

# NOTES AND IMPRESSIONS

## Of Matters and Things Here, There and Everywhere.

### The Fight in West Atchison.

A row in West Atchison on Saturday night occasioned some discussion, at the time, but the smoke had not sufficiently cleared away to lay before the anxious American public the true history of the battle. A "war correspondent" sends in the following statement, which is published substantially as received. It is evidently but one side of the story:

Last Saturday evening, about five o'clock, as Scott Ingels and Jim Baird were riding out in Will Holland's wagon, they were stopped near Tom Plunkett's, by some persons, one of whom caught the team by the bits, ordered young Baird out, swearing that he would make short work of him. Baird would have got out, but Ingels kept him in. Holland, the owner of the team, ordered the person to let it loose, which he did, when he drove on, not having further trouble. Scott Ingels had been waiting down town to see Millard Ingels, his brother, on business. Shortly after passing Plunkett's, he met Millard on his way down. Scott got off the wagon and went with Millard, not thinking in the least of any difficulty. Just as they were passing Clarke's saloon, a person started after Scott Ingels, swearing that he would whip him on short notice. Scott said that he did not want to fight and kept right on. The fellow rushed after him; Scott turned, knocked him down, and said to Millard, "Come on." They started in a fast walk and the crowd followed. The fellow that was knocked down got up, ran up to Scott and was knocked down the second time, not to get up soon; but by this time the crowd had surrounded Millard, three or four trying to hold him, while others were thumping him; but withal, he came out with scarcely a scratch. The ease with which he scattered the mob speaks well for him. Mr. Cain motioned them over, and while crossing the street, a stone thrown by some one of the mob struck Scott on the back of head, cutting a gash about half an inch long to the skull, but did not knock him down. This was the only touch he had. They went into Cain Bros' store, when Mr. Cain became afraid that the mob might open on the store with a volley of stones and begged the Ingels' to go out at the rear, which they finally did. There was some twelve or fifteen of the mob. Taking the matter clear through, the Ingels' brothers made a splendid retreating fight. The attack on Ingels must have been on account of his keeping young Beard in the wagon. It is understood that Beard had some fuss down town and that the parties had come out to get him on his way home.

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