

THE OMAHA BEE. COUNCIL BLUFFS OFFICE, NO. 12 PEARL STREET.

Published by carrier in any part of the CITY, B. W. TILSON, MANAGER. TELEPHONE: 48. BUSINESS OFFICE NO. 12 PEARL STREET, BOSTON, MO. ST.

MINOR MENTION.

N. Y. P. Co. Gleason coal. Council Bluffs Lumber Co. coal. Thatcher coal, see advertisement. The Boston store for holiday goods.

Hart coal of wholesale at C. H. Felt Co. Boston Coal Co. and retail, 101 Pearl. A case of diphtheria was reported at 1157 Seventh avenue.

A newly arrived son gladdens the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Boon on Harmony street. The funeral of John Hooser, a resident of the Pioneer settlement, took place from the residence yesterday morning.

The Concord opera company presented "The King's Rival" a good sized and well-lighted audience at O'Connell's last evening. A meeting of the P. E. O. will be held at the residence of Mrs. W. F. Sapp, Jr., on Oakland avenue at 7:30 o'clock this afternoon.

Five drunks were assessed regulation fines in police court yesterday morning, and three vagrants were turned loose upon the community.

The funeral of Gertrude, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, took place yesterday afternoon from the residence on Third avenue.

The real estate exchange will properly celebrate its organization by a public meeting at the opera house, and the prominent citizens will be invited to be present and make addresses.

J. F. Rule of Dow City, Ia., and Miss Winne E. Treiberton of Leavellville, Colo., were married at the residence of the bride's mother, M. E. Church Thursday evening by Rev. D. C. Francklin.

Thurgars visited Pilon's harness shop on South Main street. They were well served and helped themselves to nearly \$100 worth of goods. Among the property carried away were thirteen fine harnesses. The police have this far found no clues.

A number of the young people of the city have arranged to visit the state institution for the deaf and dumb this evening. Harjos visited Lem's store and purchased a pair of A. T. Flickinger, on Fourth avenue, at 7:30. The fare for the round trip will be 25 cents, and all who go are assured of a hearty reception at the hands of Superintendent Rothert and his estimable wife.

The jury case of State vs. Carrington was concluded when the district court, adjourned in the afternoon. The evidence and the arguments submitted, and the case would have been ready for the jury, but the court had not yet received the instructions and the charge was reserved until this morning, when the jury will be sent out. The next case to be tried is that of State vs. Coyle.

The funeral of Marguerite, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Worcester, took place yesterday morning from the family residence, No. 712 Fifth street. The class mates of the deceased testified to their appreciation by a handsome floral tribute. Owing to the malignant nature of the disease, diphtheria, the funeral was held at the services being held at the grave in Fairview cemetery.

P. A. Weller, who was arrested for tearing up a wholesale woman's license for the purpose of putting down a new one in front of the Manhattan, had his case dismissed yesterday. The owners of the building, Messrs. Kimball & Chapman, failed to appear. Weller stated that he had known of the new ordinance it would have been complied with, and that at the request of the chief executive the matter was dropped.

John Ryan reported to the police Thursday night that he had been robbed of two watches and a ring. He was arrested on the afternoon of Monday and charged with the robbery of Michael Hanner, as the guilty party. He had \$300 in his possession but no watches. Yesterday morning he was released on \$500 bail for drunkenness and ordered held until the jury case could be investigated. Yesterday afternoon he was released on \$500 bail. He was released and his boss fine remitted.

The Royal Arcanum council takes exception to the statement that the Pall Mall club owns the dishes and tables used in the hall, claiming that the Royal Arcanum is the sole owner of the property, which was leased by them with the view of increasing the amount of the culinary department or other branch.

Fancy looks at the Boston Store, Council Bluffs, at one-third usual price asked for book stores. Money loaned at L. B. Craft & 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.

The Manhattan sporting headquarters 415 B-way. Always on Time. If you wish to purchase a good and reliable watch 25 per cent less than retail rates, and on easy terms, call at once and make your own selection at C. B. Jacquemin & Co., 27 Main street.

Probate's harness shop, 552 opera house block, headquarters for robes and blankets. Sheet music 10c, 558 Broadway. Chapman's art display will be kept intact during the holidays. Go and see it.

Personal Paragraphs. The little son of Deputy Marshal White is reported seriously ill. D. M. Wyland of Harlan was in the city yesterday, the guest of D. S. Atter.

P. C. Miller, best paper hanging and decorating. The best is the cheapest. Shows Perry Shoes. Will sell gent's fine shoes at less than cost until January 1. Corner Broadway and Main, under the bank.

Solid goldings at Wollman's, 328 B-way. J. G. Tipton, real estate, 527 Broadway. Neumeyer hotel, first class, reasonable rates.

Now is the time to buy your furniture. C. A. Hebe & Company have for many years been the largest and best equipped for their storage capacity and are cutting prices to make goods go. Hersey & Gay chamber suits, window shades, dining tables, Windsor, Welch and Berkeley folding beds, parlor suites, lounges and all kinds of fancy chairs at unheard of figures. These goods are all of the finest designs and make. Don't buy until you learn their prices. A clean sweep to be made. Come and see for yourself.

Miss Mary Gleason has removed her dress-making parlors to the store recently used by the public library, No. 14 Pearl street, where she will be glad to see her old friends.

Fountain cigar, a strictly 10c cigar for 5c at the Fountain. Try one. Saddle Rock restaurant, 402 Broadway, open day and night. First class. J. E. Yancy, prop.

Turkey shoot at Talo's gallery, 300 Upper Broadway. Three large turkeys for three best scores each week. Turkeys given each Saturday evening.

Dr. Woodbury has removed their dental office to 101 Pearl street, up stairs. The Hechtel has been remodelled and re-fitted and name changed to Hotel Jackson. C. B. Stead dye works, 1013 Broadway.

Five stock of watches and jewelry for the holidays at Wollman's, 535 Broadway. The Ross Investment and Trust company

IN AND ABOUT THE BLUFFS.

The Cause of Theodore Mankor's Condition Remains a Mystery.

PROBABLY MENTAL TROUBLE.

His Physician Predicts a Speedy Recovery—The Last of Those Northwestern Freight Car Cases—General News Notes.

Theodore Mankor's Quirer Case. The amateur detective employed on a local paper yesterday dished up a curious account of his success in "unraveling" one of the most diabolical crimes ever committed in the city of Council Bluffs. It was the story of the finding of Theodore A. Mankor, proprietor of the "shot tower," corner of Sixth street and Tenth avenue, in a semi-conscious condition on the dock steps of his residence, No. 215 South First street, shortly after midnight Thursday evening. As stated in these columns yesterday morning Mankor's story gave rise to the rumor that he had been snatched and robbed, and the condition of his clothes, which were very wet, and his statement that he had been in the river, led to the supposition that he had been snatched and robbed on a highway and had attempted to add murder to the original crime.

It transpires, however, that the supposed snatching and robbery was a matter of conjecture, and that a much tamer solution is the proper one, although there are several theories as to the cause of his condition. The theory now commonly accepted is that Mankor wandered away while suffering from temporary mental derangement, and that he fell into the river. There is absolutely nothing in the case to indicate that he was snatched and robbed. Mankor's condition was such that he was unable to give any account of his condition, and he was found by a passer-by on the dock steps of his residence, No. 215 South First street, shortly after midnight Thursday evening. As stated in these columns yesterday morning Mankor's story gave rise to the rumor that he had been snatched and robbed, and the condition of his clothes, which were very wet, and his statement that he had been in the river, led to the supposition that he had been snatched and robbed on a highway and had attempted to add murder to the original crime.

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At her home on Haight street yesterday afternoon Mrs. Cross told a remarkable story to a Chronicle reporter.

Twelve years ago Mrs. Cross lived in Wisconsin. She had a husband and then the wife of William Trowbridge. Her husband died, and she was left a widow in destitute circumstances with two little daughters. Mrs. Trowbridge was unable to care for her children, and she sold them to a man named Huntington. He represented himself as an honorable man with some means, who would rear the children properly. It was arranged by contract that Mrs. Trowbridge was to see her child as often as she desired. She was also permitted to correspond with the daughter.

Eight years ago Mrs. Trowbridge lost all close to the Huntington family, and she and her child became separated forever—at least, so she thought. Then this widow married J. B. Cross and soon after removed to this city. She is now a widow and has a beautiful home. During the passing years Mrs. Cross heard nothing of her long-lost daughter until three weeks ago, when she received a letter from a sister in Minnesota, which contained the name of Huntington, living in Ogden, Utah. Immediately upon the receipt of this information Mrs. Cross, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Riley, proceeded to Ogden. There she found that Huntington had been in the city, but had left only a few weeks previous, to San Diego. Last week the two ladies followed the Huntingtons to San Diego.

The Huntingtons were living at a cheap lodging house, and Mrs. Riley was a resident of the city. She was acquainted with the long-lost daughter of Mrs. Cross. Jessie is now a slender girl of nearly sixteen years. On Monday Mrs. Riley proposed that they should visit the Huntington family, and she was accompanied by Mrs. Cross. The child was very friendly and showed a great interest in the story of her mother. Mrs. Cross was very much interested in the story of her mother. Mrs. Cross was very much interested in the story of her mother.

For Coughs and Throat Disorders use Brown's Bronchial Troches. Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of them which I began to do when I saw the Henry Ward Beecher. Sold only in boxes.

A MICHIGAN FROGGERY.

The Culture of the Croakers Quite a Profitable Industry. The subject of frog culture is attracting considerable attention of late years and a good many frog farms have been established at different places throughout the United States and the Canadian provinces. In Michigan the business is highly satisfactory to themselves and patrons, although their knowledge of frog raising has cost them many hard earned dollars and several years of faithful and arduous labor. One of the best of these is the Michigan Croaker Farm, near the city of St. Joseph, on the south. Through the farm runs a large ravine, at the head of which are never failing springs of pure water. The ravine is filled with lily-pads, Canada bog moss, and other varieties of water plants said to be essential to the life of the frog. The smaller ponds are filled with water and the croakers are kept comparatively clean. Mr. Stevens estimates that there are now less than 200,000 tadpoles, polywogs, and small frogs in the three ponds, and his statement is undoubtedly correct, as the bottom of the ponds are literally covered with these peculiar looking little fellows. These will be ready for the market early next summer, and will bring anywhere from \$1.25 to \$2 a dozen.

Why don't you try Red Cross Cough Drops, five cents a box.

IN FAVOR OF SHORT HAIR.

Long and Flowing Locks Not Wanted by the Barbers. Short hair will continue fashionable among the men of America, writes a Detroit, Mich., correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. The barbers' convention, by a vote of 3 to 2, decided that it would be unbusiness-like, and useless to attempt to foster the custom of wearing the locks long. Figaro Louis Lassange learned argument went for nothing, and Mr. Lassange, the editor of the Chicago Tribune, who lives in Boston, and his argument was introduced in a paper entitled "The Perfection of Hairdressing." Discussing the modes of capillary arrangement, he expressed it, he made short hair and clean shaven the special objects of his attack.

"Short hair," he said, "is a barbarism, my horror of which can't be expressed in words. It is the child of the day, the child of the age. From the days of Apollo, that he was of many beauty, down to the early years of this century, the long, sometimes curling locks were emblematic of gentleness and refinement. But when the rowdy crowd of the '40s and '50s, with their breeding and became the patrons of the prize ring and the associates and friends of the bullies of the day then the fashion was set for the horrid custom, the locks were shaven, and the detestable and disgusting custom of shaving myself I would as soon see the body nude as the naked, living head showing a hundred scars, and forcing inspection of the uncouthly ridges with which the human skull is marked.

"The pompadour, another suggestion of the evil one, and I am glad to see that it is dying out as a fashion with the roller-skating rink, its accompanying iniquity. On women whose forehead and nose are naturally of a masculine type, but on men, mon Dieu! I never see a fellow with a pompadour that I do not say: 'Surely here is one who has but lately emerged from behind a counter.'

It will be seen by this that Mr. Lassange is by no means an ordinary barber. He has swept the stable from Oliver Wendell Holmes' face and moved his swathe across the clearing of the women. James M. Lewis, the man of letters, and of whiskey. He was the last man who shaved Ralph Waldo Emerson. Some of his old customers are: Mr. Howells, Colonel Taylor of the Globe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Boyle O'Reilly and Lawrence Barrett. He was a member of the old country, and his practice is almost altogether private. Just the same the barbers' convention did not fail to discuss his proposition. "Proceeding to the meeting," he says, "I was a pretty fair member himself. He does live in the woods, attended him on the historical evidence of long hair, and George B. Stewart of St. Paul said: 'A barber who proposes long hair does not naturally throw away half his income.'

Mr. Lassange took issue with Mr. Stewart on this statement. He said the loss would be more than balanced by a gain on shampooing. 'You know your own people,' he said, 'and you know of our profits is derived from the shampoo. Besides, with long hair trimming would be more frequently necessary than hair cutting is at present. This the country barber arose. He comes from Metropolis, Ind. He is a tall, stout young man, with a pale face and a heavy snuff mustache. He wears a spring bottom, moustache, trousers, and a pair of high top boots. He has a horse and a horse-drawn carriage. His hair is hung low on his forehead, and his hands, which are also commensurate of recent labor in the harness, are large and strong. 'I arise, Mr. President,' the country barber said, 'to remark that the gentleman from Boston has proposed the cheapest idea I ever seen proposed in convention. I do not know nothing about Apollo, but if he was a customer of Mr. Lassange's I have not a whole lot to say against him. On that point there will not be no discussion between him and me; perhaps I had better say, he and I. But I want to say this here, that the people in these parts won't stand it. What does the honorable rooster propose? Does he expect that men with raw material in their heads will go to a barber and have their hair cut before retiring into bed, or push it back with a round comb and wear it in a net when going out to a high-toned dance Saturday night? No, much.'

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Vigorous applause followed this speech, and when the vote was taken, as has been said, twenty-eight barbers opposed the proposition, which Mr. Lassange put in the shape of a resolution, and only eight favored it. They were: A. Rogers, J. A. Miller, William Swisher, St. Louis; Delegate Esterbrook, Portland, Me.; Delegate Masterson, Philadelphia; Delegate Raster, Harrisburg; Delegate M.C. Kelly, Boston, and John L. Elwater, Columbus, O. No delegate from Chicago was present.

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comes from Metropolis, Ind. He is a tall, stout young man, with a pale face and a heavy snuff mustache. He wears a spring bottom, moustache, trousers, and a pair of high top boots. He has a horse and a horse-drawn carriage. His hair is hung low on his forehead, and his hands, which are also commensurate of recent labor in the harness, are large and strong. 'I arise, Mr. President,' the country barber said, 'to remark that the gentleman from Boston has proposed the cheapest idea I ever seen proposed in convention. I do not know nothing about Apollo, but if he was a customer of Mr. Lassange's I have not a whole lot to say against him. On that point there will not be no discussion between him and me; perhaps I had better say, he and I. But I want to say this here, that the people in these parts won't stand it. What does the honorable rooster propose? Does he expect that men with raw material in their heads will go to a barber and have their hair cut before retiring into bed, or push it back with a round comb and wear it in a net when going out to a high-toned dance Saturday night? No, much.'

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A MICHIGAN FROGGERY.

The Culture of the Croakers Quite a Profitable Industry. The subject of frog culture is attracting considerable attention of late years and a good many frog farms have been established at different places throughout the United States and the Canadian provinces. In Michigan the business is highly satisfactory to themselves and patrons, although their knowledge of frog raising has cost them many hard earned dollars and several years of faithful and arduous labor. One of the best of these is the Michigan Croaker Farm, near the city of St. Joseph, on the south. Through the farm runs a large ravine, at the head of which are never failing springs of pure water. The ravine is filled with lily-pads, Canada bog moss, and other varieties of water plants said to be essential to the life of the frog. The smaller ponds are filled with water and the croakers are kept comparatively clean. Mr. Stevens estimates that there are now less than 200,000 tadpoles, polywogs, and small frogs in the three ponds, and his statement is undoubtedly correct, as the bottom of the ponds are literally covered with these peculiar looking little fellows. These will be ready for the market early next summer, and will bring anywhere from \$1.25 to \$2 a dozen.

Why don't you try Red Cross Cough Drops, five cents a box.

IN FAVOR OF SHORT HAIR.

Long and Flowing Locks Not Wanted by the Barbers. Short hair will continue fashionable among the men of America, writes a Detroit, Mich., correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. The barbers' convention, by a vote of 3 to 2, decided that it would be unbusiness-like, and useless to attempt to foster the custom of wearing the locks long. Figaro Louis Lassange learned argument went for nothing, and Mr. Lassange, the editor of the Chicago Tribune, who lives in Boston, and his argument was introduced in a paper entitled "The Perfection of Hairdressing." Discussing the modes of capillary arrangement, he expressed it, he made short hair and clean shaven the special objects of his attack.

"Short hair," he said, "is a barbarism, my horror of which can't be expressed in words. It is the child of the day, the child of the age. From the days of Apollo, that he was of many beauty, down to the early years of this century, the long, sometimes curling locks were emblematic of gentleness and refinement. But when the rowdy crowd of the '40s and '50s, with their breeding and became the patrons of the prize ring and the associates and friends of the bullies of the day then the fashion was set for the horrid custom, the locks were shaven, and the detestable and disgusting custom of shaving myself I would as soon see the body nude as the naked, living head showing a hundred scars, and forcing inspection of the uncouthly ridges with which the human skull is marked.

"The pompadour, another suggestion of the evil one, and I am glad to see that it is dying out as a fashion with the roller-skating rink, its accompanying iniquity. On women whose forehead and nose are naturally of a masculine type, but on men, mon Dieu! I never see a fellow with a pompadour that I do not say: 'Surely here is one who has but lately emerged from behind a counter.'

It will be seen by this that Mr. Lassange is by no means an ordinary barber. He has swept the stable from Oliver Wendell Holmes' face and moved his swathe across the clearing of the women. James M. Lewis, the man of letters, and of whiskey. He was the last man who shaved Ralph Waldo Emerson. Some of his old customers are: Mr. Howells, Colonel Taylor of the Globe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Boyle O'Reilly and Lawrence Barrett. He was a member of the old country, and his practice is almost altogether private. Just the same the barbers' convention did not fail to discuss his proposition. "Proceeding to the meeting," he says, "I was a pretty fair member himself. He does live in the woods, attended him on the historical evidence of long hair, and George B. Stewart of St. Paul said: 'A barber who proposes long hair does not naturally throw away half his income.'

Mr. Lassange took issue with Mr. Stewart on this statement. He said the loss would be more than balanced by a gain on shampooing. 'You know your own people,' he said, 'and you know of our profits is derived from the shampoo. Besides, with long hair trimming would be more frequently necessary than hair cutting is at present. This the country barber arose. He comes from Metropolis, Ind. He is a tall, stout young man, with a pale face and a heavy snuff mustache. He wears a spring bottom, moustache, trousers, and a pair of high top boots. He has a horse and a horse-drawn carriage. His hair is hung low on his forehead, and his hands, which are also commensurate of recent labor in the harness, are large and strong. 'I arise, Mr. President,' the country barber said, 'to remark that the gentleman from Boston has proposed the cheapest idea I ever seen proposed in convention. I do not know nothing about Apollo, but if he was a customer of Mr. Lassange's I have not a whole lot to say against him. On that point there will not be no discussion between him and me; perhaps I had better say, he and I. But I want to say this here, that the people in these parts won't stand it. What does the honorable rooster propose? Does he expect that men with raw material in their heads will go to a barber and have their hair cut before retiring into bed, or push it back with a round comb and wear it in a net when going out to a high-toned dance Saturday night? No, much.'

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