

Missouri State Bank

OF BUTLER, MO.

CAPITAL, \$110,000.

Receives Deposits subject to Check, Loans Money, Makes Collections and does a General Banking Business.

In the Real Estate Loan Department. Make loans on Real Estate on long or short time at lowest rates without delay.

STOCKHOLDERS

Allen, Mrs. LeVina	Hardinger, W N Farmer	Smith, G L Liveryman
Boulware, T C Physician	Hickman, G B Furniture dealer	Smith, John T Lawyer
Bull, J N Farmer	Jenkins, J R Asst Cashier	Starke, L B Deputy circuit clerk
Brown, Lulu	Kinney, Don Bank Clerk	Turner, Mrs M E Capitalist
Butler, Edmund Farmer	Levy, Sam Dry Goods & Clothing	Tucker, W E Dentist
Carroll, H B Farmer	Morrison, C H Farmer	Tucker, J M Capitalist
Carroll, G A Farmer	Miller, Alf Farmer	Tyler, W B Farmer
Christy, J M Physician	Norton, J A Bank Clerk	Voris, Frank M Farmer
Clay, Robert Farmer	Owen, M V Farmer	Vaughan, J M Capitalist
Conroy, J M Stock Dealer	Pharis, John Grocery	Woods, F M Farmer
Conroy, John Farmer	Pharis, C F Grocery	Wright, H C Lumber dealer
Conroy, J M Stock Dealer	Patton, M Physician	Walton, Wm E Cashier
Conroy, J M Stock Dealer	Powell, Booker Farmer	Wright, T J Capitalist
Conroy, J M Stock Dealer	Reed, H H Bank Clerk	Weiner, Max Boots & Shoes
Conroy, J M Stock Dealer	Reed, H H Bank Clerk	Walls, Wm Farmer
Conroy, J M Stock Dealer	Reed, H H Bank Clerk	Walters, G W Farmer
Conroy, J M Stock Dealer	Reed, H H Bank Clerk	Walls, J T Physician
Conroy, J M Stock Dealer	Reed, H H Bank Clerk	Whipple, N L Physician
Conroy, J M Stock Dealer	Reed, H H Bank Clerk	Williams, R V Farmer

BOOKER POWELL	President	WM. E. WALTON	cashier
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JACCORD'S CATALOGUE KANSAS CITY, MO.

JEWELRY

A FIEND'S FATE.

The Village of Mayview Shooked by a Fearful Crime.

Old Man Parker Laterally Hacked to Death in his Store.

Mayview, Mo., Aug. 29.—The little town of Mayview in Lafayette county, on the Chicago an Alton railroad, only forty-seven miles east of Kansas City, was the scene this morning of a murder of unparalleled atrocity and butchery. The victim was Edwin F. Parker an old time resident of the village, and proprietor of a general merchandise store on the main street. He was a man 65 or 60 years old and of delicate physique. The murderer was a negro, 20 years old, strong and large. The motive was robbery and the crime premeditated. Looking out of the window of telegraph office at Mayview, where this dispatch was written, in a westerly direction, the Times correspondent sees the body of the murderer hanging suspended half way between earth and the top of a telegraph pole, on the north side of the Chicago and Alton track not more than 500 yards from the depot. He was lynched to-night at 9:17 and his body at a late hour was still swinging in the breeze, his black face upturned. The murder in conception and execution was a brutal one, and the speedy vengeance with which the horrified farmers followed it was but a fitting sequel.

ALL ALONE IN HIS STORE.

Edwin Parker's store is on the main street at Mayview. About 100 yards east of the store is the home of J. P. Maw, where Parker ate his meals. The merchant was a widower, his wife having been dead twenty years, and he lived a secluded life sleeping in a small room in the rear of the store. At 6 o'clock this morning Maw went to the store as was his wont to call Parker to breakfast. He found the door locked, and thinking Parker was still asleep did not try to wake him. Half an hour later Maw returned and still found the store locked. He shook the door several times but getting no answer went to the rear door opening into Parker's bed room, intending to knock on that and so arouse him. This rear door Maw found stand-

ing wide open and he stepped into the room. He found this disarranged and Parker's coat and vest hanging from the back of a chair. The door leading into the store was open and thinking that the merchant was in there Maw stepped to the connecting door to announce that breakfast was ready.

AN AWFUL SCENE OF BUTCHERY.

The shutters in front being tightly closed the interior of the store was dark and Maw could see nothing. He lighted a match, and holding it over his head peered into the room packed full of boxes, barrels and dry goods of every kind. Still he could not see the store keeper, and he walked behind the counter in the west side of the store. There under the flickering blaze of the match a fearful sight met his gaze. Stretched on the floor, his feet toward the front, lay Parker's body in a pool of blood. Stooping over the body and touching it Maw found it was still warm, but the wounds showed, even to his excited mind that life must be extinct. The head was chopped into pieces and almost severed from the body, only a small section of skin and flesh in the front holding it.

CLEWS AS TO THE MURDERER.

The news of the tragedy spread rapidly for Parker was one of the most popular men in all that country and a rapid and systematic investigation was begun for clews.

Alec Dyer, a colored man who lived in the street back of Parker's store, stated that as he went to his back door, which opened in the alley, about 100 yards from rear of Parker's store, he saw a negro dart across the alley back of the store and run in a northwesterly direction across some lots to the road leading to Lexington. This evidence was speedily supplemented by that of Bill Dyer, a brother, who had left the house some few minutes before his brother went to the back door. Bill was going to a job of work some distance away and his road led him directly by the front of Parker's store. As he passed he noticed it was open and that a lighted lamp stood on the counter. By its light he saw Mr. Parker back of the counter reaching up to a shelf for some thing, while in front of the counter stood a young colored man he recognized as Will Walters, a hired hand

for farmer Henry C. Shier, three and one-half miles west of the village. He thought at the time it was strange for Walters to be in town at such an early hour, but made no inquiry.

THE BLOODY BUTCHER CAPTURED.

This much was learned by nine o'clock, and a party of men, mounted and on foot, at once started for Shier's farm. They reached there in about half an hour, but neither Shier nor the negro hand were there. Mrs. Shier stated that they had gone to Lexington for corn, and the party started in that direction. After traveling about two miles they met Shier and the negro (Walters) returning, each driving a wagon load of corn. Shier was made acquainted with the horrible murder and the suspicious circumstance that pointed to Walters, and he helped seize the latter. Walters was told that he was wanted for the murder of old man Parker, but he stoutly protested his innocence. "What's that blood on your hat and shirt," and one of his accusers pointed to several bright red splashes on the front of his straw hat and in the bosom of his hickory shirt just about the edge of his trousers. "That's where I had the nose bleed," said the negro and he still manifested ignorance of the crime.

Shier was called on next and he told that Walters had not been in the house all night. He had come home early that morning on one of his horses and when he scolded him for it Walters said that he had been over to Mayview to get some clothes he had bought the night before. The clothes were found in the barn at Shier's farm by the party when they reached there and were part of the same lot that lay scattered about on top of the counter in the murdered man's store and like them were also splashed with blood. Still Walters protested his innocence, but everything pointed so strongly to his guilt that a halter was thrown over his head and he was swung to the limb of a tree in the barnyard. The latter broke when his full weight came upon it and the negro fell a limp mass upon the ground. The driving lines were next detached from the harness of the team Walters had been driving and quickly fashioned into a noose and it was thrown over his head and the crowd were about to swing him up again.

Then Walters fell upon his knees and began bawling for mercy. "I killed him, I killed him," he yelled, "but please don't hang me, mister. I didn't mean to do it, but I wanted to get—" and the wretch lay groveling in the dirt of the barnyard. There was a strong disposition on the part of the crowd to hang him then and there, but cool counsel prevailed temporarily. "What did you kill Mr. Parker with?" was asked. "A corn knife," was the answer, and he led his captors to a clump of weeds about a quarter of a mile away and got the instrument of butchery.

THE FOUL FIEND'S CONFESSION.

The confession, as it afterward related the Times reporter by several of the captors, was substantially as follows: "Yesterday, Thursday, I was at the Higginsville fair. I met Mr. Parker. He had a big roll of money and I felt like taking it away from him, but I would be caught. I thought I could do it better by waiting until morning when I could catch him in the store alone and knock him down. So I went home and slept in the hay mow in the barn. I guess it was about three o'clock when I woke up, for the moon was shining brightly. I went down to the stable and bridled one of Shier's horses and started for Mayview. I hitched my horse to a tree just outside near the depot and went Parker's store. I knocked but nobody answered and I walked around to the back and knocked at the window. Mr. Parker asked, "Who is there" and I said, "Bill Walters," "What do you want, Will," said he

and I says, "Want to get some shirts Mr. Parker." All right, just walk around to the front and I'll let you in." So I walks around and pretty soon he opened the door and says, "Ain't you a little bit early, Will?" I says "Yes sir, I am but wanted some shirts to wear to the fair." "What are you doing with that corn knife," says he pointing to the knife. "O," says I, "I've got a little job of cutting to do before I go to the fair." Then I asks him for some cigars and he went around to get them and I followed him close, trying to get a chance to hit him, but his face was toward me all the time.

Next he went around the back end of the store and behind the counter on the other side where the shirts and things were. He asked me what kind I wanted and I pointed to some checked ones and he turned around to reach them. Then I struck him with the corn knife straight across the top of the head. I was higher than him and reached over so my knife went clear across the top of his head. He reached up his hands and said "O," and when I hit him again a shirt hanging on a string over the counter kind of turned my knife and it struck him on the side of the face cutting a hole from the mouth to the ear. He says, "O, Will please don't," and grabbed the knife. I felt kind of sorry for him then, for I didn't mean to cut him so but now I knew I must finish, so I jerked the knife away and hit him and he fell. Then I ran to the front door for a nigger had passed just a little while before and I locked it and went behind the counter. Parker lay dying and groaning on the floor and I just chopped away until he lay still and didn't groan any more. Then I went into his pocket. He had only pants and shirt on and when I pulled out the pocket some keys fell out. There was no money. I didn't look in the pocket but went to the drawer. It was locked and I pried it off with my knife, but there was no money in that either. Just then I heard a noise outside and I waited a minute and picked up some shirts from the counter and started out the back way first blowing out the light. I went to my horse, got on him and rode him home. The corn knife I threw in the weeds just before I got home, and after breakfast I went to work."

SWUNG TO A TELEGRAPH POLE.

One man climbed the pole, carrying an end of the rope and put it over the single cross tree. The dangling end was pulled down by a score of handstill it stretched to the doomed man's neck.

"Got anything more to say?" one of the party asked Walters, whose legs had been tied while the other preparations were being made. "Nope," the doomed man grunted, not a tremor in his voice.

"Pull him up then," said the spokesman and with three or four jerky motions the body was hoisted six feet from the ground and the other end of the rope tied to a post of the barbed wire fence.

One or two of the party wanted to empty their shotguns into the wriggling body but the leader interferred: "No we want no shooting," said he, "let him strangle." And strangle he did. He was too tightly bound to struggle violently and could only double his body in a slow spasmodic way and kick his legs up and down while the twisting and writhing of the body gave a circling motion to it, and then it was left swinging.

BLACK-DRAUGHT tea cures Constipation.

A horse thief giving his name as James McFall, was arrested at Clinton Friday. The thief had in his possession when he arrived in Clinton, horse, buggy, harness and saddle. The property was stolen from parties living in Warrensburg. The suspicions of the officers at Clinton were aroused by the thief offering the property for sale to different parties so cheap.

FARMERS BANK OF BATES COUNTY,

Cash Capital. \$50,000.00

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J. J. McKee, Farmer and stock raiser.
E. D. Kipp, Cashier.

Receives Deposits subject to check, loans money, issues drafts, and transacts a general banking business. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

Ballard Items.

Judge C. D. Cole has returned from Pettis county, where he attended the Sedalia fair. He reports a splendid fair, lots of fine stock, and everything needed to make it a success. He brought some fine sheep with him.
Hon. J. N. Ballard and son, of the Montrose bank, called a few minutes last week, and reports business lively and politics hot.
L. C. Armstrong is just as full of democracy as he used to be when in Clinton, as deputy recorder.
The Ballard letter in last week's TIMES was good, and we are acquainted with one of the writers. She lives 1/2 mile north and then west. The other one lives near Vinton.
Murphy passed our city on his way to see Judge Ballard. Our guess he wants to return to Spruce.
We heard a good sermon at Salem Sunday and Thursday night. Rev. Inlow, though young in the cause is old in his Master's work.
The latest thing out is Thos. Broadus, as editor of a U L paper at Adrian.
Jas Ashberry and family attended the picnic Saturday, as did many others.
Will Hooper has a pet; have you seen it? He is tired of it, as it keeps him awake at night.
Sorry indeed, to hear of the death of a sister of Mrs. Billings, and her two children. They died in St. Clair county.

Frank?
One of the "Harris Bros." goes west quite often; guess he gets lonesome. Berry is responsible for it.
S A Douglas, the Union candidate has changed his mind about the republicans, and will not be ashamed of their vote, if he was ashamed of being accused of voting that ticket.
Ray and Ned are happy, as they are riding turning the weeds.
J A Lentz seems to be happy, as he is whistling all the time.
Albert Moore and A J Ousley in town with the boys.
Farms for cash rent, give us a call.
JUVENILE.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The river and harbor bill, as it passed the Senate, provides for improving the Osage river, \$55,000, of which sum \$5,000 is to be used for snagging and \$50,000 is to be used in commencing the construction of a lock and dam at or near the mouth of the river.

SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.
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