

The Lexington Intelligencer.

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DEARMOND HAS WITHDRAWN

The Brilliant Missourian no Longer a Candidate for the Senate.

RECEPTIVE CANDIDACY NOT FAVORED

By the People—This Leaves the Field Practically to Governor Stone.

The Hon. D. A. DeArmond has withdrawn from the race for the senate in the following open letter sent out from Washington:

To the Missouri Democracy:

In an interview not long ago, I stated that, although a candidate for re-election to the national house of representatives, I desired, also (largely in deference to the judgment and wishes of many leading democrats, who insisted that by offering myself for that office I might promote the party welfare) to be considered for the United States senatorship. Since then I have learned that many do not favor a candidacy of the receptive order, for they have been insisting that I return to Missouri and make an active and vigorous canvass for senator—something which I cannot do without neglecting my duty here. It seems to me that I could not, with propriety, or in justice to my constituents, slight the duties of the humbler office which I now hold, in order to make a protracted personal effort to win the higher one to which I venture to aspire.

It has become evident to me, too, that it is the impression of not a few whose judgment I respect, that I should not, by remaining here, cast upon others the whole burden of the contest. Of course, I cannot conscientiously permit myself to appear as desiring or being willing to draw too heavily upon the attachment or good will of personal or party friends. Therefore, as the simplest and plainest thing possible, I recall the request for consideration as a senatorial aspirant.

I might close here, but—thanks to the courtesy of the press—I need not deny myself the pleasure of acknowledging now, though briefly, my debt of gratitude to many newspaper men and others who have been very kind to me. To the friends who generously and bravely rallied to my support, more ambitious for me than I am for myself, I am deeply grateful. For the many complimentary newspaper notices and for the warm support, voluntarily and cheerfully given by many good democrats, uninfluenced by the ties of personal friendship, I return my sincere thanks. And towards those friends who, exercising an undoubted privilege, withheld their support or gave it to another, I have none but kind feelings—so far as I am concerned, our friendship is undisturbed. Always glad to make new friends, much more is required to draw me away from the old friends or influence me to find fault with them.

I earnestly hope, and confidently expect that Missouri's new senator will be a democrat, the choice of the democratic masses; and their choice will be my choice.

(Signed) DAVID A. DEARMOND.

The Easter Market.

Members of the Ladies Aid Society of the Christian church are perfecting plans for their Easter Market to be held at the McGrew building on Main street Thursday, March 27. A big variety of articles, both of a useful and ornamental nature will be sold, and proceeds to go to the church. During the day meals will be served at all hours at the nominal cost of 25 cents. This band of Christian women is working for a noble cause and should be encouraged by all. The Easter Market is a coming event to be anticipated with pleasure and the INTELLIGENCER predicts for the ladies a most successful and enjoyable day.

Misses Linnie and Irene Asthirst returned to their home at Blackburn Saturday morning, after a visit of several weeks with the family of Newt, Pitter.

Mrs. Mattie S. Bradley left Thursday morning for Mexico, Mo., after a short visit with her son, Buford Bradley.

EGYPT—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS PYRAMIDS.

BY WALTER WILLIAMS.

From the Columbia Herald, the versatile and brilliant editor of which paper is abroad we take the following interesting letter, written at Cairo, Egypt:

Cosmopolitan is a hard-worked adjective. But it deserves no rest where a description of Cairo is essayed. For in this gay capital of Egypt the Occident and the Orient meet and mingle. In one hundred paces of our Cairo hostelry, the Hotel on Nil, is the street El Mouski, which runs through the Arabian quarter of the city. On either side of this broad and interesting street are the tiny box-like shops of Orientalism and jostling each other in the narrow roadway is the queerest jumble of races to be found outside a Midway Plaisance at a World's Fair. Indeed no congress of nations has yet been held which could approach in motley hue the perennial exhibition on El Mouski. You saw the streets of Cairo at the Columbian Exposition? Then you saw a single section of a long avenue, a speck out of a mountain. This afternoon we walked from the Ezbekieh Gardens in the European quarters, where all is modern, clean and interesting, down El Mouski, through the gate city to the Mokattom Hills, whence the great view of Cairo and its minarets, towering like slender masts above a fleet at sea, is obtained. Shall we tell you of the people met on the way?

Most in number were the fellahen in town, marketing or spending their scanty earnings. They are the peasants of Egypt, the tillers of the soil, everywhere the stevedores of a nation's strength. Large-framed the men, the women "slender," they say, "as a rope." Pale-brown in color some, while others are of blacker hue. The girls are graceful and not bad-looking. Their fine carriage, acquired by bearing water-jars and other burdens on their heads, might be envied by a Missouri belle. Their dress is simple in the extreme, often a single blue cotton garment. Mohammedan though the fellah is his wives and daughters seldom cover their mouths as do the dwellers in the towns. A Soudanese negress follows, with nose-ring, coarser type than even the Guinea negro of slave-days whom she somewhat resembles. The Copts dwell all within the towns. They are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians and Christians everyone. They have no very clear idea of the difference between Christians and other religions. "I am a Christian," said our Coptic dragoman at Luxor. "I eat pig!" Their dark turbans were originally a mark of oppression and ridicule but are now worn by them with pride. A Beduin stalks by with lofty mien, bronze-colored but with Caucasian cast of countenance. A daughter of the Beduin chief is yonder, a belle among her nomadic people. Mohammedan women with their mouths covered from the vulgar gaze of the passers-by are shopping in the low fashion which so delights the Oriental heart. A wealthier Turkish belle, wearing a thin gauze face covering which does not conceal but rather accentuates the beauty of her countenance; a village sheikh, puffed up with his importance, a Beduin from Mt. Sinai, gaunter than his Egyptian kinsman, a negress from Nubia, Americans, Jews, Berbers, Greeks, Syrians, green-turbaned descendants of the prophet; British soldiers in their loud red uniform, half-naked Arabian belles, volunteer soldiers from the Soudan—new members of the Khedive's army while twenty years ago their fathers "with ayrick" heads of hair" were butchering Chinese Gordon at Khartoum; all European nations and every tribe of Asia and Africa are found represented in this single afternoon's stroll upon a busy Cairo street. It is strange that the visitor finds the city fascinating.

"Can you find us a wedding—one of the real Arabian type?" Our dragoman, Cheattah Hassan by name, said he would. He kept his word

and, more fortunate than most transient visitors, we saw a wedding, a funeral and a circumcision procession. It was after ten o'clock and, like good Christians, we had crawled into our little couches, adjusted the mosquito bars and pulled up the feather-bed covering. A knock at the door. It was Cheattah Hassan. "The boys have found a wedding!" And they had. And we went, invited guests to an aristocratic wedding in the fashionable Arabian quarter. We rode on donkeys—oh, the memory of that wild ride through the narrow, unlighted streets of Cairo and of the howling procession in which we paraded. There was only one other foreigner invited beside the Missourians—he, by the way, was the Irish-English landlord whose large holdings of land in Bates county caused the Missouri legislature to pass an alien land law. We were given seats of honor on a long bench in the street in front of the house—for Arab weddings are in the streets. The streets from the house of the groom to the house of the bride were decorated with flags, at every corner a rope being stretched across and streamers of red and white hung from it. There were probably a thousand guests at the wedding. It was evidently a great affair and cost, our dragoman declared, \$500. The groom's father, a dignified, patriarchal Arab, came out to bid us welcome. He shook our right hand, then placed his right hand on his heart, raised it to his head and bowed most gravely. "My house is thy house," he said in Arabic. We did not know the proper reply but went through the same performance our host did whereat the whole company rose and bowed. Our dragoman assured us we had done "the proper thing" but we made a bad break a little later. The groom came over to greet us. He wore a green satin dress with long flowing sleeves, was about 17 years of age and had a remarkably intelligent countenance. He went through the same performance as his father and we bowed and patted our foreheads again. We wished him well in the best American-Arabic at our disposal all the time wondering how he could walk with that long, green satin petticoat clinging about his heels. We inquired his name. It was Mutata Suleiman. And then we made our bad break. We inquired after the bride—what was her name and was she as pretty as all brides are or ought to be. A sad silence fell upon the company. We had committed the unpardonable sin. The dragoman whispered something to the master of ceremonies. This we learned afterwards was an explanation of our strange conduct. We were Americans, Christian dogs, and our ignorance and barbarism must excuse us. For as we were gravely told by Cheattah, no Moslem permits any inquiry about the women of his household even from his closest friends. As for the bride—the groom had never seen her. In America the bride is the whole show at a wedding—the groom is merely a necessary evil. In the lands of Islam the bride is of small consequence. We looked around. Not a woman was at the wedding. In America all the end seats in the church are occupied by the women but here were only men. From the harem windows along the streets moving shadows betokened that even Arabian women are curious, and at one, the rounded outline of a face could be seen. But that was all.

Coffee, prepared in a Turque, was passed. Of course we partook. Some time later, about 11 o'clock, the procession started for the home of the bride. A band of music—at least they called it music—went ahead, with drums and gongs and other racket-making instruments. Two camels gaily caparisoned followed. Upon one was the groom, on the second was the place for the bride. Then followed in motley confusion friends and relatives on various beasts, including many on Shank's mare. It

was in this procession that the Kodaker and the Scribe with grave and reverend mien marched. By a roundabout route the procession came to the home of the bride. Here a 12-year-old girl, wrapped in robes that made her appear a large bundle of clothing rather than a human being, with a pasteboard cap on her head, was placed upon the camel reserved for her, the formalities as at the groom's house were repeated and the wedding procession wended its way, with the addition of several veiled women, back to the starting point. This was kept up for two nights. On one night the feast is furnished by the bride's father and on another by the groom's. After the marriage festival lasts longer.

Marriages are arranged by match-makers. The bridegroom pays about \$125 for a wife—half of which goes to her as a wedding dowry and half to the matchmaker. Widows can be had for about one-third as much.

We saw another wedding procession afterward of a cheaper variety. With it, to save expense went a circumcision procession as well. The boy being decked out in the bright clothing of a girl and wearing all the ornaments his family could muster.

Christians are not permitted to go near a Moslem burial but we went as near as possible. Six blind men marched in front, chanting from the Koran, the Mohammedan creed. "There is no God, but God; Mohammed is the ambassador of God; God is gracious to him and preserve him!" Then came relations of the deceased, a half dozen dervishes, several school-boys and, finally, the body of the deceased, carried head-foremost, upon a bier by six friends. Then came the women relatives and at the last the hired professional mourners weeping and wailing. The procession went to the mosque, where prayers were offered and then to the cemetery where the body was buried with its face toward the sacred shrine of Mecca.

We have climbed the great Pyramid of Cheops at Gizeh—that is the Kodaker has actually and the Scribe has, in part, vicariously. The camel is not used to climb the Pyramid but three alert and active Beduins from the desert are. They fairly drag the pilgrim up and down.

"Know Mark Twain—Mr. Climbing?" our particular pet Beduin inquired. "Mr. Climbing paid me ten piastres to go up and down two pyramids in eight minutes." All the Beduins know Mark Twain but they think his name is "Mr. Climbing," and that he is called that because of his climbing the Pyramids.

The view from the Pyramids is bewildering and beautiful beyond description. Cairo lies at one's feet, a forest of minarets. To the left is the Libyan desert, a vast and pathless solitude, a striking symbol of death. The melancholy Nile moves yonder toward the sea and along its banks are green and fertile fields. Nowhere upon earth possibly is the contrast between life and death more striking and the separation sharper. The desert does not fade into the fields of green but is severed as by a sharp knife; on the one side desert and death, on the other life and living green. The visitor marvels, as the Ancient Roman traveler did, at the colossal proportions of these ancient monuments. This single pyramid, upon which we stand, contains 2,300,000 stones each of cubic feet. Yet even more marvelous than the enormous size is the great age, wonderful, not wholly unexplained, meaning of the tremendous pile. There was no America when these blocks were placed the one upon another. Great Britain was a barbarous land. Romulus had not founded Rome, no record had been made of Europe and yet in that air of mysterious age these monuments, the greatest of human industry, were erected by machinery which modern science has not been able to surpass or even duplicate. We look into the face of the disfig-

ured sphinx—the same half quizzical expression upon its countenance as greeted Moses and Joseph and Pompey and Napoleon. We gaze into the unchanged and unchangeable desert and bid good-bye to the Pyramids, these great stone-piles upon the desert edge.

Death of Joseph T. James.

Joseph T. James died at the home of his son, Albert E. James, on Third street, at 1:10 a. m., March 17, aged 72 years and 8 months.

Mr. James has been ill for the past five months and has suffered a great deal. He was born in Virginia and came to this city January 1st, 1857, where he has since resided. He leaves a daughter and two sons, Mrs. Jacob Newcomer, of St. Joseph, and Albert and William James of this city, all of whom were at the bedside at the time of his death.

Mr. James was a good man and had a host of friends. He was full of fun and always had a good story to tell when he met a party of his friends.

The funeral was held Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock from the residence of his son, Albert E. James. Services conducted by Rev. J. C. Given.

Will Warrensburg Get It.

Referring to the building of the new railroad which Lexington has a committee busy trying to locate here, a dispatch dated at Sedalia March 19 says: George L. Sands, vice president and general manager of the St. Louis, Kansas City & Colorado railroad, today advised the Sedalia Business Men's club that this city's proposition for full right of way through the city and county to have the road built through Sedalia had been rejected. To build here, Mr. Sands says, would cost \$50,000 in excess of what it would cost by the way of a ridge route, which is interpreted to mean that the line will be constructed by the way of Cole Camp, Windsor and Warrensburg to Kansas City.

Death of Mrs. Moore.

Mrs. Mary Moore, aged 72 years, died at her home six miles southeast of Lexington at nine o'clock Saturday morning, after a brief illness. Deceased leaves two children, James and Miss Nannie Moore. Her husband preceded her to the grave.

Mrs. Moore had been a resident of Lafayette county for many years and was highly respected by all who knew her. She was a consistent member of the Baptist church for many years.

The funeral services were conducted at the home Sunday afternoon at one o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Manly, assisted by the Rev. E. V. Haden. Interment at Machpelah.

The bereaved children and other relatives have the sincere sympathy of a large number of friends.

W. M. A.'s are Champions.

The Independence high school basketball team came down Saturday night and met the W. M. A. team at the academy. The Independence boys brought with them a record of continuous victory and fought hard to maintain it here. That they failed was due alone to the superior work of W. M. A. The score was 31 to 17 in favor of Lexington. The W. M. A. boys now hold the championship in this section.

Death of a Child.

Little Charles Ward, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Ward, died at the home of his parents in Lexington at half past five o'clock Tuesday afternoon of pneumonia. The child was aged only one year and eighteen days. The remains were taken to Atchison, Kansas, Wednesday, for interment, accompanied by the bereaved parents and Mrs. Ward's sister, Mrs. Meinhardt.

Mrs. John P. Gordon returned Saturday morning from the Order eighty, whether she went to attend the wedding of Miss Lulu Gordon and Mr. Ambrose Stafford.

MISSOURI RIVER DISASTERS

Recalled by a Writer in Last Sunday's Post-Dispatch.

FIRST BOAT LOST IS NAMED.

Reference Made to the Saluda—Fatal Explosions, Etc., Etc.

Sunday's St. Louis Post-Dispatch contained a page story in which informed men criticize congress for its stinginess of appropriation for the Missouri river at this session. The story also makes reference to steamboat disasters on the Big Muddy in earlier days, from which the following is taken:

"A notable wreck was that of the side-wheel steamer Bedford, engaged in the St. Louis and St. Joseph trade, which struck a snag at the mouth of the Missouri river on the night of April 25, 1840. A large hole was knocked in her bottom and, in about a minute, she sank to her hurricane deck. A severe rainstorm was raging at the time and a number of persons were lost in the darkness. The fatalities are placed at 12 or 14. A trunk, containing \$6000 in specie, was lost and never recovered. Many persons were killed and wounded by the explosion of a boiler on the sternwheel steamer Big Hatchie on July 25, 1845, as she was passing Hermann. The Boreas No. 2, a sidewheeler, was fired near Hermann in 1846. She was loaded with silver bullion and Mexican money, which was stolen and never recovered.

The wreck of the Bowling Green, which went upon the rocks at the head of Osage Quite Dec. 12, 1842, still shows where she went down. The Chippewa's end came in May, 1861, 15 miles below Poplar river. Fire was discovered at supper time on Sunday evening. She was run ashore and the passengers put off. She was then turned adrift to avoid danger to property by the explosion of powder on board. She drifted about a mile down stream and blew up just as the fire reached the water's edge. Deckhands had gone into the hold to tap whiskey-barrels, became intoxicated and started the fire with candles.

The Cora No. 3, in the St. Louis and Fort Benton trade, was sunk April 13, 1869. Fifty-five German emigrants lost their lives by an explosion on the packet Edna, July 3, 1842, at Green Island, at the mouth of the Missouri. The flues collapsed in both boilers during the night. The Far West, wrecked by a snag, Oct. 20, 1883, at Mullaphy's Island, was used in the Custer expedition. She brought the wounded from Little Big Horn to Fort Benton, a distance of 920 miles, in 54 hours.

The first steamboat wrecked on the Missouri river was the sidewheeler Thomas Jefferson, owned by the government. She struck a snag in the lower river in June, 1819. She was one of the fleet of steamers in the Long-Yellowstone expedition, the object of which was to ascertain whether or not the Missouri river was navigable.

As the Timour No. 2, on August 20, 1854, was leaving a woodyard three miles below Jefferson City her boilers exploded. Thirty or forty persons, including the master, pilot and clerk were killed. The office safe was thrown on top of the bluff by the force of the explosion. The wreck can be seen now at low water. The Weston burned at the head of St. Charles Island in 1843.

One of the worst catastrophes of the Missouri was that of the Saluda, whose boilers exploded at Lexington April 9, 1852. In 1850 the Saluda struck a snag and sank five miles below Rocheport. Her hull was dug out of the bar some months afterward and she was brought to St. Louis and rebuilt. She cleared for Council Bluffs with a load of Mormon emigrants on her last and fatal trip. Capt. Bell, master, and Charles LaFarge, pilot, were killed, including twenty-five others. Peter Conrad and the office safe were blown 200 feet out on the bank.