

THE DAILY BEE. COUNCIL BLUFFS.

MONDAY MORNING, OCT. 26.
OFFICE: No. 12 First Street.

Delivered by carrier in any part of the city at twenty cents per week.

H. W. TUTON, Manager.

MINOR MENTION.

A rare concert to-night.

The paving of North Second street has been completed.

The county board of supervisors meets on the 5th of November.

Next Friday evening Hon. Jerry Murray is to address the democracy here.

Jake Shoup was arrested Saturday night for being drunk and disturbing the peace.

The paving of Park avenue has commenced at the junction of High School avenue.

Next Friday evening is to be the manuscript ball of the G. A. R., for the benefit of the relief fund.

The eighth annual party of the Royal Arcanum will be given at the Ogden house on the 12th of November.

Hon. R. G. Hoyt, of Michigan, will speak here next Saturday evening with Colonel Henderson, of Dubuque.

Remember the Schubert concert to-night. It will be one of the choicest musical entertainments ever given here.

The enrollment of the public schools of the city for the past month shows a total of 3,230 pupils and an average attendance of 1,988.

John Bailey, J. Brown, and J. C. Dobson are booked to appear this morning in court and explain, if possible, why they got drunk.

The X Y Z club, composed of young ladies of the Congregational church, are preparing to give a "daiymaid's" festival at an early date.

Those who have not engaged their seats for the Schubert concert to-night, should step into Foster's early this morning and reserve them.

Nin Long, who was arrested for hitting a woman over the head with a bottle, has had his case continued for hearing till to-day.

To-night the Schubert quartette company appear at the opera house. With the national reputation which these artists have justly earned, there should be a house crowded with music lovers.

Rev. Dr. Cooley, the pastor of the Baptist church, is on the sick list, and the pulpit was supplied yesterday morning by Rev. Dr. McCreary, of the Methodist church.

A man named Parrott, who has proved a good deal of a nuisance to the city for a year or more past, was again raising a row with his family yesterday, and the police were sent for, but before their arrival he had skipped out of the way.

It is said that the mayor is in a puzzle whether to appoint Bill Galvin or Charlie Weller to the captaincy of police, to fill the vacancy caused by Captain Hethaway's resignation. If either of them were to be appointed it doesn't matter which is chosen as the vacancy wouldn't be filled even if both were appointed.

There was a good deal of disorderliness on the streets Saturday night. One party of revelers especially bussed themselves kicking over signs, beer kegs, etc., and the police, getting after them arrested four, one of whom refused to give his name. The three others were booked as J. Williams, Pony Sharp and M. Wiford. They will have a hearing to-day.

The doors of the Methodist church were kept open all of yesterday, and there was almost continual service from early morning till late at night. The revival will continue this week, and it is growing so in interest and in numbers that it is safe to predict that the church will be crowded every evening. Those who want seats should be on hand early.

There was a happy gathering of friends at the home of Mr. John Keller Friday night, in honor of his birthday. The evening was very pleasantly spent in social converse, games, and in the partaking of sumptuous refreshments. Mr. Keller has lived in this city for thirty-two years, and has many old friends to wish him many more birthday anniversaries.

George Tyler was brought before Justice Schurz Saturday on the charge of stealing two overcoats from Mr. Van Brunt's stable, the clothing being the property of N. D. Miller. It was shown that Tyler had sold the coats to a second-hand dealer for \$1.25, and there being no satisfactory explanation as to how he came honestly by the garments, he was sent to the county jail for thirty days.

Those who have secured for Council Bluffs the entertainment offered to-night by the local quaker company at the opera house, certainly merit the thanks of the music lovers, for there is no doubt a rich treat is in waiting. There are few such entertainments of a high order, and when one is secured there should be a generous response on the part of those who believe in elevating the tastes and bettering the amusements of the public. In thus giving encouragement to such enterprises, nothing is lost, and everything to be gained, for the enterpriser even outside of such considerations will amply repay any and all who attend.

John McKenzie, the young man who was arrested for attempting to burglarize the house of Mr. Kelly, near the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy depot, was before Justice Frayne Saturday, and there seemed a lack of evidence as to his having any burglarious intent in entering the house. There seemed to be more reason to believe that he entered for the purpose of helping a friend of his get his baggage out of town to ship without paying his board bill. McKenzie seemed a hard citizen, however, and on general principles, under a charge of vagrancy he was sent to jail for fifteen days, by which time he will have at least got the whisky out of him, if not his cussiness.

The city council had no quorum Saturday night, and will make another try this morning, at 9 o'clock, and ought to keep on trying all the week, and perhaps by the close of the last day they can get together enough members to elect a fire chief. In the meantime the public will have to get along as best it can with this most important department of the public service only temporarily organized. It seems that when there is anything important to do, it is wonderfully hard to get a quorum of the city fathers. If they would simply step to the front and speak up for the sake of the fair, square thing, and lay less attention to the demands of politicians and to the wishes of office seekers, it would be the most satisfactory policy for the citizens at large.

Cottage ranges, Garland Homes and Hub heaters of the very latest patterns at bed rock prices, at Cooper & Metcalf's, No. 41 Main street.

For hardware and house furnishings, get prices of Cooper & Metcalf, No. 41 Main street.

WANTED—Wheat, corn and oats in all lots. Liberal advances made on all consignments, by J. Y. Fuller, Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Omaha, Neb.

If you wish to make legitimately from ten to fifty dollars per day write to Judd & Smith, No. 34 Fourth street, Council Bluffs.

BOLD ATTACK ON A FARMER.

The Robber Take His Team, But Miss the Money in His Shoes.

SHOT BY A FRESH COP.

Presentation to the Retiring Postmaster—Burglar Frightened From a Hotel—A Visit to the Bloody Bender Homestead

BOLD BAD HIGHWAYMAN.

A bold bit of highway robbery took place at a late hour Saturday night, the victim of which was Mr. Ed. Murray, a deaf and dumb man, who lives on Horace Everett's farm near Underwood, about fourteen miles from the city. Murray was proceeding homeward, with his team and wagon, and when about four miles the other side of Parks mill, three men jumped out from the roadside, stopped the team, and assaulted him so fiercely that he was knocked out of the wagon onto the ground, and pounced so badly that he was insensible, and when he came to himself he was lying in a field, the fellows having apparently thrown him over the fence, after searching his pockets, and had then driven off in their team. The only loot from his pockets was money, about \$35, being hidden in his shoes, so that escaped their notice. He found his way as best he could to a neighbor's house, and there made his trouble known. The authorities were at once notified, and telegrams were sent out in every direction to head off the fellows. Yesterday word was received from Avoca that the team had been found near there, but the fellows had not been captured at last reports. Murray was pretty badly battered up, but not seriously hurt.

SHOT BY A SPECIAL COP.
There have been several rumors the past few days about some special policeman recklessly firing a revolver, but it has been difficult to get at the facts as the chief of police has claimed to know nothing about it, and other officials have been equally reticent. It seems, however, that there is considerable to the affair notwithstanding the reticence, and it appears to be a sufficiently important matter to have been officially and publicly investigated. The mayor has a special policeman named Vought, who is a tailor, but who has been so annoyed in his neighborhood, in the southwestern part of the city, that he prevailed upon the mayor to appoint him as a special, with the understanding that he could then easily look after some fellows who were breaking lamp lights in his vicinity, and doing other mischief. The bad boy who took up with a great idea of his authority, and he has been using it pretty freely. He has made several arrests, as appears from the books, and some of those whom he has arrested have had the record of the arrest scratched off the books, it appearing there was no cause for making the arrest. One such was a man for peddling without license, which is supposed to be the duty of the marshal to do, and rather than a special cop without pay. A short time ago he wanted to have some help to arrest a crowd of fellows, whom he thought were suspicious, and were hanging about in a way that did not suit him. He went on to tell where this one of the crowd worked, and where another one etc., and wound up by wanting them all pulled for vagrancy, which indicated pretty clearly his ideas of vagrancy. He was advised to let the police alone unless there was some definite offense. It appears that he aroused the ire of some of those parties by what they deemed his officiousness, and the other night, when there was a supposed burglar captured for being found in Mr. Kelley's house, this special policeman was on hand, and after the fellow had been lodged in jail there was quite a little crowd who had followed the prisoner on to the jail, and as they were going down the street, one of the men, who was an accomplice, threw a knife across his throat, after which they allowed the bleeding corpse to fall through the aperture in the cellar.

When a man whom they had marked as a victim entered the door of that room his doom was sealed. He would be offered a chance to run so that his back would be toward the gun, and so near it, that when sat down, his head would be against it. The bad boy, who had been armed with a view to the accomplishment of their grisly designs. The front room and a small apartment back of it were separated by a thin curtain drawn across somewhat in the manner of the curtains used on folding doors, while in the center of the room was a trap door.

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Behind this curtain in the little apartment above mentioned, was concealed the female friend, Miss Kate Bender, having near at hand two hammers, one large and one other small, and a sharp knife. When the unfortunate victim would become deeply interested in some exciting and dangerous game with the other members of the family, who pretended to be exceedingly jolly and vivacious, the murderer behind the curtain would deal him a blow in the back of the head with the large hammer that would drop him senseless upon the floor, then rushing from her hiding place she would deal him another blow in the temple with the small hammer; whereupon the male members would drag him into the trapdoor, and the police being informed hunted up the offender and arrested him. The watch was found hidden in the grass a short distance from the caboose where Crew was found. He denies that he intended to keep the watch, but the way in which it was hidden is strongly against him. Yesterday an attempt was made to get the matter squared up, but the officers, who had spent a good deal of time in hunting for the watch, did not like kindly to the idea of having Crew set off so easy, and he was being kept in durane until he can have a hearing in court.

Sometimes there would be two or three travelers stop at one time at this abode, upon which occasions as many members of the family would take their places behind the curtain selecting their victims at the critical moment. Again there would be a small crowd who had followed the prisoner on to the jail, and as they were going down the street, one of the men, who was an accomplice, threw a knife across his throat, after which they allowed the bleeding corpse to fall through the aperture in the cellar.

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Their discovery came about as follows: A man left his wife somewhere in an eastern state to see what was going on, and he is quite probable that he never returned, and it is quite probable that some of the policemen serving regularly have been allowed to go for a long time without filing any bonds.

PRESNTATION TO ARMOUR.
Yesterday there was the change, already announced, by which Tom Bowman is now postmaster of Council Bluffs, and Phil Armour is the ex-postmaster. The new postmaster is the ex-postmaster, and coming sheriff. In retiring from the office he can feel assured that the business men and citizens generally regret to see him go, and they appreciate what he has done to improve and increase the service here. Seldom does a man retire from a public office, taking with him such a unanimous feeling of the public in his favor, and so many kind assurances that he has served the people well. The feeling of the employees is even more enthusiastic over him than the outsiders. They had a better opportunity to know him as a man and as an official, and they seem unanimous in their assertions that a man to work under is among the hard things to find. Taking off his coat, and entering into the work alongside of them, always good natured, and yet energetic and prompt, he inspired the whole force with a desire to do their duty more closely and faithfully to duty assigned them, with the esteem as well as their respect. In view of the change, and feeling that some expression of their kindly feelings was due, the employees of the postoffice gathered at his house Saturday evening unbeknown to him, and he being up town they sent for him, the message being that a man wanted to see him at once. Instead of one man he found the whole town there, and without any formality instead of a single man, a large number of some came as any man can care to have. He was so completely taken aback that he could make no acknowledgement beyond a simple "thank you," but the boys knew him so well that they needed no oratorial assurances that the gift and the feelings which prompted it were

fully appreciated. The cane is an ebony one, with an elegant gold head heavily chased and richly engraved, upon the top there being the inscription, "To Philip Armour, P. M. From his constituents, Oct. 21, 1885." On the sides of the handle are initials, on which appear the names of the donors, engraved in script. F. Meyer, H. V. Staud, George Madison, F. Williams, G. C. Hall, M. A. Gregory, C. S. Lawson, E. Sander, C. Zimmerman, C. S. Parker, J. A. Spaulding, F. Johnson.

SCARED BURGLARS.
Between 4:30 and 5 o'clock yesterday morning the proprietor of the Tremont house was awakened by a noise at one of the windows, and distinctly heard it raised and two figures crawled in. He jumped up, and the burglars slipped out with becoming haste, getting nothing for their trouble. It is to be regretted that some of these prowlers cannot be captured, and the gang which is infesting the city broken up.

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A bold bit of highway robbery took place at a late hour Saturday night, the victim of which was Mr. Ed. Murray, a deaf and dumb man, who lives on Horace Everett's farm near Underwood, about fourteen miles from the city. Murray was proceeding homeward, with his team and wagon, and when about four miles the other side of Parks mill, three men jumped out from the roadside, stopped the team, and assaulted him so fiercely that he was knocked out of the wagon onto the ground, and pounced so badly that he was insensible, and when he came to himself he was lying in a field, the fellows having apparently thrown him over the fence, after searching his pockets, and had then driven off in their team.

WHEN THE BENDER HOMESTEAD.
Ed Wright, the stenographer, has just returned from a trip to Kansas, where he has been visiting friends. During his absence he visited the neighborhood made famous by the horrible crime of the Bender family, the discovery of which so startled the whole country about twelve years ago. He relates some interesting facts and reminiscences of the family and their location.

Where the house once stood nothing now remains to mark the spot except the half filled vacuity that once answered the purpose of a cellar. Curious relic seekers have carried away the last remnant of the building and all its appurtenances, even to the last stone that helped to compose the cellar wall.

ONE CIRCUMSTANCE THAT SERVES TO MAINTAIN AN INTEREST IN THIS EVENT. It is the fact that few, if any, know whether the Bender family were dead and living to-day. In some remote, distant country, of which they were captured by a small mob who quietly put them to death and forever after held their peace.

REGARDING THIS POINT. Some claim that they did not escape, but were afraid to tell lest it might bring them trouble. Others claim that if they had, they would have only been too glad to tell it, as a large reward had been offered for each and every member of the family, and the reward would be a large sum.

THE MURDERERS. They set off in a certain direction and when they came back, not a single member of it could be prevailed upon to say whether they had accomplished their purpose or not. Hence, the uncertainty. Some claim they did and were afraid to tell lest it might bring them trouble. Others claim that if they had, they would have only been too glad to tell it, as a large reward had been offered for each and every member of the family, and the reward would be a large sum.

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