WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1877.

Revolutions do go backward sometimes.

Narrow gauge roads are built on contracted plans.

A Bishop will consecrate the political future of Ohio.

Farmers are listening to the music of the growing corn.

Hard money is what the laborer wants for his hard work.

Mr. Hayes can now devote himself to solving the Indian riddle.

As the cool weather advances, weddings are in contemplation.

Matrimonial lotteries don't thrive in hot weather and dull times.

Gov. Phelps can now return to the Hot Springs. ; the war is over.

Genius in industry, like genius in art, always commands it price.

Every woman feels an interest in scandal, even if it affects herself.

The Sedalia cigar makers have no troubles that won't end in smoke.

The temperance reformers are just beginning to put in their best licks.

Those San Francisco people are not at all pacific toward the Chinamen.

The Fog-horn of William Allen will be heard in the Ohio campaign.

It is an indication of a volcanic eruption, when real estate begins to rise.

No physician has yet been found wise enough to medicine a social disease.

The independence of the working man will come when capital seeks labor.

The authorities regard those counterfeit Missouri bonds as queer documents.

Judge Hilton, although a lawyer, was always deficient in Jew-risk-prudence.

The Pennsylvania militia are thoroughbreds; their running qualities are immense.

There is just one place in the Universe hotter than Sedalia—so the preachers say.

Forney's Philadelphia *Press* has revolted against the administration; one by one the roses fall.

Oliver is now about two hundred miles behind Joseph. That's about as close as he wants to get.

Internationalists had much rather be between the nations, than between the police and the militia.

The Ohio Republicans will not imitate the Democratic example and endorse the President's Southern policy.

There are no more troops in Louisiana; and the carpet bagger is not happy. It is a great pity that he ever was.

It is very seldom that a working man becomes a rioter; still more seldom that a rioter becomes a working man.

When Gen. Drum took command of the military in Chicago, the rioters dispersed They didn't like the way he beat.

Labor can only command capital when it is scarce and difficult to get. A crowded labor market is the harvest of capital.

Railroads are the arteries of the nation. Trade is the blood which warms it into life. Injury to them is fatal to prosperity.

Consul General Adam Badeau, of Gen. Grant's traveling staff, is not a favorite with Pierrepont. He says "he's a A dam Badeau."

The New York *Times* hasn't much faith in the future of the Republican party. Its views are shared, in this respect, by a great many people.

Why didn't the East Sedalia strikers think of including the railroad pond in their list of grievances? Water strike that would have been.

All available infantry has been ordered to the West to fight Indians. None but bald-headed infants should be sent, as the savages will endeavor to raise their hair.

Its a Badeau-men for the Consul-General and Pierrepont to flunkey Grant so persistently abroad. It neither comports with the pride or simplicity of American character.

There is a litttle ripple of excitement among the insurance people, again. They are so busily engaged in insuring others that they really have no time to look out for themselves.

The condition of the American working men is essentially different from that of European laborers. That is one reason why means found adequate for the adjustment of labor difficulties in the old country, are barren of good results in this.

OVER AT LAST.

It is gratifying to believe that the fierce struggle which has recently convulsed the country is drawing to a close. It was begun upon false principles, and conducted in error. No matter what compromises have resulted from it, the end will be alike unprofitable and beggarly of good.

Nevertheless, it has taught a lesson which is valuable. It has shown that when once the laws are ignored and the fierce elements which society restrains, are turned loose in riot, that evil will be the inevitable consequence. No matter how quietly and honestly the railroad men meant to conduct their strike, their action was unlawful, and once the law was set aside, the depraved and vicious swept in at the open breeches and inaugurated a saturnalia of license that might have given to flame our most beautiful cities, and to pillage the industrial accumulations of years. It has been shown that even in our western cities, the fatal sentiment of French Communism has taken root and is watching with eager and insatiate desire for an opportunity to strike its poisonous fangs into all we love and reverence. Bred in the idea that property is the right of all, and free to those who choose to seize, it has no higher guide to principle than the Highlander's slogan—"Let him take who has the power, and let him keep who can."

Without pretending to analyze the origin of this obnoxious growth further than to say, it is a plant of foreign nurture and has been brought to this country by the exiles who left the hot beds of European politics for their country's good. Fostered in an atmosphere of treason—grown amid the horrors of revolution—and developed in the terrible lawlessness of a society utterly disorganized, it has no feature which an honest American laborer would wish to see engrafted upon his country's institutions.

But there is still another point of interest, which the recent struggle has disclosed. The price of labor is not an arbitrary principle. It is the outgrowth of circumstances; of the laws and conditions of trade and the relations of supply and demand. It is the result of innumerable causes all tending to the same end. Inseparably associated with the movement of trade, it is the pulse by which the community feels the healthy or diseased conditions of that capricious and uncertain tide which marks the prosperity or decline of commerce. If prices are forced into undue development—as we force and nurture a hot house plant—they will wither and die when once the sustaining cause is removed. The depression even will be greater, just in proportion as the causes which produced the inflation are abnormal. The business man who forces trade—who rushes headlong into speculation and demands and receives unhealthy prices, is sure to encounter an adverse wave at last, which will land him in bankruptcy. So with everything that is not founded on a substantial basis, and is not the admitted result of legitimate principles.

STAGNATION IN TRADE.

The recent violent demonstration of the laboring classes is the result of a long protracted business stagnation. Commencing in 1873, it has grown rather than diminished with each recurring season. The long struggle for existence has had no interval for rest, and despair at the hopelessness of the conflict, has had its legitimate ending in violence. But the causes which produced this last upheaval—which so completely disorganized society—and precipitated the working classes to the brink of revolution, are to be traced to that political lawlessness which disregarded the will of the people and literally inaugurated a president at the point of the bayonet. It destroyed public confidence in the rightfulness of authority and put a premium upon contempt for law.

What the people of the country most require is confidence in government and stability in society. These are not to be procured when fraud is recognized in high places, and crime is condoned by the rulers of the nation. One of the strongest arguments used by the Republicans to procure a public acquiescence in Mr. Hayes' assumption of the Presidency was the promise that it would settle business and give confidence to the commercial community. But it has not had this effect. On the contrary, business is more unsettled than ever and confidence is utterly lacking. Prices for the requirements of life have gone up, and the rewards of labor have diminished. In the place of peace there is disquiet. Capital, proverbially timid, trembles in the face of a panic. Speculation ceases, and enterprise falls dead. Why? The reason is plain. There is no confidence in government. Whatever outward obedience may be given to the forms of law, there is no moral influence in fraud. Those who have usurped the government are as impotent for good as would be a conqueror who invaded the country and seized upon the administration of affairs. Law to be effective, must be for all alike. It cannot be respected while shielding the powerful and oppressing the weak. Neither can one law be made for the great and another for the poor. Fraud and injustice are the same whether perpetrated by the beggar or the prince. It can never legalize wrong or render society secure. When the fountain is impure the stream will be defiled. Before the country can begin a career of prosperity, and confidence and faith be restored to the people, the government will have to pass into the hands of legitimate rulers.

OHIO DEMOCRATS.

It must be admitted that the Democratic party of Ohio has entered upon its political canvass under circumstances which gives it an immense advantage. It is fortunate both in platform and candidates. It has made no mistakes. Its declaration that "the destruction of the industries of the country and the pauperism of labor are the inevitable fruits of vicious laws enacted by the Republican party," will appeal at once to the good sense of the people of the State. No reflecting mind can fail to perceive that with a country possessing such immense resources as does this, the masses of the people ought not to remain poor and impoverished without some radical defect in government as the operating cause. It was never so under Democratic rule, and could not be now without an utter disregard of the commonest principles of political economy. It will show to the people, and urge it home to conviction that the labor difficulties are the legitimate result of a want of confidence in government which has misdirected the energies of the people, and has impoverished them by onerous and useless taxation.

It declares that the resumption act was a huge legislative blunder of a Republican Congress, and that its enforcement will bring unimaginable distress upon the people; will cripple commerce and paralize the industries of the nation. It declares against any further contraction of the currency as inexpedient and unwise, and demands the maintainance of the greenbacks as the legitimate currency of the country. The act of 1873, dropping the silver dollar from the coinage, is characterized as an inexcusable blunder, if not an example of the most vicious legislation. It very properly demands that an act shall be passed restoring to silver its monetary power and purchasing value. It is opposed to National Banks, and declares against any further issue of their notes, as violative of the constitution, and opposed to the traditions of the government.

With such a platform as this, supplemented with a resolution endorsing the Southern policy of the President, the Democratic party of Ohio should carry the State by an overwhelming majority. The recent labor difficulties, which have pervaded the country, have given point and emphasis to the clear and explicit declaration of its principles. These show that the Democracy have touched the key note of popular opinion, which will have for it both aid and sympathy.

SOCIAL DISEASES.

It is understood by the sagacious observer of events, that society, like the human body, is liable to disease, and that all the outbreaks which disturb its peace are the result of its abnormal conditions. A thing of itself need not be radically wrong to produce injurious consequences. What is required for a healthy society is a just equilibrium in all its parts. Gluttony, for instance, will occasion disease in the human body. Gluttony in any of the elements which compose society will occasion disorder. This fact is illustrated by our labor difficulties. The true reason for the distress among working people is that the labor market is overstocked. Agriculture has been abandoned for dense populations and the marts of trade. Men have left the field for the workshop. Production is languishing for the want of labor, yet labor is distressed for the want of remunerative work. We have too many artisans, mechanics and railroad men and too few farmers. In a country so wide and diversified in its industries as ours, there is no reason why every man, willing to work, should not find employment. But the trouble is they prefer to work for others, instead of themselves. Wooed by the intricacy of machinery—by the rattle and bustle of railroad life—by the crowd and allurements of the cities, they turn their backs upon the staid and peaceful habits of the farm, and scorn the slow, but sure, accumulations that wait upon patient toil. This tendency of men to follow peculiar pursuits cheapens labor and makes it the petitioner for the favors, and dependent upon the caprices of capital. The drain upon agriculture increases the cost of production and makes the means of living high—as consumption increases; production diminishes and men find themselves beyond the power of adhering to the homely maxim: "Live within your income." The true remedy for the evils of labor, IS DISTRIBUTION—an equilibrium in all the various and multiplied forms of industry. Take away from the railroad, the workshop and the city, their hoards of starving operatives, and disperse them upon the broad prairies, where content waits upon industry and thrift follows toil, and the horrors of the Commune and the strike will fade into dim and shadowy visions to which men will recur not without a shudder, but without regret. When that day comes, if it ever does, the millennium of the working man's paradise will have been reached, for capital will be at the feet of labor.

Sedalia is not a success as a summer resort.

The Cabinet is on its annual summer tour.

Joe Bradley has unshaken confidence in Robeson.

The troubles of the Montserrat miners are not ore.

Traffic and travel on Pearl river has not been interrupted.

The sense of appetite is stronger than the love of country.

Self protection is the first law of society, as well as nature.

In such times as these, property owners have very few rights.

Has a gardener got any rights which a potato bug is bound to respect?

Chief Joseph is making that a very Bitter Root valley for the settlers.

Secretary Sherman has not yet decided whether resumption resumes.

Now is the time to prepare blackberry preserves. They are jam good.

The Internationalists will *not* strike till the last armed foe to labor expires.

There is nothing in the Murphy pledge about eating brandy peaches.

The riotous negroes in St. Louis, was one of the dark features of the mob.

"Other People's Children," by the author of "Helen's Babies," is just out.

The blacksmith printer doesn't care a cent about the new spelling movement.

The rights of the beef eaters were at steak when the cattle trains were stopped.

When Cockrell's brigade gets to the Sweet Springs, all the girls will be gone.

The Communists complained that they had no bread, and yet they closed the bakeries.

Politicians seeking recruits for party, will be apt to steer wide of the Communists.

The Democrats of Ohio took the initiative in endorsing the President's Southern policy.

It is not surprising that the St. Louis coopers struck; they are always hooping things up.

The people who play claronets and accordeons should strike at once. The country demands it.

Mr. Hayes is not pleased with the way the Democrats are conducting themselves in Ohio.

One of the burning wrongs which has grown out of the strike, is the rise in the price of coal.

The Internationalists have been so completely crushed, that there isn't seed enough left for another riot.

If it had been thought of sooner, the prisoners in the "cooler" might have struck against the rock pile.

The Ohio Republicans propose to put a railroad plank in their platform—possibly for the strikers to stand on.

The Englishman who committed suicide because his wife was too good for him, is supposed to have been the last of his race.

They say that women were conspicuously prominent in the Chicago mob. That's the reason it made shift to last so long.

The platform of the Ohio Democats seems to take pretty well, and a Bishop's just the man to consecrate it to success.

It is now the fashion with college graduates seeking a profession, to toss up to see what they'll be. It is really a toss up whether they'll be anything.

The reason the Ohio Republicans don't show their hand, is probably owing to the fact that they haven't any hand to show.

The most effective weapon Gov. Hartranft employed against the rioters, was a proclamation. Rather than have it read, they broke and fled.

If the Communists destroyed twenty millions of property—or rather occasioned that loss in actual values—in a week; what would have been done in a month?

It is said by an old philospher, that "every time you smile, you pluck a nail out of your coffin." But it is different when they use screws; a smile has no effect on them.

The name of a female communist is *petroleus*—an apostrophe makes the plural. It originated in the practice of the Parisian women in 1870 of firing houses with petroleum.

The North, for the past week, has been showing the South how easy it is to suppress a riot without the intervention of federal troops. It is fair to say that this is the doctrine the South has held by all along, only they never had a chance to try it.

NEWS AND NOTES.

—A professional cut—A snubbed barber.

—After all, is the laborer worthy of his ire?

—Somebody suggests that the dog star be muzzled.

—The acetate of potash is poisonous. She who ascetates is lost.

—At last accounts Dr. Dio Lewis was camping out in California.

—Several English ladies have adopted the Anna Dickinson style of riding horse.

—The red-mouthed mob will now join in the maddening cry, "Beer or Blood."

—An old lady wants to know what is meant by "mean time." Our watch keeps it.

—The base-ball club that volunteered to put down the rioters is yet to be heard from.

—Brigham Young calls himself "the sword of the Lord." Nonsense, he only a cuir-asse.

—A game between the bald-headed nine and drug clerks who sell hair restoratives is talked of.

—The Meridian (Miss.) *Mercury* is edited by one Horn. It takes a good many horns to edit some Mississippi papers.

—Miss Alcott, the well-known authoress, always writes in the morning. She says it's only a "Little Whim-in" her.

—Among the strikes and rumors of strikes, it is not surprising to learn that the hotel waiters, too, are become-see-dish-ons.

—Prominent tramps intimate that their next annual convention will not be held at Chicago. They don't like their reception there.

—There is a loud call going up from the country at large for "Jones, of Toledo—Mayor Jones," to come forward and explain himself.

—If the skin on the inside of a cow's ear is of a rich yellow color she will be a good milker and make nice butter. Look ear you buy.

—A Chicago reporter has just won his spurs by an artlcle headed, "Desperate Bloodshed! The Murdered man not Expected to Live!"

—We look in vain among the reported lists of riot casualties everywhere for the name of a single book-canvasser or lightning-rod agent.

—"Base is the slave that pays." Our creditors are asked to observe the peetic beauty of the foregoing line. Shakspeare was no slouch.

—Look here! What's the matter? Here it has been going on for over a week, and not a war map has been published in any newspapers.

—What must be the potato bug's opinion of the humanity that goes around all day putting poison on the victuals of humble insects?

—Five thousand boxes of soap have been shipped from Boston to Marseilles. Let's see; isn't that in the Department *du Sud?*

—"Now you fool Injuns, see what comes of havin' wages!" says Sitting Bull, in a disgusted voice to some of his wavering followers.

—With exceeding civility the German newspapers hesitate to speak of General Grant and his wife. They say "Gen. Grant and his consort."

—Twenty-five thousand lost umbrellas are always on hand at the Chief of Police's office in Paris. What an umbrageous retreat it must be!

—The Albany *Journal* has found a man named named Cole in Schenevus who can put up a stovepipe without profanity. He is a deaf and dumb man.

—Old point Comfort was named by a wrecked sailor, who got a comfortable drink of whisky there. People now go there for the sake of the water.

—Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.—[Ex. As a conundrum that is two thin.

—The New York *Mercury* advises some men to elope with with Gail Hamilton and not stop till he reaches China. Has that paper no feelings for a fellow-man?

THE STRIKERS' SLOGAN.

Strike—till the railroad man expires;
Strike—for your tenders and your fires;
Strike—like printers and Molly Maguires,
And swell the happy band.

—Mr. Talmage inquires,

"Hath the rain a father?"
Of course it hath a father, though 'tis not a son, forsooth,
And that is what's the mater with the pater on the roof.

TO DELIA.

I think of thee when morning bright
Comes dancing o'er the hill;
And when the shadows come at night
I'm thinking of thee still.

In the wide, wide world, where'er I roam,
My thoughts are all of thee,
And in every dream of a happy home
Thy kindly face I see.

With fear, but yet with hope, I own
The passion of my heart;
My love is thine and thine alone—
'Twere death for us to part.

Then say that you'll love none but me,
That you will love me ever,
And always I'll be true to thee,
Forever and forever.

A NICE DAUGHTER.

A French Girl of Seventeen Helps Her Lover to Take Her Mother's Life—The Murdered Woman's Still Warm Bed Her Murderers' Nuptial Couch.

Correspondent of the New York World.

Paris, July 5.—A crime more horrible than that of Billoir, who cut his mistress into morsels, or of Moyaux, who cast his child into a dry well and heard it "for three hours bellowing like a bull" in its agony, will shortly be avenged at Aix—the murder of the widow Boyer by Leon Vitalis and her daughter Maria. The prisoners have just been tried, and the trial, for sheer horror, will long be notable in French criminal annals.

Maria Boyer is a tall and handsome girl of 17, slight, supple, with a piquant and attractive face, small and regular features, and great, liquid eyes of black, that being cast down, lend to her an expression of melancholy. At her trial she appeared dressed plainly in deep black, and spoke in a low voice often broken by a sob or a shudder. Leon Vitalis is a young man of unprepossessing appearance, with a slight stoop; he is under-sized, lean and sickly-looking, with a straggling beard, sunken cheeks and a bilious tint. His uneasy and evasive eyes were rarely lifted from the table or the ground, though at times with a fearful fascination, they were drawn to a heap of blood-stained clothes and a large cheeseknife—ghastly relics of the crime.

I do not know that I can tell the story better by summarizing the testimoney of the two actors in the bloody drama as elicited in their examination by the court. Maria was brought up in a convent and called a "cold and insensible child." She would not go to her father on his dying bed. Few things moved her, though once she had some thought of joining a religious order. In her desk at the convent were found some notes to schoolmates, of rather indecent character—that was all the special fault found with her before she left school and went to live with her mother, who carried on her dead husband's business, that of a dealer in butter, cheese, etc Vitalis visited the house and was on friendly terms with both women. He sought the younger one in marriage, but in October last there was a rupture between them, she sending Vitalis a letter in which she said that she would not say she loved him, but that she had for him a true friendsip which circumstances might very easily change to love. "My answer is always the same. All depends on certain things. I leave you free and wish to be left free. I do not change, as you, who know me so well, know. You think this letter cold, but I have had too much experience of life to wish lightly to engage myself." Her mother, the girl said to the court, had been the cause of the rupture. The old woman and Vitalis were on criminally intimate terms, and she had done all that lay in her power to sunder them. In March last the girl said publicly that on several occasions she had slept in the bed where Vitalis and her mother were already lyihg. "Did you, asked the court, "not wish that your mother were dead?" The prisoner, coldly: "Yes. One day, when she was sick, Vitalis said: 'If the good God would only take her out of the way!' and I answered: 'Ah, she makes us suffer so much.' When we discussed the attack upon her I never thought he meant to kill her. He said to me: 'Your mother detests you and wishes to kill you—there must be an end to all this.' I thought he meant to stun and gag her, that we might fly together." At this point the prosecution read the girl's first avowals, as follows:

"I thought that Leon maintained illicit relations with my mother. Appearances indicated it; and, as I bore a consuming love for him, I was jealous of her. I did not dare to speak to her on the subject, but did to him, and he swore that there was no ground for my suspicions and that he loved me alone. Had I known that he was on intimate terms with her he should never have become my lover. He never told me that he proposed killing her, but when she was sick he and I used to pray that she might be worse. He complained of the scenes she had with him frequently. * * * At the beginning of the stru ggle I went into the front shop and moved about boxes and chairs to make a noise so that the sounds of the struggle should not be heard. After while a Leon called me, 'Maria, bring me the big cheese-knife, quick! She has got mine and is cutting my fingers!' I took the knife to him; he seized it and finished her with it. I turned away my head so as not to see him do it. Must I tell all, sir? On Monday Leon disclosed his plans to me. 'If you will be mine,' he said, 'there is only one way—we must get rid of the old woman. If we took the money and ran away she would follow and find us. You must get Marcellia, the shopman, out of the way that night. I will answer for taking care of your mother.' At first I made objections, but he overcame them. He only used the big knife when he found that my mother was so heavily dressed that her clothing turned the little one he had. At night, as we were sleeping in her bed—"

At this point the accused sprang to her feet. "What I said there," she cried, "was false. They forced me at prison to say that. I said it to save him, that he might be sent to New Caledonia, where he could marry me. He slipped a note into my hand bidding me do this. I swear to-day that I did nothing; I did not share in the assassination or the mutilation; I did not hand him the knife; I did not trample on her dead body; I swear it, before God!' [Prolonged excitement.]

Small wonder that there was "prolonged excitement," but this scene was as nothing when compared with the shudder with which the authority heard the girl in an almost inaudible voice tell of the bloody deed which ensued after Vitalis had cut Mme. Boyer's throat. He lowered the body into the cellar, lit by a dim lamp, and with the cheese-knife with which the murder was done, set himself to dismember and decapitate the body. Maria kept watch at the cellar door. Becoming impatient, the lifted the door and whispered, "How far have you got?" He answered, "I'm at the second arm." At these words the sensation of horror and hatred in the crowd was so marked that proceedings had to be suspended for a considerable time.

Maria Byer having made a clean breast of the murder, the examination of Vitalis was necessarily brief. I append the most sensational part of it. After eliciting that in some measure he had obtained the widow's confidence, and helped her in the administration of her affairs, and that she had promised him her daughter, while declaring that the girl was still young, the presiding magistrate continued, "Were you not the widow's lover?" Prisoner (with energy): "Never." You never kissed her in public?" "Never!" "And yet it is proven that you shared her bed." "Oh, that was quite against my will. I couldn't help myself. I had been to the theater with her and her daughter and when I brought them home——" "Tell me now, what part Maria had in her mother's murder?" "Maria! she did nothing. She was only there—that was all." "No, it was not. Come! Out with the truth. She confessed everything." "If she has spared me the horror of telling you of it." [sensation.] "Did she hand the knife?" "Yes." "Did she stamp on the dead body of her mother? You said that she did." "I did not think that was very important." [Sensation.["You say that Maria asked you to rid her of her mother." "Yes." "After you had cut up the body you and the young girl slept together in her mother's bed?" "I not remember."

The testimony of the other witnesses did not create much excitement or reveal much that was novel, it being merely corroborative of the admissions of the two criminals. One woman, however, brought out the cheerful fact that Vitalis and Maria Boyer had kept the shop open during the evening, and that Vitalis had employed the knife with which he had killed and cut up the old woman to serve out cheese to his customers. During the trial the complete ascendency that Vitalis had obtained over the girl was remarkably apparent. She watched him narrowly when about to answer a question endeavoring to read in his face what he desired her to say—indeed, so noticeable was this that the court ordered his withdrawal from the room during her examination. One of the jurors, overcome by the horrible recital, fainted and displayed such nervous agitation that the court had to fill his place with another man. The address of procureur-general, M. Simon, was a powerful piece of invective. The widow, he said, was frivolous in her conduct and miserly, but though appearances were somewhat against her, her misconduct was not fully proven. Her daughter was a girl, cold, hypocritical, heartless, feigning a love for cloister life while giving herself up to precocious licentiousness. Vitalis was a libertine, corrupted by reading filthy books, wrecked by shameful diseases, who loved neither the mother nor daughter, but slew to steal. The jury should make no distinction between the two prisoners. [Here the girl burst into an agony of tears.] "The emotion," said M. Simon, "would have been better displayed under other circumstances. The girl who showed herself so cold and deliberate at her mother's murder, could, if she would, restrain herself now. She was ripe for crime, she is ripe for punishment." Vitalis' lawyer contended that there was no premeditation, but that his client had killed Mme. Boyer to avenge Maria whom he idolized, for the tortures she suffered at her mother's hands. "It was love carried out to its most violent expression." Finally, the jury found a verdict of guilty, with extenuating circumstances in the girl's case. She escapes with life imprisonment at hard labor; Vitalis is to be guillotined.

Post Office Humors.

From Harper's Magazine.

The following amusing reminiscences of the Post Office Department at Washington are sent to us by a gentlemen who was formerly one of its most able and distinguised officials:

When Francis Granger was Post Master General he used to take great pleasure in heading off incompetent office-seekers by producing the neat and well arranged books of the then financial officer of the department, the genial John Marron, and asking the applicant if he could keep accounts as neatly as these were kept. The question never failed to prove a settler.

Judge Collamer, on assuming the charge of the Department, having previously been a member of Congress, was already acquainted with some of the clerks, whom he had met in the course of business, and one day, when contemplating some removals, he had called before him, among others, Mr. Marr, at present Chief Clerk of the Appointment Office. In a half-serious, half-jovial manner the Judge said:

"Well, Mr. Marr, do you think the department could get along without you!"

The quick answer was evidently free from much apprehension of danger: "I don't know how that may be, Judge; but I know that I couldn't get along without the department."

He was retained. The dull routine of office was often enlivened by repartee. Dundas, sometimes called "the Earl," was perhaps the bigger wag. He delighted in railying the mild and staid John Smith as having been one of the brave militia at the "Bladensburg races." Said he, "The red-coats got a little the better of you at first, but you beat them *in the long run.*

A Chance for Joe Coburn.

From the New York Mercury.

In the Supreme Court Chambers Mr. William F. Howe appeared as counsel for Joseph Coburn, and applied for a writ of error to carry the case to the Court of Appeals for argument. The decision of the Supreme Court, General Term, having been made against the prisoner, his friends retained counsel to make a last effort to secure the release of the notorious pugilist on the legal technicalities involved in the case. Judge Donohue granted Mr. Howe's motion, and made the writ returnable forthwith.

A timely strike—the clock's.

New Life for Women

'Tis generally believed that woman is more subject to disease than man; such is not the case; but from the modes and customs Tyrant Fashion imposes on her, and her disregard of the laws of health, to-day not one in ten is in good health. This would be fearful, were it not for the fact that Dr. Turner's New Life for Women is a sure and certain cure for all diseases and derangements peculiar to them. It cures whites, ulceration of the womb, hysterics, green sickness, palpitation, headache, smothering, drawing down pains in the stomach, bowels, limbs and backs. It is a mild yet perfect uterine regulator in painful, irregular, obstructed, suppressed or profuse menstruation, effective in establishing nature in delicate young girls; also in change of life, aiding digestion, removing barrenness and sterility, and all derangements and diseases of women.

Prepared only by Dr. Louis Turner, who makes a special practice of diseases of women, at 810 North Eleventh street, St. Louis, Missouri. Price, $3.00 per package. Send one stamp for 115 page pamphlet. Sold by Bard & Miller, Sedalia, Mo.

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To the Afflicted.

Pains in the back, head, heart, lungs' rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatic gout, nervous and kidney diseases, positively cured by Dr. Fosters Rheumatic Remedy and Vegetable Liver Pills. A physician's specialties for 42 years, never fail when taken as directed. Charles Roll & Co., sole agents for Sedalia.

235:d&wly

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GENUINE

"VIBRATOR"

THRESHING MACHINES

CONSISTING OF

Complete Horse Power Establishment, with 24-inch, 28 inch and 32-inch Cylinders, and 6, 8, 10 or 12 Horse-Power to match.

Two Styles of Mounted Horse Powers; our improved "Triple Gear," and improved "Spur Speed" (Woodbury style), both kinds mounted on four wheels, and special sizes made for 6, 8, 10 or 12 horses.

Complete Steam Power Outfits our unrivaled "Vibrator" Separators, made expressly for steam power, with 32-inch cylinder and 44-inch separator, or 36-inch cylinder and 48-inch separator cleaning parts, with all the other parts proportionately capacious and full of "business;" also our matchless **Steam Thresher Engines,** of our own make, beyond rivalry in Power, Durability, Easy Firing, Beauty of Design, Perfect Workmanship, Elegant Finish, complete in every detail, and in all respects a fit companion for our celebrated Steam Separator.

Our "Vibrator" Separators alone made expressly for steam power, and to match to any and all other make of Engines, also perfectly adapted to go with any and all other make of Horse Powers, four sizes, ranging from 24 to 36 inch length of cylinder, and 36 to 48 inches width of separating parts.

The World-Wide Reputation of our matchless "Vibrator" Threshers for rapid threshing, perfect saving, admirable cleaning, no wastage, cleanliness, economy in repairs, durability, ease of management, and a general superiority in various other respects, is now fully established and generally recognized.

The Acknowledged Head and Front of Grain Threshers, and especially superior if grain be damp or wet, while for **Flax, Timothy,** and like Seeds, *no other machines can truthfully claim any comparison.*

The Genuine "Vibrator" Threshers

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of Administration on the Estate of Lucy Beeny, deceased, were granted to the undersigned, on the 26th day of July, 1877, by the Probate court of Pettis, County Missouri. All persons having claims against said Estate are required to them for allowance to the Administrator, within one year after the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years the date of this publication, they shall be forever barred. This 26th day of July 1877. ELIPALMER, JR.

7-31-w4t. Adminis trator

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Thomas Shannessey and his wife Maria Shannessey, by their certain deed of trust dated the 25th day of February, 1875, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, Mo., in trust deed record 11, on page 334, conveyed to the undersigned as trustee all their right, title, interest and estate in and to the following described real estate, situated in the County of Pettis, State of Missouri, viz: Commencing at a point west from the southeast corner of lot fourteen (14), three hundred and sixty-three feet and nine inches (363 feet and 9 inches), running thence north one hundred and thirty feet (130), thence west forty-three feet and nine inches (43 feet and 9 inches), thence south one hundred and thirty feet (130), thence east forty-three feet nine inches (43 feet 9 inches) to the place of beginning. Which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said deed described. And, whereas, default has been made in payment of interest due on the 16th day of June, 1877, and by reason of said default said note has become due and payable. Now, therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate, at the Court House door, in the City of Sedalia, in the County of Pettis, State of Missouri, to the highest bidder for cash at public auction, on Wednesday, the 22d day of August, 1877, between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note together with the costs and expenses of executing this trust.

T. T. MAJOR, Trustee.

8-7w3t

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