THE OMAHA BEE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

OFFICE, NO. 12 PEARL STREET.

Delivered by carrier in any part of the City.
H. W. TILTON ..... MANAGER
TELEPHONES:
BUSINESS OFFICE No. 43.
NIGHT EDITOR, No. 23.

MINOR MENTION.

N. Y. P. Co.

Gleason coal.

Council Bluffs Lumber Co., coal.

Thatcher coal, see advertisement.

The Heston store for holiday goods.

Best coal and wood at C. B. Fuel Co.

Carbon Coal Co. wholesale, retail, 10 Pearl

It is rumored that the Milwaukee road will put on fast trains this week.

The Union Veteran Legion meets this evening for the installation of officers.

A meeting of Bluff City Typographical union No. 203 will be held this afternoon.

A meeting of veteran firemen will be held at the city building this evening at 7 o'clock to make arrangements to attend the funeral of H. T. Conner.

Justice Hendricks rendered a decision in the Johnston assault case yesterday morning, finding the defendant guilty and fining him $5 and costs.

Mayor Rohrer and the finance committee of the council examined the new hose house yesterday afternoon preparatory to its final acceptance by the city.

A marriage license was issued yesterday to H. B. Taylor and Lizzie Waddles, a colored couple from Omaha. The knot was tied by Justice Barnett.

A meeting of the Brotherhood of United Labor will be held this evening at 7:30 sharp at Tholl's hall on South Main street. All brothers are cordially invited to be present. Per order committee.

A postponed sale of property for delinquent taxes will take place on the 19th inst. at the county treasurer's office. Nearly $30,000 was realized from the first day's sale and there remains about one-fifth yet to be disposed of.

Frank Trimble and James Dunn were yesterday removed to the county jail. Trimble goes back because he was unable to resist the temptation to indulge in the flowing bowl. Dunn is held for the burglary of Shugart & Co.'s hardware store.

O. W. Butts was called to Marengo, Ia., Friday by a telegram announcing the serious illness of his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Beom, and before he could reach there he learned of her death. The funeral services will be held at Marengo today. The remains will be taken to Naperville, Ill., for interment.

Rev. T. J. Mackay is in receipt of an immense mail at present. It includes dozens of papers, (market copies) letters, postals, etc., approving and disapproving his position on the Iowa prohibitory law. It is rather amusing to read some of the comments made. Among this mail is a letter from a well known reformed drunkard of Canada, endorsing the position of Rev. Mackay, and which will be read to the Episcopal congregation today.

Solid gold watches cheap at Wollman's.

Drs. Woodbury have removed their dental office to 101 Pearl street, up stairs.

S. M. Williamson sells the Standard and Domestic sewing machines. 106 Main st.

Miss Mary Gleason has removed her dressmaking parlors to the rooms lately used by the public library, No. 14 Pearl street, where she will be glad to see her old friends.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mrs. J. H. Gibson is visiting in Red Oak.

Representative-elect W. H. Ware will leave for Des Moines about the 10th.

Claude Dye of Macedonia has accepted a position with County Treasurer Plumer.

Mrs. Eliza Hinkle and son John of Mondamin, Ia., are guests of Mrs. Louisa Hinkle and family.

Mrs. Minnie Phleagan of Nebraska City and Mrs. John Butler of Omaha were visiting friends in the Bluffs yesterday.

Fine stock of watches and jewelry for the holidays at Wollman's, 538 Broadway.

Call on Pusey & Smith when you want choice goods and low prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Finest line confectionery, fruits, nuts and holiday groceries in the city. S. T. McAtee's.

P. C. Miller, best paper hanging and decorating. The best is the cheapest.

Saddle Rock restaurant, 402 Broadway, open day and night. First class. J. E. Yancy, prop.

The Chimes of the Creeds.

Bercan Baptist—Preaching at the usual hours morning and evening. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. All are invited.

First Baptist—Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Christian endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Strangers and others cordially welcomed.

Epworth Methodist Church, corner of Twenty-fifth street and Avenue B—Social meeting at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Preaching by S. Alexander at 3:30 p. m. Revival service at 7:30 p. m.

Fourth Avenue Methodist, near Seventeenth street—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

Trinity Methodist, South Main street, opposite Eighth avenue—The usual anniversary of the organization of the Sunday school will occur today at 10:30 a. m. A convention in behalf of the Sunday school will be held. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Sunday school anniversary concert at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Broadway M. E.—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor; morning subject, "Beneficial Results of Prohibition in the State of Iowa versus High License." Anti-prohibitionists cordially invited; evening, eighth of "The Pilgrim's Progress" series. Sunday school at 12 m.; Epworth league and class meeting at 6:30 p. m.

Congregational—In the morning the sacrament of the Lord's supper will be administered and new members admitted. Subject for thought, "Where to Find Love;" evening subject, "A Good Resolution." Sunday school at 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p. m.; consecration.

Pilgrim Sunday school will meet at 3 p. m. corner of Ninth street and Avenue A.

First Presbyterian—Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school at 12 m.; young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Strangers and others cordially invited.

St. Paul's—Divine service at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 12:15; sermon topic, morning, "The New Year's Lessons." Young men and strangers always welcome to these services. T. J. Mackay, rector.

Christian science service today at 3:30 in Press club room, entrance No. 19 Pearl street.

Everything you want in fine dried fruits at Pusey & Smith's. Nice and fresh.

Neumeyer hotel, first class, reasonable rates

The Ross Investment and Trust company

J. G. Tipton, real estate, 527 Broadway.

They Cashed Worthless Checks.

Yesterday brought several chuncks of costly experience to a number of the leading business men of the Bluffs, and it is hoped that they will profit by it, inasmuch as they failed to profit by the experience of others. It is a fact to be regretted but nevertheless a true one, that the business circles of this city have presented a most inviting and profitable field for some time past for the operations of the smooth confidence man and swindler. Business men who have successfully battled for years against the strongest opposition and competition, and have distinguished themselves by careful buying and shrewd selling have been numbered among the victims, and when the magnetic hook of the avaricious fisher was hauled in with many of their good, hard dollars attached, they have taken their medicine bravely. They have resolved to steer clear of the swindler's bait in the future, and will undoubtedly do so, but the surprising part of the whole matter is that their fellow business men laugh quietly in their sleeves at the victims and then get caught themselves.

It is hardly a week since nine firms were taken in to the extent of nearly $100 by a smoothly worked advertising scheme, and a flashily painted card in one of the leading hotels is yet a silent witness to the success that attended the efforts of the "con" man.

The latest dodge, and one that did not fail to catch its full quota of victims, was worked in this city Friday evening, but it was during banking hours yesterday that it first became apparent that all was not as it should be. The man who did the work is C. C. Van Nice, an employe of Max Meyer & Brother of Omaha.

As nearly as can be ascertained the aforesaid young man has been setting the pace very fast for some little time and the gambling houses of the twin cities have found in him a frequent as well as a profitable visitor. He has played heavily and lost and the necessity to raise money to supply the drain is what has caused many to mourn. Friday evening Van Nice entered the large establishment of the Mueller music company, on South Main street, and wanted to see Mr. Mueller. That gentleman was absent, but his son was there, and the stranger introduced himself as C. C. Van Nice, representing Max Meyer & Bro., and said he was doing business for the firm on this side of the river. He was short of money and wanted a check cashed, as it was after banking hours. The money was not to be secured, and the young man accompanied the gentleman of mammoth assurance across the street to the store of John Beno & Co. where he vouched for the stranger, who secured $15 on a check on the First National bank of Omaha.

Van Nice then visited the store of Cole & Cole and told the same story. He applied to Mr. Hugh Cole to cash a check for $10. Mr. Cole demurred, but the stranger remarked, "Why, you know me. You bought a diamond stud of me about a year ago." Mr. Cole did recognize the stranger as a clerk with whom he had dealt at Max Meyer's, and he accordingly cashed the check.

As stated above, the truth was not discovered until the checks were presented yesterday. The Omaha bank came very near paying one of them, but it was discovered that while Van Nice had formerly had money there on deposit, he had drawn it all, and there was nothing to his credit. It is stated that Van Nice has worked several parties in Omaha, who are left in the lurch for various sums. One of Max Meyer's men was in the city yesterday looking up the matter, and an Omaha officer was also here on the lookout for Van Nice. It will probably be difficult to ascertain just how many in this city have been victimized, as none of those who have not yet presented their worthless checks will present them and admit that they were bitten. Some of those whose checks have gone in deny having had any connection with the case. Mr. Beno is not a loser, as he held Mr. Miller for the $15 advanced, and that gentleman paid it yesterday.

Van Nice was not arrested yesterday, but it is stated that he will be prosecuted on several counts. It is understood that Van Nice has held a responsible position in the Meyer establishment, and was one of the most trusted employes. Gambling is said to be the sole cause of his downfall.

Bush & Gert's pianos, 538 Broadway.

The Manhattan sporting headq'rs 418 B-way.

Fountain cigar, a strictly 10c cigar for 5c at the Fountain. Try one.

Pusey & Smith want your trade.

The Litigation Boom.

As the law requires that papers in all cases to come up at the next term of the district court must be filed with the clerk at least ten days prior to the first day of the term in order that they may be properly docketed, the time has now expired for the filing of new cases for the January term, which convenes on the 14th inst. The appearance docket shows that ninety-six new cases have been instituted for the coming term and over one-third of them were filed yesterday. The greater part of them are equity cases, among them being ten applications for temporary injunctions against saloonkeepers, the plaintiff being A. Overton. The docket for the January term will be unusually large, as comparatively few cases were disposed of at the last term of court. The increase will be almost wholly in the equity calendar, as the criminal docket is much smaller and the law docket is but a very little larger than last term. The bar docket is now in the hands of the printers.

Bids will be received until noon January 8, 1890, for brick and plaster work on my dwellings, corner Fifth avenue and Eighth street. Plans can be seen at my office, room 210 Merriam block. J. J. Shea.

Grand drawing February 1. Moore & Bowman.

Skating at the Lake.

The Manawa motor trains will commence running today, making hourly trips, at 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 each afternoon. The trains are for the accommodation of the skaters. The lake presents a smooth unbroken expanse of ice as smooth as glass, and skating parties are very popular. The trains make connections with the electric motors for Omaha people.

The Driving Park Association.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Union driving park a committee was appointed to canvass the question of an agricultural fair during the present year. Mr. J. W. Peregoy was chosen chairman of this committee. An informal discussion on this question revealed an almost unanimous opinion that such an exhibition would prove a big success. The grounds were placed in charge of P. Lacy. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, J. W. Peregoy; vice president, P. Lacy; secretary, Thomas Bowman; treasurer, Dr. D. Macrae; directors, J. W. Peregoy, P. Lacy, Thomas Bowman, D. Macrae, George F. Wright, W. F. Sapp, D. F. Eicher, Charles Gregory and John T. Stewart.

A full assortment of Golden Gate canned fruits at Pusey & Smith's.

Dr. C. H. Bower, 526 First ave. Tel. 229.

Blank books, all kinds, ledgers and journals, 1 to 12 quires, at less than cost. Send for prices. Masonic book store, Council Bluffs.

Sells is Remanded.

The habeas corpus proceedings by which David Sells sought release from the county jail, were passed upon in the superior court yesterday afternoon by Judge Aylesworth. Sells is confined in the county jail on a charge of circulating counterfeit money at Macedonia, and his attorney, L. T. Genung of Hastings, has been in the city several days, for the purpose of securing his release. After hearing all the evidence and the arguments the court decided that there was no showing to justify the release of the prisoner and he was accordingly remanded to jail.

If you have lost your "grip" call on Pusey & Smith for your groceries.

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.

Reiter, tailor, 510 Broadway.

Officers of the Red Men.

The installation of officers of the Improved Order of Red Men took place at the wigwam, corner Main street and Broadway on Thursday evening. It was conducted by Deputy Great Sachem R. L. Williams. The following officers were installed: E. H. Edgerton, prophet; L. E. Bridenstein, sachem; L. Hayden, senior sagamore; C. L. Gillette, junior sagamore; James Smith, keeper of records; M. DeGroat, keeper of wampum; Dr. F. T. Seybert, great medicine man; J. G. Tipton, manager.

A full line of Batavia canned goods at Pusey & Smith's. The finest fruits in the market.

A. D. Telegraph Co.

All persons in the city who have telephones can call up telephone 179 for messenger boys, cabs and express wagons, etc. Prompt attention guaranteed. C. G. Robinson, manager, No. 11 North Main street.

A Gay Old Gunner.

Charles Hawley reached this city some time ago and put up at the Atlantic house on South Main street, where John Lindt became security for his board. Hawley claimed to hail from Syracuse, N. Y., and had been an old soldier. He presented his credentials to Lindt, and asked that he go his security until his pension arrived. In order to accommodate an old soldier this was done, but Lindt has had to foot a bill of $13, for Hawley has left for a more congenial clime. Hawley was quite a talker, made many friends and managed to get into all of them for small amounts. When his pension money came Hawley hired a rig at the Terwilliger stable, indulged in a runaway escapade in which the vehicle was smashed, and he failed to settle for this. He borrowed a new overcoat from one Baldwin, and the coat has taken its departure with Hawley. As a result there is quite an anxiety for his return, but he will probably give Council Bluffs a very wide berth.

Pusey & Smith have a full line of nu's. All bran new.

C. H. steam dye works, 1013 Broadway.

Hereafter the dining room of the New Pacific will be run on semi-European plan. All meals served at 25 cents each.

Save 80 per cent on tombstones and monuments. Design sheet and pricelist free. L. Kelley, 293 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

BONANZA HEIRS.

Only a Few Promising Rich Young Men in San Francisco.

That the famous Golden Gate city is in its commercial decadence nobody here with an ounce of prescience denies. Even local pride is compelled to yield before the crushing truth, says a San Francisco correspondent of the New York Herald. What is going to be the future of San Francisco is a problem that few care to dicuss lest further unwelcome intelligence be the outcome.

One discouraging feature is that so much of the brain and wealth of California—the sons of pioneers who once made the state famous—are seeking homes and opportunities elsewhere. There is nothing to tempt the rich young men of this decade to business enterprise of any kind. Most of those who have inherited the wealth of their fathers are either idle dawdlers or wasteful spendthrifts. Some are lacking in either mental or physical capacity to perpetuate the usefulness or fame of their sires. Scores of young men who have inherited the wealth of bonanza days have left the state for other fields—some for Europe, others for New York—all with intent never to return to the land in which their fathers toiled for their wealth and their children's independence. In this way millions have been carried away from California, which in justice should have remained here to assist in the state's development and prosperity.

The young men who remain are not all of benefit to the community. With the single exception of the Crocker family, the younger members of which are now in possession of their father's immense fortune, there is scarcely a millionaire's son who has shown any business ability, public enterprise or any other tendency than the selfish enjoyment of suddenly acquired riches. There are a dozen more of these young Crœsi in San Francisco, and the city would be better off if there were none. An explanation might be made in the cases of Colonel Mervyn Donahue, who, as the heir of his father, Peter Donahue, came into a piece of railway property worth several millions. The colonel has shown some sagacity in getting the property in such shape that it is available for sale to some eastern company who may want terminal facilities in San Francisco, but further than that his genius has not wandered. The colonel, like many of the other young millionaires, wants to sell out and take up his abode in New York, where indeed he now spends most of his time.

By reason of their vast railway and real estate interests the Crocker boys are probably anchored to the coast. They are worth from $7,000,000 to $10,000,000 each, and it may in truth be said they are pretty good boys. Fred Crocker, the eldest, has succeeded his father as vice president of the vast Southern Pacific system, and will ultimately be at the head of that great corporation. He is an active man of business, and is shrewd and careful. He is a worthy successor of the man whose energy did so much to build that great transcontinental railroad. The second brother, William H., is a banker and is the society man of the family. It was feared at one time that Will, as he is invariably called, was going to develop into a cigarette fiend and a dude, but he rose above it and is now the head of one of the best banks in the city and manager of the millions of real estate left by his father. George, the youngest son, who in his youth was wilder than a partridge, has taken his millions and gone into the cattle business in Nevada and Utah. He is a kind of rough diamond, young George is, and he is not apt to polish up much in his new surroundings, but he has money enough to see him through in any enterprise. The three Crocker boys have been happily free from scandals—their names have never been associated with any but reputable women, which is so unusual in California that it is worthy of remark. Rich young men here care little for the proprieties in their relations with the other sex. They seem as a rule to have no respect for mothers and sisters. They will set up a siren in a gilded cage right in the shadow of the parental roof, and think they are doing something manly and creditable.

Young Flood is the most conspicuous offender in this respect. His conduct both during and after the life of his father ostracized him socially. He is even said to have married the inmate of his dove cot, and that San Francisco, tolerant as it is in many things, will never forgive. The result is that "Jimmie" Flood, as he is called, is never invited anywhere. He belongs to no clubs and his society is politely avoided by the best people of both sexes. Yet he is worth five millions or more and is president of the big Nevada bank and owner of two of the finest palaces in America. But his tastes and instincts are low, and when on one of his tearing sprees there are no depths to which the young man will not descend, Jimmie does not enjoy the the full confidence of the business community, so if he were disposed to go into mercantile or other business enterprises he would not find much encouragement from other capitalists.

Of all the California millionaires the most unfortunate with his sons is ex-Senator Fair. He has two—James G., Jr., and Charles. The elder is well known from the Atlantic to the Pacific for his sprees and scrapes. Charley is following in the same path and both are incorrigible. The senator is bitterly disappointed in the development of his heirs, but he does not get the sympathy that one might expect. The breaking up of the family by that very foolish divorce is in the main the cause of the boys' worthlessness. They have had no training and have simply grown up wild with the usual result. If the future of San Francisco depended upon the wealth and enterprise of such citizens as the Fair boys promise to make hers would be a sorry fate.

Timothy Hopkins, adopted son of old Mark Hopkins, and prospective heir of the present Mrs. Hopkins-Searle of Great Barrington, Mass., belongs in the Crocker category. He is in the railway swim and is now treasurer of the Southern Pacific company. "Tim," as everybody calls him, is a good boy, though of very plebian blood. He is not related by blood to any of the Hopkins family, but is the son of a poor Irish laborer who used to work for Mark Hopkins years ago in Sacramento. The boy was very bright and the millionaire took a fancy to him and had sent him to school, afterward adopting him and giving him his name. Tim Hopkins will be a very rich man some day and will know how to take care of his wealth. He is married to a niece of Mrs. Hopkins-Searle, and the two will inherit the bulk of her vast fortune.

Young J. D. Phelan will, on the death of his father James Phelan, be another of San Francisco's young millionaires, from whom not much can be expected. "Jimmie" is like young Flood—one of the boys, and one of the latter's constant companions. He nominally has charge of his father's real estate, but Jimmie doesn't bother himself much about business. James Phelan, sr., is an illiterate Irishman, who began his career in San Francisco as a day laborer, and got rich with the growth of the city. He went into the bonanza deal of 1875 with Flood and O'Brien, and came out many times a millionaire. He is a very large real estate owner, but has little or nothing invested in business. His son will never be anything but a rent collector and coupon cutter, as are now such young men as William B. Bourn, the Nightingales, the Parrotts, sons of old John Parrott, who was formerly the great usurer of San Francisco. Old man Parrott got rich by loaning money in the old days at 10 and 15 per cent a month. His sons are non-producers, but the whole family is very rich.

One of the likeliest of the youthful millionaires upon whom so much of San Francisco's future depends is young W. R. Hearst, son of the United States senator. He is only twenty-six years old, but is at the head of California's greatest newspaper, which he manages with a good deal of spirit and tact for one without either age or experience. He is the senator's only son and the pride of his heart. The young mag is a little self-willed and obstinate, and inclined to luxurious tastes and extravagant habits, but, upon the whole, he is a pretty good boy. He is strictly temperate, and is warm-hearted and impulsive, always doing something freakish and sensational, but always for public or private good. If young Hearst should live to become a millionaire, which he probably will, he will be apt to make good use of his money.

San Francisco lost a quartet of promising young millionaires when Fred Sharon, Ogden Mills and the Dewey boys took up their residence in New York. Every dollar these four carried away with them was made in California, and some of it should have remained to enrich the state. Ben Ali and Louis T. Haggin, sons of James B. Haggin, have also made permanent homes in New York, and will never again live in San Francisco. The sons of the late W. C. Ralston are neither rich nor possessed of ability, and the city for which the father did so much need expect nothing from them. Altogether unless new blood comes in to stir the commercial and industrial circulation of the once famous city, San Francisco will have to look to her laurels as the chief emporium of the Pacific coast. Already Seattle and Tacoma are threatening her supremacy. What do her rich young men propose to do about it?

WHEN WOMEN ARE DECEITFUL.

What an Observing Man Has to Say About the Age of Women.

Time was when to be sixteen was the best thing that could happen to a young girl. It was the age of dewy freshness, of innocent impressibility, and of all the other delightful but rather verdant virtues which have won the heart of the poet to song and wooed the mind of the sage to something better than his philosophy. But sweet sixteen is in short dresses today and still under the rule of her governess. Her affections have not yet departed from her dolls and she treats the few young men of her acquaintance with the simplicity of a child. It was a good thing once to be sixteen; it is a good thing now to be twenty; to be twenty-five is better still, but to be twenty-eight is to be blest?

"There is no time in woman's life when she is so delightful (married or unmarried, but particularly the latter)" said an observing man yesterday, "as she is from twenty-five to thirty. She still has the enthusiasm of youth, and much of the tolerant sense of middle life. Her judgment is mature, and her opinions carry weight. The shyness and timidity of her girlhood," says a woman writer on the New York Sun, "have passed into a poise of manner and a gracious dignity that places her friends at once at their easy best. She has had experience, and that experience has given her a clear understanding of the world as it really is and of herself without illusions. Therefore her estimates and criticisms of life are sharp and sure and usually to be trusted, because she has no theories to bolster up and no illusions to perpetuate."

"But there is something to be said on the other side," said a woman of twenty-six who heard him. "It may look like very smooth sailing from the outside, but one can have little idea how much tact it takes to steer straight in the narrow path of the five years that lie between twenty-five and thirty. In the first place a woman at that age hardly knows where to place herself. She is neither young nor old. She is what Julian Hawthorne calls 'still young,' and the little adjective adds ten years at a stroke. If a woman who is only 'still young' takes the coy and kittenish role, she makes herself immortally ridiculous, and deservedly so. She has sometimes even to fear letting herself be spontaneous and natural, lest some one shall dub her the 'girlish old girl.' To be older than her years makes a prig of her at once, and men and gods will shun her.

"To the very young man she must be grandmotherly without hurting his dear little vanity by superior wisdom and patronage. To the middle-aged man she must respond with a maturity of judgment that matches his own, and yet she must continually suggest the innocence of sixteen. To the man between the two she may perhaps be nearer her natural self, and yet even with him she has continually to remember that she must never assume the equality of knowledge or experience or judgment which she is sure she really possesses. She is often truer in her judgment and wiser in her conclusions than he is; he must never suspect it. She may be cleverer than he, but she must be cleverer enough to conceal it. She must follow him always, but, like little Iulus, it must be 'with unequal footsteps,' or his vanity is wounded. From 25 to 30 a woman has the most difficult part of her life to live. She has to dissemble in the present, remember from the past, and borrow from the future. She may be delightful, but she is far from being delighted. Do you begin to realize it?"

The Lucky Man.

Texas Siftings: G.—The papers are full of social scandals, murders, suicides, and the like. H.—Yes, when we read about the misery there is in the world we must admit it much better never to have been born. G.—No doubt, but you must recollect that such good luck does not fall to the lot of one man in a million.

A FEMALE MOONSHINER.

Sad Story of Woe and Suffering Told by a Georgia Woman.

A female moonshiner is confined in Fulton county jail.

She is a faded-looking woman, nearly fifty years of age, deep blue eyes and a mass of dark hair parted in new-fashioned style about her wrinkled forehead. She bears the traces of suffering on her face, and it is easy to see at a glance that her's has been no common career, says the Atlanta Constitution.

Her name is Mrs. Victorine Henderson. In a lonely log cabin among the hills of Habersham, seven miles above the picturesque little town of Toccoa, dwelt this widow with her two children.

The oldest is a daughter, suffering with the worst stages of cancer, and the mother was her only nurse.

On last Friday she was arrested by Deputy Marshal Tom Osborne, and brought to Atlanta. Her story is a pitiful one as she tells it.

Four years ago her husband, Jasper Henderson, got into trouble with her brother, Bob Morris, and the latter shot him to death in Morris' own yard. He was arrested and locked up in Habersham county jail, from which he escaped, but in the attempt was shot through both legs and died from his wounds. Mrs. Henderson was arrested for complicity in the killing, and although she protested her innocence, she was put on trial for her life, and Judge Estes of Gainesville defended her. The case lingered along until it came to trial, and she was cleared of the charge, but left with a burden of poverty and debt upon her weakly shoulders, with her two fatherless children to take care of, and the invalid one to nurse.

She had no means of support, except the little patch on the mountain side, no way to pay the fee of her lawyer and benefactor.

But with a woman's fidelity she began to cast about for some way of raising the money.

Finally she hit upon the plan of making liquor. Stored away in a corner was an old-time brandy still that had been in disuse ever since it had been a crime for people to distill their own and their neighbors' products of field and orchard. The widow had been initiated into the mysteries of distilling long ago, 'ere all those beauties came upon her. Her cabin was closely built, and inside its walls she hoped that she might be able to elude the vigilance of of the revenue men. The old brandy still was put up and the poor widow went to work.

"I had just made the sweet mash," said she, "and had started on the second run, when I was arrested. In a few days I should have been able to raise money to pay my lawyer's fee had they not found me out."

"How were you detected?"

"Mr. Osborne said that the case was reported to him, but I still believe that he found it out himself. I want to plead guilty. My child needs me at home, and I want to go and tell the judge just what I did and why I did it. Do you know when I can see him?"

"Not until after the holidays."

"Well, I am ready at any moment, and anxious to plead guilty. I have seen so much trouble that I am used to it."

Several moonshiners in jail know Mrs. Henderson, and are acquainted with all the facts in her sad career, which sounds more like a romance than a real occurence.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

Society at Helena Not What it Was Five Years Ago.

The club in Helena is a comfortable one, occupying the entire upper floor of the Gold block, which only a year ago was considered one of the handsomest blocks west of Chicago, but is now utterly dwarfed by the Bailey and Power blocks erected on each side of it, writes a correspondent to the New York Evening Post. The Montana Club members have resolved to occupy a building of their own, which they certainly ought and can easily afford to do. Socially Helena may be described as being in the hobbledehoy age. The "old-timers" represent the men, and the younger set the boys. Cultivation and brains are slowly dislodging former customs and manners, and the german and cotillion clubs gradually taking the place of the old time pioneer organizations. A rather amusing sketch was read recently at a meeting of the literary society, which purported to be a true account of "society as it was only five years ago." "Then," the author of the article remarked, "your hack driver or the clerk who sold you ribbon at the store was quite likely to ask how you enjoyed the hop last night. Swallowtails were an insult and cocktails an unheard-of luxury. Everything was taken straight and a good deal which was not straight was taken for granted. The Pioneer club devised a set of rules and had some framed. Among these was one requesting that 'gentlemen should take their trousers out of their boots before going on the floor.' Spitting was also forbidden." But times have changed in Helena and a man without a dress suit would now be as much out of place at the Assembly club dances as ten years ago he would have been had he ventured to wear one. Afternoon teas, card parties and receptions are as popular here as in New York and if some of the young ladies are a little unconventional they make up in good nature and kindheartedness what they lack in manners.

A WHALE'S MOUTH.

Fish Story of the Experience of a Modern Jonah.

J. W. Kiesler, late commander's clerk, United States navy, now a resident of Honesdale, Pa., told the following story to a Philadelphia Press reporter of a very remarkable experience of an American sailor with a whale. He says: George Leonard, an acting master in the United States navy during the civil war, and stationed on board the gunboat Katahdin, West Gulf blockading squadron, in 1863, told a story of heroism, and exhibited marks on his body that corroborated his words. The year 1850 found Leonard as one of the crew on the ship Enterprise, a whaler in the north Pacific.

One day he was stationed in the bow of a whaleboat a long distance from the ship, with a brave crew who had sighted a whale and made for the monster with all possible dispatch. When within proper distance Leonard threw his harpoon, striking the fish hard and deep. In some manner the line as it was running out caught the body of one of the men in such a way as to throw him overboard. The man suddenly sank, whereupon Leonard transferred his line to a boatmate and sprang into the ocean in aid of the drowning sailor. The whale, now maddened by his fast-flowing blood, made a rush for the boat.

Remarkable and horrible to relate, Leonard's friend had managed to regain the boat, while he himself was caught by the whale between his jaws, his position being inside the monster's mouth, with nothing protruding but one of his arms. In this manner the man was in reality within the jaws of death itself. The whale instantly plunged down into the deep and, in the words of Leonard himself, "the fish seemed to be going down, down into eternity itself."

The imprisoned man, after all this, had not lost his presence of mind. He mustered his entire bodily strength—and he was a powerful man—actually bracing himself in such a position as to compel the fish to spread his jaws. At the same time, with his arm that was free, he grabbed the sheath knife out of its socket, cutting right and left. No sooner was there a sufficient opening made than Leonard forced his body outside. Up to the surface he swam, when, strange to say, he found himself within an arm's length of his boat. He was saved. The marks of the whale's violence and the dents of its teeth were very plainly visible on Leonard's arms, and he was always pointed out by his brother naval officers as "the second Jonah."

WORMS THAT EAT STEEL.

Nothing Else Will Satisfy the Cravings of Their Appetites.

For the past two years the German government has been making inquiries into the life, history and ravages of one of the most remarkable worms known to exist, says the St. Louis Republic. This wonderful creature, whose gluttonous appetite is only satisfied after a feed on common steel, was first brought into general notice by an article in the Cologne Gazette in June, 1887.

For some time preceding the publication of the account mentioned the greatest consternation existed among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen by accidents, which always occurred at the same place, proving that some terrible defect must exist either in the material or the construction of the rails.

The government became interested and sent a commission to the spot for the purpose of maintaining a constant watch at the spot where the accidents—one of them attended with loss of life—had occurred. It was not, however, until after six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded, as if by acid, to the extent of over 100 yards.

The rail was taken up and broken, whereupon it was found to be literally honeycombed by a thin, thread-like gray worm. The worm is said to be three centimeters in length and about the bigness of a common knitting-needle. It is of a light-gray color, and on the head it carries two little sacs or glands filled with a most powerful corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes when the little demon is lying undisturbed. This liquid when squirted upon iron renders that metal soft and spongy, and of the color of rust, when it is easily and greedily devoured by the little insect. "There is no exaggeration," says the official report, "in the assertion that this creature is one of the most voracious, for it has devoured thirty-six kilogrammes of rails in a fortnight."

BEARS IN A QUANDARY.

Two of Them Become Tightly Wedged in a Narrow Doorway.

A roaring fire blazed and crackled in an old-fashioned fire place at a hunters' resort near here the other evening, says a letter from Oakland, Pa., to the New York Tribune. At intervals during the early evening half a dozen hardy and bushy-whiskered resident hunters and trappers strolled in and sat on the benches. Each one told a story or two about bears, some of which are condensed as follows:

"Two of us were hauling logs out of the woods back of Price's swamp last winter," said a tall lumberman. "We had a shanty in the woods and we ate our dinners there and fed our horses on oats out of canvas feed-bags. Our work kept us about half a mile away from the shanty between meals, but we had to pass the place on our way home at night. I wanted to use my dinner pail to dip water with one afternoon and so I put some meat and bread I had left into one of the feed-bags and hung the bag up on two nails inside of the shanty. It was dusk when we drove toward the shanty with a load of logs. I was ahead of the team, the other fellow driving, and as I neared the shanty I heard a big racket in it. I made a rush for the little building and before I had gone ten paces out dashed a whopping big bear. His nose was in the feed-bag and he couldn't get it out, because the rope was over his neck. He couldn't see over the top of the bag and he was half scared to death when he got sight of me. The bear made a dive behind the shanty and started for the swamp and I yelled at the other man and told him to stop the team and hurry down with the ax. Then I grabbed a canthook and ran after the bear. In his haste to clear out he'd butted his head against a tree and tumbled backward, and before he had time to rally I got a good grip around the middle of his body with the canthook. He yanked me over something less than an acre of brush, but I held him with the hook till the other fellow came and crushed his skull with an ax and then we piled him on top of the load of logs and took him home. He weighed 427 pounds."

Little Big-Horn.

Ernest McGaffey.

Beside the lone river
That idly lay dreaming,
Flashed sudden the gleaming
Of saber and gun
In the light of the sun
As over the hillside the soldiers came streaming.
One peal of the bugle
In stillness unbroken
That sounded a token
Of soul-stirring strife,
Savage war to the knife,
Then silence that seemed like defiance unbroken.
But out of an ambush
Came warriors riding,
Swift ponies betriding,
Shook rattles and shields,
With a discord of yells,
That fired the hearts of their comrades in hiding.
Then fierce on the wigwams
The soldiers descended,
And madly were blended,
The red man and white,
In a hand-to-hand fight,
With the Indian village assailed and defended.
And there through the passage
Of battle-torn spaces,
From dark lurking places,
With blood-curdling cry
And their knives held on high,
Rushed Amazon women with wild, painted faces.
Then swung the keen sabers
And flashed the sure rifles
Their message that stifles
The shout in red throats,
While the reckless blue coats,
Laughed on mid the fray as men laugh over trifles.
Grim cavalry troopers
Unshorn and unshaven,
And never a craven
In ambuscade caught,
How like demons they fought
Round the knoll on the prairie that marked their last haven.
But the Sioux circled nearer
The shrill war-whoop crying,
And death hail was flying,
Yet still they fought on
'Till the last shot was gone
And all that remained were the dead and the dying.
A song for their death, and
No black plumes of sorrow,
This recompense borrow,
Like heroes they died
Man to man—side by side,
We lost them today, we shall meet them tomorrow.
And on the lone river,
Has faded the seeming
Of bright Armour gleaming,
But there by the shore
With the ghost of No-more
The shades of the dead through ages lie dreaming.

A Remarkable Astronomical Fact.

Two persons were born at the same place and at the same moment of time. After fifty years had rolled away they both died, almost at the same instant, yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was it possible enquires the St. Louis Republic? Not to keep our friends in suspense, we will give the solution, which turns on a curious, but, with little reflection, a very obvious point in circumnavigation. A person going round the world toward the west loses a day and toward the east he gains one. Supposing, then, that these two persons were born at the same instant in St. Louis, whence a voyage around the world may be easily performed once a year; if one of these persons constantly goes toward the west in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitants; if the other sails equally fast toward the east he will be fifty days ahead of them. One, therefore, will have seen 100 days more than the other, though they were born and died at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitude and reckoned time by the same calendar.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

FOR SALE AND RENT.

FOR RENT—One seven-room house on Fourth avenue; one eight-room house on Second avenue, and one eight-room house on Tenth street; all fitted up with all modern conveniences. W. W. Bilger, Pearl street.

LOTS for sale in Oak Park and Greenwood addition. Easy terms. Houses and lots on monthly payments. T. L. Doble, cor. Cross and Hall sts.

NOTICE—If you have real estate or chattels you want to dispose of quick, list them with Kerr & Gray, Council Bluffs, Ia.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished front room. 902 Fourth street.

THREE unfurnished rooms for rent. No. 124 Fourth st.

FOR EXCHANGE—3 or 4 stocks of general merchandise to exchange for good farm lands and cash; invoice from $5,000 to $12,000. Address Kerr & Gray, Council Bluffs, Ia.

WANTED—At once, stock of groceries or general mdse. that will invoice about $4,000, in exchange for $2,500 in good improved property near this place; bal. in cash. Address Kerr & Gray, Council Bluffs.

REAL ESTATE—Bought and sold and exchanged. Special attention given to examination of titles. W. C. James, No 10 Pearl st.

FOR TRADE for stock, good lot in Hastings Neb. Inquire 1322 West Broadway.

FOR SALE or Rent—Garden land with houses, by J. H. Rice 102 Main st., Council Bluffs.

FOR EXCHANGE—A good new 6-room house to exchange for an improved 80 acre farm in western or central Iowa. Kerr & Gray.

I am about to engage in other business and until closed out you will save money by examining before purchasing elsewhere, my stock of furniture and stoves. You will find many articles that will make suitable and serviceable holiday presents. A. J. Mandel, 323 and 325 Broadway.

FOR SALE at less than cash value on monthly payments or terms to suit, or trade for Omaha or Council Bluffs unimproved property.

New 11-room house, lot 57x139, with all modern improvements, on Sixth avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets. One block from electric motor line and one block from Manawa motor line.

New 8-room house adjoining the above.

Three new 8-room houses on Lincoln avenue, two blocks from electric motor line.

Two new 4-room houses four blocks from electric motor line on