

WEEKLY GRAPHIC
KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI
T. E. SUBLETTE, Publisher and Proprietor.
W. M. GILL, Editor.
Largest Bonafide Sub-
scription List
IN ADAIR COUNTY.
FRIDAY, MAY 2d, 1884.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—After the Kansas convention, April 29th, a canvass was made and a vote taken to find who was the popular man for president. The vote stood Blaine 202, Logan 48, Arthur 6, W. T. Sherman 5, Grant 2, Washburn 1, Conkling 1, Eli 1. It's Blaine who gets here Eli.

—Frank James has been acquitted of the Muscle shoals robbery, in Alabama and once more stands "vindicated." He is now reposing peacefully in the bosom of his family. He gave bond to appear to answer the remaining charge against him, and his admirers confidently expect him to prove another alibi.

—In some of the democratic counties represented on our exchange list we notice that aspirants for office are fairly tumbling over one another to get into print and the list of announcements grows longer, week by week. So far, here in Adair, there has been a becoming modesty in this direction, although several parties are frequently spoken of by their friends as probable candidates. Everybody seems to recognize the fact that there is no special hurry about opening the political campaign.

—But a little more than a month remains before the meeting of the Chicago convention, yet there is not a politician that can speak confidently, of the result. Blaine has developed wonderful strength, and regained his old popularity, to all appearance, with the masses, but so many of the delegates may be prompted by any little incident occurring between now and the meeting of the convention, or even in the convention itself, that is not possible to speak confidently even of the complexion of the first ballot. The election of delegates by districts has contributed largely to this state of affairs and has at least served one good purpose—it has nonplused the "slate-makers."

Sitting Down.

It is impossible to glance in the most cursory manner over the current political news without being impressed by the greater energy, activity and zeal which prevail in the Republican camp, by the greater space and importance given the transaction and interest of Republicanism as compared with Democracy.

This is significant. A great deal depends on prestige and it is a very bad portent for us to see apathy and indifference on our side while in the ranks of the enemy there is so much life and stir.

This is partly due, of course, to the fact that the Republican convention is nearer at hand, but this circumstance does not wholly explain the situation. The Democratic party must take the aggressive. If it expects to dislodge the enemy it should take the initiative and should lead at every step of the struggle.

The reason why it does not do this is because it does not know its own mind. It looks to its representatives in Congress for a policy, for a line of march, for a plan of action, for leadership. Instead of complying with this requirement, its leaders are taking a good long rest. They are sitting on the wrong side of a stone wall which they can neither climb nor demolish. The stone wall is a Tariff Reform. They know that there is no passing it. They have had abundant proof that they cannot move a step further in that line of advance. So they heroically stop there and spend the rest of the campaign in making speeches at it.

This is what is called "vindicating their principles" by the leaders who have lead the army up to the stone wall. Sensible people call it "blasted nonsense," and wonder whether this is to be the sole and exclusive policy of the whole campaign—Post Dispatch.

Joaquin Miller, now resides in a cabin in the suburbs of Washington. He wears a slouched sombrero when he visits the city, and strangers never fail to ask who he is. His cabin is one story and a half in height, contains four rooms and is composed of hewn logs chinked up with plaster. The roof is slanting and nicely shingled. The door is kept fastened with a common bar though the latch-string hangs out. Rough logs compose the walls; there is no carpet nor mat on the floor; the small, square windows are shaded by white muslin curtains; a plain, long, low line table littered with old letters and manuscripts, stands in the middle of the apartment, and a high broad chimney emits from its log fire a most grateful warmth and a ruddy glow that lazily dances over the mammoth hearth stone. Over in the further corner of the room is a bedstead of unbarbed posts, straight, stanch and heavy, with delicate gray mosses and liliputian lichens. The poet uses bear skins and buffalo robes for bed-clothing. When visited the other day the poet pointed to the moss on the logs of his cabin and said, "You see God's autograph here."—New York Home Journal.

WILMATHVILLE WAIFS.

Deferred Correspondence.

Mud, mud, Oh that news items were as easy found as mud, then I could swamp you this week.

The post master says the roads in this vicinity are a disgrace to the county and a damage to the citizens.

It appears that the old speckle hen had not been idle all the time for our two merchants have shipped 2345 dozen eggs in the last month.

The new school district fever is on the increase, so that the champions from each side can not meet any more even at church without allowing their anger to get the best of them. Keep cool, gentlemen.

Farmers have mired in some oats and are now in danger of taking the blues.

It was intended to organize a Sunday school here yesterday but the rain prevented.

April 21st, 1884.

Attempted Suicide at Ringo's Point.

Charles Lintner a young man working for John F. Eitle near this place, attempted to take his own life, by cutting his throat, yesterday. The weapon used was a very small, and dull pocket knife. Had he had a good knife he certainly would have accomplished what he undertook. We found he was lying by a hay stack on the farm of Mr. Eitle. He was laying on his face and the knife lay near him on the ground. He had cut three gashes on the left side of his neck and one on the right. The cuts were too far back to strike the wind pipe and not deep enough to cut the large veins in the neck.

Mr. Eitle, Mr. Daniels and Charley were working together all day and he seemed to be all right and did his work as usual. In the evening about 8 o'clock Mr. Eitle sent Charley to haul some hay, while he and Daniels fixed up some fence. They were only a few minutes fixing the fence, when Daniels went to help him with the hay. When he got to the stack, he found him lying as above described. Mr. Daniels then took hold of him and turned him over and found that he was alive. He then asked him what caused him to do the deed, and he said he did not want to live any longer, but would like to see his father and mother before he died. Mr. Daniels ran back to Mr. Eitle and told him and they sent for Drs. Shull and Weaver. They got there as soon as they could and on first examination thought that the wounds would prove fatal in a short time, from bleeding internally.

On closer examination it was found that the wounds were not so deep as at first supposed. He was alive yet this morning at daylight, and the doctors thought he might recover. When asked what caused him to do the rash act he said it was trouble. That is all he will say in regard to the matter and refuses to tell of what nature the trouble is. The sad occurrence has thrown a gloom over the neighborhood, for no young man in the community stood higher in the estimation of the people who knew him. He is of a highly respectable and intelligent family, his father being a minister of the gospel and is now traveling in Kansas.

Charley was considered by all who knew him as a model boy, and so far as we know has not an enemy in the world.

April 29th.

Kirkville Presbytery.

The Kirkville Presbytery of the C. P. Church held its late semi-annual meeting in La Plata, April 16—19, adjourning late Saturday afternoon to meet at New Providence church, Shelby county, Wednesday before the 1st Sabbath in September next.

Of the eighteen ministers belonging to the body, fourteen were present, also five visiting members. Two ministers were added, one by letter and the other by ordination.

Twenty-one out of the thirty-four congregations were represented. A recently organized congregation was taken under the care of the Presbytery.

Two of the five probationers for the Ministry were in attendance. Others in college and teaching.

The preachers all under orders for their whole time except two, and all the congregations are supplied.

The reports of the ministry and representatives gave encouraging intelligence of seasons of grace in eleven of the congregations within the last six months, resulting in 267 professions of faith in Christ and 272 accessions to the church.

The following recommendations of the committee on temperance were unanimously adopted: 1. That all members of your churches withhold their patronage, as far as they reasonably can, from any drug store which is known to violate any law in regard to intoxicants. 2. That their influence be used for the enforcement of all laws restricting the sale of intoxicants now existing, and for the enactment of suitable statutory law or constitutional amendment which will give prohibition. 3. That we disapprove of dram shop license and revenue of all kind being obtained from the sale of intoxicants.

All the religious services and business transactions were characterized by thoughtful earnestness and consecra-

tion to God. All realized that it was good to be there.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign missionary society for this Presbytery was held there on Friday the 18th, doing much important work. These ladies conducted a public missionary service that evening which was largely attended and deeply interesting, convincing all that christian women have the power of doing much in leading their brethren and sisters to Christ, to purity and to heaven.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent]

A second edition of the

JUDICIAL FARCE

enacted last year resulting in the acquittal of the star route thieves, will be presented to an admiring public next week in the trial of William Pitt Kellogg for receiving money in his capacity of United States Senator from Louisiana.

If it were not so deucedly expensive, it would be amusing to see how the Attorney General has gone to work to collect his evidence in this case, which as in all such cases is principally drawn from some thievish accessory, whose credibility is as easily impeached as his evidence can be purchased with promises of immunity.

In this case was Walsh who wrote to the President about "important" papers in his possession that would convict Kellogg. Walsh and his papers were in that safe haven (Canada) where Government criminals mostly do congregate, and thither the President dispatched Mr. Brewster Cameron, and one of its \$100 per day attorneys, Mr. Ker, to receive the important papers. Upon their arrival at Montreal and conferring with Mr. Walsh, the latter suddenly discovered that the papers were not so important in working a conviction as he thought they might be, and so, under a suggestion of additional immunity, he has concluded to come in person and give his testimony, which, in the light of that given in the star route cases where it was picked to flinders and scattered to the winds, is not likely to add heavily to the Government's chances for convicting anybody.

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to say that the Attorney General may have in view the possibility that a simple trial of Kellogg though it result in acquittal, may deter other Senators and other Members of Congress from accepting money in an official capacity, but the innumerable trials on the many Congressional investigations that we have had, should have convinced Mr. Brewster of his fallacy. To show how credulous a being the Attorney General is, it is only necessary to call attention to his official letter of apology for not convicting the star route thieves, in which he solemnly declares he saved to the country the two millions of dollars annually that the thieves would have continued to steal had he not brought them to trial! Now everybody knows that before Mr. Garfield became President, and therefore before Mr. Brewster was ever thought of in connection with the Attorney Generalship, the star route thieves fell out among themselves and gave each other away to the authorities with superlative alacrity. It was then that the stealing was stopped, but no body supposes, after the events that have since transpired, that there was any serious intention on the part of the authorities to punish the thieves.

While I am not banking much upon the faithfulness or integrity of public officials in general in the matter of fencing in and trespassing upon the PUBLIC LANDS, I think that the recent editorial upon that subject in the New York Times, so far as it reflects upon the Secretary of the Interior, does that gentleman a gross injustice. For years these squatters upon the public domain have defied the Government, which under a practically obsolete law, they knew to be powerless to molest them. Mr. Teller, however, more than a year ago called the Department of Justice to account for its neglect in enforcing such law as would be available to an individual whose property might be trespassed in like manner, but that department had its hands so full in making facilities for star route thieves to slip through its fingers, that it had no time to attend to these big land pirates. The fact of this business is that no amount of effort to restrain the fencing in of the public domain will avail as long as Senators, and Representatives and men in and out of high public station, who have plenty of money, are interested in occupying these millions of acres for their own purposes. A good, healthy Congressional enactment that would mean something, and a Department of Justice that would also mean something in its attempts to enforce such a law, are the only things likely to satisfy the public sentiment that is now demanding that these fenced-in lands shall be thrown open to the actual settler. The people are determined to see whether the present Congress will have backbone enough to respond to their demand.

The citizens of Washington have long enjoyed the credit of being a

PUBLIC-SPIRITED

community, and they are so long as Congress foots the bills for every last enterprise that is undertaken here. If, however, the people want something that Congress has no right to provide, such as a skating rink, or an armory, or a base ball park, they get up a grab-bag or something of the sort, and by hook or crook they have managed to get all of these things. To these will be added an opera-house which is to be built by a military company, but never a word has been mentioned about the establishment of a public library, or any other public enterprise that would conduce to the mental improvement of its more than 200,000 population. And you may safely predict that if this great city, the capital of this great country, boasted imitation

of Paris, ever does get a library it will be when Congress furnishes it.

DOM PEDRO.

Liberty Items.

The farmers of this part of the country have about completed their oats sowing. Quite a number have commenced plowing for corn. A nice shower of rain last night. Nearly every farmer in this section is seeding down their old ground and breaking new land for corn. This country is improving fast and soon all the land will be under fence.

A number of new houses have been completed this spring and they are all good ones.

In passing through the Chariton valley last week we noticed that on nearly every farm there was a small field of wheat. The wheat looks very thrifty and promises an abundant crop. This valley is settled principally by German farmers or men of German origin from the eastern states, which accounts for the nice little wheat farms seen.

If the farmers in general would devote more attention to raising wheat in this country, it would be a great gain to us, as we send several thousand dollars out of this country each year for flour.

We also noticed that Messrs Otto and Moyer are still adding new improvements and machinery to their mill, and are doing all in their power to encourage the farmer by making him as good flour as he can buy in the markets.

This mill is an institution that deserves the support of the county, for no set of men have tried harder than Moyer & Otto to do good work and please their patrons.

Since our last report Squire T. W. Prentice has had the pleasure of uniting in marriage Mr. Frank Scofield to Miss Alice Pinkerton, and Mr. Thos. Pinkerton to a young lady from Illinois, [Name forgotten]. May the young people thus lately assuming the responsibilities of married life be not disappointed in their expectations of happiness. May the cold hand of adverse fate never overtake them, or rest upon them, but may happiness attend them while life lasts.

Politics are very quiet yet as the farmers are too busy with their crops to talk politics.

Miss Rosetta Shull is teaching the school at Prairie Union. Miss Amanda Scofield has engaged to teach at Golden Rule.

The health of the neighborhood is good, and items scarce. Wishing success to the GRAPHIC, I remain yours. April 29th. COLD HAND.

A Town Sinking into the Earth.

CLEVELAND, April 20.—A special from Salineville says: Intense excitement was caused here yesterday afternoon by the discovery that a large section of the town was slowly sinking into the earth. For many years, Salineville has been a great coal mining center. The town stands on an immense hill which is undermined by several large coal banks. The ground immediately over Kirk's mines was observed to crack and break in several places and persons living in that section of the town were started to find their yards and houses sinking into the ground and also discovered that the wells had no bottoms. A good many people moved to safer quarters.

There are no developments to-day. It is feared the new school, a three-story structure, will be destroyed and parents say they will not allow their children to attend school to-morrow. Great anxiety exists.—New York World.

Jackson's Grief for His Wife.

We have before us the original letter of Andrew Jackson, written on the 30th of November, 1829, to his intimate friend, Col. Robert I. Chester. Jackson was elected President in 1828, and shortly after his election and before his inauguration Mrs. Jackson died. This letter was one of many friendly letters sent by Jackson to Col. Chester. It was a relative—written to Col. Chester by the old general while he was president. Col. Chester was one of his most intimate friends, had been under him in the Indian wars, filling an important position as a quartermaster, though a mere boy; had always been his firm friend and adviser, and had his entire confidence. Below we give an extract from the one named. It was not written for the public, but to a long-remembered and close friend, in relation to private and family matters. It now comes before the public for the first time. It is valuable because it unfolds and opens to the public eye the heart of the great warrior. As the meeting of Congress approaches my labors increase. I am engaged in preparing for them, and this, with my other labors, employs me day and night. I can with truth say mine is a situation of dignified slavery. But my hope of happiness lies with the severe bereavement I met with in the loss of my wife. The only consolation on this side of the grave is when I look forward to the time when I can again retire to the Hermitage (if God permits me), there to spend my latter days beside the tomb of the only solace of my life, set my house in order, and lay my bones beside her.—Nashville American.

A letter was recently admitted as a will at Westminster, Md. The case was strongly contested. J. Henry Hoppe died intestate, and his estate amounted to about \$180,000. Eliza Ann Byers presented to the court a letter to herself from Hoppe, in which he said: "Ann, after my death you are to have \$40,000. This you are to have, with or without. Take care of this will until my death. Ann, keep this to yourself." The paper was declared by the executors to be a forgery. The jury, after a ten day's trial, decided it genuine. Issues were taken to the court of appeals to determine whether the letter was a testamentary paper, and the court decided it to be sufficient for a will.

The authorities at Castle Garden say that most of the young women who land there are in search of recent lovers.

WHY WATTERSON IS SAD.

The Effect His Congressional Service Had Upon Him.

"Do you notice," asked the gentleman from Philadelphia, "what a sad, melancholy, almost morose look Henry Watterson's face wears? That is the result of his experience as a congressman. His district once consented, almost unanimously, that he should come to congress. Watterson had not fairly settled himself in Washington before an old lady down in Tennessee, who had known him when he was a boy, wrote to him for some seeds.

"He asked a friendly old member from New York as to the formula to be used in getting seeds, and was informed that he must write to the commissioner of agriculture, telling what he wanted and giving the address to which he wanted seed sent. He did write, and, either through his own careless wording of the note or through somebody's mistake at the agricultural department, Watterson's entire supply of seeds went to the old lady in Tennessee. There were several sacks full of them. In a few days letters began to come by the score from Watterson's own constituents, each one demanding seeds. When he wrote to the commissioner of agriculture he was informed that his supply was exhausted. He again sought the advice of his friend, the New York member, and explained the situation. The New York man told him that there was but one course to pursue, and that was to borrow seed from members who represented only commercial and manufacturing districts.

"From that time on until congress adjourned sine die, during all business hours, Watterson devoted himself to borrowing seeds. That is the reason so many people never knew that he was in congress. He had to borrow seed. That is the reason, also, why Watterson's face wears a cast of gloom. He used to smile as well as any other man before he became a congressman, and he has smiled since, but not in Washington. The sight of the city always affects him unpleasantly, and they say that occasionally when he is just about to combine some Pennsylvania congressman that nothing but free trade will now save this wretched country he stops short in his argument, and, with a far-away look in his eye, he asks the loan of a sack of seed."—Washington Republican.

The Most Heroic Figure.

Gordon is without doubt the most heroic figure of the day, and his marvelous ride to Kharطوم will live in history with the expedition to Marsala. Wide as is the difference between the campaign of the Thousand and the journey of a solitary, unarmed man, the sublime heroism with which Garibaldi hurled his little band against the Neapolitan kingdom was closely akin to that with which Gordon rode alone to meet a foe that had exterminated armies. Between Assuan and Kharطوم the road swarmed with rebels filled with hatred of Egyptian and English rule and maddened with Mohammedan fanaticism, but Gordon did not hesitate to make his way through them. His confidence that he bears a charmed life so long as Providence has work for him to do was justified by the result. He reached Kharطوم where his authority is as absolute and unquestioned as it could be were he at the head of an English army corps. The secret of Gordon's faith in his religious faith. The source of his power is the conviction among his people that he is as just as he is fearless.

It must be confessed that the course pursued by Gordon since he reached Kharطوم will suggest the suspicion that he may have passed the narrow line, which, in some cases, divides religious exaltation from lunacy. He has publicly burned the whips of the Egyptian rulers, and the book in which the debts due from the wretched inhabitants to the Egyptian treasury were recorded. This was a humane and just measure, and the spectacular way in which Gordon carried it out was well adapted to impress an Oriental community. To this act, however, were added a general jail delivery and the burning of the jail. Without doubt horrible acts of oppression had been perpetrated in the Kharطوم jail, and without doubt many of the prisoners whom Gordon found in the jail were innocent. At the same time, how can a sane man imagine that a town like Kharطوم, inhabited, according to all Europeans who have visited it, by the worst ruffians that the slave-trade has produced, could be kept in order without a jail? A community of Quakers might perhaps be governed for a brief period by the law of love, and without magistrates or penal code, but Gordon is apparently trying a like experiment in a town compared with which Leadville or Deadwood is a quiet Christian village.—N. Y. Times.

Beer as an article of ordinary diet has been discontinued in at least twenty-seven pauper lunatic asylums in England, with the result that in no instance has the apparently important change led to any sort of physiological inconvenience. Many of the Superintendents in whose asylums the modification was made, and through them many of the patients, testify cordially to the benefits derived from the change. The question, says the *Journal of Mental Science*, is not one of teetotalism, or even primarily of a question of order, but one of pure expediency and good management. In all probability the abuse of beer as an element of the diet of pauper lunatics in English asylums will be more extended, and will be watched with interest.

One of the most interesting and valuable features of the John Hopkins University library is the newspaper bureau. A trained editor and a staff of assistants read all of the representative dailies, mark superior articles upon economic, political, social, educational, legal and historical subjects. These are afterwards clipped, arranged in newspaper budgets, kept in large envelopes or oblong boxes which are marked with labels. The list of subjects includes everything of value that finds its way into the columns of the press. Bulletin boards are covered daily with the best clippings from the latest papers; arranged under the leading heads of current topics.

A rooster at Verbena, Ala., has two tails and three legs. This bird really has something to crow over; but the average rooster is very absurd. Some of them have been known to cackle when a modest hen lays an egg, thus robbing the weaker sex of all glory.

John T. Townsend, a prominent New York lawyer, says the practice of "fixing" juries is more common than most people believe.

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Lincoln's Kindness to the Ladies

The last time I met him was about two weeks before his assassination. He sent word by my brother James, then in his Cabinet, that he wanted to see me before I went home. I stayed in the room until his hour for callers was over. He ordered the door closed, and, looking over to where I was sitting, asked me to draw up my chair. But, instead of being alone, as he supposed, in the opposite direction from where I sat, and across the fireplace from him, sat two humble looking women. Seeing them there seemed to provoke him, and he said: "Well, ladies what can I do for you?" One was an old woman, and the other young. They both commenced talking at once. The President soon comprehended them. "I suppose," said he, "that your husband and your son is in prison for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania. Where is your petition?" The old lady replied: "Mr. Lincoln, I've got no petition; I went to a lawyer to have one drawn, and I had not money enough to pay him and come home, too, so I thought I would just come and ask you for my boy." "And it's your husband you want?" said he, turning to the young woman. "Yes," said she. He rang his bell and called his servant, and bade him go tell General Dana to bring him a list of the prisoners for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania.

The General soon came bringing a package of papers. The President opened it, and counting the names, said: "General, there are twenty-seven of these men. Is there any difference in degree of their guilt?" "No," said the General, "it is a bad case and a merciful finding." "Well," said the President, looking out of the window, and seemingly talking to himself, "these poor fellows have, I think, suffered enough; they have been in prison fifteen months. I have been thinking so for some time, and have said so to Stanton, and he always threatens to resign if they are released. But he has said so about other matters, and never did. So now, while I have the papers in my hand, I will turn out the flock. So he wrote: 'Let the prisoners named in the within papers be discharged,' and signed it. The General made his bow and left. Then turning to the ladies he said: 'Now, ladies, you can go. Your son, Madame, and your husband, is free.'"

The young woman ran across to him and began to kneel. He took her by the elbow and said, impatiently: "Get up, get up; none of this." The old woman walked to him, wiping with her apron the tears that coursed down her cheeks. She gave him her hand, and looking into his face, said: "Good-by, Mr. Lincoln, we may never meet again until we meet in heaven." A change came over his sad and weary face. He clasped her hand in both of his, and followed her to the door, saying as he went: "With all that I have to cross me here, I am afraid that I will never get there; but your wish that you will meet me there has fully paid for all I have done for you."—Joshua F. Speed.

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