him by Horace Greeley for gallantry at the battle of Fredericksburg on the 11th of December, 1862; the drum presented to him by the Woman's Relief Corps at Bangor, Me., April 1885; the gold mounted Garfield and Arthur drum sticks of 1880 and the siver tipped sticks presented him by the George W. DeLong post, G. A. R., of Honolulu, I. R.

All persons having accounts with Harkness Bros. are requested to call and settle the same. Mrs. Watts is authorized to receive money and can be found at THE BEE office for the present.

J. E. HARKNESS.

A Sneak Thief Taken.

A stranger entered the store of F. W. Spetman & Bro. yesterday afternoon and made some trifling purchase. Just as he was leaving, he was detected in the act of stealing a scarf. After a lively scrimmage, in which he was severely hammered by Mr. Spetman, he was captured and the police telephoned to take him to jail. The patrol wagon soon landed him at the city jail. After being lodged inside, he turned his attention to the other prisoners, giving one of them a hard drubbing, for which he was locked up in a cell, where he pounded the iron door until he was exhausted. It is thought that he is one of the fellows who visited Linder's store in the morning. He is a tough looking, as well as a tough acting prisoner, his appearance being all the more revolting from the effects of the castigation received at the hands of Mr. Spetman. The latter is compelled to wear one of his hands in a sling as the result of his innocent diversion. The prisoner gave his name as Fred Marcey, and will be arraigned this morning for larceny.

Mrs. E. E. Harkness offers for sale at her residence, No. 608 Bluff street, some of her household goods and furniture.

Major Hendershot has a national reputation. The children read of him in their school books, and every one should see and hear him play on the 16th.

Major Hendershot, the original drummer boy of the Rappahannock, and his son, assisted by local talent, will give an entertainment at the opera house, Wednesday evening, the 16th inst. Major Hendershot's performances on the drum are simply wonderful, and the old soldiers almost imagine the war is not over yet as they listen to his imitations of a battle.

The Firemen's Ball.

The Rescue masquerade ball last evening eclipsed all its predecessors, both as to the number present and the amount of enjoyment derived from it by those who participated. The hall was filled with maskers, and a large number of spectators was wedged into every available spot of sitting or standing room that could be secured. The costumes were, for the most part, of the most ridiculous character that could be devised, and created unbounded merriment. The floor was so crowded that dancing was by no means easy, and numerous abrupt collisions resulted. The amount netted by the fire company will foot up several hundred dollars, and they can not help but be satisfied.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mrs. A. U. Crosby is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. B. Oaks, of Silver City.

Mrs. E. S. Post and daughter, of Lincoln, Neb., returned home yesterday morning after a short visit with relatives in this city.

Sheriff Van Turnip, of Canfield county, Neb., has been visiting with the family of Mrs. Arkwright for the past few days. He left last evening for Avoca, where he formerly resided. He is making some investments in Council Bluffs realty.

Pay Your Water Rent To-day

And get your discount. This is the last day a discount will be allowed. The waterworks office will be open until 9 o'clock p. m. to accommodate those who are unable to make payments during the day.

J. G. Tipton has bargains in real estate.

Money loaned at L. B. Crafts & Co.'s loan office, on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, personal property of all kinds, and all other articles of value without removal. All business strictly confidential.

George Washington's Tooth.

Isaac J. Greenwood of New York is exhibiting a tooth in a glass case. The tooth is mounted in gold. Above it hangs this extract from the will of Mr. Greenwood's father: "I give and bequeath to my eldest son, Isaac John Greenwood, forever, all the curios, medallions, snuff-boxes, General Washington's tooth, and the under false jaw of teeth made for him by my late father, John Greenwood." The tooth in question was the last one removed from General Washington's under jaw, according to the diary of Mr. Greenwood's grandfather. In another glass case Mr. Greenwood exhibits a letter from General Washington recording the remittance of $15 for a false jaw. The letter was dated from Mount Vernon, January 6, 1799.

They are trying in Germany to find a substitute for India rubber. No one who has used Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure desires a substitute, as it is eminently successful in coughs, colds, and all throat and lung diseases. Goodman Drug Co.

IN A SNAKE'S THROAT.

A correspondent of the Boston Commercial Bulletin is responsible for the following horrible tale: Locating our camp on a suitable spot on the south shore of the Amazon, as nearly as that river can be said to have any shore, Murilla and I proceeded to make daily excursions into the forest in all directions, usually leaving two of the boatmen in charge of the camp, and taking the other two along to carry supplies. The concession proved to be a most magnificent forest. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, needing but the woodman's ax and transportation down to fetch £250 apiece. The tract was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated to the river.

It was some days after our arrival at the concession, when I took Murilla with me for a short expedition into the forest. It was a feast day with the Indians, and as we intended to return before evening we left them all four in camp, merely providing ourselves with a round of hard-tack apiece and some cold venison for lunch. At noon where we sat down to eat our lunch Murilla discovered, near by a clump of low bushes bearing a yellowish berry. This fruit he professed to recognize as a familiar variety which he had often eaten down toward the coast, though he had never seen any before so far in the interior. After testing them he pronounced them delicious, but of somewhat different flavor to those on the east coast.

We both ate of the berries liberally without the least suspicion of injurious effects, I finding them, as Murilla declared, delicious. Ten minutes after eating the first berry, however, both of us became thrilled with a strange exhilaration. We became almost deliriously happy, Murilla bursting out in Portugese doggerel with boisterous hilarity as though intoxicated with absinthe. As for myself, my whole nervous system tingled with pleasing excitement to the very finger tips. I was fairly intoxicated. I have a vague recollection of making a ludicrous resolve to check my own wild impulse to sing by nodding my head in rythmic approval of Murilla's vocal outburst—of seeing Murilla roll over on the ground, and immediately following his example. Then all became a blank.

This happened about midday. Not until nearly sunset on the following day did consciousness again slowly commence to assert itself. I then awoke—if a foggy idea of trying to extricate one's self from a hideous nightmare can be called an awakening—its a horrible sensation of helplessness. It seemed as though the lower half of my body was numbed and paralyzed by heavy pressure from all directions. A vague impression that my lower limbs were dead and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of my body crept over me. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets almost, a singing was in my ears, and my breath came in labored pants; my throat was hot and dry with a raging thirst. I was not yet fully returned to my senses; like one drugged with chloroform, or a person freezing to death, my natural inclination was to let things take their course. It seemed useless to think of trying to extricate myself from the vise-like embrace that appeared to clutch me in a rubber mold at terrible tension, from the waist down. It was only a nightmare which would pass away in a little while. And yet, it couldn't be a nightmare, for I was dimly conscious of being awake after all, and not asleep and dreaming.

Realizing this, by a supreme effort of the will I aroused my well-nigh dormant faculties to a sense that something terrible was the matter. The numbness had not reached my arms, and I tried to raise myself up—I was lying face downward. As I strove to rise I was dragged backward several feet along the ground. Horrified and bewildered, I raised myself up with a frantic effort, sufficient to look toward my helpless extremity. My God! I was half ingulfed in the throat of a monster boa. This hideous reptile, finding me lying at length on the ground, stupefied, had deliberately set about swallowing me.

Now I was thoroughly aroused, the sensation was as though some powerful suction pump were employed in dragging me remorsely down, down, down, inch by inch, into the slimy depths of my devourer's stomach. I was suffering no physical pain to speak of; the dreadful pressure on the lower half of the body created only numbness there; above was a sense of oppressiveness, but there was an utter absence of acute pain.

An indescribable sickening odor also emanated from the monstrous reptile that was leisurely working me down his throat. It was the breath from the foul and slimy stomach that already intombed my feet and legs, and would ere long close over my head. Maddened at the loathesome prospect, I gave a horrified scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground I struggled frantically to release myself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

As well might some modern Canute try to stay the tidal wave's resistless course, as I to struggle for freedom from that living vice stretched like rubber about every hair-breadth of what it engulfed. As I struggled I could feel the hooked fangs of my devourer clutch the buckskin jacket I was wearing and hold me like a pair of hungry nippers, while the horrible suction pump below seemed to be worked with anxious energy.

As soon as I realized the utter hopelessness of accomplishing anything by struggling a complete change came over me. I became as calm and collected as if there was nothing to be alarmed at in my position. So cool and philosophical did I begin to review the situation that I concluded I must have suddenly gone mad.

If there was the slightest hope of escape, I argued with myself, it would be in keeping my presence of mind and remaining perfectly quiet. Every struggle I might make to get loose would land me an inch further down into the depths of the boa's slippery tomb by bringing into play the hooked fangs, and arousing the activity of that horrible suction force within.

From my schoolboy recollections of natural history came the conclusion that my devourer must have been a good twenty-four hours ingulfing me up to the waist, and that by offering a merely passive resistance I might keep my head and shoulders outside as long as life remained. From the time I discovered myself to be in the boa's lethiferous grip until the above sensible resolve was arrived at could hardly have been three minutes.

For the first time since recovering consciousness my thoughts now found opportunity to wander from my own sensations, and my first thought was of Murilla. What had become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed? A gleam of hope shot through my brain at the query. Perhaps he is unharmed, and when he recovers from the stupefying effects of the berries will be able to render me assistance.

In my anxiety to see if Murilla was anywhere around, I tried to look about me. The movement disturbed the boa, and again he dragged me backward two or three feet, and again the pressure from below exerted itself anew to try and drag me in. So long as I remained perfectly quiet the boa seemed content to let nature take its course, and to remain in a semi-comatose condition. He seemed to realize that he had undertaken a tremendous job, and one that required a great deal of patience. The least movement on my part, however, he would interpret at once into an effort of his prey to escape, and would recipricate by trying to swallow me.

Hours, that the horror of my position seemed to lengthen into days, passed by. I thought I should go stark, raving mad as I felt the fangs of my hideous devourer scraping against my buckskin jacket to try and inch me further down his throat.

The heavy odor of the reptile's breath was like some overpowering drug, which if distilled and applied in moderation might even be tolerable to the nostrils. Darkness came and added to the terror of my situation. My nerves were now badly shattered, and in the darkness my plight was pitiable in the extreme. How shall I describe the weird horrors of that dreadful night? It seemed an eternity spent amid all the blackness and the mental torture of hell itself.

Morning dawned at last, although I never thought it would come and find me in possession of my senses. Why it didn't find me a raving maniac or a blubbering idiot seemed the strangest thing that had yet happened.

My first thought was to ascertain whether the gutta percha-like opening in my living tomb had gained on me during those awful hours of darkness or not. I was lying all this while face downward, and although by this time weakened almost to a state of helplessness, I used my left hand to feel the taut rim of the boa-constrictor's jaws. They were three full inches higher up my body than yesterday eve. The excitement of the night I had just passed through had exhausted my emotions, and I remember that this sinster discovery awakened in me no sense of uneasiness.

I tried to form some plan of putting an end to my existence; but my brain refused to make connection between my dim, disjointed flights of thought. It was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. I was now beyond all active emotions. Once I fancied I heard the cry of some animal or human being near by; but I was too far gone to pay any attention.

At last all seemed to be over with me. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over me again; a roaring noise in my ears continued for awhile in the darkness, and then all was silent. I had sunk into the unconsciousness of complete exhaustion.

I remember nothing more until I came to my senses again in our camp on the river bank. A couple of days' nursing by Murilla brought me round so that I could sit up and listen to his account of my rescue. The cry that I fancied I heard just before sinking into unconsciousness was from Murilla. The effect of the berries had kept him stupefied until the dawn of the second day, the close of the night so full of horrible experiences to me. He had awakened, weak and burning with thirst. Rising up he beheld not he dozen yards away my head and shoulders protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine lengths among the debris of decaying forests fungus.

Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, he uttered the horrified cry which I had dimly heard, and rushed away to camp. Being an expert woodman, he had had no difficulty in finding his way. The Indians had about given us up for lost. They had searched for us, but had never happened to visit the right place. Two were out searching when he reached the camp. Trembling with weakness and terror, he told the Indians the fate that had befallen us.

Returning with axes and crocodile spears, the party attacked the boa, chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in his body caused by my feet and legs before he could escape. At the first blow of the ax the monster made spasmodic efforts to disgorge, in order to attack his assailants. He tried hard to escape, but the axes were skillfully applied, and he was rendered powerless.

The severed head and neck had to be slit open before I could be released. At first they thought I was dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life. Carrying me to the camp, resuscitative remedies were applied, and I was, as you have seen, finally brought around.

In a few days my health was restored sufficiently to start on our return journey down the river; but my mother would have failed to recognize me. My hair, which was a dark brown when Murilla and I sat down to eat our lunch of hard tack and venison, was now as white as the scant locks of an old man of ninety—as white as you see it now. My nervous system had received a shock that left me a victim of nightmares and nervous fears and tremors for years afterward. But a naturally iron constitution finally overrode the effects of my terrible experience and left me in possession of my usual excellent health.

He Built Him a House.

Boston Advertiser: In a recent address at Channing hall Rev. E. E. Hale told the following joke upon himself: He had determined to build a house for a summer home, and believing that he knew just what he wanted in the way of a house, he determined to make his own plans. He accordingly drew the plans after his own ideas, elaborating them carefully, putting out a piazza here and a cupola or a balcony there in order to add to the comfort or the picturesque effect. At length the plans were completed and turned over to a builder to be realized in spruce, pine and oak. Dr. Hale, as we all know, is a very busy man, the product of whose pen is greater, doubtless, than that of any other writer.

He did not trouble himself about the work of the builder, but when all was done he went to view his future summer home. Below stairs all was to his liking. Here were the parlors, the dining room, the cozy library, and the wide hall. He would go above now and view the chambers. But where were the stairs? These useful appendages to a dwelling were nowhere visible. In short, there were none. It was a trifling ommission in the plan. The difficulty was temporarily bridged by the use of a ladder, by means of which the doctor entered a window in the second story. Later a flight of stairs was added to the attractions of the house, and now Dr. Hale, when he builds a summer house, submits the plans to a council of war before he puts them into execution