

VEST ON J. N. BURNES.

The Senator's Tribute to the Dead Congressman.

An Earnest Testimonial to the Manly Worth and Knightly Qualities of the Departed Colleague.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 25.—In the senate, after the delivery of eulogies on the character of Hon. James N. Burnes by Senators Cockrell and Ingalls, Mr. Vest then took the floor. When Mr. Vest arose the same stillness that pervaded the chamber while Ingalls was speaking was observable. Mr. Vest started off in a low voice. After a few sentences his tones became silvery and his sentences rolled out in a clear and eloquent flow. He was listened to by rapt attention. He said:

"In what is now St. Charles county, Missouri, immediately west of St. Louis, the Indians made a last desperate struggle for their homes and hunting grounds. Pontiac, the great Ottawa chieftain, who had commanded at Braddock's defeat, and afterward Blackhawk, the inveterate enemy of the whites, vainly attempted to stem the resistless tide of that aggressive civilization which had driven their people from the region east of the Mississippi and was still relentlessly pressing them westward. Here, the pioneers of the dark and bloody ground, under the leadership of Daniel Boone again met the savage in deadly conflict, and not until the last hostile Indian had been driven from the soil of Missouri did the old hunter close his simple and dauntless life upon the banks of the river across whose waters his solitary canoe had so often glided.

"Of all the region between the Mississippi and Missouri and south of Iowa, the Indians held, after 1820, only a triangular territory between the western border of Missouri and the river of that name. In 1837 this was bought by the United States and added to the state, being known as the Platte purchase. And comprising the Atchison, Andrew, Buchanan, Holt, Nodaway and Platte. A fairer or more fertile land is not kissed by the sun in all his journey, and when opened to settlement it was at once filled by an immigration coming mainly from that Scotch-Irish blood whose intellect and courage have impressed so indelibly Middle and Western states. They are a virile race, strong in frame and prejudice, strict in their ideas of justice and summary at times in enforcing it, deeply religious, intensely patriotic and absolutely fearless. To quick and vigorous intellect they add the instinct of resistance to tyranny in all its forms and especially to outside and unwarranted interference with what they consider their own business.

It is not strange that men of this lineage should give direction and character to communities, and especially when great emergencies bring out the individuality and self-reliance which makes leaders for the people. With other families of Scotch-Irish descent there came to the Platte Purchase in 1838 that of James Burnes, the father of Col. James N. Burnes. Their home was in Platte county, upon the banks of the Missouri, and here in a region overflowing with the opulence of nature and surrounded by the strong, adventurous pioneers, Jas. N. Burnes passed his boyhood. In his surroundings there was everything to develop intellect and energy. In this young and vigorous community there was no room for the idle or timid, and the fresh pure air strung every nerve of mind and body to its best. The wide prairie, stretching to the boundless West, the silent solemn forest, the great river rolling in resistless volume to the gulf, all nature and majestic mould, quickened and elevated ambition.

Never did young knight put on armor for the lists with higher aspiration or more dauntless courage than did James N. Burnes for the battle of life. In every fibre he was

combatant. With him existence meant battle. Strong, self-contained, cool and watchful, he fought for the prizes of life as fought the gladiators when all Rome looked down upon the arena.

After men die we hear in stereotyped phrase much of their negative virtues and passive goodness, but the proudest epitaph that can be written: 'Here lies one much hated and much loved, but never despised by friend or foe.' James N. Burnes had many enemies, for he fought with mailed hand and without asking quarter, but no man ever looked on him with contempt or ever met him in conflict without remembering it to his last hours. He was a born leader and couldn't have been placed where he wouldn't have dominated those around him. In a mining camp or a saloon, in a banking house or the halls of Congress, he was the same—aggressive, unflinching, ambitious and successful.

I knew Col. Burnes during 35 years of active personal and public life. There were two marked and perilous passages in his career, when events brought us together very closely. In 1878 the banks in which were deposited the funds, belonging to the state treasury of Missouri suspended payment, and for this reason there was a deficit of \$198,000 in the state treasurer's accounts, of whom Col. Burnes was the principal bondsman. The disaster was so sudden and unexpected that it found him totally unprepared and his mind so much overtaxed. His enemies, personal and political, seized with avidity upon the opportunity for securing his downfall, and a partisan press exhausted epithet and denunciation of him and his party. The state treasurer, then whom a more honest and incorruptible officer never held a public trust, was indicted in the courts and proceedings begun in the general assembly for his removal. In the litigation which ensued I was of counsel for the treasurer and his bondsmen, and was authorized by Col. Burnes to propose to the state authorities that if the right of action against the defaulting banks should be assigned to him and his associates upon the treasurer's bond he would pay the deficit into the state treasury. The offer was accepted and every cent paid without loss to the commonwealth.

Never did any man pass through a more terrible ordeal, but when the storm was fiercest and others cowered before it Col. Burnes exhibited such courage and fertility of resource as won even from his enemies admiration and respect.

In 1880 he was elected to the national house of representatives from the fourth district of Missouri, which has been represented for the two preceding terms by a republican. The canvass was bitter and disfigured by personalities, which invaded every part of his career and recognized no limit to the license of vituperation. The district was made the clearing house for personal and political grievance that had accumulated during 30 years of active aggressive life, in which Col. Burnes had avoided no adversary.

It was at this time, when we canvassed together for many days, that I first came to know how tender and loving as husband and father was this strong and combative man. The attacks upon him were so cruel and brutal that even old and experienced politicians recoiled from their savagery, but no word of complaint came from his lips for himself. His only solicitude was for his family especially for her, the wife of his youth, for many years an invalid, from whose sick chamber he endeavored to shut out the hearse and discordant cries of the combat. Coming from out of the heat and rage of calumny I saw him one summer night kneel at her side, as if before a shrine, whilst the shadows of that anxious fight passed away and the look of a bridegroom rested upon him. It is not in the world's daily strife, when armed and masked we meet as foes, that men are rightly judged.

When the armor is put off and the mask has fallen, the soft light of home brings out in many rugged

lives the tints and hues of heaven. The shadow of death rested upon Col. Burnes for months. The stealthy and deadly disease which finally triumphed often gave notice of its progress.

In the last campaign we spoke together in Platte county, where he had grown up to manhood, and in his address he declared his candidacy the last, and told his old friends and neighbors, many of whom had known him from childhood, that he proposed to devote his few remaining years to arranging his private business and preparing for the inevitable hour which must soon close his career. When we reached my room I attempted to rally him upon his solemn words, but he repeated them so earnestly that I could not doubt his sincerity. He alluded to many alarming symptoms which warned him of a fatal result, and then reverently spoke of that great question which no human wisdom can solve. Like all intellectual men he avoided such discussion and shrank from the empty dogmatism which cannot be mistaken as to the infinite hereafter, but he relied implicitly upon the divine mercy.

He ended his journey. The weary feet and brain aching at rest. Another of our race, strong in mind and purpose, an intellectual athlete in the world's arena and crowned with its wealth and honors, blessed with the love of home and friends and beckoned onward by all the possibilities of ambition, has passed through the portal of the unknown. Helpless to stand at the dark gateway and vainly ask the dead to tell us of the shadowy realm to which we also hasten.

Mr. Vest then moved the adoption of the resolutions. There was no dissenting voice and the senate adjourned.

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The "Times" Abject Apology.
London, Feb. 28.—The Times yesterday in its leading editorial quoted in full the apology tendered by Attorney General Webster before the Parnell commission for the publication of the forged letters, and continued:

"We desire to endorse as appropriate every word of the foregoing statements. It is our wish, as it is our duty, to do so. Moreover, Mr. Parnell having in the witness box stated that the letters are forgeries we accept in every respect the truth of that statement. In these circumstances we deem it right to express our regret most fully and sincerely at having been induced to publish the letters as Mr. Parnell's or to use them in evidence against him. This expression of regret includes also the letters falsely attributed to Mr. Egan, Mr. Davitt and Mr. O'Kelly. It is scarcely fitting now to enter into the circumstance under which we received and published them. We are bound, however, to point out that Pigott was not the person with whom we communicated. Moreover, we must add that we firmly believed that the letters were genuine until the disclosures made by Pigott on cross examination. It must be evident to all reasonable persons that if a conspiracy existed the Times was victimized by and not a party to it. Errors in judgement have been committed and for them the penalty must be paid. It must be clearly understood that what we have done is altogether upon our own motion and our own responsibility and in the public interest alone. This withdrawal of course refers exclusively to the letters obtained from Pigott.

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HE HELPED BURY THE DEAD.

W. R. McBride's Reminiscences of the Bloody Centralia Butchery.

"Yes, I helped gather up the dead off the battle field after the Centralia fight," said W. R. McBride to a Herald correspondent recently, "and it was a ghastly job you may be sure. There were in all one hundred and fifty-nine bodies, seventy-nine of which were buried in one grave. All the bodies were brought to town, laid in a row and kept for a time so as to allow their relatives and friends to come and get them. A great many people came from Knox and other counties and removed their relatives. All were claimed except the seventy-nine we buried.

"I noticed one thing that struck me as a remarkable fact and that was that every man except one was shot through the head. I helped handle every one of the bodies and know this statement to be absolutely true, the single exception was shot through the heart.

"Yes, several of the felons escaped. Enoch Hunt of Centralia, who is here to-day attending probate court was a member of Johnson's command. I don't know that I ever heard how he managed to escape but suppose he belonged to the detail which had been left at Centralia when the main body went out to find Todd. One man was found in the field lying in a sort of a gully and partially hidden by the tall grass and weeds, alive and unharmed. He stated that the guerillas had ridden in ten feet of him several times but failed to find him or he would have been shot. Another man a ter having been desperately wounded was spared by the guerillas—the only instance of the kind in the history of the fight. A guerilla had shot at him eight times and struck him only once and that shot did not kill him. Capt. Todd rode up and the Federal gave the Masonic sign of distress and this saved his life. Todd asked him if he had not rather be killed on the field and die like a man than to be taken to camp and take his chances of being shot afterwards. He said he would rather take his chances in camp. Todd then held a consultation with his officers and they voted to spare his life though Bill Anderson protested bitterly against such a humane act. The wounded man was taken to a farm house and left. He afterwards recovered and I suppose is living now. After the fight the guerillas rode over the field killing all who showed any signs of life. One man told us that one of the guerillas rode up to him and made his horse paw him but he did not move. The guerilla then rode away supposing him to be dead. The poor fellow only prolonged his suffering by the subterfuge as he was mortally wounded and died soon after being removed from the field.

"One of the guerilla's, a slight boyish looking fellow, crippled from a wound received some time before, followed some of the fleeing Federals nearly to Sturgeon killing his last man at the bridge near that place. He boasted that he had killed seventeen men that day with his own hand."

"One Foot in the Grave."
How often do we hear the above said of some poor pilgrim o'er life's thorny path, whose tottering steps, pallid face, unnatural glitter of the eye and hacking cough, and its accompanying involuntary pressure of the hand over the lungs, the seat of the dread disease—consumption—that causes the remark? Too frequently, alas! and in the interests of such unfortunates this is penned to assure them that their steps need tend no longer toward that narrow receptacle that awaits all—that is, until life's allotted space is covered—from any such cause, for the scientific researches of Dr. R. V. Pierce, resulting in the "Golden Medical Discovery," have wrested from nature a remedy which never fails to cure this scourge of our race (which is really nothing more nor less than Scrofula of the lungs), if taken in time. Druggists sell it.

One death from smallpox is reported at Maryville. A strict quarantine is kept upon houses whose inmates are known to be infected.

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