

MEXICO MISSOURI MESSAGE.

VOLUME II.

MEXICO, AUDRAIN COUNTY, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1901.

NUMBER 17

W. U. Coil, of Laddonia, will shortly locate in Colorado.

George C. Hollis, of this city, has been granted a pension of \$8 per month.

Martinsburg entertains the Audrain Baptist Bible Institute the 5th of next month.

Lee Horton, of near Martinsburg, orders the MESSAGE sent to him at "506 Patterson Ave., Kirksville, Mo."

Mrs. J. V. Faires, of this city, celebrated her 79th birthday a few days ago. She is well and hearty for one of her age.

McCune Shell, son of J. R. Shell, of this county, is at Endicott, Wash., where he thinks he may engage in business.

Luther Hamlett, south of Vandalia, plead guilty to burglary and larceny in the Circuit Court last week and the Judge sent him three years to the Reform School.

The separate coach bill, providing for the separation of negroes and whites on railway cars, was voted to death in the State Senate last week—only 10 for to 21 against.

H. T. Gant, the stock man, of near Thompson, marketed 81 head of 248 pound Duroc Jersey hogs that, according to the Live Stock Reporter, sold at the top of the market at \$5.52 1/2.

Alfred Parker last week bought the Jerry Rose farm, near Vandalia, consisting of 400 acres, paying \$8,000 therefor. Mr. Rose bought the farm many years ago paying 25 cents an acre.

Miss Ethel Fletcher died at her home near Victor, in Monroe county, last week of smallpox. The Paris Appeal says she was exposed to a case that had been diagnosed as chicken pox.

Ota Froels, of Laddonia, leaves this week for Pike county, near Louisiana, where he takes charge of the large farm of Joe McCune. The MESSAGE will help him keep posted on Audrain county doings.

The entire colored population of the city was put thru the ordeal of vaccination last week. Four physicians did the work. An officer accompanied each physician in his rounds to use force in the vaccination if necessary.

A number of Laddonia citizens last week "chipped in" and sent Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kansas, a draft for \$5. The MESSAGE asked one of the donors why their action and the quick reply came, "Because we endorse the work she has inaugurated."

At the teachers' institute at Fox school house last week T. T. Turley (farmer) offered a resolution requesting the newspapers of the county to publish the law relating to County School Supervision. As per that request the MESSAGE publishes said law in full.

Lee Lewis, of near Rush Hill, returned from his trip to Oklahoma last Friday. He was much disappointed. Says the price of land is from \$35 to \$50 per acre, and everything is overdone. He advises people to cease their thoughts about going to Oklahoma. Mr. Lewis is looking for an Audrain farm and will again settle in God's country.

Charlie S. Campbell and wife, of this city, celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding Feb. 18. A goodly number of their friends were invited in and an enjoyable evening was spent. The refreshments were served in five courses and were under the charge of Mr. John Andrews, of the Merchant's Hotel, at Moberly. Mr. Campbell is the manager of Mrs. J. R. Bickley's grocery store and is a genial gentleman in every particular. May Mr. and Mrs. Campbell live to see many, many returns of their wedding anniversary.

Permits to Wed.

The following marriage licenses have been issued:
A. P. Dawson, of Rowena, and Lena Reed, of Tulip.
Wm. Seely, of Montgomery City, and Nancy Jane Hill, of Wellsville.

Fine Farm Sold.

E. R. Hagan last week sold the Joe Able farm, two miles north-east of Worcester, to Reube Brown for \$11,000. The farm contains 400 acres and is one of the finest in Audrain county. We congratulate Mr. Brown upon his purchase, and he got it at a reasonable price, too.

It Is Said.

That intoxication is growing less and less in this community.

That an envelope is like a woman—it can't go anywhere without an address.

That the lower the light is turned the brighter it seems—to a pair of Mexico's fond lovers.

That the match that is made in heaven is the sort that starts the fire on cold mornings without getting into a heated argument.

Inheritance-Tax Law Valid.

Kansas City, Feb. 21.—Yesterday the Supreme Court decided the legality of the Collateral Inheritance-Tax Law, and this morning George A. Higginbotham paid to the county collector \$400 due the State from the estate of his mother, Caroline E. H. Higginbotham.

The inheritance-tax bill was passed by the last General Assembly and became a law Aug. 20, 1899. It provides that 5 per cent of the valuation of all legacies left to anyone not of lineal descent shall be paid to the county collector, to be remitted to the State Treasurer for the State educational fund. In the Higginbotham case a part of the estate was left to her children, while the remainder was willed to her daughters-in-law. This latter part was valued at \$8,000 and the tax on it was \$400.

Saw a Wrecked Joint.

The Paris Appeal uses this interesting item:

Arthur Noel and Luther Thompson, of Middle Grove, stopped at Topeka, Kansas, on their way home from Oklahoma. They say the excitement over Mrs. Nation and the joint smashers is intense. They visited the famous Senate saloon, the finest in the State, the day after it was visited by Mrs. Nation. It looked like it had been caught between the business ends of cyclones going in opposite directions. The barkeeper told the boys that he determined to kill Mrs. Nation when she entered the bar room, but lost his nerve and retreated to the rear room while she demolished it. He resolved again to have her life if she entered that department, but again lost his nerve and threw up his hands as meek as a lamb while she smashed its fixtures into smithereens. When the Senate man found that the boys were from Missouri he congratulated them on living in a land where the joint flourishes morning, noon and night with none to molest or make afraid.

Miss Catherine Hinde, of this city, has accepted a position as teacher at Clinton, Ky.

Silas Martin, who has been keeping hotel at Rush Hill, this county, has leased the Globe Hotel in this city and takes charge the 10th of next month. Mr. Martin is a hustler, and we are glad to welcome him to Mexico. He promises to set a splendid table and will bring the Globe Hotel to the front again.

Hardin College and the Military Academy joined in celebrating Washington's birthday last Friday. The occasion was ushered in by the roar of cannon. The boys and girls and the faculties of both schools joined in singing, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." An appropriate speech by Dr. J. J. Porter was a feature of the occasion.

"Your Dishonor, Please."

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 20.—Judge Hazen of the District Court today continued the case of Mrs. Carrie Nation, charged with smashing Murphy's joint, until the April term of court. The cases against Eva Harding, Mrs. Rose Crist, Miss Madeline Southard, Mrs. C. Chadwick and C. R. McDowell were also continued.

Mrs. Nation evidenced the proceedings in her characteristic way, displaying more strongly than ever the fact that the dignity hedging around the judicial bench has no more terrors for her than the commonest joint. Mrs. Nation arose several times to address the Court, each time calling the Judge: "Your Dishonor."

When asked if she were ready for trial, Mrs. Nation, who acts as her own attorney, said:

"Your Dishonor, I am incapable of trying my case this afternoon, as I have been poisoned by cigarette smoke in the county jail. I want to see how the other cases are tried, anyway."

"It is the province of the Court to see that all have a fair trial," said Judge Hazen. "It is not proper to railroad cases thru. I see that if the cases go over until the next term of court it will be difficult to get a jury. It will be best to settle the point of law now. I shall call the case against Stark on Monday morning."

Balf Stark is a young clerk who accompanied the crusaders and assisted in the raid Saturday. Mr. Stark's lawyer requested that his client's case also go over for this term.

"I would prefer to try a man on this charge rather than a woman," said Judge Hazen.

"You may call a special venire if you wish, and I think it would be necessary. I ask to try only this one case."

"Your Dishonor, please, I think it would be better to settle it at once and let the people know what the law is," said Judge Hazen.

"We know the law," said Mrs. Nation.

"It seems that some do not," replied Judge Hazen.

"Some Judges do not know the law," retorted Mrs. Nation.

Mrs. Nation receives a large number of letters and telegrams daily. She spends the greater part of her time in writing. She has received orders for articles from two Eastern magazines and has been spending most of her time preparing them. She will receive \$25 for one, and has already received a check for \$20 for the other. The articles will be about 1,000 words in length.

What a tendency there is in man to believe the remote; to accept the improbable rather than the probable—that is, there is a fashion to do all this among certain people of this generation right now, at any rate. Those "scientists" gathered at Jefferson City the other day. They tried to teach the Legislature that "we are we, and the universe is you, and everything is us." It was a lobby, and not the railroad lobby, either. They seem to believe that what is is not, and what is not most certainly is. Now how can you class those people?

The Huntsville Herald prints the names of saloon petitioners.

A. F. Romans, at Benton City, sold a fine horse recently to H. L. House, of Iowa, for \$300.

The bill creating the office of Pardon Clerk has passed both Houses of the General Assembly.

E. Threlkeld, near Molino, moved his family to St. Joseph last week where they will reside in the future.

To Missouri For a Wife.

Auxvasse, Mo., Feb. 20.—W. S. Dudson, a prominent farmer of Enid, Ok., and Mrs. Margaret Doddridge, nee Laws, were married this evening at the home of the bride, seven miles east of here, the Rev. W. C. Rice officiating.

Mrs. Neissenhener to Die.

Hannibal, Mo., February 21.—In the Hannibal Court of Common Pleas at 11 a. m. today Judge Eby sentenced Mrs. Alice Neissenhener to be hanged on Friday, April 12. Defendant's attorney filed an affidavit in appeal, and the appeal was granted, with leave to file exceptions on or before June 1.

Mrs. Neissenhener betrayed no emotion when the sentence was passed, apparently considering it a mere matter of form, as she evidently expects the Governor to commute her sentence to imprisonment if the supreme court decides against her. She was convicted of the murder of her husband, Frank Neissenhener, by giving him morphine on July 17, 1900. Her little child, a bright boy about two years old, was in the court room in the keeping of an aunt when his mother was sentenced.

John Mohler, of Slater, was obliged to pay a \$10 fine for writing a love letter on the margin of a newspaper and sending it thru the mails in a wrapper with only a one cent stamp thereon. He will put on a two cent stamp next time.

ACHIEVEMENT.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Trust in thine own untried capacity
As thou wouldst trust in God himself,
Thy soul
Is but an emanation from the whole.

Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee,
Vast and unfathomed as the grandest sea,
Thy silent mind o'er diamond caves may roll,
Go seek them—but let pilot will control,
Those passions which thy favoring winds can be.

No man shall place a limit in thy strength;
Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained
May yet be thine if thou wilt but believe
In thy Creator and thine self. At length
Some feet will tread all heights now unattained—
Why not thine own? Press on! achieve! achieve!

Circuit Court Doings.

Charles Hutchison, colored, stole some chickens from Martin Kunkel on the night of January 19, last, and gets five years in the penitentiary—three years for burglary and two years for larceny.

Bessie Bright—the colored—gets two years in the penitentiary on the charge of larceny. Defendant files motion for parole.

Ed. Riley, charged with larceny and burglary, found not guilty.

Appeal taken in case of Bettie Glascock vs. C. & A. R. R.

Appeal taken in case of J. W. Edwards vs. C. & A. R. R.

Carrie Machin vs. C. D. Bossard et al, judgment of partition as follows: Plaintiff one-third, defendant two-thirds of premises; order for sale at June term, 1901, for cash.

In the motion of C. D. Stickley, assignor, assignor's motion to have exemptions set aside sustained.

State of Missouri vs. Luther Hamlett, plead guilty to burglary and larceny and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. Committed to three years in the reform school.

Wm. Collier vs. Lilly Collier, divorce granted.

Ode Flood vs. Mattie Flood, divorce granted.

State vs. Ed. Roberts, Nos. 1 and 2, upon non-appearance of plaintiff, bond forfeited.

Court adjourned until April 23d at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Wisconsin judge who held that a wife was entitled to a divorce from a husband who was a cigarette fiend, was on all fours with common sense, if not with law.

Glad to learn that County Commissioner Bruce is recovering his former health. He writes the MESSAGE that he will not be a candidate for reelection as commissioner.

Smashing in Missouri.

Gower, Mo., Feb. 19.—About 10 o'clock this morning a number of determined citizens of this town and community visited a couple of saloons of the town and demanded that they stop at once. Upon the refusal of the first, the contents of his place were emptied into the street. The other agreed to stop.

His Second Marriage.

This item from the Pike County News:
Dr. J. H. Welch, formerly a resident of this city, but who moved to Rockport, Ill., last year, and Miss Maud Harris, also of that place, were married at Pittsfield, Ill., last week and were in the city Saturday en route to Laddonia to visit his parents.

Samuel Johnson and Miss Hattie Day, west of Mexico, were married last week at the home of the bride's mother, Rev. A. E. Busch officiating.

The New London Record thinks that "when Champ Clark goes higher" Hon. J. O. Allison, of Ralls county, will represent this district in Congress.

DIFFICULT RHYMING.

The *Standard* (Chicago) says that Post-Office is a feat.

A few years ago a Detroit newspaper carried a piece of verse by the person who would send in the best rhyme for the world's attention in the annual show of the flowers of that name being in progress at the time. When James, formerly pastor to John V. V. who had adopted Detroit as his home, composed a couplet which he thought the best. The "law-broke-it" name rhymed with "incumbent" and made claim for the prize, asserting that "cheer" his newly coined word was not in any of the covers of bound dictionaries. It was entitled to a place in the lore of imagination under rules of poetic license.

He did not expect or receive any prize money, setting his pay in a much enjoyed argument with the managing editor, a personal acquaintance.

Not to be outdone, another Detroit paper at International Exposition time offered \$1,000 the next fall to the person sending in the best rhyme for "Michigan." The verses were not satisfactory to the joint committee appointed to pass upon the merits of the competitive poetry, and the offer was withdrawn. Now, after the lapse of about fifteen years, a most odd and unassuming poet has published in the *Daily Standard* of Sterling, Ill., a verse, which if included in the Detroit competition, would have taken the prize. It is as follows:

I once knew a girl from Michigan
To meet her I never should Michigan
Should eat of live cream,
Till with pain she would scream,
And she'd wish for another bigMichigan.
The wife of the above is a girl
I do not know the price that this little
Composition would have paid him, but
it is not too late for him to enter
future rhyming contests.

The editor of a big daily in Chicago, a few years ago offered a ten-pound note to any one who would contribute a rhyme to his paper for the word "partridge." The money was won by a grizzled Scot of Dundee, who wrote:

King William first a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her;
Which makes a rhyme extremely bad
For your confounded partridge.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clear blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Casarets, Cuticura to clean your blood and keep it clear, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to wash with Cuticura, use Cuticura Ointment, and take Cuticura Tablets, which make a beauty for ten cents. All drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretched to my departed sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine forests and wastes
of sunny grass.

The tremulous shallow of the sea?
Aboard the ground
Of silvery hills, rock, hill and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying colors mark the coast
for miles around.

I trace a trace recall I dream
Like an old time
When in the sun the white winged
gull
Of "yet time in the flaming beam—
And far-off seas which drift before the
south wind free.

So when time's veils shall fall around
The soul may know
No fearful change, no sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of misery under
His with the reward rise, and with the
virtuous grow.

And all we think from now may seem
No new revelation
Familiar as our childhood's dream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream
The loved and cherished past upon the
new life gleaming.

—John Cleveland Whittier

In Locust Time.

BY ELIZABETH M. GILMER.
(Copyright, 1900 Daily Story Pub. Co.)
"You will starve," said my aunt,
with melancholy conviction.

"I love him," I replied irreverently.
"Love?" observed my aunt, philo-
sophically. "In an admirable sense,
but a poor substitute for the main
dish of life."
"I love him," I repeated, as if that
were the only argument that mattered.
"Unfortunately," said my aunt,
"one can't live on love, no matter
how illuminable. It isn't legal tender
with the baker and baker and con-
diment maker."

"Yet it is the only coin that will buy
happiness," I answered, softly.
"He's nothing but a poor artist,"
my aunt added disparagingly.
"He had a picture hung on the line
at the exhibition last spring," I put
it hopefully.
"I wish he had been hanged him-
self," exclaimed my aunt with vicious
energy.

It wasn't the first time that we had
discussed Arthur Faroum. Indeed, for
the past three months ever since I
had elected to "throw myself away on
a penniless artist," as my aunt put it
—it seemed to me that we had con-
versed on no other topic. My aunt
was sixty, and I was twenty, and in
the two score years between us lay all
that life had taught her, and that I
had still to learn. To me, for instance,
life without love was life robbed of all
the glory that made it worth living,
while she clung tenaciously to the be-
lief that one could get on very com-
fortably without love, provided one's
establishment was beyond criticism,
and one's friends from Paris.

Yet, in spite of all her worldliness,
my aunt had been all that was kind
and tender to me. She had given me
all the affection and the only home I
had ever known. My parents had
died when I was a mere baby. My
two sisters, much older than myself,
were married to grasping and selfish
men, who, in the division of my father's
small estate, had ruthlessly posses-
sioned themselves of the lion's share,
leaving to me nothing but the old
homestead, a tumble-down old South-
ern mansion house, surrounded by a
few poor acres. I must have been
forlorn, indeed, but that my aunt,
attracted with the easy gold of my
hair and a certain childish grace, took
a fancy to me, and carried me back
to her rich Northern home, where I
grew up surrounded by every luxury
that wealth and generosity could give.
If she looked for me to make a wealthy
and brilliant match, and take my
place in that fashionable society so
dear to her own ambitious heart, it
was not unnatural, nor more than she

When the picture was done Arthur
sent it to the exhibition, where, as
you remember, it was the sensation of
the year and sold for what seemed to
me a little fortune. Better still, it at-
tracted the attention of an old college
friend of whom Arthur had lost sight,
and who, coming South on business,
stopped off to make us a little visit.
He was a shrewd man of affairs, and
when he saw my cousin's picture, he
fairly gasped with surprise.

"It is a little gold mine," he said,
"where did you get it?" and I told him
of how the worthless old acres had
been allotted me in the division
of the family estate, when I was a
lily and had no one to look out for
my interests, and how they had been
left to grow up as they would.

"Well," he said, with a grim smile,
"the wicked sisters don't always suc-
ceed in doing Cinderella, you may re-
member, after all, and your barren
aunt have grown into a fortune," and
so, indeed they had. Our business
friend sold our house first to a rail-
road company, and we have long been
back in the city, where we have a
charming home, and where Arthur is
winning the recognition his talent de-
serves.

He is now engaged in painting my
aunt's portrait, and that from my
aunt—equivalent to a melodramatic
blessing, with tears.

Hard Shoppers on Steamers.
Of late card shoppers have been particu-
larly industrious on trans-Atlantic
liners. On his last voyage westward
the captain of one fashionable liner
told two "lucky" players that they
must keep out of the card room or he
would put them under arrest. They
blustered a good deal, but obeyed or-
ders. On another steamer a traveler
had lost a large sum when he saw un-
mistakable evidence of crooked work.
He repudiated his debt at once.

my hair was a color study, and he
painted me as everything from a
golden-haired Lorelet to a Madonna
with a nimbus about my head. Some
of those pictures are in famous col-
lections now, but in those days few
people found their way up the steep
studio stairs, where we sat anxiously
listening for the footsteps of the buy-
ers who never came.

Then Arthur fell ill, and cheap and
inexpensive as our living had been,
that little was more than we could
afford. Piece by piece the quaint old
furniture and the bric-a-brac and the
souvenirs of his old student days in
Paris went to the auction room, and
I endured daily that Gethsemane of
the woman who sees the man she
loves losing hope, and courage, and
faith in himself.

"Poor little girl," he would say, fol-
lowing me about the room with his
great sombre eyes, "to think I have
brought you to this," and when I as-
sured him passionately that I would
rather starve with him than feast with
another, he only answered me with
a wan smile, sadder than any tears.

At last the doctor said that he must
have change of air, and then it was
I brought me of my long-forgotten
South, a inheritance. Poor as it was,
it would at least furnish us a shelter
and the warm winds that I prayed
might you Arthur back to health.
The first tender green of the spring

He painted his famous picture
"Spring."

time was just beginning to carpet the
land when we went to it, and in that
miracle not even the rambling out-
house, with its falling pillars and
weed-choked drives could seem any-
thing but beautiful.

It had been a stately old colonial
mansion in its palmy days, known far
and wide as "The Locusts," from the
trees that lined its broad avenues and
formed a grove about the house.
Long neglected and supposed young
saplings had sprung up everywhere,
encroaching year by year upon the un-
tilled acres until the house stood vir-
tually in the midst of a vast locust
thicket. It was now in full bloom,
and from every twig depended great
snowy plumes, that waved in the soft
spring breeze and made the air heavy
with their perfume.



From the moment of our arrival
Arthur began to improve, and it was
while he was in the first flush of re-
turning health and happiness that he
painted his famous picture, "Spring,"
and into it he somehow put some of
that riotous joy in mere living we all
feel when we have been down to the
doors of death, and are recovering, and
every breath brings with it the thrill
of returning strength. The picture
was very simple. Just the figure of a
woman standing amidst the tender
green of the trees, with upstretched
arms, and all about her the white,
white rain of locust blooms, and on
her face the ineffable glory of youth
and love—that look that never comes
but once in a lifetime, when the
springtime of the heart meets the
springtime of the year.

When the picture was done Arthur
sent it to the exhibition, where, as
you remember, it was the sensation of
the year and sold for what seemed to
me a little fortune. Better still, it at-
tracted the attention of an old college
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