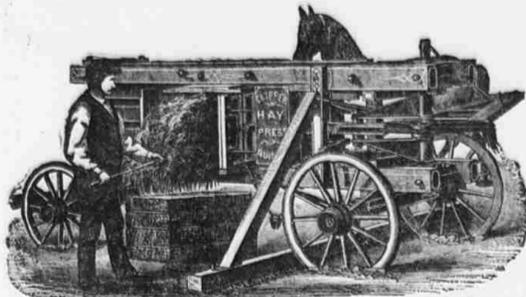


ERTEL'S HAY PASSES.



Are the Cheapest, Most Durable, Smallest in Size and Lightest in Weight.

With no Hay Presses of any kind can the amount of work produced at such little expense, (ten tons of hay and over to load railroad box cars) as can be done with the Ertel Improved Machines. Warranted or no sale. For illustrated new circular address, a 11c.

Railway Time Table.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

The following are the times of the arrival and departure of trains by central standard time, at local depots. Trains leave transfer depot ten minutes earlier and arrive ten minutes later.

Table with columns for DEPART, ARRIVE, and various train lines like Chicago Express, St. Paul Express, etc.

T. A. TAYLOR & WHITE ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Practice in State and Federal Courts. Collections promptly attended to.

OFFICER & PUSEY BANKERS.

Established 1856. Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Exchange on a Liberal Basis.

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Practices in Federal and State Courts. 501 Broadway, over Savings Bank.

W. R. VAUGHAN. Justice of the Peace.

Omaha and Council Bluffs. Real estate collection agency, Odd Fellows Block over Savings Bank.

R. Rice M. D.

CANCERS, or other tumors removed without knife or drawing of blood. CHRONIC DISEASES of kinds a specialty.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.—Special advertisements, such as Lost, Found, To Loan, For Sale, To Rent, Wants, Boarding, etc., will be inserted in this column at the low rate of TEN CENTS PER LINE for the first insertion.

WANTED.

WANTED.—Fifteen first-class tailors on coats, pants and vests. Jos. Heiler, 219 Broadway Council Bluffs.

WANTED.—Local and district agents for the Mutual Re-serve Life Association, New York. The leading life association of America.

FOR SALE.—A fine blooded stallion, S. Gold's cin, 540 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

FOR RENT.—Furnished room, 649 Washington avenue.

FOR SALE.—My residence, corner 7th and 10th streets. If taken soon will sell for \$2,000 below value.

FOR SALE.—My residence, corner 7th and 10th streets. If taken soon will sell for \$2,000 below value.

FOR SALE.—My residence, corner 7th and 10th streets. If taken soon will sell for \$2,000 below value.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

FIERCE FLAMES.

Several Thousand Dollars Worth of Lumber Destroyed.

About half past 10 o'clock Saturday night fire was discovered in the yards of the Chicago Lumber Company, and the alarm soon called out the department. The flames when first seen were at the northeast corner of the dry room, a building 20 by 60 feet filled with dry pine finishing lumber.

DO NOT FORGET.

To inspect the elegant new stock of J. J. Auwerda & Co., 317 Broadway, before purchasing elsewhere. Be sure to look at the most magnificent window display ever seen in this or any other city.

AN EDITOR SHOT.

Politics Running Wild in a Lively Little Missouri Town.

Ernest Smith returned Saturday from his trip into Missouri, and reports a happy time. He found Rockport in what a state of excitement over a shooting affair, which happened there Wednesday. It appears that Mr. Low, who is the editor of a democratic paper there, charged Mr. Wyatt, a prominent politician and wealthy banker, with having packed a certain convention.

The Odd Fellows.

Extensive and careful preparations are being made for the coming meetings of the grand encampment and grand lodge I. O. O. F. in this city, October 21. The committee, consisting of D. C. Bloomer, president; G. H. Jackson, secretary; S. S. Keller, chairman of hotel committee, and E. B. Gardner, chairman of reception committee, has been sending for the circulars giving hotel rates and other information, and assuring all Odd Fellows a hearty welcome to the city, and good care while here.

Attention Boys in Blue.

You are hereby commanded to turn out on the evening of Tuesday, October 14th, 1884, at the corner of Main and Broadway, in full uniform for parade, at 7 p. m. sharp.

JOHN FOX, Pres.

V. KELLER, Sec.

PERSONALS.

P. J. Gallagher, of Weston, was in the city yesterday. Mrs. D. M. Briggs, of Avoca, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. J. Gates. Mr. Kiel, of Linds & Kiel, Sioux Falls, is in the city greeting old friends.

Henry Ames, who has been chief clerk under Mr. Keith, of the C. & N. Q., has accepted that position to accept the position of assistant in the office of S. S. Stevens, the great agent of the Rock Island, and will hereafter be located in Omaha. Will Traylor, who has had charge of the city circulation of the Nonpareil, is to take the position left vacant by Mr. Ames.

Attention, Blaine and Logan Clubs.

The members of the boys in blue, the Blaine and Logan club, and the colored Blaine and Logan club will assemble at their respective headquarters on the evening of Thursday, the 16th inst. They are required to be in readiness to receive marching orders to start for Omaha at 7 o'clock sharp, and then take part in the grand parade and jollification Blaine and Logan campaign meeting. By order of the general manager.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following are the real estate transfers filed for October 11 and reported to THE BEE by P. J. McMahon. Maria Myster to city of Council Bluffs, part of 24 1/2-54, \$104. Henry Pieper to Wilhelm Ploen, lot 10, block 9, Minden, Ia., \$250.00. Caspar Foster to William Ploen, lot 11, block 9, Minden, Ia., \$150.00. A. A. Smithson to Samuel Clinton, lot 8, block 12, Statesman's second add., \$100.

IOWA ITEMS.

A five-foot vein of coal has been struck at Lippy at a depth of 120 feet. A Sioux City man has put up \$50 that New York will give Cleveland 75,000 majority.

Manchester dealers last month shipped 214,820 pounds of butter and 31,420 dozen eggs.

The enrollment of school children at Cedar Rapids numbers 2,450; the largest in the history of the city.

Two hundred delegates are expected to attend the Baptist convention meeting in Des Moines on the 22d inst.

Forty births and twenty-three deaths were reported to the city clerk of Polk county during September.

James Kennedy, the thug who brutally beat Charley Collins in Sioux City, has been set at liberty by the mayor, because Collins, who is still confined to his house, was unable to prefer charges against him.

Circuit court convened in Calhoun county on the 7th, but owing to the destruction of papers in the recent burning of the court house, the most of the cases were necessarily continued for substitution of papers.

The Franz brewing company, of Sioux City, has brought suit against certain Cherokee parties who, under the prohibitory law, seized a quantity of lager beer shipped by the company to that place. The complainants claim that the beverage contains but a fraction over three per cent of alcohol, and under the law is not intoxicating. The amount of damages claimed is \$7,000.

James Storey, a cattle dealer, pounced upon Thos. A. Hughes, a milkman in Sioux City, Thursday, and broke him all up. The bones of the nose were broken, the upper jaw fractured, several teeth knocked out and others loosened, his upper lip cut through and other wounds received on the head.

The Ottumwa Courier is informed that Des Moines saloons are run on a new plan. The bartender wears a cutaway coat with two large pockets in the tails. In these he stows a few quart bottles of liquor, and when a customer comes in and gives a wink, out comes a bottle, a drink is poured on the customer pays ten cents, and the bottle goes back into the bartender's hind pocket.

The Des Moines Leader says: President Smith, of the state agricultural society, now in St. Louis, has written a letter to parties in this city stating that Des Moines, having failed to raise the desired \$50,000, the society now solicits bids from other localities. To those who supposed this matter had been definitely settled since subscriptions to the necessary amount had been raised here, the letter of Mr. Smith may sound strange.

The facts are these: Private subscriptions aggregating \$55,000 have been secured, and the balance, \$15,000, was to have been donated by parties from whom land for the fair grounds should be purchased. This was eminently satisfactory at the time, but since that time the society, not satisfied with a subscription, sought to have subscribers privately their obligations in the form of notes. This the latter have refused to accede to, a majority entering the objection that they did not care to have their notes hawked about the streets. Hence the present complications.

Further developments will be looked forward to with absorbing interest by the surprised people of the capital city.

A Hard-Working Author.

Stepniak, the author of Underground Russia, is a great worker. He goes to bed at midnight, rises at 2, and plies his pen without surcease—save for refreshments, which he takes as he writes, until noon. Then he sleeps for about three hours, when he again sets to work, and, until midnight, gives himself only two short spells of rest. This goes on for five or six days a week, or until the task he has set himself is accomplished; and while it is in progress he drinks enormous quantities of tea and coffee—the one as black as the other. Only a man of iron constitution, and of otherwise temperate habits, could endure such a literary regime as the late editor of the Norwalkian Volia has devised for himself.

A FLORIDA CRACKER.

Telling About a Picnic he had When Lake City was Called Alligator—A Novel Way of Fighting.

Florida Cor. Philadelphia Times. "So you went to that ball out in the kentry tother night, did yer?" said the old cracker, as I stopped to chat with him as he sat on the shady steps of the village drug store.

"Rocky you thought as how you was a havin' a right smart partickler good time outen hit, too. Wal, boys will be boys, an' ole man Perkins hee got some purty han'sum cals outen that. That Sal Perkins is about as lively a young heifer as you'll find anywhere in this here kentry. I knowed her many an' her gran' many afore her. Ef you is a-thinkin' about gettin' married you go for Sal. She kin hoe cotton all day long and long towards dark jump over a six rail fence a-go'in' to the cow-pen. She's sound in wind an' lim' and gentle as a kitten, an' the feller as gits her will git a hundred head of cattle with her; yes, for ole man Perkins runs six plow an' don't never have to use no long sweetnin' in his coffee."

"We had a heap of fun, Uncle Billy," said I. There was plenty of ice cream and lemonade, plenty of pretty girls, good music and we danced all day.

"Wal," said the cracker, contemptuously, "ice cream and lemonade are for truck, an' a band, too. Well, you mout of had some fun, to be shore, but in my days we didn't hev no bands a screecin' all sorts of onkly airs."

"What did you do for music, then, to dance by?" I inquired.

"Music! Why, every fellow in old Colony county kin play some on a fiddle. You oughter seed four or five whoopin' big fellers shuck thar coats an' tune thar fiddles an go to work, while four or five others was a patten' an' a singin'. There was dancin' days, an' the F'o' was a big day in the pine woods settlements."

"I didn't know what ice cream was, but we had hull beef critters roasted, an' deer, an' bar, an' them that wanted water could drink hit, but we allus had a bar'l of whisky with the eend knocked in."

"Hit wan't this pizen stuff you get nowadays, but good, red lickin' what wouldn't hurt nuthin'."

"I recollect hev lots o' fun in them days, and I've seen more'n a dozen fights durin' the day thar."

"Thar was my young brother Sam onet—but sho' you don't keer to hear the old man talk, I know."

"Yes, I do," I replied eagerly. "What did your brother Sam do? When was it, and where was it?"

"By this time quite a little crowd had gathered around the old fellow, and they joined me in importuning him for the story. Finally he took a huge bite of "nigger twist" and started in.

"Hit war down at the place you call Lake City now. He called it Alligator. The him give hit the name, kase there was sich a heap on them varmint stayin' in them thar lakes."

"Hit war onemost onposable to keep any shoats thar they was. Gators is got lots of sense. They use make raids on the pens whar the shoats was a fattening all the time. Some of the planters had gats big pens, but hit wan't no use; them gators would get together an' take nigh about every shoat outen it."

"I've knowed a half dozen 'em to crawl outen the water an' go up to one of these here pens. Four of the gators would form a sorter lane, an' thoter two would stand on their tails an' lift the logs outen the shoats run outen the tother four would kill 'em. They'd generally manage for to git a shoat apiece an' then they'd take the water 'an' swim over ter a little clumpy laner 'an hev a sorter picnic."

"But I war gwintler to tell you about this picnic we had when Lake City war called an Alligator. Hit war about fifty year ago. There was a right smart crowd of boys thar from all around the kentry fer miles and miles an' mongst 'em war me an' my brother Sam, which was ten year younger nor me, but powerful built an' not afraid of nuthin'."

"Thar was lots of niggers thar, too, for folks was mighty eosed in them days, an' we all had niggers fer ter wats on us."

"Thar was one big, powerful buck nigger thar which was called 'Black Allick,' an' he was a-cussin', an' a blowin' an' he recored that he mout lick anybody thar was around them parts. Brother Sam had been a drinkin' a right smart, an' he fell as pert, and easy-like as the nigger did. Finally Black Allick jumped on my brother Sam an' throwed him plum on his back and jumped on him, an' Sam was an' ole rough an' tumbler, an' he locked both arms round the nigger an' hit him clus-like so's he couldn't get up. He had a pair of these here big Mexican spurs on an' he jes crost his legs over the nigger an' war a-jamm'in' them spurs into his flanks fer all he war wuth."

"At the same time he was a-chawin' of his face, an' he had a right smart chance of teeth in them days."

"The nigger tried his best to turn him over, but Sam never slacked his hold and kep' a-chawin' an' a-spurrin' all he could. The nigger was game, ef he was a nigger, an' stood hit as long as he could, but arter half his nose was gone he sorter weakened like, bein, no hog, an' holler'd fer ter take him off."

"I seed that he was jes a-waitin' for a chance to beat Sam, so I drawed my knife an' 'lowed I'd be dog-goned ef he should git up yit."

"Then the boys wanted to pull 'em apart, an' kinder made out ter let Sam might get hurt an' was willin ter let go. I jes shouted, 'No he don't! Let him be! Don't you see how Sam is a lovin' hit now! See how he's a huggin' of him! Jes, he's a lovin' of him so that he's jes a-eatin' of him up.'"

"The boys they jes did laugh, an' finerly the nigger said that we wasn't gwintler help him outen the scrape, likewise he got inter hit his ownself, an' he give a desperit quick wrench an' bruk loose. I tel you that Sam, so I drawed my knife an' 'lowed I'd be dog-goned ef he should git up yit."

"Sam wan't hurt at all. Skaneley only part on his nose was gone an' his eye looked sorter bad like whar the nigger had tried to gouge it. Hit war a younker."

"Ole Deacon Miller said hit was jes the most amuzantest fight he hed ever seed, an' he hed it many a one when he was a younker."

"By the way, mentionin' of the deacon 'minds me of the joke he played on Jim Simmons the first F'o' th' July arter Sam hed the fight with the nigger. Hit war down to Gopher Loop, an' hit was a boss time, I tel you. Jim was a gret, tall, gangin' cuss, a sort of deaput mau like, an' he kin in the grounds thar purty full, fer he hed been a drinkin' right smart with the Johnson boys, who kin the fight with the nigger. Hit war down to Gopher Loop, an' hit was a boss time, I tel you. Jim was a gret, tall, gangin' cuss, a sort of deaput mau like, an' he kin in the grounds thar purty full, fer he hed been a drinkin' right smart with the Johnson boys, who kin the fight with the nigger. Hit war down to Gopher Loop, an' hit was a boss time, I tel you. Jim was a gret, tall, gangin' cuss, a sort of deaput mau like, an' he kin in the grounds thar purty full, fer he hed been a drinkin' right smart with the Johnson boys, who kin the fight with the nigger. 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