THE DAILY

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

NO. 12 PEARL STREET OFFICE:

Delivered by carrier to any part of the city H. W. TILTON, - MANAGER TELEPHONES | Business Office...... No. 43

MINOR MENTION.

N. Y. Plumbing Co

Boston Store for sun umbrellas Judson, pasturage, 929 Sixth avenue.

Miltonberger is the hatter, 502 Broadway The Mayne Real Estate Co., 621 Broadway. Charles Heft was brought in from Under Charles Heft was brought in from Charles wood yesterday and locked up for ten days for larceny. He sold a horse to one of the residents of that place for \$16, receiving \$6 in cash. The purchaser failed to pay the rest of the money at the appointed time, and Heft went to the barn, unlocked the door, and coolly walked off with the animal. On trial he was convicted and sentenced to

A blacksmith named Peterson, heavy laden with a jag, complained to the police Saturday night that he had been robbed of ₹20 by a man named Chris Jensen. Deputy shal Fowler arrested Jensen, who ever having seen \$30. Fowler insisted on searching him, when he found \$32 in cash in one of his pockets. Jensen then admitted that he had been mistaken, and was marched to the police station and stated with larceny. Peterson wended his way to the station and besought the officers to give him his \$20 and let the man go, but he coldly repulsed and given to understand that unless he made himself scarce in that vicin-ity he would be locked up for drunkenness.

Greenshields, Nicholson & Co., real estate and rentals, 600 Broadway. Tel. 151.

Domestic soap outlasts cheap soap

Smoke T. D. King & Co's Partagas.

Manawa Trains. Trains for Manawa will leave Broad way depot at 9 and 11 a. m., 1, 2, 3, 3:30 p. m., and every thirty minutes thereafter until 12:30 at night. Last train will leave Manawa for Council Bluffs at 11:55 p. m.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Harvey W. Smith left yesterday for a trip to Colorado Springs. Mrs. W H. Monteith is visiting relatives

in Monroe and Marion counties. Leona Helen Troup died at 2 o'clock yes terday afternoon, aged one year, of cholera infantum, at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Troupe, 1423 Eighth ave-

S. P. Mevers, an attorney of La Porte City, Iowa, was in the city over Sunday, vis-iting George H. Gable. The two were classmates at both Cornet, college and the Univer sity of Michigan. C. F. Harl, janitor at the Bloomer school

is laid up with a broken rib. He sustained the injury by a fall about two weeks ago, but he did not know that any bones were broken until a day or two ago. Mine, child of Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Christen-

son, died of cholera infantum last evening at 6 o'clock, aged eighteen months. The funeral will take place this afternoon at 4 o'clock from the residence, 831 East Broadway. I. B. Duncan, the motor conductor who has

been suffering for the past few days with nervous prostration, caused from being over heated, as stated by his physician, Dr. Macrae, is rapidly improving as his many friends will be glad to learn. Kenneth Gardner, son of Mr. and Mrs. C.

E. Gardner, died of cholera infantum yester-day evening, aged one year. The funeral will take place at 3 o'clock this afternoon from the family residence, 214 Legan street, F. M. Corbaley officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Thomas have returned from their bridal trip and are visiting Mrs Thomas' parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Williamson on North Seventh street. They visited friends in St. Louis, Ironton, O., Chi-

The Grand Hotel. Council Bluffs. The most elegant in Dining room on seven Rate, \$3.00 and \$5.00 a day. E. F. Clark,

Carbon Coal Co., wholesale and retail coal. Removed from 10 Pearl to 34 Pearl

street, Grand Hotel building. . Stop at the Ogden, Council Bluffs, t 1e

best \$2.00 house in Iowa.

Sunday at Manawa.

Quite a crowd assembled at Manawa yesterday afternoon for the purpose of secing Charles Fitzpatrick, the one-legged bicyclist, risk his neck riding down a flight of steps that had been erected from the top of the hotel to the ground, about 100 feet away. The preparations were all made in the most impressive manner. Even the band which had been discoursing music all the afternoon held its breath as the fancy rider stood at the top of the steps preparing to make the plunge. Just as he was about to start Marshal Andy Bowling stepped to the front and called out, "Hold on a minute, there; wait for the old gent," "The old gent," who is better known as Mayor Reed, had an im-portant piece of business just at that instant to be transacted in the barroom down at the pavilion, and the word to that effect, as it passed along the line, controlled the feverish impatience of the gathered throng. A minute later Colonel Reed came up on the run wiping his lips as he did so, and the signal to start was given. It was a tame enough exhibition, the rider keeping his foot on the brake all the way down, and riding so slowly and with so little dan-ger that several of the more adventurous members of the Ganymede Wheel club, who were taking in the sport in full force, had serious thoughts of trying the same thing. The farcy trick riding, which followed on a platform that was erected in the hotel yard for the purpose, was more satisfactory, the bicyclist performing many feats that would embarrass most men with two legs. The on thing that disturbed the quiet of the occasion for a minute was the breaking down of the steps above referred to when the crowd mounted them for the purpose of better witnessing the exhibition. About twenty feet of the structure collapsed, but

Ask your grocer for Domestic soap.

There is nothing in this country like the fruit kept in Wheeler, Hereld & Co.'s cold storage. No matter what the weather is it reaches the customer in perfect condition. Another car load of lemons was put in Saturday.

Dick Turpin's Imitators.

An 18-year-old boy named Mulvaney claims to have been assaulted and robbed Saturday afternoon on the Crescent City road. He was coming to the city when he met a rig containing four men and two women. When they met the team stopped the men jumped out and made him shell out all his wealth by shoving a gun in his face. He was only too glad to compromise on this basis and save his skin intact, but when he reached the city the compromise did not seem so satisfactory, and he accordingly put the police on the train of the thieves. He claims "Dutch" Boynton, "Dago Dick" and a man named Miller were three of his assailants, but did not know the fourth man or either of the women. eitner of the women.

Yesterday afternoon a telegram was re-ceived at police headquarters from R.C. Menary, a nurseryman living near Crescent, Melary, a nurseryman living near Crescent, stating that the highwaymen spent yesterday at Crescent and boarded the afternoon train for Council Bluffs. Officer Kemp went to the depot to intercept them but he was too late. The telegram had been sent from Crescent at 5 p. m. but was sidetracked in some way and was not delivered until 5.55. In the meantime the train had come in and the alleged thieves were sowhere to be the alleged thieves were sowhere to be

Williamson & Co., 106 Main street, largest and best bicycle stock in city.

Cook you " meals this summer on a gas range. At cost at the Gas company.

Use Domestie soap

BEE NEWS FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS

Carpenter Carter Finds that Things Are Seldom What They Seem.

HIS SCHEME WITH MRS, GRAHAM FAILED

"Doc" Webster Appears as a Serpent to Destroy the Happiness of What Might Have Been a Modern Eden or Something Like,

A little fracas took place yesterday morning on Sixth street which A. H. Carter, a carpenter who lives near the corner of Twenty-fifth avenue, is positive would have resulted in his being transformed into a cold and clammy corpse had he not displayed a good deal of ability in the sprinting line. According to the story which he tells, he became acquainted with a woman named Molife Graham, while he was engaged in doing some work on her house. By degrees they found out a number of things about each other. He confided in her the fact that he was a widower with two children down in Madison county, and she told him that she would like to go into the business of keeping boarders and commence operations on his two children and himself. He says he took some time to think the matter over, and finally, deceing that it would be just the thing, brought his children here on the 7th of this month and

took up his abode there,
But their happiness was short lived. Carter went to work and spent quite a sum of money on the place, a sum, he says, which would more than make up the \$6 per week which he had agreed to pay for the board of the children. But she neglected the two to go from Saturday noon until Sunday night without anything to eat, although there was plenty to eat in the house. Carter found this out and decided to pull out.

At this point in the game a young man amed Doc Webster becomes a feature of inerest in the little tale of woe. Carter and Sioux City, and he was to take them up there in his wagon. Webster was to accom-pany them. One day Carter overneard Mrs. Graham and Webster talking about their intended trip, and Mrs. Graham coolly in-formed Webster that she would allow Carter to take them up, and when they arrived in Sioux City she would fire him bodily. Car ter concluded that he would rather resig than be fired, and he commenced to lay hin plans to get away. He tried to get his horses out of the barn yesterday morning, ans Mrs. Graham flew at him with a billy and hit him a biff under the left eye that temd porarily knocked him silly. He then trie-to get his children out of the house, but thd landlady stationed herself in the door of the nouse and told him she would shoot hie neart out if he didn't go away and leave hes alone, adding a great deal of telling emphasir o her remarks by brandishing a largs louble-barrelled shotgun about. Carter dee cided that things were getting altogethe-too interesting and he hied himself tr Justice Vien's shop, where he filed an inc formation charging the irate lady with-assault with intent to commit murder. She was arrested by Constable Baker, and, in default of a \$300 bond, was locked up in the county jail.

Still Another Chance.

Owing to the inclement weather Saturday night we will offer again Monday evening from 6 to 9 p. m. the following great bargains:

200 dozen ladies' lisle-thread vests, would be good value at 50c, for tonight 22c each. The above are genuine lisle thread. This is certainly a chance of a lifetime.

100 gross Boston Store castile soap, cakes for 5c; everybody gets 5c a cake for the same.

5,000 yards duchess mull, 32 inches wide, beautiful range of patterns, to go tonight from 6 to 10 p. m., for 5c a yard The above goods have never been sold for less than 12½c a yard. They are a beautiful light fabric and are certainly the best bargain of bargains ever offered this season. Remember, from 6 to 10 for be a yard. Only one pattern to a cus-

75 dozen gents outing flannel and French percale shirts that sold for 75c and \$1.00 to go tonight from 6 to 10 at 50c each, gentlemen avail yourself of this grand opportunity. 100 dozen ladies tast black hose at 7c a pair or 4 pair for 25c worth 10c a pair.

BOSTON STORE, Fotheringham, Whitelaw & Co.. Leaders and Promoters of Low Prices.

The best building sand in the market by earload. Address N. Schurz, 34 Baldwin Block, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Domestic soap is the best.

Another improvement to the popular Schubert piano. Swanson Music Co

A MODERN JONAH.

The Cruel Ducking and Marvelous Rescue of Tommy Maloney.

Newspaper readers a week ago were horrified by the story of the drowning of Tommy Maloney, a New York newsboy. With his brother and two other boys he had gone down to the dock to bathe, and his companions drowned him for 75 cents which he had made selling papers. They tortured him a good deal, splashing water over him and one of the boys jumped on his back while the little fellow was struggling for his life. days afterwards the boys confessed the crime and were imprisoned by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and held for the action of the grand jury. The office of the district attorney, the police department and attorney, the police department and everybody along the wharves has been absorbed in the punishing of the boys and looking for the body. The mother put on black and Tommy's tenement mourned him.

Last Friday morning he came home. and surrounded by admiring neighbors and encouraged by his happy mother, he proceeded to give out statements to the press on his marvelous escape. These are the versions issued to the New York Evening Sun:

'I woos down on der Beekman street dock, see?" was the way he introduced it, "Lago an' Radigan an' an High-talian kid woos dair. I had 75 cents in me clo'es 'n' dey wanted ter git it. "Lago took me hat 'n' trun it overboard. I leaned over der dock 'n' Lago,

he shoved me over. "When I got in der water I swallyed some of it. I kep' me eyes open, an' when I went down I seen a rope under der water. Me feet struck on dat an' l cum up agin."

There was an impressive pause.

"Did you yell?" was ventured. "Yair. I hollored like —. lered when I went down fust 'n' I hollered when I cum up agin. A expressman wet woos going past der dock, he heard me 'n' he jumped off his wagon and cum down on der deck ter git me. Another pause. "Did he get you?"

"Yair, he got me. When I went down der secon' time me feet hit der rope agin' an' I tuk hol' now wid me han's. swallyed some more water."

Silence. "Did you see the expressman come

down after you?"
"M'heh? He had ter take off 'is clo'es 'n' that tuk 'im a long while. I held on ter de rope till he cum down after me. I woos under water fur ten minutes.

"Can you swim?"
"M'heh? Who, me? Naw." "He put me on a float," went on

Thomas, "an' den 'e skipped. I woos squeesin' out me clo'es 'n' Lago'n Radigan cum over. Dey asked me'f I cud swim an' I said no'n dey said I'd have ter swim an' den dey trun me over."

The neighbors held up their hands.

"I went down oncet an' me feet touched rocks. I swallyed water, I went down der secon' time'n me feet touched rocks. I went down agin an' me feet touched rocks. Der tide was runnin' down strong.

How do you know?" 'I seed it.

"What did you do then?"
"M'heh? Me? I stayed on bottom,
an' Black Sam he duy down an' brung me up'n put me on der float agin." long were you under water

that time? 'M'heh? Five minutes. When I got up on der float I took off me clo'es, squeesin' em out again. Lajo'n Radi-gan an' der Hightalian come over. I lay me clo'es down and dey trun me over again. Me clo'es, me money woos on der float.

He looked sideways at his mother and

"I went down once 'n' me feet hit mud. I went twice 'n' me feet hit mud. No, I didn't swally no water. When I wen down der second time dey tuk me clo' 'n' me money."
"Did you see them?"

"M'heh? Me? I went down agin an' me feet stuck in der mud, I looked around," he went on, slowly. "I see a body, I t'ink it woos a man.

The female neighbors gasped and clutched each other by the arm. "Der blood woos a comin' out uv him," went on Tommy slowly. "He woos all cut on his head'n his face woos cut, too, "He woos all cut down here," indicating the chest. "I cudn't see the rest uv im. I woos under water five minutes that time.

"How long?"

mawnin'.

"M'heh? Me? Dickson (another colored man), he waas up on der dock 'n' he tuk off 's clo'es. I saw "im cum down. The tide waas so strong it waas bendin me over ter where de ice dock waas. "Dickson, he says to me, 'Git up on

me back 'n I'll take yer up.' So I got up on his back 'n' 'e up 'n' floated me over ter de ice dock. Gee! He's a bully swimmer. "Den I went over to ter Weezey (Vesey street dock 'n' lived under dair till dis

"I woos afraid ter cum home widout me money. I t'ought me ole woman'd soak der liver outer me if I didn't eum home wid der dust. De udder mugs what trew me over, dey tuk me seventy five." But Tommy holds no malice.
"Um goin' over ter der court terday. an' I'm agoin' ter say ter der judge:

'Hey, judge, let dem mugs out, will yer? I ain't dead.'" Then the genius of Thomas asserted self again. "Hay," he said, "der fishes bit me

der last time I went down. "They woos big ones 'n' little ones 'n' a oig turtle." He showed marks on his legs to prove it. "I seen um comin' fur

me, but what cud I do?" GRANT GOT THEM,

Little Incident Illustrating the Peculiar Methods of Modern Practical Politics,

Barney Biglin ane Judge Dittenhoefer are two good republicans and excellent riends, says the New York Herald. They have not always been the latter. however. Both were at the celebrated third term convention, though but one claims to be the happy possessor of a medal which certifies the holder to have stood by Grant to the close and be a member of the famous 306. The judge was "furninst" Grant and a third term. Biglin was "wid 'em." During the very spirited canvass of the delegations the night before the ballot ing took place Judge Dittenhoefer had the opportunity of addressing a southern delegation, which was composed mostly of negroes and scrub whites, and he strenuously urged the negroes to abandon Grant and take somebody else. The burden of his song was something like that of Tammany at Chicago—that Grant could not carry New York. Being a New Yorker himself, as he said, he knew the temper and spirit of the people of this state. He made a profound impression upon his ignorant audience, who knew about as much about New

York as a hog knows about astronomy At that moment in came Barney, just in time to get the drift of the speech to realize the danger to the Grant interest. As the theatrical lawyer sat down Biglin rose and inquired who Judge Dittenhoefer was, anyhow. Of course he knew the judge very well.

"I am told that he claims to be from New York and to speak for my native state," went on Barney, who isn't much of a speaker, but has a way of getting there. "I never heard of him!" "Why, Barney!" exclaimed the judge, turning very red in the face as he got up

"Sit down, sir!" cried Barney. 'never saw you or heard of you before. And then he went on to assure his confused audience that Grant could carry New York. But the judge was not so easily put down. He interrupted and tried to break the force of Biglin's blow. Finrlly Brrney turned sharply round and pointing his long, bong finger at Dittenhoefer, said:

'The gentleman still persists that he is from New York. Now I will bet him \$20. Mr. Chairman, that he is not. Il the chair will be good enough to appoint some delegate to hold the stakes' -reaching down in his breeches pocket and pulling out an immense roll-but he got no further. Half a dozen delegates came forward and offered to hold the stakes. The eyes of every darky rolled wildly. And they rested upon Judge Dittenhoefer.

Slowly and reluctantly the angry lawyer drew his pocketbook. He saw what was expected and seemed to divine at once the result, but he had to do it. As soon as Barney saw the money up he said a few parting words and retired amid considerable enthusiasm. That \$20 was never heasd of again.

The Forget-Me-Not.

but Grant got the delegation.

Everybody knows the pretty little forget-me-not and likes the flower more be-cause of its name than of its beauty. How was it so called? The Germans ac count for it by quite a pathetic romance It seems that once upon a time a knight add a lady were walking by the banks of the Danube when the latter asked her "gallant gay" to pluck for her a tiny blue flower which she saw growing in the stream. No sooner said than done, but the knight, overbalancing, fell into the river, owing to the slippery nature of the bank and the weight of his own armor was carried away by the current As he threw the flowers ashore to his lady he cried out with his last breath: "Vergis mein nicht!"("Forget me notl") And ever since the flower has been looked on as an emblem of fidelity.

Poetry is not kept on tap by the gods, and occasion poetry, whether of Columbian or other order, rarely possesses the genuine fire. "El Nuevo Mundo," by Louis James Block, is one of this type, and while up to the ordinary level, is rather heavy and freighted with a terrestrial gravity somewhat forbidding in its aspect. Some germ of faith or seed of mighty thought should serve as body of the poet's dream, which should be the most substantial and real of should be the most substantial and real of all things; it should be prophetic rather than retrospective; but as prophecy is not to be commanded at will, this accounts for the usual shortcomings of such verse. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

Pacific.

the era of ironclads, that we were cruis-

ing in the Pacific off the South American

coast. We had not had a capful of wind

during the entire day. It was in the dog watch, just about eight bells. Lieutenant

Patch was in charge of the deck and

was below when an orderly brought word

that the lieutenant thought I had better

come on deck. I knew something un-

usual was up for Lieutenant Patch was

an officer in whom I had the utmost con-

reached the deck I cast an eye aloft and saw that the topsails

were close reefed, sail shortened and

everything in readiness for a blow. It

was as calm as a duck pond, not even a whisper of a breeze, and I looked at

Patch to see what was wrong. He pointed

over the starboard beam, and looking in

that direction through the gathering

dusk I saw that the water was a mass of

of white. Over the quarter it was the

same, the ocean to starboard seeming to

be whipped into foam. The first thought

was, of course, that one of these south-

ern hurricanes was bearing down on us

We looked at the barometer, but it had

not fallen. There was not a sound: the

night was perfectly still. Satisfied that

it could only be a hurricane in spite of the absence of the usual baro-

metric signs, I told Lieutenant Patch that he had better call all hands on deck to stand by to work the ship.

All precautions had been taken, and the

only question was whether the ship would stand. We stood in silence, all

hands watching that white wall off to

starboard. The suspense was trying,

but we waited for the storm to strike us.

Slowly it came on nearer and nearer,

then the ship went bang into that white,

foamy mass. But there was not a sign

of wind and we stood there amazed.

Then a bucket was sent over the side

and a pailful brought up. Well, it was only a mass of animalculae, such as

whales feed on. We were relieved, of

course, but the hurricane was a standing

One of the Bravest.

B, Eighth New Hampshire volunteers,

was one of the bravest men I ever knew

in service, says a writer on the Boston

Johnnal. At the first assault on Port

Hudson, May 27, 1863, he was the only

one of the color guard that escaped be

ing either killed or wounded and carried

the colors to the ditch outside the

On the 14th of June, 1863, the Eighth

New Hampshire was ordered to lead the

charge, going in as a double line of

skirmishers, the colors not to be taken

into action. Corporal Ross was sick and excused from duty by the surgeon and

was also exempt from duty with the com-

pany by reason of bing detailed on the

the morning of the charge noticed Corporal Ross in the ranks.

said to him: "Ross, you are not obliged

to go in with the boys; you are excused

Eighth was to lead the charge into Port

Hudson he should go with it. When

He was found dend after the battle,

having fired away a large part of his

ammunition. His musket was firmly

grasped in one hand, while a cartridge

was partly rammed home, the ramred

He enlisted from Antrim, N. H., Oc-

tober 12, 1861, at the age of 19, and was only 21 years of age when killed. His

body lies in an unknown grave, having

been buried in a trench on the field.

with over 100 others, mostly members of

the Eighth New Hampshire and Fourth

Wisconsin. His name is engraved on

the soldiers' monument at Antrim, N. H.

Fought for Food,

"As a rule," said a veteran to a re-

porter of the Detroit Free Press, "the

confederate soldier was as loyal to his

cause as he was brave in defense of it

But toward the last some of them began

to weaken. One night, when we were

before Richmond, where we had our

breastworks so close to those of the

other fellows that we held frequent ex-

changes of visits, a big, long, lean chap

called and asked if he might drop in on

us for some tobacco, and we let him come.

When he landed among us we had a pot

of coffee boiling, some hot bread, made in

a skillet, and some unighty july bacon done to a turn. The smell of it was

fine, even to us bluecoats, used to good

living, and to the hungry grayback it

must have been powerful. Anyhow, when he got a sniff of it he jumped as if

"'Victuals,' said I, lifting the lid of

"'How offen do you git 'em this a-

watering like a sugar tree in spring.
"'Kin I have some?' says he.

work and slinging his gun and accouter

ments back to his own side he sung out:

traps, and goodby. I've struck some-

he had been shot.
"'What's that?' he asked.

way, 'says he,
'Every day, 'says I,
'Shore?' says he.

the coffee pot.

was first sergeant.

knee and hip.

on the parapet just in front.

being still in the muzzle.

Corporal Edward P. Ross of company

joke on board after that."

but not a sound accompanying it.

fidence in an emergency. When

Killed at Shiloh, a Man Turns Up After Twenty-Nine Years.

RELATIVES DIVIDED ON HIS IDENTITY

Some Regard Him as Genuine, While Others Swear He is an Impostor and Ex-Convict - Other Army Talk,

What has already become a celebrated pension case is now engaging the attention of the United States district court at Springfield, Ill. The government is undertaking to prove that the defendant is Daniel Benton, an old Tennessee crook, who is undertaking to secure a pension as William Newby, a member of the Fortieth Illinois cavalry, reported killed at the battle of Shiloh. The records in the pension bureau show that he was so killed, and his wife was granted a penon that account. Twenty-nine years after the battle defendant put in an appearance, claimed to be Newby and became an applicant for a pension. His story is that he was desperately wounded at Shiloh, for many years afterward was an insane wanderer and that he finally regarded by reason. An investigation regained his reason. An investigation of his case led to his arrest and subsequent indictment. He is received as genuine by the mother, wife and one or more brothers of Newby, but another brother and sister repudiate him. Hundreds of the former neighbors of Newby also will swear that he is the man he represents himself to be. But a number of respectable citizens of Tennessee are just as positive that he is an imposter and an ex-convict. It is a remarkable case of questionable identity and is attracting widespread attention.

General Vifquain Not the Man-

Who captured Colonel Cockrell, now senator from Missouri? This question has recently excited considerable dispute and in view of the same it will be interesting to note the story told by the Lawrence County (Mo.) Telegram, which explains the part General Vifquain took in that memorable event. From this version we learn that of late there has been stories printed in regard to the capture of Senator Cockrell during the war. The correct story, however, is easily obtained and proved by the records of the War department and other documents. The latest story that Colonel V. Vifquain, who has just been appointed consul to Panama, was the captor of Senator Cockrell, and that the appointment was due to the senator's influence, is not true. The colonel's regiment, captured the senator, but personally, the colonel had nothing to do

with the matter. P. H. Pentzer, late captain of company Ninety-seventh Illinois volunteers C, Ninety-seventh Illinois volunteers, holds a receipt dated April 10, 1865, given at the headquarters of the army and division of west Missouri for "General F. M. Cockrell, late of Fort Blakely, signed by C. T. Christenson, licutenant colonel and assistant adjutant general, to General E. R. S. Canby, commanding that army and division.

Captain Pentzer says that for several days prior to April 9, Fort Blakely, one of the defenses of Mobile, had been infested and besieged by the command of General Fred Steele, composed of a part of the Thirteenth army corps and a division of colored troops commanded by General Hawkins. About 4 p. m. an assault was made on the fort. W. T. Spicilly, colonel of the Twenty-fourth Indiana volunteer infantry, commanded a brigaue in General C. C. Andrews' division and was on the extreme right of he line and the Ninety-seventh ment, Illinois volunteers, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Vifquain was on the extreme right of this brigade and was ordered to deploy as skirmishers, covering the front of the brigade and lead the assault on that part of the line Captain Pentzer was in command of the right wing of the skirmish line, joining the skirmish line of the colored division on the left. From the moment the assault began the battle was terrific. the confederates resisting most stubbornly. When Captain Pentzer with a small squad of men broke over the confederate line and into ritle pits where a desperate hand-to-hand conflict took place until the reserve line of his brigade and part of a colored regiment, came up when the fighting at that point ceased, but a party of confederate troops had fallen back from their main line toward the bay and taken position behind the fallen timber, stumps on the hill slope. As soon as the fighting ceased in the rifle pits Captain Pentzer organized a new skirmish line out of the white troops at hand and moved forward to rout the confederates out of the fallen timber. When about half way down the hillside he saw a confederate soldier near the foot of the hill standing on a log waving a white handkerchief and calling out that the general wished to surrender. Captain Pentzer ordered the men to cease firing, and walked down to where the confederate soldier stood and was led by the soldier about

forty yards around the foot of the hill to the general headquarters in a log cabin. There he met General F. M. Cockrell. who handed Captain Pentzer his flag and surrendered to him as a prisoner of war. There were no colored troops present at that time and no other-officer at the general's headquarters for some time. |Captain Pentzer has a meda given him by act of congress and for-warded by the secretary of war for the

capture of this headquarters flag. Lieutenant Colonel V. Vifquain was then in command of the Ninety-seventh Illinois volunteers, but entered the confederate works some distance to the left of General Cockrell's headquarters and did not see General Cockrell for more than an hour after the surrender. Since General Cockrell became a distinguished United States senator he has been captured at Blakely, Ala., by over a dozen officers and commands.

From the hour of their abrupt and un ceremonious meeting at the foot of that little hill on the east side of Mobile bay at the close of a bitter and gallant contest on the eve of the day that General Lee surrendered at Appomattox to this day General Cockrell and Captain Pentzer have been warm personal friends. When Colonel Vifquain met Senator Cockrell after the capture the colone cursed him bitterly, and even hinted at bodily harm, because some torpedoes which had been buried by the confederate soldiers exploded and killed a num ber of negro soldiers.

Senator Cockrell has never forgotten or forgiven the insult, and was n no way responsible for the appointment, although he did not, as far as known, make any objection to the confirmation

A Phantam Hurricane.

Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, who commanded the combined fleets of the world during the recent naval demonstration at Hampton Roads and New York, is a genuine old sea dog. He can spin as many yarns of strange adventures in distant seas and foreign climes as any jack tar that ever hitched his trousers or shipped before the mast. Perhaps the oddest of all his adventures

is one he recently told a Louisville Post thin' that's worth fightin fer, an fightin' hard,' and then he dedged down man of a phantam hurricane on the where supper was, and from that time till the close of the war he stuck right "It was years ago," the admiral began, when I was a captain and in the days by us, and when the war was all over of wooden ships and lofty masts, before

Carolina mountains.

Look Out for Him. The attention of the War department has been called to the operations of an imposter who signs himself J. J. Pulier and represents himself as a nephew of the chief justice of the supreme court. He has addressed a letter to the sergeants of the various military companies throughout the west, which he requests them to read to their companies, offer ing through the assistance of his uncle to obtain a repeal of the laws preventing re-enlistment after ten years service and prohibiting a man purchasing his discharge.

"Send me \$1," he says in conclusion, "and I will guarantee large profits within a short time." He gives his address as San Francisco and requests soldiers not to delay as he starts for Washington on August 20 to press the matter in congress.

Will See the Fair. The West Point eadets are going to the World's fair. The legal objections that were advanced have been overcome and Acting Secretary Grant sent the necessary instructions to Colonel Ernest, superintendent of the military academy. The cadets will leave West Point on August 17 and remain at Chicago ten days. The entire corps of 308 cadets is expected to go, for eadets of the second class now on furlough have been given the choice of starting with their comrades from West Point or joining the battalion at Chicago. The expense of transporting the cadets to and from Chicago will amount to \$17,000, which will be taken from the general appropriation for army transportation. The calets will be encamped in Jackson park durtheir stay at the fair.

EATEN ALIVE BY ANTS. How Colonel Perlatte Wes Put to Death by His Rival

Among the news brought up from Pan ama by the steamer St. Paul is a tale of love, war and revenge that reads more

like a dime novel story than a plain statement of fact, says the San Francisco Examiner. Herbert L. Brummer, a Russian by birth but an American by adoption, left his desk in the office of a New York merchant about three years ago to try his luck in Central America. He was a

master of the Spanish language, and

soon after reaching Nicaragua he drifted

into the army. His first commission was that of heutenant and he held that position for about a year, when he resigned and took up a plantation- He raised coffee and pineapples until the revolution broke out a few months ago, when he again entered the army.

This time he entered as a colonel in the forces of the insurgents under Genthe color guard. My rank at that time eral Savablas, who was one of Brum-When the company fell in at 3 a. m. on mer's best friends. The dashing young colonel soon won considerable fame as a warrior, and he also attracted the attention of General Santagua, who invited him to his house and introduced him to his daughter. The young lady was the from duty." He replied that if the old belle of the country and had hosts of admirers, who naturally looked upon within about 100 yards of the works he was shot through the leg, between the Brummer as an intruder. Among the young lady's admirers was With the assistance of a

the colonel of a cavairy regiment, who

comrade he tied his hankerchief above swore to kill Brummer the first chance he got. Colonel Periotte openly boasted the wound, using his bayonet to twist it of his intention of putting his rival out A comrade, who was wounded in the of the way and Brummer was advised to hand, offered to help him to the rear, be on his guard, but he only laughed and said he could take care of himself. but he said: "No, the boys are in a tight place, and I can do some good in keeping the rebs from working the gun

The first trouble came when the pair met at dinner in a hotel and were given seats opposite each other. Brummer. who had been drinking rather heavily. made some remark that the hot-headed Nicaraguan construed as an insult and struck Brummer on the face with his open hand. The next instant Brummer prang to his feet, and before the astonished guests could realize what was up he seized Perlotte, dragged him from the room and beat him until he was al-

most dead. It took the Nicavaguan some time to recover sufficient to resume his duties in the saddle, but he swore to have his revenge.

One night soon after the attack on Rivas, where Brummer had won high praise for his daring and bravery, he was on his way back to his quarters after spending the evening with friends. Suddenly he was surrounded by armed troopers, thrown on a horse and hurried ip into the mountains. He was closely guarded for two days, when Colonel Periotte appeared and he

informed Brummer that the time had

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come when he would have his reveng for the terrible beating he had receive and he wanted Brummer to know that slow, lingering death was to be his fate. Perlotte then spat in his victim's face and ordered him placed in a small cave, went back to his farm in the North where he was laid on the floor with his hands and feet securely bound. Rocks were then piled in front of the entrance

and Brummer left to his fate. Perlotte feigned to be as much surprised as anybody over his rival's disappearance, and spread the report that he had been killed. Brummer would never have been heard of again had not one of the troopers who hated Porlette given information that led General Vagues to send a squad of men to the cave, where, on rolling back the stones, they found Brummer more dead than alive.

Everyone expected that Brummer would shoot Perlotte on sight, but he did nothing of the kind, and Perlotte's friends began to hint at a faint heart and lost courage. But Brummer was only waiting to clear the way for his escape from the country after his vengeance should be completed. One night while going his rounds of

the sentinels Periotte was suddenly seized, bound, gagged and thrown into a cart driven by Brummer, and by daylight the next morning was a dozen miles from his quarters and in a very sparsely settled part of the country. Brummer dragged his victim out of the cart and sat him against the wheel until the party had eaten breakfast, when he informed Perlotte of the fate he

had in store for him. This section of the country is infested with a species of tiny black ants which build large mounds and are about as vindictive an insect as can be found any-

where in the world. "I am going to stake you down and lot the ants eat you," said Brummer, as he cut the cords on his victim's legs. Four stout stakes were taken from the wagon and driven into the ground around one of the largest ant hills, and then the

victim was stripped to the skin. Perlotte screamed, cursed and prayed, but he bad shown no mercy when he had left Brummer to die in the cave, and he received none now. Ten peons drarged him to the stakes, tied his feet securely to two of them, kicked the ant hill to pieces and then threw Perlotte on his back and quickly bound his wrists to the other two stakes.

In an instant the writhing victim was covered with the terrible ants and was being literally eaten alive.

Brummer remained long enough to

make sure that his enemy was dead, and then, leaping on a horse, he made his way to the coast and escaped to New York on a sailing vessel.

Three days after Perlotte had disappeared his skeleton was discovered. but every particle of flesh had disappeared and the bones looked as if they had been bleached.



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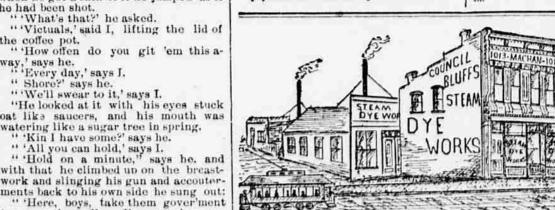
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