

# CHARITON COURIER.

MAN WAS MADE TO HUSTLE.

TERMS: 1.00 A YEAR IF PAID IN ADVANCE IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, \$1.25.

C. P. ANDREWS, Editor and Proprietor.

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Weaver next week—Variable.

## What Is a "Bargain?"

Webster says in his dictionary that "a bargain is a gainful and satisfactory transaction, profitable alike to buyer and seller."

Then every sale I make of Blanke's Coffee must be a bargain. The buyer, you see, is satisfied every time and gains in health by drinking the Coffee, while I make a little profit on each pound.

I don't take much stock, though, in "bargains" unless they are dictionary bargains. Do you?

Blanke's Coffee would be a treat for Kings and Queens. The price is reasonable. Three pounds for \$1.00.

"But," says somebody, "I can get Coffee for 20 cents a pound."

Of course you can, and you can get some land for 50 cents an acre. Cheap land and cheap coffee are alike poor investments. And mighty few people will buy either of them a second time.

## S. M. White,

KEYTESVILLE, MO.

Particular people will always find pure things to eat in my clean Grocery. I know from experience which firms sell pure foods, and I do all my buying from them.

## MEAN BUSINESS.

Mussel Fork Democrats Will Support None But 16 to 1 Advocates for office.

Resolved. That we, the voters of Mussel Fork township favor the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 and further believe that it is the main issue that is vexing and depreciating the value of farm products and bringing want and distress to our country. And we further believe that it should be the main issue, beginning at the township and going up to the county, state and nation and therefore be it

Resolved. That we, the voters of Mussel Fork township pledge ourselves not to support any man for office that will not in advance announce himself in favor of free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 and we ask every voter of the county to indorse the same and we want all our county papers that are friendly to silver to publish above.

- R. P. Clarkson
- C. B. Davis
- Wm. Hedrick
- B. D. Paxton
- Chas. Meyer
- E. S. Morgan
- W. D. Shaw
- L. M. Ashby
- J. H. Walker
- W. A. Collett
- Capt. H. Stephenson
- J. C. Hains
- J. W. Hicks
- R. G. Hunter
- H. B. Hains
- Bruce Hicks
- William Price
- C. C. Clifton
- I. C. Pierce
- C. R. Stephens
- E. W. Woodruff
- S. T. Payne
- J. H. Payne
- W. H. Payne
- B. J. Payne
- John Bills
- E. B. Young
- C. W. Hedrick
- William Graves
- W. S. Stinson
- Johnson Burnett
- John M. Hunter

Chas. Doss.

## SAUNTERINGS.

(By Jo. Dill.)

The trifles of life are cultured and fair. Are models of beauty and wear good clothes. In church and at home, I vow and declare They're worthy of praise, and laudably pose.

Which is to squawk right out in meeting, as it were, and proclaim to the world that Keytesville can furnish just as stylish a crop of ladies as any town in the state.

Like a dream of fairy land, or a lovely flower fresh from its bud is the display of millinery goods seen in the show windows of Mrs. C. P. Vandiver's millinery establishment.

As the flowers of the Southland send forth their lovely perfume for the delight of mankind. So also does the dry goods house of Miller & Lewis send forth its beautiful spring goods for the delight of womankind.

For swans down, neckties, azure tinted shirt fronts and lace trimmed collars and cuffs, go to Herbert White, the gents furnisher. Herb's furnishing goods are all registered in the American Dude book, and represent the latest styles in gents' furnishings.

In the springtime of the year when the frog is heard in the land, and the bilious condition of the liver is such that it ought to be half-soled, is the time to select your lumber from the Keytesville Lumber Co., and otherwise prepare to fix up your residence for next winter.

During one of the cold days of last week, a fine herd of cavicornic ruminants with corrugated frontal appendages of osseous excretion was forcibly driven through the city to the depot, where they were shipped east. They were a fine bunch of cattle, and reflect credit on the county.

The small boy indigenous to Keytesville is a simon pure American product from the crown of his head to the seat of his pants, and like his prototype from Maine to Texas, is now getting ready to enjoy his spring and summer vacation by way of depopulating frog ponds, hunting snakes and otherwise demoralizing his mother.

Where elegant perfumes, tinted lotions and aromatic face powders vie and juggle to become a part and parcel of the toilet necessary to Keytesville's beauty and fashion, there also will be found castor oil, ear syringes, pills, nursing bottles and prolific bung holes. The place is Sneed's drug store, and the time to buy is at all hours of the day.

The writer feels it his duty to acknowledge the liberality shown and the courtesy extended at the hands of Keytesville's business fraternity, as also the interest manifested in his big souvenir edition for the columns of the COURIER, and in return he will do his best to please all, and put this grand county in its true light before the world.

Now that the ground is in fine condition for spring plowing, and the wheat crop was never in better shape it is in order for some jay to hatch out a scare-crow to eat all the corn in the ribs of the corn belt. This would put a stop to the fast decreasing mortgages, the sockless orators would have a new jag to jingle and the Martyrs would open wide their mouths and suck it all in.

## Letter List.

The following is a list of unclaimed letters in the Keytesville, Mo, post office March 20th, 1896  
Emerso Talcot & Co.  
When calling for the above letter please say "advertised."

JNO. CHIVERS, P. M.

Letter from Rev. D. V. Price.

While Rev. D. V. Price was carrying on a revival meeting here, he sent the following letter concerning Keytesville and her people to his home paper, the Bristol, (Tenn.) Courier, which, we have no doubt, will be interesting reading to our readers, and we reproduce it for that reason:

DEAR COURIER:—I know you will pardon my silence of a month, when you learn that I have been closely occupied and too feeble to do any extra service.

I wrote you last from New Franklin, where I had a very good meeting, and a pleasant time. The people there are social, hospitable, and "kind as a woman." Rev. Fielding Marvin, the Methodist pastor, is a son of Bishop Enoch M. Marvin, and is a genial, cultured Christian gentleman and a very thoughtful preacher. It is said "the first remove from a genius is a giant or a runt;" and I can testify that Marvin is no "runt." Dr. N. M. Donham, mine host, is an old East Tennesseean, a skillful physician, and a strong preacher of the Cumberland Presbyterian church. I shall never forget the kindness of himself and family to me during my pleasant stay with them.

For a month I have been in Keytesville, the date of this epistle. We have had a long hard fight, and a victory. I have found out by actual experience that an evangelist should not have definite engagements ahead of him. All his engagements should be flexible and conditional, so that he can stay at No. 1 till he succeeds in doing what he can do, and then go to No. 2. The first two weeks, we accomplished but little beyond arousing the church people; but after that we began to see some fruits among the unconverted. There were about 60 conversions from "the world," and some within the churches. More were influenced for good. About 15 new family altars were erected, a great stimulus was given to piety in the home. I received the hearty co-operation of Rev. C. K. Shilling, the Methodist pastor here, and several pastors from adjoining charges. The people of all the churches worked harmoniously, and the string was divided. Our Baptist brethren will continue the work. Evangelist Baker gave us a very able sermon last night.

The last ten days the services were held in the circuit court room, into which were crowded 1,000 people night after night. For a town of 1,000 population, and with bad country roads, this was a great multitude. "And the power of the Lord was present to heal them."

I have never found a more congenial people than they of Keytesville. No one could receive more social attention than I have here received. Everybody seemed to love me as a brother, and nothing was forgotten that could contribute to my happiness. Just think of eating turkey and cranberries every day in the week and Sunday, too. It is hardly necessary to say that I am flattered and my friends need not be surprised if I come home minus finger nails.

Keytesville is the capitol of Chariton, a county as large in geographical extent as the state of Rhode Island, and almost as rich in agricultural resources as the famous county of Saline. "The most principalem man" of Keytesville, and the most prominent Methodist (though he is an elder in the Presbyterian church), is "Uncle Chap." Crawley. He stands in his shoes six feet three, is spare, wears long gray beard, and gray tanglets of unkempt hair, has an eye as blue as the azure depths, and as soft as "moonshine on a moonshine night," and with a little carelessness as to dress, he makes up the perfect picture of Rip Van Winkle. But I let you know when he is awake he is the most wide-awake gentleman you will be likely to see. He has a large family and numerous relatives, every one of whom he has mesmerized into believing he is the greatest and best man alive. For pleasure and pastime, as well as for revenue, Uncle Chap. practices law, and they do say that a man must be indeed

very far gone from original righteousness when Uncle Chap. cannot succeed in clearing him from any legal difficulties. Before a jury he is well nigh irresistible, when that blue eye "begins to melt," and that gray beard begins to quiver. And he is just as good in the meeting-house. One night we seemed to be stalled, and Uncle Chap. "said a word." The jury was unanimous that we had a good meeting that night, and the work took on new life. There are many other good people, whom I cannot give special mention, but it will be late and dark in the evening of my life when I forget my visit to the capital of Chariton county.

At Brunswick I visited the Misses Davis, sisters to mine excellent Keytesville hostess, Mrs. A. F. Tooley, spent two happy days with them, and a delightful hour with "Uncle Jake" Merchant, an old Bristolian, who sends love to all the Seneker connection. Uncle Jake is a "grandpap" now, and he just touches the high places, as it were.

The more I see of Missouri and Missourians the more I am convinced that this is the best and happiest land in the world—except my own mountain section. Most Missourians are from the southern states, and are therefore broad, hospitable, fun-loving, emotional and Christian in belief and sympathy. Some of the best people in the world, I believe, live right here in this town and in the surrounding country.

In spite of the cold wind, and the terrible occasional cyclone, there are many old people in Missouri, and their conversations remind me of my good silver and gold at a ratio of 16 to 1. There is something rich in flavor and indicative of a strength of character you do not often see now.

An old lady, strong in her Democratic prejudices, and her Methodist belief, told me her daughter married a Presbyterian Republican. "How do you like that, grandma?" I asked. "Like it! Why it nearly killed me! That's what! But I saw him not long ago and told him just to come down to our town, and see the Methodist Democrats walking the streets and shouting 'Glory, hallulujah!'"

Down in Howard county, there is a rather unique character. "Uncle Stephen" Calloway, as his neighbors call him, is a very intelligent and successful farmer. To look at him, you would never imagine anything eccentric in his "make-up," but he has a head of his own. One day he and his good lady were riding out to be held on back, he said.

"The deputy fish and game warden at one place comes calls the attorney; and when Mrs. Calloway heard the cars coming, she insisted on Mr. Calloway's driving and assisting her off her affrighted steed, but Uncle Steve decided they should ride on and "break" the colts. When the train whizzed by, both were thrown, when the good woman, unhurt but "scared" cried out in spiteful tones, "I told you we ought to get down, and you won't listen to me!" Upon which remark Uncle Steve lost no time in exclaiming, "I gaminies, ain't we down?"

I put these little touches of everyday life in Missouri, black, to show that you and I are not the only men who have trouble with their wives and children, and to further illustrate the fact that human nature is essentially the same everywhere.

By the way, if you want to read something which will moisten your eye, and soften your heart, and help you to do better on earth, as well as to get to heaven when you die, get the "Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian McClarew. It is indeed one of the prettiest as well as the most wholesome stories that ever fell into my hands.

Mine host of Keytesville was Mr. A. F. Tooley, the cashier of the Farmer's Bank of Chariton county. I fell completely in love with Len and his entire family; and if I may judge of their assiduous attention and kindness to me, I may be egotistic enough to be-

lieve that my feelings were reciprocated.

Brother Tooley is a very popular man, good company, and has as big a heart as ever throbb'd under human ribs. But he is awfully noisy, and storms around as if he was always in full battle array. A preacher (not I) was spending the night with him once, and in the morning heard his loud voice in protest against making the fires. Of course Len made the fires; but he had to have his morning "yell." It was his way. You may imagine his feelings when the innocent broadcloth gave him a serious lecture on his duties to his family.

One morning before breakfast I began to prepare to act in a new role—that of soloist in the meeting house. I was gently humming an air, when Len suddenly burst into the room to know "what was the matter with me." He said his wife was terribly frightened at my groans, and feared I was dying. I told him I was singing. Then he strictly forbade any of my singing in his house before breakfast, and a great voice was "nipped in the bud."

God is good, everybody is kind, the sun is shining, and I love the whole wide world.

Love to Bristolian.  
I go to Canton to-night to begin another battle. May God go up with me.  
D. V. Price.  
Keytesville, Mo., March 6th, 1896.

## Ridiculous in Politics.

A gnat's undertaking to devour an elephant would not be more ridiculous than was the attempt of last Sunday's Kansas City Times to answer Senator Cockerell's late speech in the U. S. Senate favoring the free coinage of silver and gold at a ratio of 16 to 1. Senator Cockerell said "the bonds of the United States can be paid as well in silver as gold." Where upon the Times says: "they can certainly be paid in silver, or lead, or cordwood, or any other commodity, which the creditors are willing to take, but if they were to be paid in cordwood a previous agreement to that effect would be necessary. So it is with silver." Just so, there was a previous agreement, that they should be paid in coin and silver was coin, as much so as gold, when that contract was made. And further more, in order that the contract might be carried out to the letter the secretary was given the option of paying out either of the coined metals so as to maintain their parity. This had been done until 1890, when Secretary Foster for the first time began the dangerous

trial is pending against them that has been taken upon change of far, to Avalon. by those holding such obligations until the secretary surrendered the option given him by the law, which authorized the insurance of these bonds to the bondholders, and made his wishes the law of the land, instead of the option of the secretary. Again, the Times says, "when the bonds were issued it was stipulated that they should be paid in coin—which certainly implies the best coin." Poor Times, an editor who would make such a statement, with existing facts staring him in the face, and then argue the intention of the law was to pay those bonds in gold exclusively ought not to be held responsible for what he might say or do, provided he was sincere in making the statement. What was the best coin when this bond contract was made? What was the best coin in 1873 when the act demonetizing silver was passed? If the "best coin" is to be determined by its market price, that upon which there is the highest premium is the best beyond a doubt. Silver at the time of its demonetization was at a 3 per cent premium over gold, and was logically the "best coin." Then why we ask should not the bonds be paid in silver as well as in gold? The reason is plain. The money power did not want it that way, and the last two administrations have yielded to that power instead of so managing financial affairs as that results might redounded to the interests of the masses.

## Neck Wear

Is no longer considered as a novelty put on the market solely for the benefit of dudes, but, on the other hand, it has come to be looked upon as an essential necessity in the make-up of all well dressed men. We've got 'em in silks and satins and in every conceivable shape and style, and what's better we've got 'em for 25 cents and up.

## Dress Shirts.

Possibly you are thinking of this same article and when you buy get the best. We claim to have the best in the United Brand. It is a dress shirt made for dressy people. If you want to wear just anything and call it a shirt the cheapest thing for you to do is to get a meal bag with holes in the sides and top and put it on. It will fit about as well as some shirts which you buy, but if you want a shirt that will fit well and look well, buy the United Brand. They are the non-ripable, non-fadable and non-tearable kind. We sell them from 75 cents to \$1.50 each.

## Herbert White.

KEYTESVILLE, MO.

Furthermore we call the Times attention to a statement made by Secretary Carlisle in February 1895, in which he admitted it would have been better had the former secretary of the treasury followed the law and paid out silver when the law authorized it. Then in so doing the present financial troubles would measurably have been avoided. Mr. Sherman has virtually admitted the same thing, and every silver man knows the statement is true. It is too late now for the Kansas City Times to fool any thinking Democrat with such nonsense.

## The Tomb.

HENNEBERG.—Mrs. F. F. Henneberg died at the home of her son, Charles, in Brunswick, last Saturday morning of infirmities due to old age. Her maiden name was Prismsyer and she was a native of Prussia. Came to this country in 1846, settled and married in St. Louis and came to Brunswick in 1854 where she has since made her home. She was a member of the German Lutheran church. Her funeral was conducted by Rev. F. G. Walther, her pastor in Brunswick, last Monday. Her remains were followed to their last resting place in the old city cemetery by sorrowing friends. Deceased was in the 78th year of her age. Six children survive her, five sons and one daughter.

## School Entertainment.

We printed programs yesterday for Miss Florence McFarland's school entertainment to be given in G. B. Hurt's tobacco barn, 6 miles southeast of town this evening, beginning at 7:30 o'clock. We have no doubt the entertainment will be alike creditable to the teacher and the taught.

The Misses Young, who bought the Carmon property, near the court house, not long since are having some needed improvements made on the dwelling before moving thereto.