

THE OMAHA BEE

COUNCIL BLUFFS, OFFICE, NO. 12 PEARL ST.

Delivered by Carrier in any part of the City H. W. TILTON, MANAGER

Business Office, No. 12 Pearl Street, Night Editor, No. 23

MINOR MENTION.

N. Y. P. Co., Council Bluffs Lumber Co., coal. Dr. J. B. Moore of Emerson, Ia., in the city.

W. A. Richardson of Stuart, Ia., deputy United States marshal, is in the city on official business.

John G. McGorrick of Des Moines, formerly of the firm of Beaman Bros. of this city, is visiting friends here.

F. H. Hill and family returned yesterday from Wisconsin, where they have been spending a few weeks.

W. H. Donaldson filed a complaint in the superior court charging P. Roland, John French and Mrs. Lane with disturbing the peace by hurling bricks and using profane and indecent language. They were arrested and began the new year in jail.

J. J. Cady, who has charge of the material accounts of the Missouri Valley, and one of the hardest working and popular railroad men at that bustling railway center, spent his New Year in Council Bluffs, entertained by his many friends.

The electric light, people complain of the depredations of irreflex with "nigger shorts." They report the responsibility of the glass globes on the lamps at several of the street crossings and say they will discontinue the lamps or burn them without globes if no relief is given.

The ladies of Calumet assembly, Pythian sisterhood, entertained a large number at their ball last evening. Excellent music and a very fine program of dancing were given.

The Maennerchor had one of its happiest social gatherings last night. It was their annual Christmas tree gathering. Over one hundred presents were gathered from the trees distributed among the children of the families represented.

One of Bancroft's horses was a victim yesterday of the electric light. The animal was He fell at the corner of Fifth and Sixth streets, and not only lost his footing but his self, confidence. He laid there for hours and had to be rescued by blankets. Luckily he was not seriously injured, though his continued presence so near the passing motor cars gave rise to the report that the horse had been killed. His injuries were confined to a broken leg and he was hauled away on a bobbed.

The high cold wind yesterday made it impossible for the electric light employees to complete the work of curbing the lamps on the towers and two or three of those in the lower end of the city were dark all night. It requires some courage to climb to the top of an open iron tower 150 feet high while the wind is blowing thirty miles an hour and carrying a blizzard along with it.

A very sad death from diphtheria occurred last evening in the home of Ovid Egan, 1808 Seventh avenue. On Monday one of his little children was attacked by diphtheria. The mother and the family were encouraged to believe that they would not long be subjected to the scourge and that they would be spared. The child died from it, but Wednesday Nellie, a little one from the same family, was taken sick with the disease. Yesterday afternoon symptoms of croup appeared, and despite all that could be done for her, she died at 10 o'clock. Nellie was a bright little eight-year-old girl, and her parents are almost heartbroken over her bereavement. The funeral will occur from the residence this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Yesterday morning at 4 o'clock the wind blew down a large sign in front of Burhorn's jewelry store on Pearl street, badly wrecking it. Officer Dell McDonald was attracted by the noise and watched the window, which was full of jewelry, until he could communicate with central station. He was unable to arouse the night man and believe that no one was in the store. Officer and Captain Clough, who had responded to the call, were in the window for several hours in the cold and storm. Finally they succeeded in arousing the man who slept in the store, and when he found what a kindness the officers had shown him he was profuse in his thanks and acknowledgments of his obligations.

T. L. Barnett, an individual who gained some notoriety in the city by his connection with an exciting session of the "kangaroo court" in the city jail, will appear before Judge McCreary this morning with a badly bruised head. He celebrated the advent of the new year by getting gloriously drunk. While staggering around the city he fell heavily, striking his head against a piece of furniture and cutting a fearful gash above his right temple. It was thought for awhile that he had received a fatal injury, but he was carried into a drug store near by and cared for. The patrol wagon finally conveyed him to the city jail, where City Physician Jennings dressed his wound. He was then given a coil until today.

See the Boston Store advertisement and see what they are offering in coats for this week. Boston Store, Council Bluffs.

All our toys just half price for the week. Prices cut in two, everything in the toy line marked in plain figures, you can half it for yourself. \$1.00 for 50c, 75c goods for 50c and so on. Boston Store, Council Bluffs.

Great reduction on ladies' misses' and children's coats, to clear at the Boston Store, Council Bluffs.

The Boston Store never does anything but what they have put the knife in ladies', misses' and children's coats. See advertisement in another column for this week. Boston Store, Council Bluffs.

Books. Thackeray, 10 volumes, bound in cloth, beautiful clear type, \$8.25. Boston Store, Council Bluffs.

Remember the Soldier Poor. There are a number of soldiers' families in this city who are in immediate need of clothing to make them reasonably comfortable.

Notice of Dissolution. Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Egan, Egan, H. Sheafe & Co., conducting business of real estate and loan brokers, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the firm will be conducted by and in the name of E. H. Sheafe, by whom all liabilities will be paid and all debts owing the firm collected, and to whom all the assets of the copartnership have been transferred.

Dated at Council Bluffs, December 31, 1890. S. B. WADSWORTH, C. D. ENTINE, W. H. GIBSON, DAVID ESTYRE.

The American District Telegraph Co. has been reorganized and is now prepared to give prompt service. Special attention to express and parcel delivery.

Boys Wanted. Wanted—Boys at American District Telegraph office.

Get our prices on ladies', misses' and children's coats. Boston Store, Council Bluffs.

Contractor George S. Miller will leave for the south in a few days to begin work on his extensive contracts at Key West, Fla. The paving and curbing work awarded to him approximates over \$50,000 and will be sufficient to occupy his time for the next two years.

The new south is well worth the attention of northern men," remarked he to The Bee yesterday. "There are lots of good places down there to live in as well as to make money. We will get a fair margin on

THE NEWS IN THE BLUFFS.

A Number of Pleasant and Well Attended Social Gatherings.

FEW EVENTS OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

Several Label Suits Pending in the Various Courts—A Drummer's Newspaper Experience—Minor Mention and Personal.

A high cold wind came down from the north to usher in 1891 and introduce the rickety youngster to the people of Council Bluffs. There was a general bizzardish tendency to celebrate the event, and the coldest, stormiest day of the season was the result.

This atmospheric condition made the day unusually quiet and few events of public interest were transpiring.

The custom of receiving New Year calls by the ladies has lost its "form" and is no longer the thing among the bon ton. Consequently the gentlemen had no places to visit and sadly missed the genial hospitality of former days that made the first day of the year one of the brightest and happiest it contained.

There were several ladies, however, who braved public opinion and kept "open house" in the good old-fashioned way.

Church and society gatherings were numerous and well attended. The Young Men's Christian association rooms were kept open all day and attracted a large number of young people.

Business was generally suspended, and a few of the provision stores were closed. The leading dry goods stores were closed during the day.

Business men and people generally were taking a breathing spell, and getting ready to begin the business of the new year with increased energy and enthusiasm.

The new year was welcomed by many. Mrs. Thomas Metcalf entertained the members of the S. W. A. at the Grand parlors. The guests were Mrs. May Bryan, Kitty Ogden, Dooly, Grinnell, Meyers, Donahy, Hepford, Wallace, Marsh, and Messrs. Bert Donahy, Edward Grinnell, Charles Grinnell, Fred Montague, Thomas Metcalf, Frank Stacy and Will Wallace.

The male members of the Broadway Methodist church entertained a social gathering at their hall on Main street. The cooks were Justice E. S. Barnett and Henry and L. C. Dale. The waiters were F. B. O'Leary, O. D. Wheeler, Walter Loring and Laetitia. The band consisted of Frank Hall, George Gold, Will Pulson, Dr. Heller, L. G. Knotts, Paul Tuileys and George Mayo. They all wore white caps and aprons. The program was very pleasant and lasted until the new year made its appearance. Ed. Cogley's "Character Bits" was grand.

The Maennerchor society had a grand combined holiday entertainment at their hall on Main street. Chris. Paul, one of their vice presidents, presided over the affair. The address. After presenting presents to over one hundred children, singing and dancing was the order of the evening.

For Sale—415 acres, one mile from market; finest grain or stock farm in Dickinson county. Very cheap. Most of ground has been in tame grass from five to ten years. For particulars apply to Knox, 9 Main street, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Why pay \$1.50 when you can get just as good a room and beds at the Scott house for \$1.00?

We have just received 100 pairs cargo live goose feathers pillows, each 24 in. in the pair. The price while they last, \$2.25 a pair. We also keep on hand a large stock of feathers in bags from one to five pound bags from Canada to the finest. These are cured and sorted. Boston Store, Council Bluffs.

Books. Charles Dickens works, 15 volumes, bound in cloth, excellent type, \$3.25. Boston Store, Council Bluffs.

Books. Some time since this present month of January there will be a number of suits tried in the various courts, if some of the principals who are pressing them do not fall down and conclude that their grievances can be healed without a monetary consideration at the tail end of a law suit. The following told by an eastern drummer is considered very appropriate:

"Oh," spoke up the veteran sea captain, "you are in the newspaper business? Well, when I was in it for twenty years and I never wrote an article nor could I get a word of connection with a newspaper has cost me a little pile, nearly \$1,000. I was made copartner with a fellow who brought in a fellow with whom I had a fuss over a nephew who was in his employ. He had my nephew arrested for embezzlement of \$7,300 and then the young man turned out and he had been his bookkeeper, and reported that his coal company was swindled, giving only 1,500 pounds for a ton, and the newspaper publication was full of it. I knew I was swindled with papers as a party citing that I had uttered, written, edited and printed a libel, etc., etc. The governor of New Jersey was my attorney. I picked up the copy per cent piece (displaying a 2 cent piece) the day the papers were served on me. I saw out in God We Trust. I decided to trust to God, and said I would carry it until the thing was settled. Here it is, made that year, 1870, and a few days ago I paid into court \$400 for settlement. The suit was for \$7,000, three suits of \$2,000 each, for damages to the fellow's character, and for the loss of his business. He paid out, as the poor newspaper man was about busted, the lawyers arranged a compromise for \$2,000, but got to quarreling over a divy and so the suit dragged along. I paid out, as I say, some \$1,000 during the twenty years of the plaintiff being out and busted, and it cost the newspaper company about \$1,500. I never saw a cent of it. I was swindled out of the final \$15,000 that covered the damages and costs. But the coal man or his United States copy company, or whatever it was, was a d—n good fellow. I saw him in the testimony that they never paid for the coal either. No, that is all I ever had to do with the newspaper business, and as I say I never owned a cent of stock in it, nor did I write an article for one—I couldn't if I tried; but I have this old 2-cent copper coin as a reminder of my slight connection with one."

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PARSON TOM OF LEADVILLE.

The First Preacher in the Early Days of the Mining Camp.

SET UP THE TEMPLE OF THE LORD.

Called to Many Members of the Sporting Fraternity, Preach at the Funerals of the Wicked and Console Unfortunates.

Parson Tom Uzzell was the first clergyman to set up the tents of the Lord in Leadville in 1878 and 1879, when sin was running riot in Leadville. In those days he was frequently placed in positions in which any other man's life would have been endangered, but somehow Parson Tom's simplicity always stood him in good stead, and made friends instead of enemies even among outlaws. The wickedest man in the camp respected him and gave liberally to his church, and although he never succeeded in turning them from evil, they invariably came to him when in trouble, says a writer in the San Francisco Examiner.

"If hell itself had opened its jaws in those days I don't believe Leadville would have hesitated an instant," Parson Tom said one day. "There were no depths of vice to which it did not sink, and its early record of crime is second to none in any section of the wild west. The town was hell bent, and in most cases I think it gained its objective point."

Parson Tom was called one night to perform the marriage ceremony for the notorious "Doc" Briggs. The prospect was not alluring, but Parson Tom, to use his own language, "didn't like to refuse," and he went to the notorious dive, where the rooms above the gambling house were used for a ball room and splendor, and the wedding guests in rich attire impatiently awaited the coming of the clergyman, says the New York Sun.

The bride, whose character was not of the best, was accompanied by a number of rough riders, the most luxurious quality, and "Doc" was resplendent in full evening dress. None of the minor fashionable details had been forgotten. The men and women were the entire sporting population of Leadville. For a moment the splendor of the scene and the dignity of the bridal party almost staggered the parson, whose drawing room experience had been very limited. But he summoned sufficient voice to unite the pair and for God's blessing on the marriage. All present bowed their heads, and Tom was encouraged to elaborate somewhat on the usual form of supplication. After Briggs had kissed the bride he slipped five twenties into the parson's hand.

Uzzell gave temperate lectures for a number of years in Leadville and was not required in Leadville. Parson Tom Uzzell thinks that he must have married and remarried many persons to others when they had tired of their bonds. Names were easily changed and acquiescence readily obtained. Whenever the parson's suspicions were aroused he always investigated to the best of his ability, but he invariably heard stories that might be true.

The bad men of Leadville always sent for Parson Tom on death approaches, and he would be regarded as a man of great interposition with the Almighty. "They died hard," he said, "but they always wanted me with 'em."

Once there was a sad harvest of death, and the funerals at which Parson Tom officiated were as many as six a day. Like the old circuit riders, he flung the thunderbolts of warning right and left, and the people who received them wept bitter tears until his exhortations were finished. Then they went to their work.

A big German who kept a famous beer garden on the corner of State and Pine streets frequently transferred the garden into a hall, where Dr. Gibbons, an early Colorado reformer, and Parson Uzzell gave temperate lectures for a number of years in Leadville.

"The proprietor would cover up the counters in a jiffy," according to the parson's description, "and the exhortations would go on right lively for a time, but we never accomplished much, for he would soon be gone, where he would seem to adopt a silver standard, they are evidently waiting for our country to place gold at a premium through carelessly considered silver legislation. With gold once at a premium our country will soon be so placed, where they would seem to adopt a silver standard, they are evidently waiting for our country to place gold at a premium through carelessly considered silver legislation."

Parson Tom was summoned one day to a respectable house to pray with an abandoned girl who had been abandoned through her right arm by a drunken cowboy. The arm had to be cut off at the shoulder, and it was thought that the girl would die. That was one of the worst smelters in the place, where the "seed corn on good ground" brought forth fruit most for repentance, for Kate professed conversion and became an honest woman and a faithful wife. Mollie May, the keeper of a notorious gambling house, and leading lady of Parson Tom if he would perform the funeral service over the remains of a baby born in her house. Fifty notorious women followed the little white coffin into the church. Parson Tom and Undertaker Rogers, who now lives in Denver, carried the light to the women in Leadville.

All the golden dust of Colorado's fortunes blew right by Parson Tom. He might have been rich, but his lines lay along a different route. In those days the first smelter in the place was the original St. Louis smelter, and Parson Tom remained to see ten more built. W. H. James of the Grant smelter, one of the richest men in Colorado, was then keeping a little store at Fairplay. Edward H. Eddy, another millionaire, was using the pick and shovel at Silver Plume. The bell in Parson Tom's church in Leadville, which occupies the highest point of any bell in the world, was imported from Boston by the first smelter in the place. This bell was freighted from Denver, and erected on the day of dedication, July 4. At 10 o'clock that morning the parson rang the bell for love feast.

His mellow tones vibrated over the hills, and everybody stopped to listen. An old miner took off his hat and said: "It sounds like Jesus Christ had come to town."

The first passenger train which reached Leadville over the Denver & Leadville road brought General Grant. Leadville received the great soldier with a celebration never before equalled in the Rockies. General Grant met Parson Tom, and at the latter's request attended a service at the little meeting house.

Uzzell gained the title of "The Fighting Parson" by once taking off his coat and whipping a squatter who tried to pre-empt the land on which the parson's church stood.

The Gem of the Exposition. I saw her at the exposition, was Ella Higginson in the West Shore. She was

slender and sweet and young; simply clad, but with an unmistakable air of elegance about her. She was carrying an old, shabby umbrella and a heavy, faded shawl, while close to her pressed a rusty-looking Irish woman heavily laden with bundles of baggage and descriptions; one was crying loudly and lustily, and the young woman was smiling down at him. Suddenly someone exclaimed in a shocked tone:—

"Why, Bertha, who on earth have you with you?"

"She turned and answered simply, and without hesitation:—

"I don't know; it is some poor woman I am helping to find a seat."

And of all the beautiful things that I saw at the Exposition, I thought that young woman the most beautiful and the most desirable.

PICKPOCKETS MUST BE BORN. A Profession that Requires Intelligence and a Hand of High Order.

Pickpockets usually work in gangs of three or four, says the Indianapolis Journal. Some will work with two, but not many. Dayton Sam always works three. Their signal for action is "Round-up," when he is standing on the corner of Illinois and Washington streets one day when, unexpectedly, I caught the words "Round-up." I turned and saw four fellows approach a man standing alone, and before I could realize what they were about they had his pocketbook.

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LEGEND OF PILLAR ROCK.

Old Chief Shamokawa Hurdled a Cliff at a Canoe.

All travelers on the river are familiar with Pillar rock, fourteen miles from Astoria, on the Washington shore, says the Astoria Home.

The Astoria Home says that the pillar shaped rock, several hundred yards from shore, rising upward of twenty-five feet above the water, gives name to the place. There is an old and interesting legend connected with the rock that is not commonly known.

G. W. Yatter, an old resident of this county, yesterday told the story of how the rock originated. It is firmly believed by old Indians.

Man 10 years ago, long before John Jacob Astor's expedition sailed into the Columbia, old Chief Shamokawa, then a mighty chieftain, and known as a magician with wonderful powers, inhabited the north shore of the Columbia. He had a son, and a young fellow, whose prowess with the canoe and spear was the

envy of the tribes on both sides of the big river. Not unlike the youth of the present day, he was vain and proud from the parental wigwag, and found in the lodges of the surrounding tribes, and allowed his gaze to dwell upon the dusky daughter of a Nehalem chieftain who so much older than he power could quell the fire of his love for the young dandy. Old Shamokawa, stern as the youth and upbraided him with being unfaithful to the name of his father for desiring to unite with plebeians of the Nehalem order and lower their aristocracy

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