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**THE MESSAGE**  
THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1900

**MUST LIE IN JAIL.**

**Ed Spencer's Case to Be Acted on by the Grand Jury.**

Ed Spencer, charged with the killing of Nightwatchman Ben Edleman at Vandalia on Christmas day, had his preliminary trial the other day and was remanded to the Mexico jail without bail to await the action of the grand jury.

Rodgers and McIntyre represent the State and Batts and Callen the defense.

The Vandalia Leader gives John Atkins' testimony in the preliminary trial, which was as follows: "I saw Edleman with a gun in his hand and heard him tell Spencer not to come at him with that knife. Sexton had Spencer pushed back against the wall. I told Spencer to give me the knife. He said he had none and showed me his hands. I told him to go out and he did so. I told Edleman to put up his gun. He said the gun was not loaded and breaking it showed the empty chambers. I never saw Edleman after that till he was at the end of the bar with Spencer standing over him, gun in hand. Saw Spencer after the first trouble. He came in to the bar and asked me if I had sent for Edleman to come and put him out. I told him I did not and he said that was all right and apologized for the disturbance a few minutes before. Don't know whether Edleman had a gun or not, but after he had one in his overcoat pocket."

**CHAMP CLARK'S NOVEL.**

**Will Deal With Politics and Have no Women in It.**

The following, from the Washington Post, will interest every Missourian and schoolboy in the State: "I stay in Washington during the holiday recess," said Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri, as he walked in out of the storm yesterday and shook the snow off his great coat in the wide corridor of the capital, "because I don't have to go home to look after the fences, and because I can do more work here in two weeks of the Christmas season than in any other two weeks of the year."

"I am writing a couple of books," observed the Missourian, as he shook off some more snow and proceeded up the marble steps toward the floor of the house. "They're about Missouri. Some day I have it in mind to write a novel, different from anything in that line that has ever been published. I mean to have no woman in it."

"What will be your dominant theme?"

"Do you know the State of Missouri has been the scene of more remarkable events than any other state on this continent?" asked

Mr. Clark as he proceeded to his desk and settled down in the chair. "Perhaps you are not aware that one of the greatest marches in the history of the world was made from Missouri to Mexico. It was made by General Alexander Dano who went by the way of Santa Fe. He is the man who came to the White House to see President Lincoln. The two stood back to back to measure their height and President Lincoln told him that he was the only man he had ever seen who looked so worthy to hold a commission."

"I'll tell you," mused Mr. Clark, "if that march had been made in New England, where they are given to writing books, there would have been a half dozen volumes written about it. Those Yankee book writers have made a good deal out of Webster, Clay and Calhoun, and yet I believe Benton was a greater man than all the three of them put together. Only he hasn't had a lot of followers to emblazon his name in permanent literature."

"I doubt if many people knew that Benton fought two duels with the same man," continued Mr. Clark. "He fought in what is now East St. Louis with a man named Lucas; wounding him in the neck. After the wound healed, Benton insisted on fighting again and killed his man."

**The New Road Law.**

Andran County Court will soon meet in extra session to district the country as required by the new road law. Every taxpayer should thoroughly understand this law. The MESSAGE reproduces the main provisions of the law as follows:

The County Court shall divide the county into districts not less than 3 miles square nor more than one municipal township in size. A board of three commissioners, appointed by the Court and serving without pay, will have charge of the road work in each district, and it will be their duty to meet on or before March 1, to confer as to the work of repairing necessary in their district, and provide for such work by contract or otherwise. Ten days notice of such meeting must be given by notices posted in five public places. The clerk of the board will be paid \$10 a year. The tools and machinery belonging to the territory embraced in each district will be turned over to the new district. The board will have exclusive control of all road work in its district. When the road work is let to the lowest bidder the contract or must give bond with good security for the faithful performance of his contract. The County Court will furnish each Board with a plat of its district. At least three-fourths of the grading in each district must be done before August 1. Members of the Board are forbidden to take contracts or in any way receive money appropriated for road purposes in his district.

The County Court is empowered to levy a poll tax of \$1.50 to \$3 on each man over 21 and under 60 years of age, and a property tax of not less than 5c nor more than 20c on the \$100 in each district. The poll tax can be paid in cash or work and the property tax will be paid in cash and collected as other county revenues by the county collector, being deducted from the regular levy for county purposes.

In addition to the road work the Board will be required to build and

repair bridges that cost less than \$50.

The Board must make a report of all moneys received and how expended at the November term of the County Court.

An Editor's Casual Tenancy. John Walter of the London Times left as a legacy to his daughter one of the advertising columns of the paper. It brought her an income of \$150 a day.

**CISSY'S BUSINESS VENTURE.**

The tall young man of the desk by the big window looked up with a start. There was something strangely familiar about the little figure in the doorway. He arose hurriedly from his chair.

"Why, it's Clissy," he cried, and stepped forward. The child's figure advanced toward him and he caught it in his arms.

"George Henderson," a tired little voice panted, "why don't you live up to heaven and be done with it?"

"What is it, Clissy?" asked the young man, as he placed the child in the great plush chair in the corner and unlocked for him a big hat and anxiously looked her over.

"It's those eight lights of stairs, George," the first voice panted, "but I'm all right. Just please time to get my breath!"

"George, Clissy, did you walk up?" The tired head weakly nodded.

"She was a slender girl of perhaps a dozen years, her features were prominent, her eyes keen, her chin aggressive. Her light hair was brushed tightly back from her face, and this emphasized the sharpness of her features and her look. She was very neatly dressed, and under one arm carried two lambswool-lined books. "Why in the world didn't you take the elevator, Clissy?"

Her breath was coming back now, and she smiled up at the young man and lifted one eyebrow in a whimsical way.

"I'll tell you, George," she answered, "I went into the vestibule, way down by the sidewalk, you know, and I was just going to step into the elevator when the fresh kid in brass buttons that runs it pointed to a sign on the wall. While I was reading it he ran the elevator up. You know the sign. It's the one that says, 'No book agents, peddlers, nor does allowed in this building.' I read it and walked up."

"But I don't see—" began the puzzled young man.

"George Henderson," cried the girl, "don't you look at me as if you thought I took myself for a dog? I'm a book agent."

"A book agent, Clissy Jayne?"

"Yes, a book agent, George Henderson; is there anything the matter with my being a book agent?"

"Certainly not," laughed the young man. "It's an ancient and honorable profession, even if a rude and unappreciative janitor does classify it with peddlers and dogs. But how did you happen to adopt it?"

"The girl giggled at him.

"See here, George, Paragie," she snapped, "don't you give me any of your Harvard talk. Kindergarten words is good enough for me. I'm a book agent 'cause dad put it in my head. At the table yesterday he got mad at me and said I had brass enough for a book agent. 'Do you think I'd make a good book agent?' dad says I 'd be just what you need for,' he growled. And so this noon I picked two books of mine from the big bookcase and started out."

"See here, Clissy Jayne," cried the young man, "you don't mean to say

"I believe her name was mentioned," said George. "Somebody told Ethel that they saw you and Annie riding together in the park, didn't they?"

"I believe so," admitted George.

"Yes," said Clissy calmly, "that was me."

"You told her that?" cried George.

"Yes," said Clissy, sweetly. "I told her. She wouldn't let me wear her second best hat."

George looked black for a moment, then his face cleared. He turned abruptly and stepped to the phone.

"E. 7091," he called.

"Knows it by heart," murmured Clissy.

"Is Miss Ethel there?" inquired George. "Yes, I wish to speak to her."

"George," cried Clissy, "don't you forget that the girl at the exchange is listening to every word you say."

"Is that you, Ethel?" inquired George at the phone. "Yes, it's George. I wanted to tell you that Clissy is here with me—Yes, she's all right, and I hope you didn't worry much—Yes. She came on business. She had a little confession to make."

"George Henderson?" cried Clissy. "I will explain it all to you when I come up. Yes, I'm coming to dinner if you will let me. Clissy is going with me to a matinee and then we'll come up together. What's that? Clissy isn't dressed to go anywhere? Why, I fancy she's got on her best clothes."

"Much you know about it," snorted Clissy.

"Anyway, she is looking charming."

"Kiss off," cried Clissy.

"I—I think that's all until we meet—good-by," and George reluctantly rang off.

"If I hadn't been here," said Clissy, "you'd have most likely melted that wire."

"All ready?" queried the smiling George as he took up his hat.

"All ready," said Clissy, with great alacrity. "And my stock—the books, you know?"

"I'll take care of them," said George. "Two more excuses for coming up," giggled Clissy.

"Come along," cried George.—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Lighting a Drawing-Room.**

An English Journal of electricity emphasizes the care needed in undertaking to light a drawing-room by this means. It is desirable to avoid any heavy shadows and to secure a well-diffused light. For the general lighting of the apartment, a main central light is probably the best, but this arrangement should be carefully studied in its relation to the various objects in the room before it is adopted. Often a greater difference will be noted in the effect of furniture and paintings by daylight and by the electric light. "The best effect," says the journal in question, "is undoubtedly obtained by putting incandescent lamps in moldings or sinking them into the mantel shelf or elsewhere, so that the light may be diffused while the lamps are invisible."

**Tennyson's Humor.**

There was a playful humor in Lord Tennyson that rarely showed itself unless the poet was within the familiar circle of his friends. John Blackwood, a member of the famous firm of publishers, gives an amusing instance of this in one of his letters. The Rev. James White, rector of a neighboring parish, and Tennyson were chaffing each other, as their custom was, concerning the merits of their respective houses. "I believe part of Bonchurch belongs to you," remarked the poet. "The whole of it," said White. "You mean the hole you live in," retorted Tennyson. And the Rev. James White was silenced.

**SHE AIN'T BEEN HAPPY A MINUTE SINCE YOU QUARRELED.**

What you came all the way downtown alone? How did you do it?"

"With a nickel and a transfer," giggled the child.

"And your father, and—Miss Ethel don't know where you are?"

"No, they don't."

"I'll telephone to them at once," said the young man, as he turned toward the phone.

"Don't you do it," cried the child. "Papa Jayne is downtown at his office and of course hasn't missed me, and Sister Ethel is out to luncheon with Mame Oliver and she won't miss me until she comes back. An' now let me ask your 'ention to those nice books. They are very choice. One is 'Little Women,' by the author of 'Little Men,' an' the other is 'Little Men' by the same author. They are nice moral books. There are picture-books in them. Lemme put down your name for both."

"Good," cried George Henderson, "very good. Your father was quite right. You have found your profession and you are sure to rise in it."

"Haven't I already come up eight stories," laughed the child. Then she quickly added: "Do you take the books?"

"I have so many books now," laughed the young man.

"You'd better take them," said the child. "I've got something to say to you about Sister Ethel."

The young man started.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Clissy," he said. "I'll take them on approval."

"What's that?"

"It means that I'll take them and look them over," replied the young man, "and if I like them I'll keep them and pay you for them. If I don't like them I'll return them to you."



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**PASSING OF THE 19TH CENTURY**  
Continued from 1st page.

struments, and the "Roentgen Rays."

The century has seen the larger growth and development of the five new sciences—Agriculture, Chemistry, Geology, Archeology and Anthropology. It is true that some of these had erudite beginnings, but not an independent and recognized standing until the present age.

It has seen an amazing development in the Science of Medicine and the manner of the treatment of all forms of disease. This is an age of Specialists. There has been an astonishing progress in surgery along all lines of work;—The invention of great numbers of instruments, and different forms of auxiliaries in the processes of treatment. The same is true of the Science of Dentistry. "19th Century Dentistry" is a growth all to itself.

Reviewing some of the century's wonderful development we can say with truth:

"Blessings on Science, and her handmaid, Steam; They make Utopia only half a dream; And show the fervent of capacious souls, Who watch the ball of Progress as it rolls, That all as yet completed, or begun, Is but a dawning that precedes the Sun."

Art always reflects the thought, customs, life and literature of a people, all the expressions in art are usually influenced by the spirit of the age. American has not, as yet, any distinctive "School Art." We have many great artists, but we are followers and not leaders. Many of our artists have worked abroad, have been honored and recognized in great forward movements, but the cases are exceptional. Our representative artists are not leaders. The 19th Century in Art presents a vast field of work. There have been some distinct lines of departure from some of the "Old Art" of centuries gone by. There is more of a tendency to realism than to mysticism, allegory and mythology. Landscape painting has been wonderfully developed; painting of animals greatly popularized, and all sorts of domestic scenes shown in magnificent style. The sky, mountains and oceans are painted now as never before. This is the era of the great painters of natural scenery as it has been of portrait painters. Some of the great and famous pictures of the 19th Century are:—"The Coronation of Napoleon," by David, "The White Horse," by Constable, "Massacre of Scio," by Delacroix, "Hemicycle," by Delacroix, "Grand Canal," by Venice, by Turner, "Romans of the Decadence," by Couture, "Interment of Orans," by Courbet, "Dance of the Nymphs," by Corot, "Oath of the Horatii," by David, "Leonidas at Thermopylae," by David, "The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur, "The Angelus," by Millet, "Orpheus," by Corot, "Death of Caesar," by Gerome, "1807," by Messonier, "Dante's Dream," by Rossetti, "Choosing the Model," by Fortuny, "The Last Cartridge," by De Newville, "Nymphs and Satyr," by Boughereau, "Love and Death," by Watts, "Charles V. Entering Antwerp," by Market, "Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, "Alone in the World," by Israels, "Jeanne d' Arc," by Le Page, "La Rixe," by Meissonier, "The Man With the Hoe," by Millet.

France has been the leading artistic nation of the century. Other nations have made great contributions, but France has led all the great movements in the work. Such masters Delacroix, Bouguereau, Verne, Meissonier, Corot, Delacroix, Dupre, David, Bonheur, Diaz and Gerome have brought new ideas and feelings into the Art of the age. The greatest names in American Art of this century are:—Geo. Fuller, Whistler, Copley, Gilbert, Stuart, Newton, Charles Robert Leslie, Charles Wilson Peck, Joseph Wright, George Bingham, Charles Loring Elliott, John Trumbull, Washington Allison, Edward White, William Henry Powell, William Hart, J. C. Beewith, Walter Gay, C. C. Curran, John F. Kensett, Sanford R. Gifford, Henry Inman, William S. Mount, John Neagle, Asher Brown Durand, and Sohn Chengy.

Germany has been well along

in the great forward movements in the century's art. She can boast of:—Carstens and Gericault; King Max and Ludwig; Piloty and Knublauch; Market and Deffregger; Mathias Schmidt and Herman Deitz; Menzel and Werner.

Concluded next week.

**A City with Two Carriages.**

There are only two carriages in town. One belongs to the archbishop, and his emblems are heralded about by three horses, because his ecclesiastical positions are affected with the gout. The other carriage is the property of the government, and one of the peacocks that peck at the presidential power. It is an ordinary landau, imported from Paris in pieces, and put together by local talent, and a native artist has painted upon the panels of the doors a brilliant representation of the seat of arms of the republic, about a foot square, in the national colors—green, yellow and red. This is greatly admired by the populace, who see the carriage only occasionally—on state occasions, when it is drawn by four black horses, wearing harness heavily ornamented with silver, and decorated with rosettes, tassels, and streamers of the national colors.—La Paz, Bolivia, correspondence Chicago Record.

**American Oyster Trade.**

American oysters rank among the best in the world, and the export trade is growing all the time. Long Island is about 1,000 barrels a week all the year round. Ohio, says the New York Sun, which no man could place earlier in his month, which for lying over the Elizabeth of the Philadelphia club. In the old days there were only three centers for oysters—Baltimore, New York and New Haven. The best oysters come from Blue Point, Oak Haven, Buzzard's Bay (deep water), Lynn Haven (Chesapeake), Shrewsbury, Mill Pond (Rockaway), Maurice River Cove (mouth of Delaware), Great South and Lower Bay. Experts in the business say that the finest oysters obtainable are in the first weeks of May, as then the fat, luscious, Virginia oysters come north to be planted. Virginia oysters are placed in spawn in "spat beds" along the deeper water shores of bays and estuaries. Each is capable of producing 1,000,000 eggs.

**Steeple on Dog's Tomb.**

Joseph H. Vail, commissioner from Connecticut at the World's Fair at Chicago, and whom Gov. Lounsbury will probably appoint as commissioner from Connecticut to the Paris and Buffalo expositions, has purchased the steeple of the Second Congregational church of Winsted, Conn., and will have it erected as a monument over the grave of his dog Snyder, which died over a year ago. The steeple, which has already been taken off the old church in sections, is about sixty feet high, says the New York Journal. Mr. Vail was formerly editor of the Winsted Herald, and Snyder was known by nearly every state newspaper man.

**Hydrogen solidified.**

Prof. Dewar has at length succeeded in solidifying hydrogen. In its compact form, solid hydrogen is a transparent ice, but owing to rapid sublimation it usually appears as a dirty white mass. Its normal temperature is 15 degrees centigrade below absolute zero. Prof. Dewar says, with reference to his latest achievement: "It is not doubtful as to the possibility of solid hydrogen having a metastable character has been removed, and for the future hydrogen must be classed among the non-metallic elements."

**Gold in American Teeth.**

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No. 47, Mail, 1:08 p.m.  
No. 39, St. Louis Lim., 2:00 a.m.  
No. 51, Chicago, 11:30 p.m.  
No. 39, W.V. Frt., 11:00 a.m.

WEST-BOUND TRAINS LEAVE—

No. 48, Mail, 1:08 p.m.  
No. 50, R.C. Lim., 2:00 a.m.  
No. 52, Denver Lim., 2:45 a.m.  
No. 100, W.V. Frt., 11:00 a.m.

**WABASH RAIL ROAD.**  
Going East.

No. 4 Atlantic Expre., 2:58 a.m.  
No. 14 St. Louis, 3:52 a.m.  
No. 10, Acon., 7:05 a.m.  
No. 12 Mail, 3:05 p.m.  
No. 2 N. Y. Limited, 3:15 p.m.  
No. 6 Fast Mail, 10:45 p.m.  
No. 79 W.V. Frt. (ex Sn), 8:50 a.m.  
No. 61 Through Frt., 8:10 p.m.

Going West.

No. 13 Mail, 11:27 a.m.  
No. 3 Limited, 12:22 p.m.  
No. 5 Moberly Acon., 9:02 p.m.  
No. 1 Pacific Express, 10:25 p.m.  
No. 7 Denver Lim., 12:25 a.m.  
No. 9 K.C. Mail, 5:14 p.m.  
No. 71 W.V. Frt. (ex Sn), 3:18 p.m.

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