

THE DAILY BEE

COUNCIL BLUFFS OFFICE: NO. 12 PEARL STREET

Delivered by carrier to any part of the city H. W. TILTON, MANAGER

MINOR MENTION

N. V. Plumbing Co. Boston Store for sun umbrellas... Charles Heft was brought in from Underwood yesterday and locked up for ten days for larceny.

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

Domestic soap outlasts cheap soap

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

Manawa Train.

Trains for Manawa will leave Broadway depot at 11:15 a. m., 1, 2, 3, 3:30 p. m., and every thirty minutes thereafter until 12:30 at night.

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 Fort died at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, aged five years.

S. P. Meyers, an attorney of La Porte City, Iowa, was in the city on Sunday, visiting George H. Gable.

C. F. Havel, janitor at the Bloomer school, is laid up with a broken rib.

Mine, child of Dr. and Mrs. C. Christensen, died of cholera infantum last evening at 6 o'clock.

L. B. Duncan, the motor conductor who has been suffering for the past few days with nervous prostration, caused by over-heating, as stated by his physician, Dr. Macrae, is rapidly improving as his many friends will be glad to hear.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Thomas have returned from their bridal trip and are visiting Mrs. Thomas' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hanson on North Seventh street.

The Grand Hotel, Council Bluffs, The most elegant in Iowa. Dining room on seventh floor. Rates, \$3.00 and \$5.00 a day. E. F. Clark, Prop.

Carbon Coal Co., wholesale and retail coal. Removed from 10 Pearl to 34 Pearl street, Grand Hotel building.

Sunday at Manawa.

Quite a crowd assembled at Manawa yesterday afternoon for the purpose of assisting 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 discarded at the former afternoon held its breath as the fancy rider stood at the top of the steps preparing to make the plunge.

Marsh Andy was the first to start and called out, "Hold on a minute, there; wait for the old girl." "The old girl," who is better known as Mrs. Fitzpatrick, is a woman of considerable age, but at that instant to be transacted in the barroom down at the pavilion, and the word to that effect, as it passed along the police line, caused a momentary impatience of the gathered throng.

A minute later Colonel Reel came up on the run wiping his lips as he did so, and the signal to start was given. The fancy rider, who was an expert exhibition, the rider keeping his foot on the brake all the way down, and riding so slowly and with so little danger that several of the more adventurous members of the Gaiety Wheel club, who were taking in the sport in full force, had serious thoughts of taking to the heels. The fancy trick riding, which followed on the platform that was erected in the hotel yard for the purpose, was more satisfactory, the bicyclist performing a feat that caused an embarrassment most men with two legs. The only thing that disturbed the quiet of the occasion for a minute was the breaking down of the steps, which was a true embarrassment to the crowd mounted them for the purpose of better witnessing the exhibition. About twenty feet from the structure collapsed, but one was hurt.

Ask your grocer for Domestic soap.

There is nothing in this country like the fruit kept in Wheeler, Herold & Co.'s cold storage. No matter what the weather it is ready to 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 his watch by showing 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 free of the party, but did not know the fourth man or either of the women.

Yesterday afternoon a telegram was received at post headquarters from J. J. Menary, 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 intercepted in some way and not delivered until 10:30. In the meantime the train had come in and the alleged thieves were somewhere to be found.

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 Domestic soap

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 Mollie Graham, while he was engaged in doing some work at 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 deciding that it would be just the thing, brought his children here on the 7th of this month and took them to her house. He then tried, which he had agreed to pay for the board of the children. But she neglected the two children in a shameful way, allowing them to go on Saturday night without anything to eat, although there was plenty of eat in the house.

At this point in the game a young man named Doc Webster becomes a feature of interest in the little tale of woe. Carter and Webster were both in the city when they met at the residence of Mrs. Mollie Graham, and he was to take them up in his wagon. Webster was to accompany them. One day Carter overheard Mrs. Graham and Webster talking about their intended trip, and Mrs. Graham coolly informed Webster that she would allow Carter to take them up when they arrived in Sioux City, and he was to take them up in his wagon. Webster was to accompany them. One day Carter overheard Mrs. Graham and Webster talking about their intended trip, and Mrs. Graham coolly informed Webster that she would allow Carter to take them up when they arrived in Sioux City, and he was to take them up in his wagon. Webster was to accompany them.

When I went over to see Deez (Vesley street) I lived under her door till this mornin'.

"I was afraid ter cum home widout no money. I tought me ole woman'd sneak der liver outa me if I didn't cum home wid der dust. De under mugs what trow me over, der tuk me seventy-five." But Tommy holds no malice.

"I'm goin' over ter der cor terday, an' I'm goin' ter say ter der judge: 'Hey, judge, lem dem mugs out, why?' I'll get dem."

"Then the genius of Thomas asserted himself again.

"Hey," he said, "der fishes bit me der last time I went down."

"The woss little ones 'n' a big turtle," he said, "marks on his legs to prove it. 'I seen um comin' fur me, but what cud I do?'"

GRANT GOT THEM.

A Little Incident Illustrating the Penitential Methods of Modern Practical Politics.

Barney Biglin and Judge Dittenhoefer are two good republicans and excellent friends. The above are genuine blue threads. This is certainly a chance of a lifetime.

100 gross Boston Store castle soap, 2 cakes for 5c; everybody gets 5c a cake for the same.

5 yard 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 12c a yard. They are a beautiful gift and are certainly the best bargain of bargains ever offered this season. Remember, from 6 to 10 for 5c a yard. Only one pattern to a customer.

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

ROBERT STORE.

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

The best building sand in the market by barrel. Address N. Storer, 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 Marvellous 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 out to the dock to get his 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. Some 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 held the police and the boys 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 marvellous escape. These are the versions issued to the New York Evening Sun.

"I woss down on der Beckman street deck, see?" was der he introduced it. "Lago an' Radigan an' an' High-talian kid woss dair. I had 75 cents in me clo'es 'n' dey wanted ter git it."

"Lago took me der clo'es 'n' I over-board. I leaned over der deck '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 foot struck on dat an' I cum up agin."

There was an impressive pause.

"Did you yell?" was ventured.

"Yair, I holloed like —, I holloed when I went down fust 'n' I holloed when I cum up agin. A expressman wot woss going past der dock, he heard me 'n' he jumped off his wagon and cum down der deck ter git me."

Another pause.

"Did he get you?"

"Yair, he got me. When I went down der second time me foot hit der rope agin 'n' I tuk hol' now wid me han's. I 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 der rope till he cum down after me. I woss 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 woss squessin' out me clo'es 'n' Lago 'n' Radigan cum over. Dey asked me? I cud swim an' I said no 'n' dey said I'd have ter swim an' den dey said no over."

The motherly bird, his hands, hands.

"I went down oncet an' no feet touched rocks. I swallyed water, I went down der second 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?"

"'What did you do then?"

"M'heh? Me? I stayed on 'brum, an' Black Sam he dived down an' bring me 'n' put me on der float agin."

"How long were you under water that time?"

"M'heh? Five minutes. When I got up on der float I took off me clo'es, woss squessin' 'em out agin 'n' Lago 'n' Radigan an' der High-talian come over. I lay me clo'es down and dey trad me over agin. Me clo'es, me woss woss on der float."

He looked sideways at his mother and went on.

"I went down oncet 'n' me feet hit mud, I went twice 'n' me feet hit mud. No, I didn't swally no water. When I went 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 tink it woss a man."

The female neighbors gasped and clutched each other by the arms.

"Der blood woss swimmin' out 'er 'im."

went on Tommy slowly. "He woss all on my head 'n' his face woss cut, too."

"He woss all cut down here," indicating the chest. "I cudn't see der rest 'er 'im. I woss under water five minutes that time."

"How long?"

"M'heh? Me? Dickson (another colored man, he was up on der dock 'n' he tuk off 'is clo'es. I saw 'im cum down. The tide woss so strong, me feet woss bindin' me over ter where der dock woss."

"Dickson, he says to me, 'Git up on me back 'n' I'll take yer up.' So I got up on me back 'n' 'e up 'n' floated me over ter der dock. Gee! He's a bully swimmer."

"Den I went over to ter Deez (Vesley street) I lived under her door till this mornin'."

"I woss afraid ter cum home widout no money. I tought me ole woman'd sneak der liver outa me if I didn't cum home wid der dust. De under mugs what trow me over, der tuk me seventy-five."

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REMARKABLE PENSION CASE

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 pension on that account. Twenty-nine years after the battle of Shiloh he 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 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 impostor as the ex-convict who claims to be the case of questionable identity and is attracting widespread attention.

General Vifquain set 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 remarks of the Lawrence County (Mo.) Telegram, which explains the part General Vifquain took in that memorable event.

From this version we learn that late there has been stories printed in regard to the capture of Colonel 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 senator from Missouri, is the captor of Senator Cockrell, and that the appointment was due to the senator's influence, is not true.

The colonel had nothing to do with the matter.

P. H. Pitzer, late captain of company C, Ninety-seventh Illinois volunteers, given a receipt dated April 10, 1865, given at the headquarters of the army and division of west Missouri for General P. Cockrell, late of Fort Blakely, signed by Major J. C. Blakely, lieutenant colonel and assistant adjutant general, to General E. R. S. Canby, commanding that army and division.

Captain Pitzer says that for several days prior to April 10, 1865, he and his company were engaged in the defense and besieged by the command of General Fred Steele, composed of a part of the Thirtieth army corps and a division of colored troops commanded by General Hawkins. About 4 p. m. an attack was made on the camp by the Spicilly, colonel of the Twenty-fourth Indiana volunteer infantry, 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 the part of the line.

Colonel Pitzer 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 confederate resisting most stubbornly.

First Captain Pitzer, with a small squad of men broke over the confederate line and into rifle 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 to the fighting, when we were 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, however, the 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 surrendering to him, and he called on a log waving a white handkerchief and calling out that the general wished to surrender. Captain Pitzer ordered the men to cease firing, and walked down to where the confederate soldier was surrendering.

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 Pitzer 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 Pitzer has a medal given him by act of congress and 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 the headquarters of the general, 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 and held prisoner of war at Blakely, Ala., by over a dozen officers and commands.

From the hour of their abrupt and 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 Steele surrendered to the confederates, day General Cockrell and Captain Pitzer have been warm personal friends.

When Colonel Vifquain met Senator Cockrell after the capture the colonel cursed him bitterly, and even hinted at bodily harm because some confederates which had been buried by the confederate soldiers exploded and killed a number of negro soldiers.

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

A Phantom Hurricane.

Rear Admiral Bancroft Gerry, who commanded the schooner Albatross, 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 slipped behind the mast. Perhaps the oddest of all his adventures

is one he recently told a Louisville Post man of a phantom hurricane on the Pacific.

"It was years ago," the admiral began, "when I was a captain and in the days of wooden ships and lofty masts, before the era of ironclads, that we were cruising 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 unusual was up for Lieutenant Patch was an officer in whom I had the utmost confidence in an emergency. When I 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 white. Over the quarter and in the same, the ocean to starboard seemed to be whipped into foam. The first thought was, of course, that one of those southern hurricanes was bearing down on us. We looked at the barometer, but it had not moved from its normal position. The night was perfectly still. Satisfied that it could only be a hurricane in spite of the absence of the usual barometric signs, I told Lieutenant Patch that he had better call all hands on deck. Over the quarter and in the same, the ocean to starboard seemed to be whipped into foam. The first thought was, of course, that one of those southern hurricanes was bearing down on us. We looked at the barometer, but it had not moved from its normal position. The night was perfectly still. Satisfied that it could only be a hurricane in spite of the absence of the usual barometric signs, I told Lieutenant Patch that he had better call all hands on deck. 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