

THE DAILY BEE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Thursday Morning, Sept. 20.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Carrier... \$10.00 per year

OFFICE: 7 Pearl Street, Near Broadway.

MINOR MENTION.

See Joseph Reiter's fall goods. Additional local on seventh page.

Cheap Railroad Tickets at Bushnell's. The heating apparatus is being put into Dohany's new opera house.

Dr. Cary's black mare Lorene has been sent to Hamburg to win races there.

A good time is promised at the ball to be given this evening by the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Fay Templeton and her opera company arrived at the Ogden yesterday, and appeared in "Patience" at Dohany's last evening.

An athletic boxing and wrestling contest is set for Bloom & Nixon's hall tonight, as will be seen by the advertisement in another column.

A man named Dan Ryan was yesterday given the usual fine for being drunk, and having only a half a dollar to pay on it, was allowed to work it out.

There should be a big crowd Saturday night at Bloom & Nixon's hall to hear John N. Balwin. He will give something worth hearing, that is certain.

Rev. J. Z. Armstrong has been re-appointed by the Methodist conference to the pastorate of Broadway Methodist church for another year. This is as it should be.

The Council Bluffs Iron Works not content with rebuilding the old power building, have now commenced an addition to the same of 60 by 80 to be used as a foundry. The establishment when complete will be an extensive one indeed.

Little Allie, son of J. L. Boat, of Denison, fell from a haymow in the barn, a distance of 25 feet, injuring him so seriously that his life was despaired of. The little fellow is now better, and it is thought that he will pull through all right.

A sick and helpless man giving his name as Carl Brandt, was picked up by the chief of police yesterday, and as he could not find the overseer, or supervisor, or auditor, or county physician, or city physician, he gave him himself an order on the poor house, and sent him there to be taken care of.

P. McAvoy, is having the handling of Col. Poppleton's fine bay stallion, Zulu, at the driving park here. He finds the track vastly superior to the one in Omaha. Yesterday, Zulu showed a mile in 2:40, the last quarter being at a 2:35 gait. Zulu is only a four-year old and is a Hambletonian by Herald.

In another column will be found an advertisement of Klencz & Jury, who have opened a general repair shop on Main street. Council Bluffs has long needed just such a place, and these gentlemen being skilled and ingenious and having all needed appliances for doing repairing of any and all kinds will doubtless find an abundance of patronage. They ought to anyway.

Tuesday evening there was a happy wedding party at the parlors of Peter Bostea's hotel, the contracting parties being Harry Northover and Miss Lizzie Schwab, both of this city. Justice Schurz tied the knot in his usually happy way, and in the presence of a large number of friends. There were many suitable gifts, hearty congratulations and a well spread repast. In fact, all went merry as merrily could be.

Telephone communication is now complete between Council Bluffs, Neola, Aveca, Minden, Underwood and Weston. To-day subscribers and business men generally will be allowed to use the wire without charge, so that they may fully test its working, and see how convenient the arrangement is. The telephone management propose to make steady improvements both in the facilities and workings of the exchange.

A man entered the blue barn a week or two ago, and committed a most indecent and beastly assault on one of the animals. Some men, who spied him, doused him with water, and he went flying out of the stable and down the street. The brute ought not to have been allowed to get off so easily, and as he is known, by sight at least, he should be brought to the front and sent to the rear, so far to the rear that he would not want to show up in any civilized community again.

The following particulars are given in a special concerning the accident by which Fred Johnson, mail agent on the K. C. & St. J. was injured: Two passenger trains on the Kansas City, St. Joe and Council Bluffs railroad collided at Corns, Mo., this afternoon. About twenty persons were wounded, some quite seriously. Fred Johnson, mail agent, had his left ankle crushed to jelly. He was brought to his home in this city. The accident was caused by a misplaced switch. Both engines were completely demolished.

Two dollars worth of Dr. Jeffrey's (Council Bluffs, Ia.) catarrh medicine cures the worst cases of chronic catarrh.

The Supreme Court.

In the Supreme Court in session here yesterday the following opinions were filed:

Crapo Ex. vs. Cameron, Des Moines Circuit Court, reversed. Opinion by Chief Justice Day.

Williams vs. Wells, Lee county District Court, reversed. Opinion delivered by Beck.

Franton vs. C. R. & P. railway, Jefferson county Circuit Court, affirmed. Opinion by Seever.

American Button Hole, Overseaming and Sewing Machine company vs. The Burlington Merchants Loan Association, reversed. Opinion delivered by Adams.

Harkett vs. Wabash Ry. Co., Wayne county District Court, affirmed. Opinion by Rothrock.

Petitions for rehearing were overruled in the following cases: Dickson vs. Hines, Dewey vs. Life, Milburn vs. Milburn, Day vs. Kin-dall, Mulholland vs. the D. M. & W. Ry., Lewis vs. the same, and Gallup vs. the same, Gay vs. Gay, Sunierland vs. Cameron, Johnson vs. Walker.

In the case of Clem vs. Phipps, a motion to affirm was overruled. A. Booth's select oysters received daily at W. T. Braun's.

A FLY LEAF.

How Doc Baggs Tried to Confound Chief Field in Denver.

Now the Chief Has the Fun on His Side.

THE BEE yesterday morning chronicled the arrival here of Doc Baggs, the notorious confidence man, whose name has become almost a household word here, and who made Council Bluffs his headquarters for a number of years. It has been understood, of late, that Baggs had retired from the turf to engage in the larger confidence game of mining stocks, but it appears not. He has of late been in and about Denver, his last visit to Council Bluffs, in April last, having not been very acceptable to the citizens, who, through their magistrates, have him notice to skip the town, and he skipped. Monday afternoon he appeared here again and was seen chatting at police headquarters.

Yesterday morning he appeared in his old role. He and a younger fellow giving the name of W. A. Kelley were arrested for turning a \$200 trick, a small amount for Doc to bother with, it seems, and the smallness of the amount makes some of his acquaintances here believe there must be some mistake about its being Baggs. The details are about as follows: A susceptible stranger on the out-going C. B. & Q. train yesterday morning was worked up by Baggs until the latter had ingratiated himself so far into the stranger's confidence that when his pal Kelley appeared with a telegram informing Baggs of the dying condition of his (Baggs') wife, the stranger was induced to let him have \$20 to help him reach the bedside of the dying one, taking as security a check.

Mr. Humphrey, the stock agent, saw the trick turned, and reported at once to the officials of the road.

As soon as the money was secured the two jumped the train. General Agent A. B. West, of that road, and Mr. Keith, the station agent, hearing of the affair, gave chase to the fellows, and finally found Baggs and his companion behind a water-closet. Keith took one and West the other, and they were soon escorted to police headquarters. On the way Kelley intimated to Mr. West, whom he evidently took for a policeman, that a money consideration would be forthcoming for a chance to escape, but Mr. West was not of course susceptible to any such hint.

The railway officials took steps to secure the return of the stranger, who had been duped out of the \$20, and in the meantime Baggs and his companion were held in the sum of \$300 each, they getting the necessary bail from some of their sporting friends.

Chief Field, who has always a good story to tell, was reminded by Baggs' arrest of a little event in his own life. It was long ago he became chief of police that he went west one, and on reaching Leadville he was surprised to find a young man step up to him and call him by name. Field didn't remember him, but he remembered Field, of course. He gave him his own name, and tried to make Field remember him by referring to certain things he had here. The uncle of the young man was in one of the banks here, etc. The young man went so far as to invest in two twenty cent cigars, and as they began pulling away at them, the generous young man remarked, "I've just got a postal card telling me I've drawn a prize in a lottery. If you ain't in a hurry I'd like to have you go walk along up with me, and see what it is." Field began to smell something, but thought he would go along. They climbed up a stairway, walked through a hall to rear office, and there at a desk behind the rail sat—Doc Baggs. Field recognized him in a minute, but he didn't know Field. The young man presented the postal card, and Baggs, turning over a big book, found the number, and said, "Yes, sir; you're down \$101. Do you want to cash it now?" The young man certainly did, and Baggs, going to the safe, which bore a strange likeness to a small refrigerator painted black, and getting out some big bundles of bills, counted out \$100, and remarked, "We hold the one dollar back and give you in its place two chances in the supplemental drawing of smaller prizes." The young man wanted to know when this drawing would take place, and being told that he could draw at any time, he concluded to draw then and there, and the present chief of police was asked to step inside the safe, and Baggs, getting some mysterious sort of cards, shuffled them, and throwing them around in a circle, told the young man to pick five. The latter asked Field to draw for him, as it might be better luck. Field objected, as he was never lucky, but being teased to do so, he finally selected five. Baggs counted the numbers up and said: "Well, you are lucky. You've drawn \$40." The young man was going to take the \$40, but was told that he must first advance five per cent, \$2. He did so, and the \$40 was then paid over to him. The young man was going to leave then, but Baggs reminded him that he had still one chance left. The young fellow felt so good about having already won \$140, that he turned to Field and said: "Here, I'll give you this chance. You helped me win the \$40, and you may have the chance and take what you win." Field tried it, selected the cards, and Baggs, figuring them up, exclaimed, "Who! Well you are lucky! I should say! Why you've drawn a thousand dollars!" Field stood ready to take the \$1,000, but Baggs reminded him of the rule that the 5 per cent must be advanced first. "That would be \$50," "Yes," Field said he didn't have the fifty to spare. Baggs would take his check, but Field said he had no money in the bank. Hadn't he got a watch or something of that sort? No, he hadn't anything to advance. Field suggested that he pay him the \$50, and keep the \$50 out of that, but that was against the rules. After some time talking, and trying to induce Field to put up the \$50, the latter asked Baggs what would become of the \$1,000 if he couldn't advance the \$50. Baggs told him it would go to the State poor fund of Kentucky, it being a Kentucky lottery. Field having seen getting all he wanted, and finding himself getting a little heavy on J. Baggs hands, remarked, "well, I have always thought a good deal of the people of Kentucky. I got my wife in Kentucky. It's a pretty good State, and I suppose there are a good many poor folks there who need help, ain't they?" "Yes, there are."

"Well, now I believe I'll just donate that \$1,000 to them." "Why, you don't propose to be so foolish as that, when all you want to pay is \$50?" "Oh, yes, I think so much of Ken-

tucky, that I want its poor folks relieved. I'll give them the \$1,000." Baggs didn't know what to say or do, and Field's cigar having been pretty well smoked up, he remarked to the young man who had given it to him, "Say, this is a pretty good cigar, I wonder if you couldn't get another one for me somewhere." The young fellow started out with him with the remark, "Well, I guess I'd ought to buy you a box," and as they separated at the foot of the stairs, Field told the young steerer, "I guess I wasn't the fellow you wanted. You'd better find some other one."

Doc failed to recognize the chief when he saw him at the police station, but the chief recognized him, and it will prove a surprise to both of them to be again reminded by THE BEE of the incidents of their former meeting in Leadville.

Doc Baggs is known as one of the sharpest men in his line. He got his appellation "Doc" from the fact that he used to carry a little grip of instruments and medicines as a guy. One victim whom he was working some years ago asked him: "Doctor, what's the weight of the human brain?" "Doc" wasn't enough of a doctor to know even that, and he got around it by telling that the weights varied, that Daniel Webster, for instance, had a very heavy brain, etc., and kept ingeniously avoiding evading a direct answer until the victim had forgotten to press the query any further. After he had got the victim's money Doc politely turned on him with the question, "By the way, do you know how much the human brain weighs?" The fellow had by that time become convinced that he himself was a light-weight, whatever others might be.

Dr. West, dentist, 14 Pearl street.

CRAWFORD COUNTY FAIR.

A Not Very Encouraging Report—Jack Perego's Part in a Fatal Accident.

The Crawford county fair seems to have been a success only as a failure, if the reports of THE BULLETIN are to be relied upon. The account is unique and will doubtless fit in most respects some other county fairs held elsewhere. The Bulletin says:

Local news are scarce and we beg the indulgence of our readers for alluding to the attenuated remains of what was once a fine-haired fair. For tripled that week has no peer in the convocation of exhibits. To pay twenty-five cents for the privilege of seeing a beautil, a pumpkin and a photograph, is a blessing rarely enjoyed by our farmers. The floral hall was beautifully decorated with a chromo of Jesus and a crooked necked squash. Evidence of good taste abounded—there were two sweet cakes and a dish of honey. Principal among the stock exhibits were two or three empty yards and a hen in the last stages of disgust. The chief attractions were two lemonade stands and a swing with the cerebra spinal meningitis. The horse races were of the usual kind—four to start and two to go, that is, four hours to start in and two get ready to go. The management was immense. The speaker of the day paid a quarter to get into the grounds, when he went to make his speech. The barbarous custom of providing a carriage and free ticket for the speaker was abandoned. Next year we suggest the speaker be compelled to walk to the fair grounds and climb over the fence. Very few people attended the obsequies of the Crawford County Agricultural Society. Few had the heart to stand by and witness the last sad rites.

Fair, fair, with exchequer bare. Under the green boughs— The principal receipts of the fair were two runaways, a fight, three drunks and a dead horse. The accident which resulted in the death of a horse is graphically told in such choice English by the Review that we publish its account verbatim.

"A horse belonging to a German named Schrader was instantly killed through an accident in which figured Jack Perego and his driver Mr. Hartney, and a farmer's team, that had some machinery on it. From Mr. Hartney we glean the following particulars: He had crossed the bridge, and was nearing the gate when a team on which was some machinery was being driven out into the road some distance ahead of him. As the wheels went into a ditch the machinery made a noise that scared Jack, who wheeled short and started to run. Mr. Hartney was thrown out but hanging to the lines was dragged about one hundred feet. As the people in Mr. Schrader's party, the horse coming they tried to get out of the way, but in fact got into it, and Jack struck the off horse with his shoulder, this must have broken the tongue, and the horse falling against the jagged end was wounded so seriously as to cause almost instant death. Beyond this and a fight on the track there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the day."

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN HATS, CAPS BUCKGLOVES, 342 and 344 Broadway, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

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Special Sale for Thirty Days

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FALL AND HOLIDAY GOODS

We offer at reduced prices our stock of Toys, Stationery, Miscellaneous Books PHOTOGRAPH AND AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS, Pocket Books, Purses & Ladies' Arm Bags FANCY GOODS, Steel Engravings and Other Pictures--Cabinet Photograph Frames, Parlor Easels.

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