

The Daily Bee.**COUNCIL BLUFFS.**

Saturday Morning, Aug. 5.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
By Carrier, - - - - - 20 cents per week.
By Mail, - - - - - \$10.00 per Year.Office: No. 7 Pearl Street, Near Broadway.
M. G. GRIFFIN, Manager City Circulation.
H. W. TILTON, City Editor.**MINOR MENTIONS.**

—J. Mueller's Palace Music Hall.

—There has been fourteen miles of water mains laid in the city.

—Sherraden makes photographs.

—The out-going train eastward this afternoon is over the Chicago & Northwestern road.

—Last evening Mr. and Mr. N. M. Posey gave a pleasant party in honor of Miss Jessie Baldwin.

—One lone man was a drunk, giving the name of Wilson, was yesterday fined in the superior court \$7.00.

—L. B. Cousins has a car load of coal for sale by the wagon load. Address him at P. O. box 789.

—Seaman has removed his paper, book and stationery stock to No. 405 Broadway, next door to Harkness, Orcutt & Co.

—The finest Music Palace west of Chicago is J. Mueller's. Through the business energy and fair dealings of this house their sales lately, even more so than the past, have been enormous.

—A very desirable piece of property for sale, on south side of Sixth street, in the block opposite the new Opera House, on Broadway. Front twenty feet. Price three thousand dollars. Enquire at Bee office.

—Mr. and Mrs. Plumer entertained a goodly company of their friends at their residence about eight miles from the city on the asylum road. A number of ladies and gentlemen from this city joined in the merry time.

—It is reported that some ponies being herded on the bottom, are run led with the Texas itch, and others having horses in that vicinity are getting alarmed lest it spread. The authorities are to investigate.

—Jake Rogers, complained of for violating the common carriers' ordinance by running "buses" to the base ball park, has demanded a jury, and his case has accordingly been set down for the September term.

—H. C. Ayres, of Hastings, the chairman of the greenback committee of this congressional district, sends word that he has just received a dispatch from R. D. Sperry, of Red Oak, saying: "Dr. Hastings accepts the nomination and will make a vigorous canvass."

—Marshal Jackson has started an agricultural exposition at the city building. The starter consists of one stalk of corn from his corn field. It measures about ten feet, and of course there are others in the field that are taller yet.

—Complaints were yesterday entered against the runners of the Ogden house, Coy house and Emigrant house, for not taking out the licenses required by the ordinance, costing \$15 per year. It is understood that the hotels, since the enactment of this ordinance, are to stop the "runner" business entirely, but this will probably not last any great length of time.

—A pleasant party of friends were happily entertained at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Shugart, on Thursday evening, the gathering being in honor of their niece, Miss Mollie Crossley, of Princeton, Ill.

—Yesterday morning Tom McDonald was ugly drunk and fighting with the watchman at Deere's warehouse, and succeeded in pushing the latter against some bundles of barbed wire. Officer Clough arrested McDonald, and the unruly one was in the afternoon fined \$9.60, that being \$2 extra for the fight added to the plain drunk.

—Henry Althoff, who has been out on bail to await the action of the grand jury, he being charged with indecent exposure of person, was yesterday brought into Justice Baird's court by his bondsmen Theodore Bosch, and delivered up. The bondsmen began to get a little nervous about the probability of the young man skipping, and hence preferred to have him locked up.

—Justice Abbott was yesterday busy with the Ross family, in the case of Mrs. Ross against Martin and Mrs. Gallagher, in which certain household goods were in dispute. Mrs. Ross warmed up to the situation as usual, and made things lively about the court room, until the justice would stand it no longer, and kept the talk so far as possible within the bounds of legitimate testimony.

—A sacred concert is announced for tomorrow afternoon by the Bakemper Bros. at Younkerman's gardens. As usual, they expect to be patronized by a very large number of our music loving people. That "Little German Band" (Bohemian) will furnish the music. This of itself ought to be sufficient to draw a very large audience.

—Ed Clinton, whose severe illness for a month past has caused many friends to watch with keen anxiety its progress and result, passed yesterday morning out of suffering into rest. He was the son of Mrs. Marcellus Clinton, at whose home on Mynster street he died. He was a member of the fire department and was well known, especially among the young men of the city. The funeral services are to be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, under the auspices of the fire department.

—On next Monday, one thousand five hundred extra copies of THE DAILY BEE will be circulated in our city. This number, in addition to the very large regular subscription list, will present to our live active business men, the best opportunity of bringing their wares before the people ever offered to them. Calculating six persons to a family, THE BEE on Monday next will be read by over fifteen thousand men, women and children in Council Bluffs alone. Business men desiring to have notices appear in that issue will please send them to this office before Saturday night.

REDDINGS, Russia Salve has proved its efficiency by a test of 75 years' constant use. Try it.

TERRIBLE TUSSLE.

T. A. Walker and Family Have a Bloody Battle With a Stranger.

Somewhat Mixed as to Whether the Fellow is a Burglar or a Crank.

He Will be Kept Locked Up For the Present.

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lived in New York and Indianapolis, and for a week or so past had been in Omaha, where he worked at his trade, that of a baker, for Mr. Weiss. He said that he had the fever about three weeks ago, and had been sick in bed. In his pocket was found a card upon which was written "Dr. Leisingring, office corner Sixteenth and Dodge streets," and it was thought possibly he had been under his treatment for some ailment.

David Metz, the poll tax collector, recognized him as having been to the city building the day before, asking for work. He said that he had not dug on the water works as he had been sick and was still weak. He wanted to get some lighter work, and talked then some enough.

It was decided to keep him locked up in jail until the question of his sanity can be determined more satisfactorily.

The Flippy Flapper
The Nonpareil evidently needs a rudder, a balance wheel, a governor, or something to keep it steady. It dips and flaps with every passing breeze.

As about daybreak Mrs. Walker was awakened by hearing some one in the yard, and supposed it was the man bringing the morning supply of milk. She went to the window of her room, on the second floor, and looking out and down saw a man stooping down, and asking him what he was doing the fellow looked up at her so that she saw his face distinctly. He replied, with a slight foreign accent: "If you let me in cellar, I give you two dollar." She replied, "I'll give you a revolver," and started to get that weapon, which was at the head of the bed. On returning to the window, she saw the fellow just skipping around the corner. Mrs. Walker, though she heard some one coming up the stairs, and she and her husband, who is pretty well on in years, took a look about the premises, he armed with a gun and she with a revolver, and finding nothing, they returned to their room and went to bed, supposing that the fellow, whoever it was, had gone.

When Mr. Walker arose for the day he went to the cellar way, and as he unlocked the door to open it, he was suddenly pushed open by a man on the other side. Mr. Walker tried to catch him, but the man struck him and was in turn struck or kicked by Mr. Walker and knocked down stairs, falling in a heap at the bottom of the cellar. The fellow, seeing the revolver, clutched her hand also, to keep her from shooting, and while they were thus struggling two of Mrs. Walker's sisters, who live with the family, came to the rescue. A fierce contest was kept up for a long time. Mrs. Walker thinks for an hour, but this is doubtless far too great an estimate, the exciting events making the time seem longer than it really was. In the struggle, however, the stranger fought like an infuriated beast, and yet owing enough to the skill of the old gentleman and the three women, he met his match. The fellow, seeing the revolver, clutched her hand also, to keep her from shooting, and while they were thus struggling two of Mrs. Walker's sisters, who live with the family, came to the rescue. A fierce contest was kept up for a long time. Mrs. Walker thinks for an hour, but this is doubtless far too great an estimate, the exciting events making the time seem longer than it really was. In the struggle, however, the stranger fought like an infuriated beast, and yet owing enough to the skill of the old gentleman and the three women, he met his match.

It then sank into silence, not knowing what to do, and waited to see what it was best to say next. The action of the late state republican convention, taking anti-monopoly grounds, forced Major Anderson to take a stand, and drove the Nonpareil to speak again. It dare not go farther in its advocacy of the railway interests as against the interests of the people, and so went:

"Whatever affects Council Bluffs and western Iowa directly, affects the prosperity of the whole state indirectly, and when it became known that the Iowa 'pool' had issued a new tariff in its star chamber in Chicago the people determined to resist the same, because it was sought by this new rate to rob Iowa by making it pay tribute to Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri." —Nonpareil, July 25.

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"BUDWEISER BEER.
B. H. Hagg & Co., the wide awake and expert bottlers of Geise's celebrated beer, has also taken the general agency for Western Iowa, for the sale of "Budweiser" bottled beer. It is almost unnecessary to state that this famous "Budweiser Beer" is manufactured by Conrad, of St. Louis. It has a national reputation among beer drinkers from California to New York. We congratulate Mr. Conrad in securing so efficient agents at this important shipping centre, and have no doubt but their sales will be very extensive. Success to the new agency.

The first shipment of one car is just received, with more to follow in quick succession.

PERSONAL.
C. J. Hageman, of Davenport, is in the city.

F. W. Marshal, of Omaha, was in the city yesterday.

J. P. Daritz and wife, of Melrose, Ia., visited Council Bluffs yesterday.

E. J. Donecke, of Iowa City, was among the arrivals at the Ogden house yesterday.

George T. Phelps, of the Ogden house, is now to try a California trip in the hope of bettering his health, a hope in which many friends join.

Mr. Herman and family expect to leave to-morrow for New York, where they will make their home. Mr. Herman has been in business here for about twelve years, having come hither from the city to which he now returns. He has had ups and downs, but the balance is now in his favor. He has disposed of his property interests and takes with him a handsome reward for the years he has been engaged in business here. He has not been without some enemies, but in leaving he says that he forgoes them, and as for his friends he shall remember them with due gratitude.

The Walker family were all more or less scratched and wounded, but the old gentleman suffered most. Besides the flesh wounds and severe choking which he received, he had one rib broken and two teeth knocked out. Mrs. Walker had her hands badly scratched and bruised and was bitten by the savage fellow several times, there being one such wound on each arm. Mrs. Walker's sisters, Misses Lottie and Fannie Williams, were partners in burglary. Those who brought him to the station said that he begged to be let off, and promised not only to pay them money for letting him go, but promised to reform, and never be in such a scrape again.

The fellow who was captured had the name and manner of a crazy man. He gave his name as Herman Dietze, and talked very wild and disconnected. His head was badly cut up at the result of the conflict, and the blood had flowed over his face and clothes. Dr. Hart was at once called in, and thought the man to be insane, but the Walker family insisted that he must be playing it. Mrs. Walker was certain that the man whom she first saw outside the house was a different one, and must have been a partner of this one. The man who was outside was round faced, had a black moustache and wore a Scotch cap, while this man had no beard, and his face was long and thin. She was certain they were partners in burglary. Those who brought him to the station said that he begged to be let off, and promised not only to pay them money for letting him go, but promised to reform, and never be in such a scrape again.

The old man paused here to look into his desk for a piece of slippery elm, and Waydown Bebe took advantage of the opportunity to ransack and inquire:

"Does the chair refer to a white man named Secker Jackson?"

"Yes," de Char refers to dat worry person," replied the president. "For de laf for weeks he hab bin de plague of my life. I understand dat he knuckles to run for state senator nex fall, and he am now tryin' to make himself solid wid de cult'd element; au' I furder understand dat he has petitioned dis club fur membership, an' dat

he am buyin' rattle-boxes, tin whis-tes an' mouth-organs fur cul'd babies in order to gain de esteem of deir parents. Gem'en, I desiah —"

At that moment the sounds of a struggle were heard in the ante-room, a struggle took place, and the voice of Secker Jackson was heard crying out:

"Let go of my hair or I'll call the police!" My platform is: 'Threes don't form a barrel for four.' Ice houses on a barrel and a horse and carriage to take the laboring man to his daily toll!"

At a signal from Brother Gardner Samuel Shin and Giveadam Jones passed out, and in two or three seconds after there were sounds of breaking glass, a bump! bump! on the stairs, and then a voice floated up from the dark alley, saying:

"You can throw me down stairs every night in the week if you want to! All I ask is that you vote solid for Secker Jackson on election day."

"Pollytucks," softly observed the president, "means lyin', stealin', cheatin' and swindlin'. It means dog-rashadum. It means loss of self-respect. It means whisky, drunkenness, fightin', stabbin' and rollin' in the mud. Keep out of pollytucks. Keep away from pollytuchsins. If dis Secker Jackson attempts to enter de sacred portals of dis hall again de keeper of de password am heah by authorized to pulverize him an' to sell de palver-zashun to de reg man at two cents a pound."

Answer This.

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Can you find a case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes